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DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE D.M.P.

*Secret*

Superintendent's Office, G Division,

18th. August 190/15

Subject:—

MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 17th Inst.

*The Under Secretary*

the undermentioned extremists were observed

*Submitted*

moving about and associating with each other

*W. L. Dunstan*

as follows:—

*C. Comm. 18/8.*

With Thomas J. Clarke, 75, Parnell St.,

John McGarry and William O'Leary Curtis for

a quarter of an hour between 1 & 2 p. m.

Thomas Byrne for half an hour between 3 & 4

p. m. Thomas McDonagh, Arthur Griffith,

James Murray and John O'Mahony, together for

half an hour from 10. 30 p. m.

*Under Secretary*

*Submitted*

*W. L. Dunstan  
18/8/15.*

Bulmer Hobson and J. J. O'Connell in

Volunteer Office, 2, Dawson St. from 12 noon

to 1. 15 p. m.

*W. L. Dunstan  
18/8*

Joseph McGuinness going into 12 D'Olier  
St.

The Chief Commr.



888

St. at 12. 40 p. m.

James Connolly arrived at Amiens St.

from Belfast at 1 p. m.

C. J. Kickham and James Stritch in

41, Parnell Sqr., for close on an hour

from 9 p. m.

Hugh O'Hehir left Kingsbridge by 3

p. m. train, en route to Ennis. R. I. C.

informed.

Attached is a Copy of this week's

issue of The Hibernian which, with the ex-

ception of a few paragraphs, does not appear

to contain anything deserving special notice.

*Owen'Brien*  
Superintendent.



# The Hibernian

Incorporated  
NATIONAL with the  
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. 12. New Series.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21st, 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.

### X JOE DEVLIN—1899 & 1915 X

Oftimes it is instructive to turn up the files of old newspapers and read therein the dispensings of our professional politicians. What out-and-outers they sought to prove themselves then: what perfervid appeals they made to their hearers in order to convince them of their genuineness.

Many of our readers remember how high feeling ran during the Boer War. The sympathy of every man worth his salt in Ireland went out to the brave Burghers who were fighting against fearful odds for the very life of their country. All sections of Nationalists at that period sank their differences; all were filled with intense admiration for the super-human stand the Boers made. And, following in the wake of popular opinion, the bum politicians likewise stunted. They were all to the fore. Capt. Wm. Redmond, revelling in sunbustry; little Pat O'Brien, who used to work himself into a frenzy over British misdeeds in South Africa—et hoc genus omne. And the Mighty Atom likewise made hay. Wee Joe was not content with passionate outbursts of oratory, he even went the length of wooing the Muse, and gave to an admiring public the verses that were to crown him with undying fame.

In the interval, many things have happened. Oh, that the past could be forgotten! Mr. Devlin, we feel sure, would like to obliterate the memory of those salao days. Mother England now grapples his soul with bands of steel—at a price! It pays much better at the present time to laud Empire than it did to mouth patriotic claptrap, or indulge in the congenial pastime of Bishop-baiting. "What a change is there, my countrymen."

For our readers' benefit we print Mr. Devlin's lucubration. Its title is "Where the Flag of England Flies," and was penned in 1899. Having read it, they can draw their own conclusions as to the manner of man the poet-politician, Mr. Joseph Devlin, M.P., President of the Board of "Earn" Order of Hibernians, is:

Brave Irish boys, with bounding hearts,  
In strength of manly youth,  
Take heed to friendship's warning—  
Don't close your eyes to truth;  
Behold that banner waving  
O'er your own dear hills of green—

That's the emblem of oppression  
Wherever it is seen;  
'Tis the crimson cross of Britain  
That has mocked your country's cries,  
There are bondage, tears and misery  
Where the flag of England flies.

You are told of honours waiting  
For those who take a share  
In the carnage of the slaughter  
And the shouts that rend the air;  
But for you there is no honour—  
Naught but a blackened name—  
If you list beneath that banner  
It will lead to sin and shame;  
Be not deceived by flatterers,  
Their sophistries or lies—  
For you there's degradation  
Where the flag of England flies.

If you follow in its orbit,  
As it circles round the world,  
You will find a bloody pathway  
Where its folds have been unfurled;  
You will find a weight of sorrow  
In its onward sweeping track  
Where the clouds of desolation  
Have settled thick and black;  
You will see the demolition  
Of all that hearts can prize—  
For there's ever wanton pillage  
Where the flag of England flies.

It has crushed men in its progress,  
The black as well as white,  
And the red man, and the yellow  
Have withered 'neath its blight;  
It has waved o'er Afric's desert—  
It has crossed the Orient plains—  
Fit emblem of marauders  
In quest of worldly gains;  
And everywhere the dying groans  
From tortured souls arise—  
From the holocaust of victims  
Where the flag of England flies.

See the starving Hindus falling—  
Millions yearly torn away  
By the hunger wolf e'er raging  
Which they cannot keep at bay;  
Britain robbed them of their birthright  
When she got them in her fold:  
Now she mocks them in their sufferings,  
While she keeps their lands and gold;  
Let them fall in ghastly famine—  
Let them rot 'neath scorching skies—  
Such is part of England's programme  
Where the flag of England flies.

Ah, no need to trace that banner  
To the farthest part of earth,  
Glance upon its bloody horrors  
In the dear land of your birth;  
'Neath its folds your gallant sires  
From Kinsale to Innishowen  
Like wild beasts were hunted, murdered,  
In the land they called their own;  
England's demons, drunk with slaughter,  
Jeered their agonising sighs—  
Are these deeds of hell forgotten  
Where the flag of England flies?

Erin's daughters pure as snowdrops—  
(Can I write it—God, I must)—  
They were outraged of their virtue  
By the hounds of British lust;  
Can you think of this with patience,  
You who spring from Ireland's breast?  
Do the wrongs of Irish womanhood  
Not appeal to all that's best?  
Other women still are suffering,  
Still are heard their fair maiden's cries,  
For the beasts of lust are prowling  
Where the flag of England flies.

Yet, you're asked to fight for Britain,  
To uphold that flag of sin,  
And the ones that ask you tell you  
You will fame and glory win;  
Irish youths, beware the serpent  
That is whispering in your ears,  
Lest the tempter lead you onward  
To the goal that's bathed in tears;  
Have you read of Patrick Sheehan  
Begging bread with b'inded eyes?  
You will have a like experience  
Where the flag of England flies.

Ah, my boys, in time take warning,  
Heed the lessons of the past,  
Vow to Heaven you'll be loyal  
To your country to the last;  
Swear by all you hold most highly  
You will ne'er disgrace your name  
Taking sides with cruel England,  
Helping her to play her game;  
Swear by your mother's womanhood,  
What on earth you mostly prize,  
You will never sell your manhood  
Where the flag of England flies.

Fight for the flag of England!  
Fight for her tarnished Red!  
Swear by High Heaven—NEVER.  
Swear by your martyred dead  
You'll keep true to home and country,  
And if fighting's to be done,  
You'll fight for dear old Ireland  
Till her cause is safely won,  
Till the old green banner waving  
Is flung to Ireland's skies,  
When Irish hearts will happy throb  
Where the flag of Ireland flies.

X We saw a poster the other day, on which  
were depicted three men, with a fourth  
standing behind. The latter represented  
an Irishman! When the fighting is on,  
the situation of the quartette is invariably  
reversed. Ask the Dublins, Connaughts,  
Munsters, or Inniskillings.

\* \* \*  
At a Volunteer meeting, Wee Joe said  
that Mr. Stephen Hand didn't wish him to  
make a long speech, and he complied. How  
obedient, "Josey!" Mr. D. also referred  
to Mr. H. as being a "man of action"!  
Well, really, we don't know—but we'll take  
Mr. D's. word for it.



## AUSTRIAN POLAND

On Galicia's fields during the past few months have been done such feats of arms as the modern world could not have dreamed of; the strength of Russia swept over this Austrian crownland, driving its powerful enemies over the plain in the north, over the central hills, up the southern slopes of the rugged Carpathians, across their lofty icy crests, beyond these crests, and for some time hovered over the fertile prairie land of Hungary.

Here the wave spent its up to then irresistible force, and upon the dreary mountain rocks, above the clouds, amid the ice and snow and chill cold of early Spring, the flower of Russian and Austro-German strength began rolling backward towards the north, still locked in continuous, grinding battle, until the foothills were left behind and the terrific contest surged in the direction of Lemberg, and the northern plain into Russian Poland, culminating in the fall of Warsaw. The nature of this war theatre that has beheld earth's sternest, most bitter scenes is intimately described by William Joseph Showalter in a statement prepared for the National Geographic Society of America. This writer says:

"Austrian Poland is practically embraced by the crownland of Galicia. This crownland is almost exactly the size of the state of South Carolina, but it has a population six times as great. If continental United States, exclusive of Alaska, were as densely populated as Galicia, we would boast of a population four times as great as that of Russia. And yet Galicia is the poorest of all the provinces of Austria. It lies outside the ramparts of the Carpathians, which rob it of the warm winds that otherwise would come to it from the south, and also turn back upon it the cold winds of the north. Thus these mountains give Galicia long, cold winters; short wet springs; hot, blistering summers, and dreary, chilly autumns.

"The glory of Poland's past and the hope of her future are Cracow and Lemberg, for it was the former that was her capital in the yesterday of history, and the latter that is her capital to-day and which would be her capital to-morrow were Polish dreams to come true. In Cracow, the great city of Poland's past, the royal palace still stands; but it is used as a barracks and not as the home of a king. The cathedral is now the Valhalla of its departed greatness; for there sleep the kings and the heroes from the Jagellons to Kosciuszko. Not far away is the Kosciuszkoberg, one of the most remarkable memorials ever reared by the hand of man—a huge mound of earth brought by loyal Poles from every battlefield in the world consecrated with Polish blood.

"The country around Cracow is flat and is devoted almost wholly to small farming and trucking. The peasants dress in white jackets and blue breeches, and wear jack-boots; their womenfolk, with large bright shawls and picturesque headdress, brighten and give spirit to the countryside.

"From Cracow to Lemberg the traveller encounters good land; it is fairly level and entirely innocent of fences, boundary stones marking party lines, and tethers or herds-men keeping live stock where it belongs.

"It is in Lemberg that the only Polish-dominated legislative assembly in existence holds its sessions, for Lemberg is the capital of Galicia, and the Poles, both because of their shrewd political ability and their numerical weight, control the Galician legislature in the face of their rivals, the Ruthenians of East Galicia. The city of Lemberg is largely modern—a compact nucleus surrounded by scattering suburbs.

"While Galicia is almost wholly an agricultural region, and while a large percentage of that agriculture is carried on in the old-time way, there are some few manufacturing neighbourhoods and industrial districts. Distilleries occupy first place among the industries, and there are many beet-sugar and tobacco factories. Petroleum springs abound along the Carpathians.

"Galicia has many of the world's most famous salt mines. Those at Wieliczka have been worked for nearly seven centuries, at one time being a principal source of revenue for the Polish kings. Railroads are not permitted to run near them lest their vibrations result in cave-ins. Within these mines are a labyrinth of salt-hewn streets and alleys, lined with pillared churches, staircases, restaurants, shrines, and monuments.

"Austria has never treated her Poles as the Russians and the Prussians have treated theirs. The Poles of Austria are as free to sing their national songs as the people of our own South are free to sing 'Dixie.' They are as much at liberty to glorify their past and to speak their native tongue as though they were free and independent. Except that they must pay their taxes to Austria and serve in Austria's army they are practically self-governing.

"As western Galicia is the stronghold of the Austrian Pole, so eastern Galicia is the main dwelling place of the Ruthenian. The two races never get along very well together. The peasant population of Austrian Poland eke out a hard existence. In many parts of the country the peasant lives in a log hut covered with straw; he breakfasts, dines, and makes his supper of porridge, washing it down with bad brandy; and in general lives a life full of want and empty pleasure."

### THE FUNERAL OF O'DONOVAN ROSSA

Room, room, 'mid those thronging eager crowds,

For the rally of marching masses;  
Make way to-day in your city streets,  
While the grand procession passes.

With weapons lowered and banners furled,  
As the music of muffled drum,  
And 'mid many a cheer from far and near,  
The soldiers of Ireland come.

See there in their midst is the flower-strewn bier

Of an uncrowned Irish king,  
Whom to rest in his Mother Eirinn's breast,  
With reverent love they bring.

No wailing of sorrow nor mournful caoin  
Is heard from that moving throng,  
As with ringing step and unconquered mien  
They march in their thousands strong.

Now they pass near the prison wherein  
To-day are men as noble and true,  
Who follow with joy the thorny way  
That was trodden so long by you.

O'Donovan Rossa! Name to thrill  
Our hearts with a quivering fire,  
We promise that soon the cup we'll fill  
Of your passionate heart's desire.

By the memory of all the sufferings borne,  
In your long relentless fight  
'Gainst tyranny's wrong—we, too, have  
sworn  
To unfurl God's flag of right.

DUBLIN—EGAN'S Hotel Pension, 57 & 58  
Rutland Square, W.

We will snatch from the gloom of their  
prison den  
The dauntless souls who there  
Are keeping the faith of the Fenian men,  
Through sorrow and torturing care.

Who now would dare to give up the strife  
In which others have fought and bled  
When we gaze at the strength of a nation's  
life  
Round the tomb of her patriot dead?

For though many may fall and blood must  
flow  
Where the fury of battle raves,  
You would tell us, we know, 'tis better so  
Than longer to live as slaves."

As we kneel tear-dimmed at your hallowed  
grave  
Near the shrine of our "Martyred  
Three,"  
By their deathless fame, let our guns pro-  
claim  
That Ireland will yet be free.

Oh send us one ray of light, we pray,  
From the crown you have nobly won;  
To strengthen our souls in the coming fray  
Till our life's long task be done—

Till together we stand in a risen land,  
Or sleep 'neath her "ree green sod.  
What matters it? so we have faced the foe  
When we meet at the throne of God.

EILY MCCARTHY.

### DIVISION REPORTS

Springburn (Glasgow)—At the fortnightly meeting, held at 16 Gourly Street, Springburn, three new members were initiated. Division President Bro. Drum, along with National Director Bro. Waters, gave interesting and exhaustive reports of the recent Convention held in Dublin, at which they represented the Glasgow Divisions. They expressed delight at all they saw and heard, and brought a message from the Convention to the Scottish Divisions to continue increasing in membership like their brothers in the old land.

Glasgow (Patrick Sarsfield)—At a meeting held at 146 London Street the report of the National Convention was unanimously adopted. Six new members were admitted and four proposed.

Ballymacelligott (Kerry)—At a meeting the following resolution was proposed by the President, seconded by Bro. Byrne, and passed in silence:—"That we tender to Bro. Michael O'Connor our sincere sympathy on the death of his brother, Mr. Thos. O'Connor, Castle Street, Tralee."

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## National Secretary's Letter

The Hibernian Hall,  
28 Nth. Frederick St., Dublin,  
August 16th, 1915.

Brothers—After the hurry and worry attendant on the National Convention, which was such a pronounced success, the new National Board have now settled down to the routine work of the Order. A number of new Divisions have been opened, and some of the older ones have renewed their affiliation with the Parent Body. A remarkable number of Divisions that were members of the Crilly Order, which, as was only natural for an organisation of bastard origin, have now become a mere recruiting agency (and English Insurance Society), have applied to be affiliated with the old Parent Order.

So far as this goes, it is very gratifying, and proves once more the words spoken nearly half a century ago by Abe Lincoln: "You may fool all the people some of the time, you may fool some of the people all the time; but you cannot fool all the people all the time," and the men who insulted and browbeat the accredited delegates of the A.O.H. in America when visiting Ireland some six years ago, the gang who for the past fifteen years, under the guise of patriotism and philanthropy, were steadily betraying the cause of the people, and at the same time "feathering their nests," as Mick M'Quaid would say, are going with a vengeance. All the trickery and the chicanery have been exposed—with results that can have but only one effect, and that is, I hope, to open the eyes of those befooled and misled, and lead them to a truer spirit of Nationalism.

Donegal, Derry, Antrim, Cavan, Fermanagh, Scotland, Mayo, Tyrone, Armagh, Galway, Tipperary, and the gallant Kingdom of Kerry are all doing remarkably good work; and all the other counties in Ireland are steadily falling into line, and hopes are strong that by the end of this year—if the increase in membership and Divisions during the first half of the year be any indication—our grand old Order will have at least quadrupled its strength. And all this work and organisation is the spontaneous response of the people themselves—not a single penny piece has been paid to any organiser to "whip up" prospective districts; and in itself speaks volumes for the true spirit of Faith and Nationality which pervades our members.

What is it that keeps the A.O.H. alive and thriving through all the ages? The spirit of Rory Oge—its great and gallant founder—seems always to be with it. It bore and battled with the brutal Penal Laws imposed by England—and saw the most of those laws abolished! It witnessed the rise and fall of the Confederacy! It saw the English King James deposed and the Dutch William put in his stead! It saw the rise and fall of the United Irishmen, the Fenians, and the Young Irishmen! It saw Parnell pulled down and thrown to the wolves of England! And now it lives and thrives in days when the "Great Betrayal" was about to be consummated; and has had no little share of the credit in helping to defeat the machinations of the traitors!

Which all goes to prove, that no matter what organisation may grow up, no matter what King or Kaiser may reign, no matter what cause may triumph, the grand, genuine old Order of the A.O.H. always lives—quiescent and moribund it may be at times, but it never dies! Like unto the Holy Catholic Church itself, of which Faith all its members must be one (and of Irish birth and parentage), as it grows older and older, it becomes more a power for good every day that the sun's rays light up our holy land! Twelve months ago, when the country was being stampeded into a war in which it was neither directly or indirectly concerned—except to reap the aftermath in overtaxation—ours, of all the alleged

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Nationalist Societies, was the only one to keep its head and keep free from entangling alliances. That this course was the wise and patriotic one is now evident. Every other organisation is split up into factions all over the country—not excepting the Board of "Earn" itself—while the older Board is resurgent and triumphant, with its ancient battle-cry ringing out loud and clearly, "Ireland over All!"

Secretaries of Counties are requested to immediately make out full lists of officers and their addresses. Presidents of Divisions are to immediately see that Recording Secs. compile and send forward the full lists of Divisional officers and addresses, and also give the number of members on roll; and forward them to me by the end of August.

The attention of Divisions that have not complied with the request is again directed to the Defence Fund Levy. It is essential that this Levy should be paid immediately; and the N.B. trust that it will not be necessary to again refer to this small matter. However, they are satisfied that, as the holidays are now almost over, Divisions will immediately set to work for a vigorous winter campaign.

JOHN J. SCOLLAN,  
National Secretary.

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Division 86 (Clan-na-Gael), Dublin, offers many inducements, including doctor's attendance and medicine, mortality benefit, &c., at a weekly subscription of 3d. or 6d. from date of initiation. Apply for an Attestation Form to the Recording Secretary,

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

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## :: A CURRENT CAUSERIE ::

### To be Thankful For.

From the Boston "Hibernian" we take the following:—The pilgrimage to Wolfe Tone's grave at Bodenstown, on the anniversary of the patriot's birth was the occasion of a most imposing demonstration in which a large number of Dublin Associations were prominently represented. The event was organised, as has been the rule for years, by the Dublin Wolfe Tone Committee, and at least 1,000 left the metropolis for the rather obscure and secluded spot where one of the truest Irishmen that ever lived rests in peace. Among the organisations represented were the Irish Volunteers, the Citizen Army, the Daughters of Erin, the Boy Scouts of the Citizen Army, the Fianna Eireann, and the Hibernian Rifles. The Irish newspapers do not indicate that Mr. Redmond, Mr. Dillon, Mr. Devlin, or, indeed, a solitary member of the Irish Parliamentary Party attended. We are really glad of this. Wolfe Tone organised the United Irishmen—the Volunteers of his day—and it would be a sorry sight to see the disrupters of the Volunteers of to-day make pretence of "honouring" his memory.

\* \* \*

### Traducing the Dead.

Says the "Cork Free Press":—The Redmondite reorganising campaign knows no law and is not a respecter of persons. When the intention to hold a series of meetings to resuscitate the United Irish League was announced a few weeks ago by the Irish Party we accepted that as a truism. What, however, we were generous enough not to accept was that Mr. Redmond would soil the memory of the great O'Donovan Rossa by using his death merely as an advertisement by which he might catch recruits for his League and his mock army. Saturday brought us evidence that our generosity had been sadly misplaced. On that day the "Freeman's Journal" published a lengthy article on the fearless Irishman who the following day was brought to his last resting place amid tokens of a great national sorrow at a great national loss. The article was one of the most shameful the "Freeman" has ever published. Under the cloak of paying tribute to this illustrious chief it made a revolting effort to prove the great Rossa a Redmondite and to use his association with the United Irish League in America as a means of wheedling young Irishmen to answer Mr. Redmond's plaintiff appeals for followers. "His memory," said the article, referring to the dead Gael, "is the heritage of the race, not the perquisite of a faction," and following this sanctimonious headline came three columns devoted to nothing else but a shameless endeavour to prove that O'Donovan Rossa, the pure-souled, was at one with all Mr. Redmond and his Party have done for the last seven years.

\* \* \*

### Playing a Low Game.

The "Free Press" goes on to say:—The Party leader's visit to New York ten years ago was recalled and O'Donovan Rossa's attendance at that meeting put forward as proof of how whole-heartedly he supported the Redmondite party. To plead that because O'Donovan Rossa ten years ago long before the Liberal Government had come into office, long before was produced their caricature of Home Rule which was accepted as the "Final Settlement" of the question to which O'Donovan Rossa had devoted all a man can devote—to plead that his attendance then at a meeting at which Mr. Redmond was the central figure is proof conclusive of the uncompromising

Fenian's reverence for the Redmondite policy of to-day is a foul slander. "Rossa in his old days stood by the policy of the United Irish League," we are told. To link with that corrupt organisation the name of one of Ireland's least political and most national sons is playing a game lower than is to be described in the language of polite circles. It is a monument to the degradation which has claimed the Irish movement that the "Freeman's Journal" could ever make this attempt to use the noble clay of a fearless Irishman to buttress the crumbling foundations of Mr. Redmond's leadership.

\* \* \*

### Insulting Catholics.

According to the Irish correspondent of "The Hibernian," Boston, in a camp in England, at a place called Basingstoke, there are hundreds of Irish Catholic youths under training, and to these there are supplied every month copies of a London journal which lives and thrives upon reckless and brutal abuse of everything Catholic. It is published and edited by a Mrs. Alma White, B.A., and some quotations from a recent issue will disclose what a vile sheet it is. In the very first sentence of Page 1 these Catholic soldiers of the King are informed that: "It is a fact that the system by which Rome controls her subjects cannot stand the light of civilisation"; and in the next sentence they are assured that "Rome, with her idolatrous worship and political corruption, cannot long withstand the tide that is coming against her." If these views are deemed acceptable at Basingstoke by the thoughtful parties who present them to Catholic soldiers in the English town, we are entitled to assume that steps have been taken to disseminate them amongst the Irish Guards and Leinsters in France and Flanders, and amongst the Dublin and Munster Fusiliers at the Dardanelles. It would hearten and cheer the men who have led the van in nearly every battle from Mons to last week's engagements, and whose Catholic comrades have fallen in thousands for "King and Country," to know that Mrs. Alma White but voices the thoughts of hundreds of thousands of bigot Britons, who regard the Pope as an Anti-Christ and the doctrines of the Catholic Church as a propaganda of idolatry, ignorance, licence, and superstition. Fine inducement this for the Catholic youth of Ireland to leave home and country to fight for the traducers of their religion and race!

\* \* \*

### Ominous Remarks.

It is always good the "Catholic Bulletin," and especially in its "Matters of Moment." In the current issue of the fearless Catholic magazine, dealing with the danger of conscription and the Registration Bill, it says that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. McKenna, remarked that the Bill "does not apply to Ireland, but in Ireland the machinery is quite different from the machinery in this country, because in Ireland the conditions are quite different." And how the conditions differ was explained by the humorist, Mr. Birrell:—"The Royal Irish Constabulary have a police register of all the householders in every part of Ireland where the R.I.C. prevails, which is almost the whole of it. That register of householders is kept up to date, and will enable us to tell you at once, or in only a very few weeks and at no expense whatever, what the population of Ireland is and the ages of the persons occupying the houses." And then we are told in the "Irish" Press that the Registration Bill does not apply to Ireland!

### Absent by Design

The bulk of the Irish members, says the "Bulletin," apparently by design, were absent from Parliament during the discussions on the bill, and Mr. Birrell declared that he, personally, was to be thanked for that. But, having regard to the declaration of the Party on conscription it is strange to find at least five members thereof supporting the Government in the division lobby on a Bill, obviously intended, and clearly calculated, Lord Lansdowne declares, to make the introduction of conscription easier. Mr. Ginnell, in a remarkable speech, vigorously opposed the measure. The Coalition Government, the Munitions Bill, the Registration Bill have followed each other in rapid succession. A logical development might be conscription: Partition it has already achieved. It behoves our people to be on the alert.

\* \* \*

### A Freemason Plot.

The "Catholic Bulletin's" attention has been called to a number of very suspicious circumstances that have been following in the wake of the Wexford County Council scheme of Scholarships in the National University. The first was a move to have the Scholarships open to Trinity College, Dublin. To this Wexford was prepared to consent if Trinity College made the Irish language essential. T.C.D. make Irish essential! Oh, no. Next, a vain endeavour was made to exclude girls from the Scholarships. Then, the programme for the 1914-15 scheme was so altered by some mysterious jugglery that, in the Home Rule year, of all others, Irish History was completely excluded from the Programme. Finally, the Scholarships have been dropped altogether on the alleged grounds, we believe, of war economy. We have the best reason to believe that hydra-headed Freemasonry is at the bottom of the whole plot, and we have every confidence that the sturdy men of Wexford will deal with the matter as it deserves at the next meeting of the County Council.

\* \* \*

### After Poland, Ireland?

The tyrant has been overthrown in Poland, and soon, please God, that "dis-

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stressful country" will once again take her place among the Nations. On that day, Ireland—the true Ireland—will rejoice; and, mayhap, as the two Nations have long been associated in martyrdom, the freedom of the one may be the harbinger of the liberation of the other. Stranger, much stranger, things have happened in the wonderful designs of God.

#### Pecksniff at St. Paul's.

On Monday, 4th inst., Declaration Day, Pecksniffin, or a large proportion thereof, assembled in St. Paul's to pray—not for peace, but for the sword. With protestations of their own righteousness on their lips and bitterness and vengeance in their hearts they thanked the Lord they were not as the hated Huns, and besought Him to have mercy on their prestige, so rudely shattered in the year that had just passed. What a mockery it all was, and how the Divine Master, Who when on earth lost no opportunity of telling the Pharisees what He thought of them, must have turned away in disgust from the "prayers" of these British Pecksniffs! We rather think that British prayers will be about as deadly to the Kaiser as were British bombast and British lies. "Fiat justitia ruat cælum."

#### Redmond and Pope's Appeal.

Mr. John Redmond is the Leader of the West-British Parliamentary Party which is supposed to represent Catholic Ireland. We suppose he would call himself a friend of peace; and all the world knows—or ought to know—that he is a man of great influence with the people who insist upon ruling the destinies of this unfortunate country. Now His Holiness the Pope has called upon all the friends of peace throughout the world to exert their influence with the rulers of belligerent nations with a view to bringing about a settlement of the present deplorable way. Will Mr. Redmond obey the call? Will he, when the British Talking-shop re-opens in a few weeks—at the bidding of the Northcliffe Press—get up in his place in "the House" and call upon his friend Gray to open peace negotiations with the German Government? He was in a great hurry to pledge Ireland's support without Ireland's knowledge to Britain's war policy and thereby, mayhap, involve our poor country in National Bankruptcy. He will hardly be in such a hurry, we fancy, making amends for his faux pas by doing what he knows would really represent the will of the Irish Nation. Meantime, a resolution on the subject by some of our prominent Catholic Boards would be helpful. The wire-pullers could hardly have the face to strangle it in the more muddle-headed Public Boards as they are doing in the case of the Anti-Conscription Resolution.

#### Aeridheacht at St. Enda's.

The Committee in charge of above, to be held on Sunday, September 5th, send us the following details re competitions, etc., for publication. 1. Best display of close and extended order drill for section of 12 men under section commander. Arms to be carried. Time limit for display, 10 mins. Trophy offered. Entrance fee 2s. 6d. for section. 2. Tug-o'-war contest. Team 10 men. Pull 20 feet. Entrance fee 2s. 0d. Prize offered. 3. Shooting. Range 25 yards, miniature. Entrance fee 3d. Medal offered. Volunteer officers will act as judges. Competitions commence at 1 o'clock sharp. Entries for competitions No 1 and 2 should be made at once, and not later than August 31st. The social side of the Aeridheacht, too, is not being neglected. A first-rate concert is promised. Band will attend. There will be tea-rooms, dancing and motor drives. Pipers' bands will attend. Admission to grounds, 3d.; motor service from tram, fares 3d. and 4d.

## SEAN MILROY

### A MESSAGE FROM MOUNTJOY

Sean Milroy, whose term of imprisonment will end on 1st September next, was visited last week by his brother and Rev. F. S. Pollard. The "prisoner" looked well and felt in high spirits, though it must be galling to a man of his respectability and intelligence to be herded with some of the vilest scum of society. Sean is still undaunted, and has not changed his principles one whit or tittle. He looks forward with pleasure to meeting the members of the A.O.H. who have stood nobly by him in this crisis, and sends them his best wishes, and assures them of his fidelity to the cause. As one spoke to Sean Milroy and looked at him through the prison bars, one could not but contrast his sentence for uttering honest, healthy opinions with the inadequate sentences passed on offenders recently for grave and very serious crimes.

Still more outrageous is it that men in high places have been allowed to go unpunished for utterances and writings which were ten thousand times more inflammatory than anything uttered by Sean Milroy, and more subversive of the plans and aims of the English Government.

### COMMODORE BARRY'S PRAYER

John Barry, ho! they're speeding you to France,  
The west wind hums; the sunny waters dance

Around your lofty frigate, the "Alliance,"  
With her long guns, forty-four,  
Off the Massachusetts shore,  
And her ensign at the peak in defiance.

The ragged Continentals call for gold;  
Their powder running short, too, we are told;  
So crowd your studding sails and never tarry.

Good King Louis there beyond  
Will with ships and gold respond.  
And who will bear the message but John Barry?

The King has sent a royal fleet, and, more,  
In cash a hundred thousand Louis d'Or,  
And Barry sails to fight whate'er he matches.

Takes a British brig or two,  
And mans them from his crew,  
Then sails on with the Britons under hatches.

One hazy morn in May the breezes fail;  
No puff to raise the corner of a sail,  
And Barry spies two warships on his quarter.

"What ships," he shouts, "are ye?"  
"Why, 'Atlanta,' 'Trepassy';"  
John Bull will cut John Barry's cruising shorter."

John Barry stamps; no wind his ships to wear;  
He scarce can bring a brace of guns to bear.  
The British ships steal up which sweeps and

pound him;  
Their balls and grapes come fast,  
Shiv'ring rigging, spar, and mast,  
And Barry falls, his brave men gath'ring round him.

His flag's shot down; his guns make no reply.  
They carry Captain Barry down to die.  
The first lieutenant asks, "Shall we surrender?"

"No, never," answers Barry;  
"Their hides I still can harry.  
On deck with me; I'll fight and defend her."

The first lieutenant, shamefaced, springs away,  
And Barry, in his bandage, turns to pray:  
"O mighty Lord, Who rules the storm and thunder,  
Here I beg as on my knees  
For a capful of a breeze—  
A capful and I'll rip their ribs asunder."

His prayer is heard. A light breeze swings her head,  
Her broadsides pile the British ships with dead  
And rend their sides with splitting crash and rattle,  
Till the Union Jacks are low'red  
And our prize crews jump aboard,  
With grateful hearts to Barry's God of Battle.

So Barry anchors safe off Boston town,  
The Continentals drink to his renown,  
And bravely on to Yorktown runs the story,  
For the King's help that he sought  
And the great news that he brought  
High heartened us and paved our way to glory.

—JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.

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## :: The Man Without a Country ::

The plan then adopted was substantially the same which was necessarily followed ever after. Perhaps it was suggested by the necessity of sending him by water from Port Adams and Orleans. The secretary of the navy—it must have been the first Crowninshield, though he is a man I do not remember—was requested to put Nolan on board a government vessel bound on a long cruise, and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make it certain that he never saw or heard of this country. We had few long cruises then, and the navy was much out of favour; and as almost all of this story is traditional, as I have explained, I do not know certainly what his first cruise was. But the commander to whom he was entrusted—perhaps it was Tingey or Shaw, though I think it was one of the younger men—we are all old enough now—regulated the etiquette—and the precautions of the affair, and according to his scheme they were carried out, I suppose, till Nolan died.

When I was second officer of the "Intrepid," some thirty years after, I saw the original paper of instructions. I have been sorry ever since that I did not copy the whole of it. It ran, however, much in this way:

"Washington (with a date which must have been late in 1807).

"Sir,—You will receive from Lieut. Neale the person of Philip Nolan, late a lieutenant in the United States army.

"This person, on his trial by court martial expressed, with an oath, the wish that he might 'never hear of the United States again.'

"The court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

"For the present the execution of the order is intrusted by the president to this department.

"You will take the prisoner on board your ship, and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape.

"You will provide him with such quarters, rations and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his government.

"The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

"But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of this country or to see any information regarding it; and you will especially caution all the officers under your command to take care that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken.

"It is the intention of the government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention. Respectfully yours, "W. SOUTHARD.

"For the Secretary of the Navy."

If I had only preserved the whole of this there would be no break in the beginning of my sketch of this story. For Capt. Shaw, if it were he, handed it to his successor in the charge, and he to his, and I suppose the commander of the "Levant" has it to-day as his authority for keeping this man in this mild custody.

The rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met "the man without a country" was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospect of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war—cut off more than half the talk men liked to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats, and we finally

sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favourites. I was one. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own stateroom—he always had a stateroom which was where a sentinel or somebody on the watch could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank, he ate or drank alone.

Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. I believe the theory was that the sight of his punishment did them good. They called him "Plain Buttons" because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army buttons, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

I remember, soon after I joined the navy, I was on shore with some of the older officers from our ship and from the Brandywine, which we had met at Alexandria. We had leave to make a party and go up to Cairo and the Pyramids. As we jogged along (you went on donkeys then) some of the gentlemen (we boys called them "Dons," but the phrase was long since changed) fell to talking about Nolan, and someone told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading.

As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. These were common enough in the old days, when people in the other hemisphere talked of the United States as little as we do of Paraguay. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. This was a little cruel sometimes, when the back of what was cut out might be as innocent as Hesiod. Right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles or one of Canning's speeches poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York or a scrap from the president's message. I say this was the first time I ever heard of this plan, which afterwards I had enough and more than enough to do with. I remember it because poor Phillips, who was of the party, as soon as the allusion to reading was made, told a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage; and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage.

They had touched at the Cape and had done the civil thing with the English admiral and the fleet, and then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall. Among them, as the devil would order, was the "Lay of the last Minstrel," which they had all of them heard of but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, though Phillips swore old Shaw had cut the "Tempest" from Shakespeare before

he let Nolan have it, because he said "the Bermudas ought to be ours, and, by Jove, should be one day." So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud.

People do not do such things so often now, but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so. Well, so it happened that, in his turn, Nolan took the book and read to the others; and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming:

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said—"

It seems impossible to us that somebody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically:

"This is my own, my native land!"

Then they all saw something was to pay; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on:

"Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,  
As home his footsteps he hath turned  
From wandering on a foreign strand?  
If such there breathe, go, mark him well—"

When Capt. Shaw was coming home—if, as I say, it was Shaw—rather to the surprise of everybody they made one of the Windward Islands and lay off and on for nearly a week. The boys said the officers were sick of salt junk and meant to have turtle soup before they came home. But after several days the "Warren" came to the same rendezvous; they exchanged signals; she sent to Phillips and these homeward-bound men letters and papers, and told them she was outward bound, perhaps to the Mediterranean, and took poor Nolan and his traps on the boat back to try his second cruise.

He looked blank when he was told to get ready to join her. He had known enough of the signs of the sky to know that till that moment he was going "home." But this was a distinct evidence of something he had not thought of, perhaps—that there was no going home for him, even to a prison. And this was the first of some twenty such transfers, which brought him sooner or later into half our best vessels, but which kept him all his life at least some hundred miles from the country he had hoped he might never hear of again.

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, coloured crimson, and staggered on:

"For him no minstrel raptures swell,  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,  
Despite these titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentred all in self—"

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his stateroom, "And by Jove," said Phillips, "we did not see him for two months again. And I had to make up some beggarly story to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him."

That story shows about the time when Nolan's braggadocio must have broken down. At first, they said, he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected to enjoy the voyage, and all that; but Phillips said that after he came out of the stateroom he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the other young men exactly