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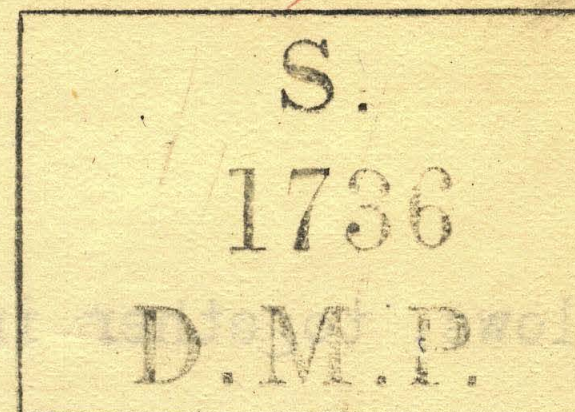
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# DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE.



Detective Department,

Dublin, 30th. September 1915

Subject, MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 29th. Inst.,  
the undermentioned extremists were observed  
moving about and associating with each other  
as follows :-

With Thomas J. Clarke, 75, Parnell St.,  
B. Parsons and William O'Leary Curtis from 2.  
15 p. m. to 2. 35 p. m. Joseph McGuinness  
for half an hour between 3 & 4 p. m. John  
McDermott for a quarter of an hour from 6 p.m.

J. J. Walsh, in his shop, 26 Blessington  
Street, between 5 & 6 p. m.

Darrel Figgis left Kingstown by Mail Boat  
for Holyhead at 9 p. m. R. I. C. informed.

M. J. O'Rahilly, John McDermott, John Mil-  
roy, E. De Valera, P. Ryan, C. Colbert and H.  
Mellows

The Chief Commr.

*The Under Secretary*

*Submitted*

*W. L. Whistone*

*Comm 30/9*

*Under Secretary*  
*Submitted*  
*W. L.*

*30/9/15*

*True*

*30/9*

*Chief Commr*  
*W. L.*  
*30/9*



Mellows, together in Volunteer Office, 2,

Dawson Street, from 7 p. m. to 10 p. m.

Four Volunteers in uniform, and armed with

rifles kept guard in the hall during the

time.

I attach copies of this week's issue

of The Irish Volunteer, Nationality, and the

Hibernian, neither of which appears to con-

tain anything deserving special attention.

Owen'Brien

Superintendent.



# The Hibernian

Incorporated with the  
NATIONAL HIBERNIAN

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

VOL. I. No. 18. New Series.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2nd, 1915

One Penny

## The HIBERNIAN

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

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

### A UNITED FRONT!

The Home Rule that was to have been established in this present month has been still further postponed—till after the war. The “no far distant date” has come and gone. Yet our salaried representatives in the British Parliament keep throwing dust in the people’s eyes, and by a system of kite flying—the holding of conventions for the reorganising of their moribund U.I.L. throughout the country—seek to still further bamboozle all and sundry that by so doing all will yet be well, and that the adoption of cut and dry resolutions will pave the way, after the war is over, to the erection of a home Government in College Green!

Are our people, indeed, purblind to the fact that with a Coalition Cabinet in power, a combination that includes some of the bitterest foes of Ireland, Home Rule, or any semblance thereof, has been relegated to the limbo of Liberal broken promises? It is on the Statute Book, and will remain there till that euphemistically styled tome moulders into dry dust. Whenever public opinion was voiced heretofore the cry was raised by the leaders of the “Irish” Party: “Don’t embarrass the Government.” The Lloyd George Budgets—veritable blessings in disguise, as we were led to believe—were crammed down our throats, sane opposition thereto stifled by the same parrot cry. Those few who raised their voices in protest were vigorously denounced by the Parliamentarians as factionists, people who had not the interests of Ireland at heart! The Liberals were pledged to Home Rule, we were told; they should not be hampered in carrying out their scheme of beneficent legislation! Such were the shibboleths uttered by those who were loud in their boasts that the work of thirty years’ constitutional methods had attained fruition, and that naught remained to hinder the due garnering of the fruits of their labour.

But to-day we are as far away as ever from the achievement of the “legislative independence” of Ireland. Wily Mr. Asquith simply toyed with his dupes. Carson rose in arms and defied the Government; Ulster would not submit to the Home Rule bugbear. The land of the O’Neills and O’Donnells would cut itself off from the rest of the country. The sorry story is too recent to need recapitulation. Home Rule

has been passed. But what about the Amending Bill? What about the Order in Council? And what about the General Election that is looming? Further, when will the war end? Whether it finish sooner or later, grateful Mother England will hardly be in a position—presuming the union of hearts remains an accomplished fact—to spare the sister isle the where-withal to set up house on Eblana’s banks.

Poor Ireland has been sold again; betrayed by her degenerate sons. The centuries’ history of our unhappy connection with England is a record of spoliation and woe. Its perusal evokes an unbidden sob; a wave of indignation surges through the whole system. Those who absorb it deeply must feel moved to intense hatred of the callous Power that was responsible for such dire misery on a land that was surely blessed by Heaven. Our Imperialist “leaders” would have us loyal. Harnessed to the chariot of Empire they so well grace in captive bonds they would bid us forgive and forget. Forget! No; never. Forgive! Not while memory lasts. We have waited—waited patiently. The mills of God grind slow, but they grind exceeding small. The blood of our martyred dead cries aloft for retribution. The time is not yet, but ’tis coming slowly, surely.

And meanwhile we must perforce bear the brunt. Another British Budget, colossal in its tax-gathering ramifications, has seen the light. Still further heavy exactions will be levied on us and our land, already bled white. England, cursed by the weight of armaments, is in it, financially, to the neck. The present war is staggering humanity. And we in Ireland who have no direct interest therein, should be neutral in fact—notwithstanding the raimeis we have had poured on us—have, willy nilly, imposed upon us an intolerable burden. Our people are poor through lack of industries; what we had were scotched by Britannia. The Celt was driven from his land, to find a home across the rolling waves. The coffin ships of black ’47 are not forgotten. The monument erected on Grosse Isle by the A.O.H. of America bears silent testimony to the sad end of the many victims of that exodus.

That memorial was reared aloft on the banks of the St. Lawrence during the Hon. Matthew Cummings’ National Presidency of the American Order, and its undertaking was wholeheartedly borne by our exiled kith and kin. It speaks volumes of the faith that is in the hyphenated Americans. They have not swerved one iota in their allegiance to the cradle-land of the Irish race. In the Republic of the West they are to-day a mighty power. When the London “Times” exultingly proclaimed that the Celt was fleeing with a vengeance, and would soon be as scarce in Ireland as the Red Indian on Manhattan, it little recked how the exiles would increase and multiply; how they would give of their brawn and sinew to

help establish the greatness of Columbia. And from these once starving serfs there has been evolved a race of liberty-loving freemen who yearningly turn their eyes to the Isle of Destiny—the land of their forbears—the while they mark every eventful move, saddened at heart when they witness those who claim to be Eire’s sons forget their country’s past and play the ignoble part of renegades, but filled with unmeasured joy that there still remain in the Old Land, despite all the sacrifices borne, men, young and old, prepared to do their part in again making Ireland a nation.

Good news is also to hand from Australia. Down under a new spirit is abroad in the land. From Sydney we learn that there has been recently established an Irish National Association whose objects are to assist Ireland to achieve her national destiny and to foster an Irish spirit amongst the Irish portion of the community. As the manifesto of the organisation states, the policy of our English rulers has been the denudation of Ireland of her population, and these things are but aspects of the larger policy which has for its objects the reduction of Erin to a condition of national impotence and the extinction of the national spirit. To frustrate these designs, co-operative unity among Irishmen throughout the world is called for.

Scattered as the Irish race is over the whole surface of the wide world, influences alien to our national spirit and genius have been and are operant upon us to our detriment. If that process is allowed to continue, Ireland, and all for which that word stands, must inevitably become merely matter for study to the antiquarian of the future. But Irish patriotism, true to the supreme position it has won, has put forth its hand to arrest the decay. And the Irish National Association of Australia has been established to co-operate with that movement. “We shall adopt,” they declare, “the same methods of reviving nationalism as have been pursued by other peoples, such as Poland, Bohemia, and Hungary. It is surely superfluous to make a vehement appeal to the patriotism of the race which has produced Brian Boru, Hugh O’Neill, Sarsfield, Grattan, Tone, and Emmet.” The Irish race the world over, with a united front, faces the future with equanimity. Let us act well our part, there all the honour lies!

We welcome “Irish Fun,” from which we take the following without offering any apology. Under the caption “The Old Reliable Firm,” it says:—“Coats turned while you wait, Shamrocks changed into Roses, Memories wiped Out, Souls Searched, Hum Bugs Whitewashed, Back Bones Bent and Hatchets Buried.—Tried and True, National Conjurors, Renegade Row, Dublin. Branches in all Irish Towns and Villages. Sore Heads not Treated.”



# :: SOLDIER MONKS ::

## THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN

In dealing with the great Catholic military Order, the Knights of St. John, it should be stated that, with rare interruptions, a hospital had existed in the Holy City from the third century, ever since it had become a centre of Christian pilgrimage. Early in the 11th century certain merchants of Amalfi had purchased the site of the Latin hospital established by Charlemagne—destroyed in 1010, with all the other Christian establishments, by order of the fanatical Caliph Hakim Biamrillah—and had there founded a hospital for pilgrims, served by Benedictines, and later dedicated to St. John the Baptist. When in 1087 the Crusaders besieged the Holy City, the hospice was served by a body of men calling themselves "The Poor Brethren of the Hospital of St. John." It was at first a purely healing brotherhood, unlike the great rival Order of the Knights Templars, which began as a military organisation.

The head of the hospice at the time the Crusaders captured the Holy City was a certain Brother Gerard, and from the moment of the entry of the Crusaders the hospice grew greatly in importance and wealth. Donations and privileges were showered on the institution from all over the Holy Land, and Europe; princes, nobles, and prelates from Provence, Spain, France, England, Portugal, and Italy vied with each other in supporting this stronghold of Christianity in the Holy City, now delivered from the grip of the Saracens. By the time of Gerard's death in 1120, the institution was a great power throughout Christendom.

It was Raymond du Puy, who succeeded on the death of Gerard, who gave the Order its military character. The armed defence of pilgrims to the Holy Land was no doubt already part of its function, but it was a renewal of activity on the part of the Saracens which turned the healing brotherhood into the redoubtable military organisation it became. With the sanction of Pope Pascale II., Raymond du Puy constituted the Brothers as an Order of Knighthood, himself assuming the title of Grand Master.

The "cross argent, on a field Jules," or, in other words, the white cross on a red ground, henceforward a power for centuries throughout the Mediterranean, was adopted as their armorial bearings, and a black robe with the eight-pointed white cross, symbolic of the eight Beatitudes, on the left breast as their distinctive dress in times of peace. The buildings of the hospice grew rapidly, and contained three churches and vast halls. The institution was at the height of its power when, in 1187, Saladin drove the Christians from Jerusalem. This was only one chapter in the long struggle between the Knights of St. John and the Saracens and Turks, which lasted for centuries. The Knights removed to Acre, and here again erected great buildings, and played such an important part in the defence of the town that it became known as St. John d'Acre.

In 1291 the Christians were driven wholly out of Palestine by the Saracens, and the Order removed to Cyprus, where their headquarters were the Castle of Kolossi, which is still standing. In 1310 they removed to the Island of Rhodes, which exactly suited their purpose as a stronghold in the inland sea, and there set about building a fortress which should withstand the desperate attacks of the infidel. The Knights built a large war fleet, and became generally so powerful that the Turks, after their capture of Constantinople, determined to suppress this bulwark of the Cross against the Crescent. The Turks attacked

the island in 1480 with an enormous fleet and army, but were beaten off, after terrible assaults, by the Knights under Grand Master Peter d'Aubusson. Rhodes stood impregnable against the power of the Turk, and no doubt saved Europe from an all-conquering Ottoman wave.

There was a period of comparative peace for over 40 years, and then in 1522 the Turks attacked Rhodes again, when De L'Isle Adam was Grand Master of the Order. After a fierce siege and an heroic defence lasting six months the Knights were compelled to surrender, but on favoured terms, being allowed to leave the island within 12 days in their own galleys, and with their own arms and property. After some years of wandering the Knights settled down in Malta, still under De L'Isle Adam. They found it a barren rock, but set to work to cultivate and fortify it, so that, 35 years later, in 1565, they were able to beat off a terrible siege by the Turks, who lost 30,000 men, the defenders losing 260 Knights and 8,000 soldiers. The siege was watched with keenest anxiety by all the Princes of Europe, and even Queen Elizabeth issued prayers for the defence of Christendom so sorely menaced.

In the rise of the maritime power of the elective Dukedoms of Venice and Genoa, the Knights of St. John in the 17th and 18th centuries slowly lost influence in the Mediterranean, though they continued to maintain a fleet at Malta, and to capture corsairs, a training in expeditions at sea being the first duty of every young Knight. At length, with the gradual waning of their naval activities and the comparative luxury and idleness of their life at Malta, came the seizure of the large revenues from the Order's French estates by the Directory of the French Revolution in 1792; a blow which was completed in 1798 by the appearance before Malta of Napoleon's fleet and transports, then on his expedition to Egypt. Some treachery and the weakness of the Order's leaders at the time, induced the Grand Master to capitulate without fighting. The Knights were dispersed in ships to their native lands, and Napoleon, leaving a French garrison, proceeded to Egypt. After his defeat by Nelson at the battle of the Nile, Malta was taken by the British fleet, and became a British possession.

The history of the Order in England is not illustrated by the same wonderful pages of battles with Saracen and Turk in the sunny lands of the East, but it is full of historical interest. About the year 1130 one Jordan de Brisset, of Eltham, in Kent, gave to the Order ten acres of land in Clerkenwell, where the Knights built their chief home, and on whose site the headquarters of the St. John Ambulance Brigade—the pseudo Knights of St. John—now is. At the beginning of the 14th century the Order was divided into the eight nations, or tongues, of Provence, France, Auvergne, Italy, Aragon, Castile, England, and Germany, and the chief dignities of the Order were severally appropriated to the principals of the various nations, the head of the Order in England being called the Turcopilier, or commander of the cavalry.

The Order had many foundations in Ireland. For instance, their chief house was at Kilmainham, where they owned a wide stretch of land and of the waters of the Liffey. Their first building in England was on a large and impressive scale, consisting of a crypt, a choir, and a circular nave, the other buildings of the Priory comprising, so far as is known, a great hall, dormitories, cloisters, armoury, and a gatehouse. The head of the Order in England was the Lord Prior of St. John's, who took precedence of

all other lay Barons in the House of Lords. In 1381, the Lord Prior, Sir Robert Hales, was beheaded by the rebels under Wat Tyler, at the same time as the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Priory buildings were burnt, but were replaced later. The Lord Prior, Sir Thomas Docwra, rebuilt the gate-house in 1504, and inserted the large windows still existing in the Priory Church. At the dissolution of the religious houses during the Reformation, the Priory of the Hospitallers was the last to be suppressed, and during the remainder of his reign King Henry VIII. used the buildings partly as a store house for his munitions of war, and partly as a home for the Lady Mary.

C. P.

### ROISIN DUBH GRADH MO CROIDHE.

There's a white, white sail on the ocean dim,  
Like the star of Hope seen afar;  
There's a blood-red cloud on the sunset's rim,  
'Tis the harrowing light of war.  
"Let peace, then, be banished and welcome war—  
'Tis the sign of my jubilee—  
For 'tis men make nations and war makes men,"  
Says Roisin Dubh gradh mo croidhe.

There are voices crying to hearts to-day  
Down the fathomless gulf of years:  
"Be ye strong, unswerving, and strike ye may,  
For the day has gone by for tears;  
Ye must tread the path that we trod before,  
If ye'd still be a people free."  
"They're the men who died that their Queen might live,"  
Says Roisin Dubh gradh mo croidhe.

There's a glint of steel upon hills of green,  
With a flag that is raised on high;  
And the serried ranks of men I've seen  
'Neath the blue of an Irish sky;  
There's a skirl of pipes on the rising wind  
And a song of lost liberty—  
"Not lost, for my boys shall win it back,"  
Says Roisin Dubh gradh mo croidhe.

There are aching hearts on Columbia's shore,  
O'er the boundless Atlantic's foam,  
That are turning ever with longing sore  
To the Mother they left at home,  
And their souls still yearn for the Dawning Day  
When they'll sail back across the sea—  
"O my exiled children will soon return,"  
Says Roisin Dubh gradh mo croidhe.

There are arms that toil, there are minds that plan,  
There are hearts that will do and dare;  
There are dearer boons to the heart of man  
Than an empire's godless fare—  
For the hearts unbowed and the souls unbribed,  
Mother Erin, are still with thee—  
"O my voice will ring 'mid the nations yet,"  
Says Roisin Dubh gradh mo croidhe.

There's a white, white sail on the ocean dim,  
Like the star of Hope seen afar,  
There's a lurid cloud on the sunset's rim,  
'Tis the light of my last great war;  
Though the past was sorrow, the future holds  
A more glorious destiny—  
For I've climbed by Calvary and won my crown,"  
Says Roisin Dubh gradh mo croidhe.

RORY OF THE HILL.

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



**A Discarded Kettle.**

Writing some years ago, Lieut. Professor T. M.—or should it be M. T.?—Kettle said of Lecky that he “would have been an Irish patriot had we supported him by buying his books.” Commenting on this, the “Irish World” says: “We do not know whether anyone buys Mr. Kettle’s books. But it is certain that he has ceased to be an Irish patriot. He has become the lowest and most degraded of the recruiting sergeants. It would be an insult to the most ignorant and prejudiced of the Orange faction to bracket his name with T. M. Kettle’s. And yet, even in a material sense, Ireland did well by Kettle. He has six hundred pounds a year as a professor in the National University, and a class of fourteen to instruct. This salary, allowing for the increase in cost of living, compares very favourably with the salaries in American universities. So that for his treason he has not even the pitiful excuse that he himself put forward for Lecky.”

**Liobán na Saoirse.**

(Ar leanmáint.)

“A Naomh Pádraig, a Pátrún na hÉireann—

Suiré orainn.

A Naomh Colmcille, a Pátrún a gCeilteach—

Suiré orainn.

A Naomh uile na hÉireann—

Suiré orainn.

Ó Daoríocht na nGall—

Fuarcail rinn, a Tígearna—

Tá mé mairtíreácht na ndaoine do tuit ag  
Droichead Átha 7 ag Loch Garman 7 iad ag  
comhrac tar ceann cneitín 7 ríochre—

Fuarcail rinn, a Tígearna.

Tá mé mairtíreácht na ndaoine do tuit ag  
Cnoc Dinnis 7 ag Donsruim 7 i gConnac-  
taib 7 iad ag comhrac tar ceann cneitín  
7 ríochre

Fuarcail rinn a Tígearna

Tá mé mairtíreácht na mílte míle sup  
himíreáid báp don gorta orra

Fuarcail rin, a Tígearna

Tá mé mairtíreácht na ndaoine fuair báp  
ar an gcóiric nó ra éirí na nÓirí

Fuarcail rinn, a Tígearna

Tá mé ornaigheal 7 tá mé bhrón 7 tá mé úrnaighe  
an uile duine d’fúilíng don ní ar fon na  
hÉireann fuair,

Fuarcail rinn, a Tígearna.

Cogad mór tar ceann ríochre na gCin-  
eada éabhairt duinn—

Suiré orainn, a Tígearna.

Cum go mbeid ár n-ádhann 7 ár mbrac  
in áiríe ádhann ár n-ádhann éada,

Suiré orainn, a Tígearna.

Cum báp na glóire d’fúilíng duinn ar  
mádhair na ríochre,

Suiré orainn, a Tígearna.

Cum uasda i dtír ar rinnear do beir  
ádhann

Suiré orainn, a Tígearna,

Ar fon neamhréadéar 7 dondaéta 7  
ríochre ar dtíre

Suiré orainn, a Tígearna,

In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus  
Sancti. Amen.”

Liam Ó Rinn.

(A éiríoc ran).

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WM. TOBIN, The Hibernian Hall,  
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# MEMORIES OF MOUNTJOY

By SEAN MILROY

## II.

I have referred to the hidden joys of our Bastile. I made the acquaintance of one of them on the first night I stayed there—in fact, I ought to write in the plural sense, as will be seen presently.

I was nearly responsible that night for an inquest on the official to whom I have already alluded as possessing a deportment suggestive of a walrus, a rather sluggish, morose sort of walrus, but it was unintentional on my part.

I was brought to Mountjoy late that night. I think the hour was about 8.30. I had been working late that evening and had had nothing to eat since mid-day, and then only a very slight repast; and I was still busily engaged when the two envoys from Dublin Castle arrived and invited my attendance at the Palace of Bars and Bolts. So I was feeling somewhat hungry when I arrived there. It was into the hands of the Walrus my custodians delivered me, and after he had gone through several interesting manoeuvres, I queried of him if I would be able to get any tea or something to eat. He nearly collapsed.

"Tea!" he ejaculated, with an expression in which indignant wonder and horror seemed mingled. "Tea! Heh! Tea!"

I might as well have asked if I could have had a dynamite bomb or his immortal soul. Oliver Twist asking for more did not raise half the perturbation that seemed to be surging within the indignant bosom of poor Walrus.

Tea! Then gradually he made a valiant effort, pulled together his shuddering faculties, and thus delivered himself:—

"Don't imagine you are going to get any special privileges here. You'll be treated the same as any other prisoner. Tea! Hum! You'll get some bread."

Yes, I got that bread later, and I shall not forget it in a hurry. But to come to my encounter with the spirit of joy to which I have made allusion. Later on two warders conducted me to my cell, in what is known as the basement. Sundry locks and bars having been opened, and various gloomy passages having been traversed, I was shown into my resting place for the night.

The first impression was distinctly forbidding and dismal. There was no light burning, and we groped our way about in the semi-darkness. The cell was about seven feet wide by fourteen feet long, and ten feet high, with a narrow window at the end facing the door. A damp, stagnant smell of bad air seemed to pervade the place. The warder proceeded to show me how to make my bed and put me in touch with the furniture of the apartment thus allotted to me. The cravings for a good square meal again prompted me to make an inquiry about food, but this time I acted more cautiously, in view of my experience with the Walrus. Not wishing to risk sending my attendant into a fit, which might have fatal results, by mentioning that terrible word "Tea," I just hinted in a humbugging sort of way that I'd like to have something to eat, if such were possible without endangering the Defence of the Realm. The gallant fellow rose splendidly to the needs of the occasion, vanished for a moment, and returned bearing that bread, and also a tin of cold cocoa. He told me to take off my boots and put them outside my cell door, which having been accomplished, the door was clanged to and I was left to my reflections, plus my cold cocoa and that alleged bread. Dear, gentle reader, if ever you meditate puncturing the Realm's Defences and filling a cell in Ye Palace of Bars and Bolts, sharpen your teeth well before you begin. If you wish to train up so as to be able to acquit yourself creditably

when you undergo your first bout with the bread of Mountjoy, procure a good hardy bath-brick and practise on it. When you have thoroughly mastered the art of chewing and masticating that bath-brick, then let your antipathies to the Realm's defences burst forth. You will be worthy to enter the lists against that bread. I do not say you will come off victorious, but you will be as well prepared as human being can be to tussle valiantly with those khaki-coloured octagons which you are furnished with as bread when you enter the hospitable roof where dwelleth his majesty the Walrus.

I tasted the cocoa. Ugh! my feeling I will not describe. I tried my teeth on the bread, but I mentally commented: "Well, it won't be too hard to hunger-strike from these."

Presently I undressed and lay down to sleep. Up to this I was under the impression that I was the sole occupant of the cell. I was speedily undeceived when I pulled the sheets around me. No; they could not have been mosquitoes, for I have since learned on the authority of a certain voluble Imperialist M.P. of the lightning change species, that all the mosquitoes have been commandeered by certain Dublin Pressmen; but they seemed to be of the same virile and vigilant family. Small, but alert, they speedily gave evidence of their presence. I came to the conclusion that there must have been a whole Pals' Battalion of them mobilised to give me a cead mile failthe. Later on I gleaned a little information bearing on this aspect of the hidden, but lively joys of Mountjoy, which is worthy of record—the blankets in the prison are only changed about once every twelve months.

About a week before I left I asked a prisoner, who was undergoing a twelve months' sentence, if he had had a change of blankets since he entered Mountjoy. He told me his had been changed last January. Another prisoner, who has been there nine or ten months, never had a change, and I had no change while I was there, and had to take over the blankets in the cell used by its previous occupant. Is this not one of the virile joys of our Bastile which might with advantage be abolished?

Then, again, the spirit of humour which runs riot there is a healthy supplement to the spirits of joy, and once you tumble to the idea of the thing you need never have a dismal moment. And yet there must be many there who have never suspected that joy and humour were rubbing elbows with them daily, for I saw faces from which the glow of happiness seemed to be as alien as Satan is to Paradise. The pity of it!

Why, I asked myself repeatedly, should it perturb me or roughen the tranquility of my conscience if the Governor did appear to regard the jangling of keys or the rattle of the bolts as music sweeter than the vesper bell; why should I care if he looked on a prison regulation as a more sacred thing than any of the Ten Commandments? Joy and hilarity defied even his morose expression of frozen acerbity, and lounged about the corridors and revelled within the cells—providing you had the mental vision to perceive them—and were only too anxious to hobnob with you.

I want to narrate one strenuous encounter I had with the Spirit of Humour. Glory be to God! I shall never forget it. It appeared in the shape of a safety razor. A few days after my arrival, I asked a warder if I could have a shave. I was told I would have to apply to the Governor. Not that he was to do the shaving—I would have hardly risked being shaved there if that had been the case—but all such requests had to be

heard and considered by him. On the following morning I was conducted down to where that estimable gentleman held his daily levee. I had to wait about three-quarters of an hour before I was admitted into his sanctum, and with a ghastly air of amiability, suggestive of the demeanour of a Polar bear in a state of impotent irritation, he, in response to my inquiry as to whether or no I could have a shave, muttered something about a safety razor, from which I concluded that my request had been granted.

That evening my valet, the warder, appeared bearing this implement with an air of deep reverence, whether for myself or the razor I could never rightly decide.

No, I could not have a looking-glass to see how to get to work. I must just grope round my face with my fingers and, if I located any hairs, why, then, have at them with the safety razor. "Soap? Oh, you must use the ordinary soap in your cell."

It is a wonderful soap that. Quite a versatile kind, I call it. You use it for scrubbing your cell floor, for scrubbing and brightening your pewter dishes, for washing yourself, and why not, therefore, for shaving with? Oh! wonderful are the virtues of Mountjoy soap! Versatile soap—super-soap! indeed—but not soft soap. Oh, no; they have no use for soft soap in Mountjoy. The warder retired and I stripped for the encounter with that soap and that safety razor. There was much more safety than razor about it. I groped round my chin in search of my obtrusive stubble, located some here and there, and applied that versatile soap which was not soft, emphatically not soft. Then, when I had made my wrists and face weary in my exertions to coax a lather out of that versatile soap, I took up my safety razor and brought it sliding down over the tract of watery lather. How smoothly it worked; not a hitch or a scratch in the performance. I was growing quite elated, and had succeeded in removing all the lather with that razor when, putting up my hand to feel the result, alas! "the stubble was still there though the lather was gone." I tried again undaunted, and yet again and again, but the result in nothing varied, and at length the black, bitter truth flashed across my mind that, I would have to keep my hair on.

Then the humour of the thing appealed to me, and I saw how ingenious the methods in vogue in Mountjoy were to entertain its guests and while away weary hours. Gentle reader, when you go to Mountjoy and feel things monotonous, don't forget to ask to be allowed to use that safety razor!

(To be continued).

## A LITTLE KERRY GIRL

There's grand big girls that walk the earth,  
And some that's gone to glory  
That have been praised beyond their worth  
To live in song and story.  
One may possess the classic face  
That poets love to honour,  
And still another wear the grace  
Of Venus' self upon her;  
Some tall and stately queens may be,  
And some be big and merry—  
But take them all, tho' leave for me  
One little girl from Kerry!

Tralee it is a little place,  
And everything's in keeping;  
The biggest heroes of the race  
In little graves are sleeping;  
And little cows give little crame,  
For little fairies take it—  
And little girls think little shame  
To take a heart and break it.  
Still here's a little Dublin lad  
That would be oh! so merry  
If but your little heart he had,  
O little girl from Kerry!



## A CURRENT CAUSERIE

### O'Connell Anniversary.

The Munster Men's Association of San Francisco celebrated most successfully the 140th anniversary of the birthday of Dan O'Connell at the German House, when an enthusiastic audience gave the orator of the evening, Dr. Kuno Meyer, the famous Gaelic scholar, a tremendous ovation. When he rose to speak, Dr. Meyer was wildly cheered for several minutes by the vast assembly. Dr. Meyer, during the course of his address, said in part:—

### Ireland's True History.

The true history of Ireland yet remains to be written, if for no other reason, for this, that all those who have attempted it, from Thomas Moore onwards, were ignorant of the Irish language and literature. To write, however, a history of a nation without a knowledge of its language and its literature, is an absurdity. For the times before the conquest, unable to deal with them, English writers of Irish history invented the myth and published it to the world that before the coming of the English the Irish were a semi-barbarous people, to whom their conquerors brought the first rudiments of civilisation, which they unwillingly accepted. Thus Irish history as taught in schools and universities is a mere caricature and a tissue of absurdities.

\* \* \*

### Our Ancient Civilisation.

The truth is that Ireland can look back upon an ancient civilisation and history of which any country may be proud. It will always remain a cause of wonder how an island in the Atlantic, so far removed from the continent, should have early in its history played so important a part in general European affairs. We shall never learn to understand it, unless we realise that the English conquest and English policy has completely altered the natural and historical position of Ireland with regard to the rest of the world. She has compelled the trade of Ireland to be with herself alone; she has cut her off from all direct communication with the continent, and keeps her, as it were, concealed from Europe, while so long as Ireland was free and independent, she, lying in the direct route of trade, carried on a thriving commerce with Spain, France, and Scandinavia, was as much a part of Europe as any other country on that continent. By this intercourse, which goes back to the earliest times, it came to pass that Ireland, though never conquered by Rome, shared in the general civilisation of Europe. This we can best see from Irish art, in which we can trace Roman, Greek, and even Oriental influences.

\* \* \*

### Ireland's Golden Age.

When, in the fifth century, Ireland had become the heiress of the classical and theological learning of the Western Empire, a period of humanism was ushered in which reached its culmination in the sixth and following centuries, the golden age of Irish civilisation, as we may call it. The charge that is so often levelled against Irish history, that it has been, as it were, in a backwater, where only the fainter wash of the larger currents reaches, cannot apply to this period. For once, at any rate, Ireland drew upon herself the eyes of the whole world, not, as so often in later times, by her unparalleled sufferings, but as the one haven of rest in a world overrun by barbarians, as the great seminary of Christian and classical learning, the quiet habitation of sanctity and literature. Her sons, carrying Christianity and a new humanism over

Great Britain and the continent, became the teachers of other nations, the tutors of princes and the counsellors of kings and emperors. For once, if but for a century or two, the Celtic spirit dominated a large part of the Western World, and Celtic ideas imparted a new life to a decadent civilisation.

\* \* \*

### Unmitigated Woe.

I need not here repeat the story of the English conquest. Throughout it was the chief object of English diplomacy to keep the people in slavish subjugation, not to grant them any rights, not to respect or safeguard their interests, but to exploit the rich resources of the country for the benefit of England alone. The whole of Ireland was again and again declared forfeited. No attempt was ever made to build up a common civilisation. Laws enacted applied to the foreign settlers alone; the natives were regarded as outside the law, as outlaws. From the time of Henry VIII. into the last century the history of Ireland is a tale of unmitigated woe. No country, no people ever suffered so long and so much. But we see with astonishment and admiration the resistance of the people, their wonderful recuperative powers and the survival of the national spirit through it all. In the words of the French historian, Thierry: "This indomitable persistency, this faculty of preserving through centuries of misery the remembrance of lost liberty, and of never despairing of a cause always defeated, always fatal to those who dared to defend it, is perhaps the strangest and noblest example ever given by any nation."

\* \* \*

### Chicago's Immortal Shamrock.

Homage has been paid by the women of Chicago, with the co-operation of the United Irish Societies and the Old-Time Printers' Association, to the memory of the three Irish Catholic heroes who, in 1812, defended the women and children of Chicago from the savage allies of the English. The ceremonies were in charge of a committee headed by Mrs. Mary F. McWhorter, State President Ladies' Auxiliary A.O.H. Miss Mary Sheridan, on behalf of the United Irish Societies, placed at the base of the battle monument a huge shamrock bearing the names of the three immortal heroes of the conflict—Ronan, Hayes, and Caldwell—whose names were rescued from oblivion through the efforts of Thomas A. O'Shaughnessy, the artist. Lieut.-Governor O'Hara delivered the address and spoke of the sublime chivalry and heroism of the heroic three.

\* \* \*

### The Story Outlined.

In his address Lieutenant-Governor O'Hara outlined the story of how Ensign Ronan, when his superior officers surrendered to the Indians, refused to sacrifice the honour of the women to save his life, but rallying the men of the garrison, fought to death in defence of the women. He told of the heroism of Denis Hayes, the corporal, who by his spectacular duel with the Indian chief cowed the savages into abandoning the attack as darkness fell. Of Caldwell, the son of an Indian mother and an Irish father, who, learning of the English plan to incite the Indians to massacre, ran from Detroit to Chicago to save the garrison. Caldwell, the only hero to survive the massacre, was given the lands now covered by the City of Chicago. He became immensely wealthy and devoted his wealth to the cause of education until the ungrateful dishonesty of the white men caused him to give up his land and go out among the Indians of the West, where, forgotten, he died. By keeping Chicago from falling into the hands of the British in 1812, these three men, Ronan, Hayes and Caldwell, prevented England from driving a wedge between the East and West, thus preserving the integrity of the United States and the freedom of America. They are destined to live as Chicago's immortal shamrock.

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# The "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

HOW IT CAME TO BE WRITTEN.

In the last week of August, 1814, a British army under the command of General Ross, marched on Washington. Readers of American history know the story of the barbarous manner in which the British acted after entering the Nation's Capitol. The torch was applied to the Capitol, the White House, and all the public buildings.

Thirty-two years before the Revolutionary War had ended by the capture of Yorktown. During the generation that had intervened between the surrender of Cornwallis and the fall of Washington, England had been nursing her wrath. When her troops marched into Washington on that summer's day, 101 years ago, a good chance of her gratifying her hatred of America presented itself to her. She eagerly availed herself of it, as was evidenced by the burning of the public buildings at Washington.

According to the British programme this act of wanton destruction was to be the prelude to a series of similar acts. Every large city on the Atlantic seaboard was to feel England's wrath. Three weeks after applying the torch to the Capitol and the White House, General Ross put his troops on board a British squadron and entered the Patapsco to lay siege to Baltimore. Landing his troops he advanced towards the city, while the British Admiral proceeded to bombard Fort McHenry. The battle of North Point, in which Ross received a mortal wound, and the failure to capture Fort McHenry saved Baltimore from sharing the fate of Washington.

It was on this occasion that the "Star Spangled Banner" was written. The feelings of the author of that patriotic song when at "dawn's early light" he saw the starry banner still floating, can be better understood if we bear in mind what was in store for Baltimore and other American cities if the Star Spangled Banner had gone down in defeat.

"The Star Spangled Banner" itself, the old garrison flag that waved over Fort McHenry during the bombardment, is still in existence. It has 11 holes in it, made there by the shot of the British during the bombardment.

It was during the excitement of the bombardment, and when pacing the deck of the Minden with intense anxiety between midnight and dawn, that Key composed that song, "The Star Spangled Banner," which immortalised him, and whose first stanza expressed the feelings of thousands of eye-witnesses of the scene.

The rude substance of the song was written on the back of a letter which the author, Francis Scott Key, happened to have in his pocket, and he wrote it out in full on the night after his arrival in Baltimore. On the following morning he read it to his uncle, Judge Nicholson, one of the gallant defenders of the fort, and asked his opinion of it. The judge was so pleased with it that he took it to the printing office of Captain Benjamin Edes, on the corner of Baltimore and Gay Streets, and directed copies of it to be struck off in hand-bill form. Edes was then on duty with the gallant Twenty-Seventh Regiment, and his apprentice, Samuel Sands, set up the song in type, printed it, and distributed it among the citizens. It was first sung in a restaurant in Baltimore, next door to the Holiday Street Theatre, by Charles Durang, to an assemblage of the patriotic defenders of the city, and after that nightly at the theatre. It created intense enthusiasm and was everywhere sung in public and in private.

Key, whose monument in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, is one of the finest pieces of modern statuary, having been wrought in Rome by W. W. Story and placed at a cost of 60,000 dollars, was born

in Maryland during the Revolutionary War. His father was an officer under Washington. In 1814 he was district-attorney for the District of Columbia.

When the British invaded Washington, Ross and Cockburn with their staff officers made their headquarters in Upper Marlboro, Md., at the residence of a planter, Dr. William Beanes, whom they subsequently seized as a prisoner. Upon hearing of his friend's capture, Key resolved to release him, and was aided by President Madison, who ordered that a vessel that had been used as a cartel be placed at his service, and that John S. Skinner, agent for the exchange of prisoners, should accompany him. General Ross finally consented to Doctor Beane's release, but said that the party must be detained during the attack on Baltimore. Key and Skinner were transferred to the frigate *Surprise*, commanded by the Admiral's son, Sir Thomas Cockburn, and soon afterward returned under guard of British sailors to their own vessel, whence they witnessed the engagement. Owing to their position the flag at Fort McHenry was distinctly seen during the night by the glare of the battle, but before dawn the firing ceased, and the prisoners anxiously watched to see which colours floated on the ramparts. Key's feelings when he found that the Stars and Stripes had not been hauled down, found expression in "The Star Spangled Banner," which gained for him a lasting reputation. Here is the immortal song penned by Key:—

Oh! I say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,

What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming;

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in the air,

Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.

Chorus.

Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,

What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,

As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,

In fully glory reflected, now shines on the stream.

Chorus.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore

That the havoc of war and battle's confusion

A home and a country should leave us no more?

Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution!

No refuge could save the hireling and slave

From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave.

Chorus.

Oh! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand

Between their loved home and wild war's desolation;

Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land

Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserv'd us a nation!

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,

And this be our motto; "In God is our trust!"

Chorus.

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

## Some Posers!

A Protestant woman missionary relating her experiences in Japan spoke of the wonderful influence St. Francis Xavier exercised over the country, and told the story which appeared in an early issue of "The Hibernian" regarding the preservation of the faith by the early Catholics for 300 years:—"The first question the Japanese put to our Protestant missionaries," she said, "is this: 'Are you a Catholic, Are you a disciple of Francis Xavier? Do your priests have wives? Do you pray to the Blessed Virgin?' And being unable to receive satisfactory answers, they go away shaking their heads and will have none of us. The spirit of Francis Xavier lives. It is the greatest hindrance to our Protestant missionary effort," she said.

\* \* \*

## Protestant University Honours Priest.

The Hoefft prize, founded in the University of Amsterdam for the best poem in Latin, was won this year by the Very Rev. Father Francis Xavier Reuss, C. SS. R. Father Reuss is a native of Alsace. He went to Rome more than forty-seven years ago, and has a fund of interesting anecdotes and remembrances of the past three Sovereign Pontiffs and the invasion of the Eternal City in 1870. He was honoured with the friendship of Leo XIII., and Pius X. and composed verses for their festive anniversaries. The "Carmen" prize consists of a gold medal worth 400 florins; the subject is left to the choice of the competitors. Father Reuss chose for his theme an old prayer-book of his mother's and entitled his composition "Mneniosynon." Father Reuss is a born litterateur and poet, and his various compositions in different modern languages besides Latin would fill a volume, and are of the highest merit in talent and sentiment. Will Mr. Kensit and the Protestant Alliance protest?

\* \* \*

## A Voice from the Past.

President Wilson is a man of much knowledge. He has delved deep into musty tomes, yet at this day it would perhaps make things clear to him if he carefully studied George Washington's farewell address. In that he would find the following prophetic words:—"Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence (I conjure you to believe me, fellow citizens), the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government. But that jealousy, to be useful, must be impartial; else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defence against it. Excessive partiality for one foreign nation, and excessive dislike of another, cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side, and serve to veil and even second the arts of influence on the other. Real patriots who may resist the intrigues of the favourite, are liable to become suspected and odious; while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the purpose, to surrender their great interests. The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

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



## THE AMERICAN IRISH

BY LADY WILDE.

## XIV.

The Reformation was a genuine outcome of Saxon nature; a rude revolt against grace, refinement, the beautiful and the mystic; a cold appeal to the lowest level of the understanding; not a sublime and unquestioning acceptance of an awful revelation from the lips of a consecrated priesthood.

Both in religion and politics the Irish need the visible symbol. Their idea must be impersonated in some form they can reverence, worship, and love. What sad Irish mother, with her half-famished children round her in their miserable cabin, could bear with life day by day without the infinite trust in God's Mother who is watching over and pitying her? What could Protestantism with its hard scholastic dogmas do for such a people? In place of God's Mother, the solemn emotional ritual, the mystic symbols of altar and cross, they were offered the abstraction of theology in the Thirty-nine Articles; while, with the blasphemous boast that it was the work of God, their stately and beautiful abbeys were plundered and made desolate, where, not self, but the abnegation of self, was the pure ideal of the high ascetic life, and in their place were set up the bare, bleak, whitewashed parish churches.

The Irish, however, found no comfort in the Thirty-nine Articles, and would not enter the parish churches. They preferred to die, and so thousands of them were slaughtered with their priests, and the rest were degraded to pariahs in their own land; still through all the fires of persecution, they cling to their ancient faith with a fervour that makes the devotion of the Irish to their creed and priesthood during the bitter martyrdom of three hundred years, one of the most touching chapters in all human history.

But new paths opened through the darkness. God has many agents by which peoples and nations are driven forth to be trained and educated by strong, fresh influences. They seem evil at first, yet it is by such means—war, pestilence, and famine—that the human race has been made to drift on, ever westward, during the last three thousand years.

The terrible famine that came upon Ireland was one of these agents of God. A million perished miserably, but a million also of the people emigrated. The Irish peasant was forced at last to rise up from his fireless hearth and blighted fields, to seek a new home across the ocean. From the dismal death-in-life of his wretched existence, with a frame wasted by hunger, and a soul lying torpid in bonds, he was sent forth to gain wealth, power, freedom, and light by contact with a great people of illimitable energies, who needed his toiling hand in exchange for their gold, to build up the chain of cities from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and to lay the rails that span a Continent for the traffic of the world.

What may be the future of the much tried, but ineffaceable Irish, none can tell. No definite line of action has yet been formed, but a people who are learning, under the teaching of America, the dignity and value of human rights, are not likely to acquiesce tamely in the degraded position Ireland holds in Europe, decay stamped on her cities and her institutions, helpless poverty on her people, who yet own a country larger, richer, and better placed for all the purposes of commerce than half the automatic States of Europe. The Irish never forget their mother-land or give up the hope of national independence; even amongst the kind-hearted Americans they have not eaten of the Lotus that makes them forget Ithaca. But the regeneration and re-creation of Ireland will not come

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through "Home Rule" as understood by its present supporters and leaders, if indeed that hollow fiction is not now wholly extinct (prophetic words—Ed.). No one can seriously believe that the Irish nobles will ever come back to their ancient palaces, or the Queen take up her residence at Dublin Castle in a desolated city and a land of poverty, torpor, and universal decadence.

"Home Rule" with its old feudal distinctions of class and caste, is looked upon with bitter disdain by the advanced party in Irish politics, and it will never be galvanised into life again by any amount of platform platitudes.

A national convention, with supreme powers over all that concerns Ireland, and control of the revenues, to be composed of members elected by universal suffrage, and secured in power for a definite time, is the idea most prominently set forth now by the American Irish. Of course a national convention without the command of the revenues of the nation would be a cheat and a delusion, for the power to make laws and decree improvements would be of little avail as long as the revenue of Ireland was poured into the treasury of another country.

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## MUSTARD AND CRESS

Mr. John Dillon now condemns the suppression of newspapers in Ireland—twelve months after the occurrence! Why did not Mr. Dillon enter his protest much earlier? Mr. John Redmond, twelve months after the brutal batoning of the people in Dublin by the D.M.P., also entered a protest. He and his Party were silent when Nolan was beaten to death. Why?

In reply to "Nat.," the affair you speak of did not occur at Derry. All the authorities agree that it was Manchester, and that three "felons" were afterwards hanged for their share in the business.

We would respectfully suggest to newspaper play critics that, they should give their own views of the show and the actors as they see them, and not be "lifting" copy slavishly from the English Sunday papers, and adopting their views as being original. What do you say, "Jacques"?

The Defence of the Realm prisoners are still in jail. The walls of the Bastille have not yet fallen!

What has become of the Dublin Jewish Home Rule Association? Has it gone to the Promised Land? There were some queer combinations during the past week! Perhaps the budding judges of Prince's Street, who boomed this organisation for all it was worth, will enlighten us!

We are still looking for the balance sheet of the Redmondite Volunteers. The people who subscribed have the right to know where the money has gone. There must be no more scandals of the Paris Funds variety.

The Jews, Orangemen, Freemasons, and a Nationalist renegade have combined to oust Alderman Alfred Byrne from business and public life. We hold no brief for the Alderman, but when the hell-hounds are let loose to "down" a Catholic we are getting on to that job, and someone has got to sup sorrow with a long spoon before we leave off.

Conscription or partial conscription for England if they so wish it. We have Mr. Redmond's assurance, backed up by that of the "G-man's Journal," that it will not apply to Ireland. There are a couple of millions of people in this country who are going to see to it that he does not wriggle out of this promise as he has done so many others—quite recently, too!

Mr. Devlin, having failed to invest Mr. Redmond with the "Order of the Sack," has passed on the wink to Mr. Lloyd George to try his hand on Mr. Asquith! What pure-souled patriots they are. Pelf and power are the great desiderata with them all—even in war time. The worker is the only man who must be kept in his place.

The British official report on the recent Zeppelin raids on London says that the raiders succeeded in hitting one church. This is a pity, as churches are scarce enough in that city. We are not told, however, how many night clubs, gambling dens, etc., were wiped out!

### DIVISION REPORTS

Division 221, Tralee—At the last meeting the County Board circular re Bro. Melinn Testimony was read, and it was unanimously decided to open a subscription list. A substantial sum was handed in, and the hope was expressed that all who sympathised with Bro. Melinn on the intolerant treatment he had received would subscribe, and thus mark their detestation of the action of his ex-employers, Messrs. Slattery, Bacon Merchants, who dismissed him on account of his Nationalist principles.

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