

A NATIONAL WEEKLY REVIEW

PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE FOREIGN SECRETARY

Irish ideas, or succumbs to the exigencies of its situation—proves purchasable and purchased.

Thus it is the virility of the national mind has been replaced by decay, and the alien carries off our brightest hopes and strongest wills to yield under his remunerative aegis their tribute of genius and achievement, swelling the tide of his repute, shedding lustre on his name.

Have you hope in the young? Go visit him in the school, and behold the damnation of his Irish soul by the poison of un-Irish teaching; behold his tribute to tyranny and tremble at its effects. Suppose he escapes nationally unscathed from the inflicting chamber of the school, and him he finds in the world to follow him thither. There he finds the world full of three conditions of men: Right and Right—conflicts of race and conflicts of creed. Instinctively he feels for Ireland's wrongs, his wrongs; for unhidden he has read Ireland's history, his history. He feels there must be burning hopes for the future, oft repeated vows for the redemption of his country and his people. Oh! but when he mingles with his countrymen he finds indifference strangling zeal and despair ruining hope, and ruthless rials rioting in his country. He finds the main portion of the

brains of this people in the pay of his task-masters (where alone an easy competence is obtainable); he finds unscrupulous men and mediocre talent able to climb from every position of preferment. He finds the public service is fundamentally an alien one, intended to serve alien aims and denationalise his people; and, worse than all, he finds insincerity the dominant characteristic of the professing Nationalist, and chilling approval or sorrowful rejection the only reward of any forward move to retrieve the hopes of any people. In face of such surroundings how long will his hopes survive? How long will his integrity be maintained? If you judge by experience he will succumb to one of three alternatives—prove reticent and thrive; prove weak-minded and adopt the party of half measures; or approve his National tenacity, and struggle in wait or in exile for his country. Look round at the bar, at the bench, at the press, at the public service, at the minor offices of State, and the menial jobs of the Crown, and tell whether the mind of the Irish youth remains true to

Irish ideas, or succumbs to the exigencies of its situation—proves purchasable and purchased.

This is only too typical of the career of the youth of Ireland—early hope startled by a sharp awakening to face the dire alternatives of treachery to Ireland, exile, or poverty. But again let us not deceive ourselves or our consciences to sleep—the attitude of *inaction is not above responsible*. The sympathy of the native, the successive generations of defection, the emasculating policies of political leaders, the absence of National self-reliance, and the celerity with which apostasy is condoned are each and all historically causative of the ravages of West-Englandism and servitude in Ireland. Did a new hero spring to life, who first denounced and betrayed it? An Irishman! Did the Government need an arishman to blight the young patriot? An Irishman stopped the breach of the pulpit. Did they need a judge to outrage even English "justice" and strangle their victim, an Irish pervert did the task. Did they need approvers or perjurers, a score of needy natives haunted the Crown Officers with their plastic testimony. The systems of your country are bad—the very men many call "patriots" would curse you did you lay unseeing hands upon them.

There is no thought of the languishing industries that await native talent to enter with native energy and capital to flourish again; but an eternal wall of the impotence of the foreigner to reap business prosperity that the products of our educational system despise. No thought that this eternal drain upon the mental resources of our nation must sometime exhaust it, no matter how well it was borne heretofore. No thought that when they boast of Irish exiles and clerics carrying the faith to the farthest lands, that thousands of Irishmen and women have been driven abroad to fall in the social and moral scale to nameless depths. In our desperate effort to pay our damning tribute to tyranny, we blind ourselves to the suicidal policy it entails.

It is a destructive policy and an unnatural system that thus tends to despoil a nation of its best talent and strongest sons. The safeguarding of the interests of country should be the constant care of its people, and the training of youth in the atmosphere of loyalty to country is a sacred obligation.

burns. It needs neither the approval of rulers nor the help of alien friends; it must be begun in the classroom, but must be carried on in the wider world. It is dominated by young manhood, where the inculcating of National duties on maturing, maturing minds will bear the best fruit. The Grecian people—the Athenians and Spartans in particular—had this obligation always before them, and the thought of country never for long absent from the mind of youth or manhood in these States. How best to defend the country in need, how best to foster the prosperity and advance the interests of the State—these were daily questions for the consideration of Sparta's sons. And Athens! And her sons! And her youth with a prescience only too well founded of the menace of British aggression to prepare, and make ready to defeat, and heroically have them responded to the call of duty.

Are we, then, the only land in Christendom without capabilities or obligations? Are we alone of all countries bereft of the dignity of a nation and the necessity of a National policy? Are we to be satisfied forever with provincial privileges as precarious as the caprice of our rulers? It may be so; such an extent may slavery have undermined our honour and courage; but if it be so, it is the meanest, most pitiable and abject attitude the depraved conception of mankind could adopt.

But I cannot believe it is the voluntary resignation of my people. I know it is of minority—a faction of faithless slaves who lick the blood-red rod that drew their father's blood. But of the majority, no! Ireland

To those who declare for Truth and Manhood be of good cheer, for the citadel of Liberty is as secure as ever, and to those who anchor by its rocky fortress to sail resolutely in its shelter or perish at its base it sends this eventful year an inspiring message. Let us then by every means try to stop this tribute flowing out from our people's hearts and brains to our tyrant, that his power may be crippled and his pride humbled. Let us provide an antidote for English poison in Irish minds, and let us turn those Irish minds to a full conception of English injustice and intrigue, bloodthirstiness and cunning. There must, in a word, be a propaganda of Nationality. Not a general species of the Parliamentary, but a rugged truth of the patriot; not the apostolic struggle of the saint, but the stern

campaign of the nation; not the compromise of the politician, but the forward move of a chieftain; not to call the circumscribing limits of a statute freedom, but to create the infinite charter of a nation, with the sword of the soldier. Then the tyrant's tribute shall cease.

CULT

P. J. SMYTH

Oratory was not a feature of Young Irelandism until its later days. On the Repeal platform or in Conciliation Hall the voices of the New men were seldom heard. Their line was the quiet, but not less important one, which in the columns of their journals drew attention to the preservation of the immortals of the past, or the protection of the future. In committee and detail work they were ever in evidence, but the oratorical business they left to their friends the pacificators. MacNevin of all had the greatest reputation for public speaking, but when it became necessary to add that faculty to their other faculties two or three notable speakers appeared. The establishment of the '84 Club, and the after-dinner speeches incidentals to their annual banquets, brought forth some remarkable orations. Davis's speech at the inaugural banquet in response to the toast of "The encouragement of the Fine Arts in Ireland," is a very eloquent affair. So, too, was Denis F. McCarthy's "Irish Literature," at the second banquet. William Smith O'Brien by virtue of his long Parliamentary career was naturally looked upon as a political orator, but the advent of Meagher threw all the others into the shade.

The enthusiastic vehemence yet perfect polish, of his periods and their sincere tone of high Nationality were wonders to the audiences which had been accustomed to the stolid stupidity of John O'Connell, and the babble of poor Tom Steele. His example fired others, and quite a school of orators of his style began to show up, the most notable members of which were Richard O'Gorman, subsequently a judge in New York, Maurice Richard Levene, and P. I. Smyth.

The Irish Confederation, which met in the theatre of the Mechanics' Institute, devoted almost as much attention to "talking" as

"speech" can be found in the *Nation* and *United Irishman* during the existence of the Confederation. P. J. Smyth's name crops up pretty often, but not in connection with anything of a remarkable character. He does not seem to have been regarded as a very prominent member of the party, but then, of course, he was one of the newest recruits and had not yet won his spurs. When action was decided upon he went South and shared all the dangers and difficulties which fell upon his confederates. It does not appear with which particular group he was associated, but Mitchell in a sketch of John Blake Dillon, tells us how he got away. Dillon had escaped from Galway disguised as a priest, and one day in mid ocean, sauntering up and down the deck, he was accosted by a man in the frieze coat of a farmer. Thinking that he had been run down, and that the speaker was a detective, he was on the point of shooting him when he whispered he was "Pat Smyth," and that he was exactly in the same predicament as Dillon, momentarily in danger of recognition. The captain of the vessel, however, was a ready helper, and both reached New York in safety. The Irish societies there had been highly incensed at Mitchell's being allowed to be kidnapped away without an effort to rescue him, and little time was lost until steps were taken to secure the escape of those who had been successfully shipped away by the

Government. A ship was despatched to Van Diemen's Land to endeavour to get them away, and Meagher and MacManus succeeded in escaping. Smith O'Brien made an effort and failed. On the safe arrival of the fugitives in New York a second expedition was despatched and entrusted to Smyth, his instructions being to get all away, if possible, but to make special efforts to bring away Mitchell. Smyth arrived in the colony in 1853 and lost no time in reaching Mitchell, who requested O'Brien to be taken first, but O'Brien refused as he already had had his chance. Mitchell then made his arrangements, and as all readers of the *Journal* know code up on a certain evening to Bethwell, resigned his parole, and rode off. By his side rode J. J. Smyth, and after many adventures both arrived in America. Smyth does not seem to have been fond of exile; before long he was back in Ireland, where he became mixed up with the party which had gathered round The O'Donoghue. This party, as we all know, though more or less Irish, was not all Irish.

opposed to the spirit which then had hold of the people and which filled the ranks of the Fenian men. It is a remarkable fact that most of the Forty-Eight men of any prominence who managed to remain at home were anything but well disposed towards the new men and their movement. This, perhaps, was merely the superior opinion which all men have of their own times and movements. Smyth came prominently before the people again during the Franco-German war, and it was mainly through his efforts that the great Franco-Irish Ambulance was organised and sent to the front. He joined Mr. Butt's "Home Rule" party, and was returned for Tipperary; up to 1880 he was regarded as in line with the movement, and was again returned unopposed at the election of that year. During his parliamentary career he had sprung into notice as an orator of rare eloquence in that assembly, and the fact of his intending to speak was sufficient to fill the benches on all sides. The Land question becoming a prominent feature in the programme of Mr. Parnell's party, Smyth began to drift by degrees further and further from contact with them, until eventually he came to be regarded as of the same class as Shaw, Mitchell Henry, and Maurice Brooks. The College Historical Society courted and coquetted with him, and he delivered several polished but rather windy addresses before them. During the Coercion *régime* of Mr. Gladstone he made himself decidedly unpopular by his inaction, a policy which was aggravated by his acceptance of a small position under the British Government in 1884. He did not fill it very long, dying in the early months of 1885.

It would be a wonder if the Party of '48 could have been free from inconsistencies and men who lost hope, than other parties. Barry lost heart immediately after the failure of the evictions. Mc'Gee became a pronounced loyalist; others, like O'Hagan, betook themselves to the pursuit of their professions, bothering little or nothing with later movements. The men who succeeded in reaching America alone appear to have maintained their original ideas to the end. Smyth, like Mc'Gee, claimed to be an Irish Nationalist all along. He may be taken as representing that section of the Young Ireland school which was ultra-philosophic in its tendencies, which endeavoured to lay

ing of the national campaign, outside of which everything was unfair and immoral. This view it was which divorced him from the progress of events in the early eighties. His position then was, of course, grossly at variance with his opinions in Young Ireland days, and utterly unworthy of the nerve and spirit which brought him across the world to the rescue of Mitchell. He was not born to be a revolutionist, though in many respects he made an ideal one. His place would have been in the senate of a free people. There his undoubted talents might have given him the position of those orators whom he always made his model. His later days were cursed with poverty, which, though no excuse for perversion, is a potent factor in moderating men's views. One finds it very hard to forgive any man who goes back on the solid record which was made in "Forty-Eight," or any man who bumbles himself to the Constitution which destroyed two millions by the fever-ship and the famine, and sent the honest intellects of that generation into chains and exile. God alone knows men's hearts, and we, judging merely by their acts, can only pass judgment on them for what they were. It must be said for Smyth that he never in any sense suggested regret for his early actions or hinted at any change in his opinions. His early ideal of Ireland, enlightened and enlightening, seems to have been maintained to the last. He never, as far as we know, took any pride in being a British citizen—and he had died without accepting British office we could unreservedly, notwithstanding his differences with the Land League, remember him. He, too, may have become hopeless—but even despair cannot excuse the temporising. Much has been said against him that was uncharitable, much that was unjust. He was weak, but it was the weakness of penury, not of madness—not the weakness that harters itself for worldly advancement. We must not forget it—but let us temper our memory with a little recollection also of the risks he ran and the years he gave to Ireland when he might have purchased favour and position by a little timely parley with the ruling elements.

The *Irish Times* is a paper written by idiots for idiots. The champion idiot wrote the critiques on the performances given by the Irish Literary Theatre this week.

LADYSMITH AND MANTUA.

In the annals of great or small wars few events equal of come near the standard of the Boer siege of Ladysmith: the only parallel is the siege of the fortified city of Mantua, in Lombardy, by the young French General, Napoleon. The fortress of Mantua was the key to Italy: it was situated upon an island in a series of lakes formed by the expansion of the river Mincio. It could only be approached by five long and narrow causeways, which were protected by batteries. In July, 1796, Napoleon led an army of 30,000 Frenchmen to take the fortress, and the 20,000 Austrian defenders, while families north in the Tyrol mountains, in the fortified town of Trent, the Austrian General, Wurmser, had collected an army of 60,000 to co-operate with the 20,000 in Mantua. As they were reviewed, Wurmser, while addressing his men (like Buller) rubbed his hands and said chuckling, "We shall soon have the boy now." Fearing that the boy Napoleon might encircle, he sent one-half of his force down the right bank of the lake Garda to cut off the French retreat. Napoleon, under cover of the night, put every available man and horse in motion, and suddenly burst upon the enemy like a whirlwind and scattered them like deer before the hounds. Without an hour's delay Napoleon turned upon his tracks to attack the division on the other side of the Garda. Addressing his army he said—"Soldiers, it is with your legs alone that victory can now be secured: in three days the Austrian army shall be destroyed. Rely on me." Napoleon met General Melas at Lonato. A few hours of horrid carnage ensued when the Austrians were utterly routed, leaving the ground covered with the wounded and dead, with 5,000 prisoners and 20 pieces of cannon in the hands of the French. The soldiers were allowed a few hours' rest. Napoleon spent the whole night galloping from post to post. Five horses had successively sunk beneath him, and at day-break he again had the troops in motion and intercepted Wurmser at Castiglione. The battle was decisive, and night alone saved the fugitives from their pursuers. In this campaign of six days the Austrians lost 40,000 in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Sixty thousand had marched from Trent to the moving banners and triumphant multitude; less than 20,000 exhausted, bleeding, war-scarred fugitives ran staggering back to seek protection behind the ramparts of the city. Napoleon returned to Mantua and resumed the siege. Wurmser, who had been reinforced by 35,000 men, marched down the valley of the Brenta. Napoleon, who kept himself informed of the movements of the enemy, secretly put his army again in motion, and in the early dawn of the 4th September he burst like a tempest upon the astounded foe. The battle was short and decisive: 7,000 prisoners and 20 pieces of cannon fell into the hands of the French. Such was the battle of Rovereto. The next morning Napoleon entered Trent in triumph. In a few hours, consolidating his victory and securing a vast amount of the munitions of war, before the sun of that day went down, he was again with his whole army on the valley in chase of Wurmser. He caught him at Bassano; fell upon his rear. The Austrians bewildered, and striking blows aimed at random, fought desperately but in vain. 14,000 were left on the field, dead, wounded, or prisoners. Wurmser and his shattered army retreated on Mantua; the garrison rushed out to aid them. Another pitched battle was fought: the French were entirely victorious. Thus, in a campaign of ten days Napoleon marched over 200 miles, fought three pitched battles, and annihilated an army twice as numerous as his own. Again the siege was renewed, and again all the resources of Austria were called into requisition to gather a new army. All the pride of the Court was roused. Twenty-five thousand Austrians were now crammed upon the march. A corps of observation of 12,000 men, whom Napoleon had placed to guard a defile a few miles north of Trent, alarmed by the overpowering masses of the enemy, retreated. Napoleon, indignant that French soldiers should retreat, hastened to the camp, surrounded by his staff. Collecting the soldiers in a hollow square he sat upon his horse in their midst, pale, wan, and emaciated with fatigue. Every eye was fixed upon him. "Soldiers," said he, sternly

and sadly, "I am displeased with you. You have allowed yourselves to be driven from a position where a handful of men might arrest an army. You are no longer French soldiers. Chief of the staff, cause it to be written on their standards, 'They are no longer of the army of Italy.'" The terrible rebuke fell like a thunderbolt upon these heroic imprisoned men. They crowded around him, with tears imploring that he would reverse the decision. Napoleon spoke kindly to them, seemed to relent, and promised that they would soon have an opportunity to retrieve their character. Leaving 10,000 men to guard the works at Mantua as assembled the remainder of his forces, now consisting of but 16,000 at Verona. Forty thousand Austrians soon surrounded them. Napoleon retreated, and lured the foe to the narrow causeways which threaded the marshes of Arcola, where the heads of the columns only could meet, and where consequently superiority of numbers was of little avail. In a terrible conflict of three days the Austrians lost in dead, wounded, and prisoners, 30,000, and again leaving a trail of blood to mark their path the remnant, a fugitive band fled back to the Tyrol.

The siege was again renewed. Again in January, 1797, another Austrian army of 100,000 men in two divisions was descending towards the beleaguered fortress. Could it affect a junction under the walls of Mantua, Napoleon's destruction would be sure. Should Napoleon march to assail one division the other would enter the fortress with abundant reinforcements and supplies. But again the genius of Napoleon triumphed. He received 7,000 recruits, bringing his army up again to 30,000. He fell upon 30,000 Austrians at Rivoli and cut them in pieces in a day. Then turning, he rushed back to Mantua, and reached there just as the other Austrian division had arrived within sight of the walls. It was soon annihilated. In this campaign of THREE DAYS the Austrians lost 30,000 prisoners, 6,000 killed, 14,000 wounded, 60 cannon, and 25 standards. Wurmser's situation in Mantua was now hopeless, and nothing was left for him but capitulation. Napoleon said, "The Austrians' manoeuvres admirably, but they are incapable of calculating the value of minutes."

D. P.

A NEW DANIEL CAME TO JUDGMENT.

On Monday evening, 12th inst., Mr. P. T. MacGinley delivered a lecture, under the auspices of the Belfast Young Ireland Society, in the hall of the United National Club, Belfast. The subject was "When Ireland was Irish." Owing to the immense breadth of the subject treated, of the lecture was at times inclined to be scrappy, and the lecturer, in endeavouring to enlighten his audience as much as possible, missed a few telling points. His object seemed to be to supply the facts, and to allow his hearers to draw their own inferences—a plan which sometimes causes inconveniences. The lecture itself was brimful of information, and was conveyed in the lucid and practical style so characteristic of the gifted Donegal man.

We were early afforded an opportunity of allowing the initiated to draw their inferences from a gentleman named Daniel O'Keefe proposed a vote of thanks to the lecturer. He not only brought up the old stock arguments against the study of Irish that the Gaelic Leaguers are so familiar with, but, to do his originality justice, he brought out some perfectly new and astonishing ones. According to this sapient gentleman the clan system of land tenure—called it Beohonism—of ancient Ireland was none other than what is to-day called anarchy or socialism! He then stated that the clan system itself was the cause of Ireland's loss of independence, and added that owing to that system a Munsterman could not, even at the present day, meet a Connaughtman in England without coming to blows.

The clan system, it cannot be denied, interfered with national unity, but as to the social condition of the clansman the state of the feudal serf was in plain truth debasing in comparison. The clansman was free, and under the law of tanistry had some voice in the selection of his chief. The serf was a slave, held down under the iron heel of an hereditary tyrant. Sir John Davies and other English writers, by no means disposed to overrate either our people or our native institutions, have borne testimony to the free, familiar, independent, and withal courteous deportment of the Irish in presence of their chieftains and other highly-placed persons, in striking contrast to the bores' silence imposed by ignorance and self-abasement on the English in similar circumstances.

After laboriously endeavouring to show that the proper way to regenerate Ireland was to hurry up and teach it to be thoroughly English in speech and manners, Mr. O'Keefe proceeded to ask what was the cause of the commercial prosperity of Germany, intending as he afterwards attempted to show, that it arose from the Germans having acquired a knowledge of English!

Just at this point, however, a lyddite shell, in the form of a voice from the audience, dashed into the midst of his argument, shattering it to atoms, by pointing out that the German commercial revival was preceded by the revival of the German language. From this point the lecturer wandered aimlessly on for nearly a weary hour, amidst butter-making and carpentry and Irish Christian names. As only the most and second of the vote had leave to speak, the task of demolishing the argument was thrown on by a means difficult, and Mr. MacGinley performed it ably. I should like to have an explanation as to why the society, having invited a lecture on the subject, put up a man to occupy the attention of the audience for over an hour in proposing a vote of thanks and criticising adversely a movement with the principles and objects of which he was confessedly unacquainted, while denying to others an opportunity of replying to his absurd misstatements.

Is there semi-friendly, patronising, well-intentioned, but misinformed Nationalists who, while professing that personally nothing would please them better than that Irish should by some mysterious means be revived, "cannot really see any practical good, you know," in making an Irishman Irish in thought and speech.

SEAN GHALL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN OUTLANDER IN DONEGAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE UNITED IRISHMAN."

SIR,—A somebody called Edward Fitzgerald Ryan, claiming to hail from Killybegs, Co. Donegal, has recently written a letter to the *Londonderry Sentinel*, which for unadvised presumptuousness and audacity, as well as for monumental lying, outdoes anything which has yet appeared among the plentiful literary curiosities of the present Boer-British campaign. The following extracts from that letter will give you under an idea of how shamefully slavish, and how vilely low the Saxonised Irishman can become:—

"Somebody Ryan says—'Why should an Irishman fight for the Boers? There is nothing thing on this earth the Boer hates more than an Irish Roman Catholic. The first Catholic church built in Pretoria was by a Tipperary priest in 1878. It was nearly completed, but the Boers burned it to the ground in 1881. They also hunted the good priest, the very Christian Brothers, and finally the whole Catholic mission from the country. Yes, sir, the Boers hate us more than they do the Kafirs.'"

"Yet this is the nation for whom ignorant Irishmen cheer—cheering for a nation of bigoted, slave-hunting fanatics, supported as they are by a limited number of French and German mercenaries—fitting allies to support a rotten cause."

"No wonder that Pope Leo XIII. respects and honours 'the purest court in the world,' the court of her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria of Great Britain, where there is toleration for all religions, and where the observance of the Lord's Day is properly maintained. No wonder that Cardinal Vaughan orders prayers for the success of the British arms in South Africa. No wonder the good priests of the Brompton Oratory, London, recently celebrated a High Mass for the repose of the souls of our brave soldiers who fell in South Africa."

I had the pleasure of spending a few very enjoyable days in the beautiful seaside village of Killybegs just about the time of the commencement of the Boer war, and while I found a few ultra-Loyalist jingoes among its inhabitants, I must say that the great majority of them (and the *real* Donegalians) were enthusiastically in favour of the Boers. If the "ignorant Irishman" of Killybegs possessed no Catholic Directory tales of church burnings, of slave-hunting, of even of priest-hunting sanctioned, and ordered by the Government of that name "Great Britain where there is toleration for all religions, and where the observance of the Lord's Day is properly maintained," by keeping 20,000 hands all night

and on Sunday manufacturing war material. Were it not that I obtained this knowledge from personal contact and intercourse with the people of Killybegs, I would not waste time and ink in noticing the semi-idiotic effusion of this degenerate namesake of the renowned Eamon an Chioch. It would, however, be a gross injustice to allow the people of that village and of the whole country to be misrepresented and vilified by a designing and unscrupulous scribbler, who deserves even by his name the memory of an Irish patriot, soldier and martyr, and who calls the late fame of as brave a clan as Ireland ever produced. But it may be that Killybegs or Donegal is not originally responsible for this literary prevaricator. The surname, Ryan, is not indigenous to the soil of Tyrconnell, Limerick, or Tipperary, being the place where one would naturally expect to find it most plentiful; so the possibilities are that this Anglicised member of the clan is an interloper or an outlander in his present location. He may be some strolling adventurer, who having become possessed of a Government pension or a snug annuity in some way, has left his native country for his native country's good in order to seek a notoriety, if not a judicial position, in a place where his antecedents are totally or only imperfectly known.

If the Irish race were composed to any great extent of such specimens as Edward Fitzgerald Ryan, it would be but reasonable and natural that the Boers, admirers of courage and manliness and honesty as they are, should hate us more than they do the Kafirs. But, thank God, we have not as a nation descended to such a low standard as that yet, and the Boers will judge the Irish people by the plucky and liberty-loving specimens of our race that, bygone in hand, unflinchingly guard the Transvaal's "long Toms" rather than by skulking and cowardly stay-at-homes of the Edward Fitzgerald Ryan type. The "French and German mercenaries" whom he mentions, have at least the decency and courage to fight for their money, but the Irish South African shareholding mercenaries of whom, no doubt, the Killybegs bluffer of the Irish race is one, have not the common manhood to take up arms in the cause which they profess to espouse, and in which they are at least peculiarly interested, and thus give some Boer sharp-shooter a chance of relieving the world of a few specimens of the crawling slimy reptile which St. Patrick was believed to have eradicated from the five provinces of Ireland.—Yours,

CROMBIE.

A SUGGESTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE UNITED IRISHMAN."

SIR—I think it would be a patriotic move if Irishmen would just at the present crisis consider well over the following idea that has struck me—to start a temperance crusade, whereby Irishmen would strike our enemies in the flank by reducing their revenues, and so help those glorious Republics which are now struggling to retain their freedom. In like manner a reduction could be made in the income received from the sale of tobacco, by a pledge against smoking. If we cannot help by material aid, no Irishman for one year would feel the loss of his liquor and tobacco, and the money left in the pockets of the people could be turned to account if England still wages further into her difficulties.—Yours truly,

AATRIUS.

14th Feb., 1900.

OURSELVES.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE UNITED IRISHMAN."

DEAR SIR—THE UNITED IRISHMAN has brought a new soul into National life—it has resurrected the genuine old spirit of Nationality, and to it all Irishmen owe a deep debt of gratitude; to it more than anything else may the recent Parliamentary evils far be attributed.

I congratulate—and I am sure I voice thousands of Irishmen—THE UNITED IRISHMAN upon its attaining to the second year of publication.

Such a fearless, outspoken, and patriotic journal has never had a long existence in Ireland. What better augury for the ultimate success of the National cause? I would suggest to your 30,000 readers on the occasion of the publication of the first number of THE UNITED IRISHMAN's second year the buying of one, two, or six extra copies, as circumstances determine, and their distribution among friends at home and abroad. This would be doing a double duty to our country, the good results of which it would be difficult to over-rate.—Sincerely yours,

PADRAIC S.

OVER THE FRONTIER.

THE YEOMANRY JURE.

In the *Frankfort Gazette* a Prussian officer gives a rather amusing criticism of the value of the corps raised in England and amongst certain West Briton circles in Ireland to go out to South Africa in order to do what the most experienced troops (such as they are) failed to do. The officer says that the appeal for Volunteers was an amazing one to be made in England, and the situation must have been desperate, indeed, when the War Office resolved to take that course. He tells us the Volunteer Yeoman cannot be induced even to answer to roll call. They know no discipline. For instance, at a recent drill practice the major tried to make silence so as to give the word of command, but he could not put a stop to the chatter of the men. They kept on jabbering, struck their helmets on anyway, and posed just as they pleased as they chatted together. So finally the poor old major had to make his little speech without a word being heard. An adjutant (of the regular army) was furious, knowing foreign officers were looking on, but he, too, was powerless to get the "soldiers" to listen to orders. The drill and firing ability of the Volunteers are practically nil. They have very defective ideas about rifle fire, and as to the practical work connected with a campaign they are in total ignorance. The officers are selected in a "perfectly fantastic manner" by the "Lord Lieutenant of the County"—a gentleman who in many cases was never a soldier. The article estimates that out of 300,000 Volunteers, 20,000 may offer for service at the front; but being of such a type, of what good are they? The Prussian officer rather ironically remarks, "they will not give much satisfaction to the English Government."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged to hold over a number of letters and answers to correspondents.

—THE—

UNITED IRISHMAN:

A National Weekly Review.

"We must have Ireland, not for certain peers, or nominees of peers, in College-green, but Ireland for the Irish."—John MURPHY.

Office—9 UPPER ORMOND QUAY, DUBLIN.

DUBLIN, FEBRUARY 24th, 1900.

TO OUR READERS.

All copies of THE UNITED IRISHMAN posted last week were sent in the Dublin Post Office by Superintendent Peter Conran, acting on instructions from the Lord Lieutenant.

No notification of the seizure was sent to this office. It is part of the policy of Dublin Castle to do ill by stealth.

The Secretary of the Post Office informs us he is in no way responsible for the matter. The responsibility, he says, rests with Earl Cadogan.

Should that interesting nobleman play the thief again, we shall find means to make him play it openly.

Pyrrhus won a victory. Should the Parliamentarians win a victory in South Mayo they can reflect on Pyrrhus.

Straight to the men of Ireland everywhere we say these words—No conflict with the Parliamentarians was sought by the Nationalists. The gentlemen who believe in meeting England on her chosen ground and with her chosen weapons have forced the fighting. They will get more than they can stomach. They refused all compromise; they declined to allow John M'Bride to be returned for South Mayo, although they were guaranteed that if he were returned, within three weeks' time, their candidate would be elected in his stead. "I am in the hands of William O'Brien," said John O'Donnell in Claremorris on Sunday, and William O'Brien telegraphed from Bantry to "Fight M'Bride to the end."

Last week we said the Nationalists would not shirk the fight if a contest were forced on them in Mayo. Neither will they shirk the

fight whether they win or lose this election. They will "fight M'Bride to the end," with William O'Brien and the Parliamentarians in every corner of Ireland; they will "fight M'Bride to the end" with them in Great Britain; they will "fight M'Bride to the end" with them from New York to San Francisco. We have not declared war—Mr. O'Brien, on behalf of his party, has.

The London Tory papers are wild with indignation at the nomination of the "man M'Bride" for South Mayo. The return of Mr. Wm. O'Brien's rejected constabulary man will be hailed by them with joy.

Since Cardinal Logue wrote to the daily papers protesting against the kidnapping of the Irish militiamen the Irish Parliamentarians have plucked up courage enough to refer to the matter in the British House of Commons. The Louth and Westford militiamen have been saved—not by their cowardly "representatives," but by the Irish Nationalists, and the only two organs in the Irish Press which interested themselves in the fate of these men—THE UNITED IRISHMAN and the *Dundalk Democrat*.

Poor old England is giddy with joy over the "victories" of Roberts. How grisly red-bearded Crocye of Duerkop will smile when he reads of his "flight," and reflects on—AFTER.

The Pretoria and Johannesburg papers contain eulogistic references to the 1st Brigade and its dashing leader. The only other corps that has gained anything like the same admiration from the Boers is the Scandinavian one, which exhibited the most dauntless courage in every engagement in which it took part. Wherever the descendants of the Vikings appeared the Anglo-Saxons made themselves scarce.

James Daly, of Irishtown, Mayo, is the man who presided at the foundation of the Land League, twenty-two years ago. He is an old man of over eighty years, but he travelled to Claremorris on Monday last to support the nomination of Major John M'Bride for South Mayo. He is a man of men whom William O'Brien and his pal creatures describe as "strangers, factious, sneaks and rascals."

We are sorry that Mr. Michael Davitt, health compelled him to leave for South Africa without waiting for the South Mayo election. Letters addressed "Michael Davitt, care of John M'Bride, Irish Brigade, South African Republic," will not find him.

The United Irish League, which is opposing John M'Bride, is going to introduce itself into Dublin. It will be warmly received.

The English newspapers announce a great diminution of crime since Tommy Atkins went away from England. The Dublin Port and Docks Board has breathed freely since it learned that the "Imperial Yeomanry" have left Dublin. The gentleman who served six months' imprisonment recently for stealing the books of that body is a member of the gallant corps. He is, however, quite as respectable a person as the majority of his comrades.

The Government has refused to say whether pardons have been offered to convicts in Irish prisons who would consent to join the British army. It is a wise Government.

"It matters not what nation England is at war with," said Miss Gonne at the great meeting in New York on February 4, "it is Ireland's duty to oppose, thwart, and hinder her at every step." This is the doctrine of Irish Nationalism.

Miss Gonne addressed meetings at Newhaven on the 9th, Lowell on the 11th, Fall River on the 12th, Brereton on the 13th, and Boston on Sunday last. She will conclude her tour by addressing a mass meeting in Chicago on the 3rd of March.

Mr. Starkie, Resident Commissioner of Education, distributed the prizes at the Model Farm, Glasnevin, on Monday last, and took occasion to refer to the Gaelic language question. He did not commit himself to much, but he said enough to show

that a glimmering of the innateness and injustice of their system is beginning to penetrate the minds of the National Board. He admitted the cruel wrong which had been done the Gaelic-speaking population of Ireland in forcing on them a system utterly unfit for their needs and opposed to all the traditions of their nature. We trust that his admissions, discounted though they were to some extent by his lofty sneer at Gaelic League academicians, will not be allowed to become mere expressions, but will be utilised to press forward the claims of the language.

Mr. Yeats delivered an interesting address before the National Literary Society on Saturday last. Naturally, it had to deal with the Irish Theatre. We are glad to note that already the possibility of presenting a Gaelic drama is being considered, and that we may within the next few years hear Niamh or Oisín, Diarmuid or Gráinne, or some of the later notabilities of our history, voicing their views in the accents most characteristic of them.

The following ballad is being sung throughout Mayo, to the tune of "The Weaving of the Green"—

From land to land throughout the world the news is
That Ireland's flag triumphant waves on high o'er
English ground.
In far-off Africa to-day the English fly dismayed
Before the flag of green and gold borne by M'Bride's
Brigade.

Three thousand sons of Erin's Isle, with bayonets
flashing bright,
For Ireland's cause and Kruger's land right gallantly
they fight.
And each watches from afar with joy, and hope, and
pride,
Her sons, who strike for liberty, led on by John
M'Bride.

Three thousand Transvaal Irishmen, with spirits
brave and free,
They struck the Saxon fustian down at Glencoe and
Dundee.
From Ladysmith to Spion Kop their flag victorious
they wave.

And well they wreaked revenge on those who Erin's
Isle enslaved.
With guns and bayonets in their hands, their Irish
slogans
As down they swept on England's ranks out rang their
battle cry.
—Revenge! Remember '95, and bow our fathers
dead.

"We'll pay the English back to-day," cried fearless
John M'Bride.

And soon, my boys, we all shall see on Ireland's soil
again
Our shining, dauntless John M'Bride with all his
fighting men.

They'll raise the flag of Emmet, Tone, and Mitchell up
once more,
And lead us in the fight to drive the tyrant from our
coast once.

From Carrigrohane up to Derry's Walls—from Dublin
to Mayo.
Once more we'll meet and this time beat the cursed
English Jew.
And he who had us in the cause for which our
heroes died,
In brave old May's peerless son—our glorious John
M'Bride.

A member of the Irish Brigade named Cavanagh has been severely wounded, but is progressing towards recovery. Another whose name we have not received has been killed near Ladysmith.

THE SOUTH MAYO ELECTION.

On Monday last Major John M'Bride, of Westport, Co. Mayo, and the Langhaght Estate, Johannesburg, South African Republic, and Mr. John O'Donnell were nominated as candidates for South Mayo. Mr. John M'Bride is the organiser and second in command of the Irish Transvaal Brigade; Mr. O'Donnell is a paid official of Mr. Wm. O'Brien's League.

Six nomination papers were handed in on behalf of Major M'Bride. In the first he was proposed by Mr. Joseph Louden, of Claremorris, and seconded by Mr. James Keane. Two of the papers came from Irishtown—"the cradle of the Land League." After the nomination the United Irish League held a meeting, at which Mr. Concor Kelly, one of Mr. O'Brien's paid officials, denounced Major M'Bride's supporters as "London sneaks and Dublin rascals."

A meeting of Mr. M'Bride's supporters was held at the same time at Ryan's Hotel, and the following committee appointed, with power to add to its number—

Chairmen—Thomas Keane, Claremorris; Claremorris—Patk. Judge, Patk. J. Bourke, Joseph Louden; Ballyhaunis—Jas. Canfield, John Delany, Frank Swift, Patrick M'Namara, John Gilheavy, Luke M'Dermott, Patrick M'Conville; Irishtown—C. J. Kennedy, James Daly, James Mullarkey, Patrick Coer, Thomas Nolan, John Mitchell.

Feamore—Luke Dillon; Ballinrobe—J. H. Hearn, Wm. Regan. Shrule—James Morris. Cong—M. Killeen, Peter Fry, Wm. Foy. The following "London sneaks and Dublin rascals" were added to the committee—John O'Leary, James F. Egan, John Daly, Mayor of Limerick; Dr. Mark Ryan, Dr. MacDonnell, Wm. Rooney, Celtic Literary Society; John Simmons, Trades Council; J. W. O'Beirne, Irish Transvaal Committee; M. J. Quinn, do.; G. Lavelle, Frank Doer, James Barrett, Manchester; T. B. Kelly, Ballina; Joseph M'Bride, Westport; Arthur Griffith, Editor UNITED IRISHMAN, &c.

Meetings throughout the constituency were arranged as follows:—Ballyhaunis, Tuesday; Claremorris, Wednesday; Cong, Thursday; Knock, Friday; Hollymount, Saturday; Irishtown, Shrule, Kilmaine, Neale, Ballinrobe, Sunday; Claremorris, Monday.

On Tuesday an enthusiastic open-air meeting was held in Ballyhaunis, Mr. P. M'Conville presiding. Speeches were delivered by Messrs. Canfield, Quinn, O'Beirne, and Dr. MacDonnell, and a resolution pledging the support of the people of Ballyhaunis to Major M'Bride was passed by acclamation. The meeting wound up with cheers for the Boers.

At the same time Mr. Wm. O'Brien held a meeting in the town, at which a member of Parliament named Gilheoly denounced "Feenism."

The following is a list of the lies which have appeared up to the time of going to press in the Home Rule organs about the candidature of Major John M'Bride for South Mayo:—

"Major M'Bride is put up without his knowledge or consent."

The Editor of this paper holds John M'Bride's authority to act for him and use his name in any way deemed best for the National cause.

"M'Bride is not in any degree fighting for Ireland."

Every man who fights against England fights for Ireland. This is true, but the Editor of the *Evening Telegraph* is unaware of the fact.

"He is fighting in obedience to his nation in accordance with his duty as a free burglar."

John M'Bride was no more bound to fight for the Boers than any other Ulsterman. When, to strike a blow against England, he organised the Irish Brigade and took up arms, he became a burglar of the Transvaal, but not until then.

"Mr. Davitt has from the first approved of Mr. O'Donnell's candidature."

Mr. Davitt informed John M'Bride's supporters that he would interfere in no way in the election. Mr. O'Brien alleges he has received a letter of support from Mr. Davitt. Either Mr. Davitt has broken his word or Mr. O'Brien is untruthful.

"M'Bride's name was never mentioned until Mr. O'Donnell had been selected by a representative convention."

John M'Bride's name was mentioned and accepted by the majority of the men who are now leading the opposition to him three weeks before the convention—a rigged assemblage, at which they took measures to prevent M'Bride's name being put forward.

"It is a Healyite dodge."

A lie.

"The funds are supplied by the Healyites."

A lie.

"M'Bride was one of Jameson's troopers."

Even Mr. William O'Brien should be ashamed of this lie.

"If the people of Mayo elect M'Bride to the English Parliament, he is still an English subject, and they will be handing him over to the vengeance of England."

When Mr. O'Brien talked nonsense of this kind, he, of course, knew it was nonsense, but some of his hearers did not. He was therefore acting dishonestly.

"His (M'Bride's) election would be received in England with a bowl of delight."

The Press of England is denouncing John M'Bride and the men who nominated him. Wm. O'Brien and John O'Donnell have its warmest support.

"The men who are supporting M'Bride were never heard of before in politics."

We refer our readers to the names of M'Bride's Committeemen.

On Sunday, the 19th, a largely attended meeting of Irish Nationalists, held in the National Club, Stephen-street, Belfast (Mr. Robert Johnston in the chair), the following resolution was proposed by Mr. Bernard

M'Cabe, seconded by Mr. John Murray, and adopted—

That we call upon the Nationalists of County Mayo to mark their abhorrence of the present cruel and aggressive war against the two small Republics of South Africa, which are nobly struggling for freedom, and to show their appreciation of the many efforts of Major John McBride and the Transval Irish Brigade, by electing Major McBride to the Parliamentary representation of South Mayo, and we hope that no party will be found in Ireland base enough to oppose Major McBride's nomination and triumphant return.

At the last meeting of the Kilkenny Corporation a resolution calling on the electors of South Mayo to return Major McBride at the top of the poll was passed unanimously.

IRISH-AMERICA SOLID FOR M'BRIDE.

We have received the following cables:—
"Boston, Sunday.—Immense Irish meeting at Tremont Theatre acclaims M'Brice's nomination, and calls on all National organisations to support the true representatives of Irish Nation—the men fighting England—Irish-American Organising Committee—Maud Goone."

"New York, Tuesday.—Meeting at Baltimore passed Boston resolution. M'Brice's nomination arouses great enthusiasm here. All true Nationalists will support him—Maud Goone."

A TRAITOR IN THE WEST.

THE GOLD OF THE JEWS AGAINST THE IRISH BRIGADE.

SKILLY O'DONNELL AGAINST MAJOR M'BRIDE.

Just as the Gold of the Jews was lavished, and continues to be lavished, by the French Dreyfusites in assailing the French Army, that constant terror of England; so, even in the Irish West, the same foreign and filthy money is being lavished in assailing the Irish Transval Brigade in the person of the heroic young Mayo man, Major John McBride. It matters nothing that the attempted excuse of the traitor is personal spite and wounded vanity. The result is as clear as if it was proclaimed in the *Palace of the East*. It is the gold of England that is lavished,

and the Political Engineer of New Tipperary is the hand that is doing it. At a moment when the Glorious Defence of the Transval is rivalling the admiration of the world William O'Brien, who rattled from Parnell, rats once more from Ireland, and calls upon the Men of Mayo to reject Major MacBride, and to turn their back upon the Irish Comrades of General Joubert and General Cronje. Mr. William O'Brien says he is supporting the United Irish League! Could the United Irish League be more proudly supported than by linking its name with the name of the New Brigade of Irish Valour? Could the United Irish League have found a better passport to the affection confidence of Twenty Millions of Irishmen throughout the world than by warmly, enthusiastically, unanimously endorsing the candidature of the gallant Mayo man, whom the Irish Brigade elected to be their Major on the victorious fields of Dundee and Nickolsen's Nek? Mr. William O'Brien is not assisting, but dis honouring, the United Irish League.

The Lesser Traitor, the poor paid tool of the Traitor-in-Chief, what is to be said of him? He deserves the silence of contempt, if he had not chosen the notoriety of infamy. "Elect him because he is a Martyr," bellows the egregious William, a "martyr" of the same kind. *Two Months on Skilly* is the most terrible of martyrdoms to the pampered pensioner of the New Jerusalem. As if many a better man has not got worse, for "a glass too much, or for whistling 'Hav' Duff' within reach of a Royal Hiring's musical car. All the world remembers that Tullamore Martyrdom of the egregious William, when all the world laughed at the offended dignity of the thin legs that would not wear the prison pantaloons, kicking and sprawling in the awful dignity of a prison blanket, until warders, tired of grinning, let the poor things have their suit of tweed. That was William's Battlefield. That was William's Nickolsen's Nek. Need we wonder that he cannot understand the Stern Work of Trench and Firing Line; that the poor, vain-glorious creature seriously thinks his Tullamore exploits and capers worth all the blood of Fontenoy and Colenso; that he seriously calls on the Manhood of Mayo to elect the Skilly of *two months of O'Donnell* rather than the Sword of John MacBride?

"Martyrs!" "Martyrs!" Our Brethren across the Sea, the martial millions of Irish-



MAJOR JOHN M'BRIDE.

Organiser of the Irish Transval Brigade Candidate for South Mayo.

Born in Westport, County Mayo, 1869. Satisfactory Detention O'Dowd (now School Attendance Inspector, North-Eastern District of Dublin) from 1892 to 1895 as a "dangerous Nationalist." Left Ireland for the Transval, May, 1896. Organised the Irishmen of Johannesburg and Pretoria into National Associations. Organised the West of Ireland Famine Relief Fund; the Kerry Bog Disaster Fund, 1897; the Transval '08 Association, 1898, and the Transval Irish League, 1899.

America, will know what to think of this silly and odious mimicry of Venerated and Glorious Memories. Is there to be a new Martyrs' Memorial, not of the Three Men who "went with souls undaunted to their doom," but of every fellow who has the common pluck of denouncing the robbers of a poor man's rights; and who, when the attorney fails to get him acquitted by the bench, goes into judgment, a *prosecutor* himself? Pahl! The blasphemy would be too gross; the heresies were not too ridiculous. But though the attempted excuse is ridiculous, the attempted *triumph* is still *delicious*—was a simplicity over all that made the side. It is meant to be injurious. It contrasts between this theatre and all others meant to nullify the Protest of Ireland and Mayo against the Pirate Empire and the Pirate War. It is meant to drag Irishmen to the dust the Honour of an Irish Brigade. It is meant as Stab-in-the-Back to a Soldier of Ireland, who is fighting down there, under the torrid sun of Africa against the swarming bandits of the Angli Saxon and the Jew; who may be, perhaps at this very hour—though May God Forth—lying stark and stiff, with his broken sword in his brave right hand, while Breach O'Brien and Skilly O'Donnell call on Nationalist Mayo to mock at his flag, the *Flag of Sarsfield*, and to abandon his cause, the *Cause of National Independence*!

F. HUGH O'DONNELL.

THE IRISH LITERARY THEATRE.

"THE LAST FEAST OF THE FIANNA."

There can be but one opinion amongst those really interested in the uprise of Ireland as to the value of this year's performance of the Irish Literary Theatre. That the audiences have been small, wretchedly small, only goes to show how low and how far our people have fallen from the appreciation of true art and sympathy with Irish thought, tradition, and sentiment. Miss Milligan's play in itself is instinct with the breath of the Ossianic legends, as near perfection, from a Gaelic standpoint, as anything not written in Irish can come. Fionn's speeches are reminiscent of the old tales, full of that Finian chivalry and contempt of Death which characterises all the Ossianic tales. Niamh is, too, the Niamh we have met in "Laol Oisín air Tir na n-Oig," as wistful and enchanting, as musical-voiced and as martyred as the goddess imagined of the Gael. Oisín is not quite the same as we have known; he is old and his heart is heavy; his thoughts are with Ossar in his gory shroud; his hopes are dead; his veins are chilled, and the imperiousness of his father's wife has robbed him of all light and joy. Gráinne, too, is scarcely the Gráinne of our imagination. All the glowing beauty she has that won Diarmuid, all the waywardness and wilfulness that crossed and roused Fionn;

coldly; she has consented to the marriage merely to save her father, but her heart is still with the hills and glens around her. His misunderstands her, and fancies some one has entered her heart in his absence. Peg Ierne comes upon the scene, and fixes her in her determination not to have anything to do with the Englishman. She whispers her of Maevra, the great queen, who, she tells her, presided at her baptism. She tells her of the people of the hills, of their beauty, and their lasting youth. Fiola listens in horror, but Maevra is enthralled, talks of her English lover being like all his ancestors, come over merely to rob the land of all its grace and beauty. She retires to rest, and in the solemn moonlight Maevra, the queen, and her fairy court appear, and she goes off with them to their land of song and joy. In the morning her lover comes to seek her, but she is discovered by the window of her room, dead. The play is splendid, the acting in almost every case faultless—the meaning simple and plain. It symbolises the rising of our people from all English influence, their return to the old and high ideals. "Ireland," says Peg in the last scene, "cannot be subdued."

"THE BENDING OF THE BOUGH."

The "Bending of the Bough" was produced on Tuesday night at the Gaiety Theatre to a smaller house than the merits of the play would call for, probably on account of a not unnatural mistrust of the author's sympathy with the national ideals and the fear that in writing a political satire he would endeavour to point a moral directly opposite to that which the piece advances. It is a powerful criticism of recent political life in Ireland. The central figure round which the play revolves, Raif Kirwan, is an Irish idealist of whole-souled Celtic sympathies, uncompromising in his fidelity to the traditions of his race. He is a typical exponent of the most subtle, the finest, and most "spiritual" characteristics of Nationality—a man with whom his love of country is a creed, rather than a sentiment based on national pride, or roused by a sense of material injustice. Nevertheless, we find him working for the redress of financial grievances in the Corporation of Northhaven (Ireland) against the Corporation of Southhaven (symbolic of England). Though the very imperiousness of nationality, he lacks the essential quality of leadership, but he succeeds in instilling some of his spirit into a young aristocrat, Jasper Dean, who, putting forward the old ideas in a new dressing, and supported by the influence which always surrounds a member of the "classes" comes amongst the people in Ireland, re-unites the disrupted forces of the Northhaven Corporation, who resolve to take action against Southhaven for the recovery of their claim. For his action he is assailed by his "society" relatives who look upon Southhaven as the ideal centre of "culture" and fashion. Jasper resists their sordid arguments and remains true to the light which Kirwan has kindled in his soul for a while, but eventually yields to the persuasion of Miss Fell, a young lady from Southhaven to whom he is engaged. He makes a promise to her to absent himself from the Corporation, with the result that his colleagues drop their case against Southhaven, accept a tramway for which the Corporation of that town supply the capital as a compromise, and wind up the meeting in a disgraceful struggle for the vacant leadership. The play is undoubtedly a work of genius, and the biting sarcasm of the dialogue places our modern political methods in such a light that the educational influence should be very considerable. The ambitious politician, the place-hunting lawyer, the political weathercock, the "respectable" element, and every other influence which disturbs the peace and disorganises the National forces, are admirably depicted. And the feeling of half hope and half despair with which the representative of the higher Nationality regards the situation in the end must strike a chord of melancholy sympathy in the breast of all capable of realising the fallacy of the Southhaven doctrine—that self-interest is the foundation of the State. Another lesson it also well conveys, in vividly placing before us the evil of relying to any extent on the guidance of the "classes," whose education and environment practically unman them till they are mere creatures of a social routine from which a miracle alone could possibly emancipate them.

We want more of such plays and more people to see them than attended on Tuesday night, and despite the fact that there may be inconsistencies, as in the semi-material, semi-spiritual character of Miss Fell, their influence would soon be felt in the public life of Ireland.

He that returns, but also receives him

NORTHERN NOTES.

We stated last week that Contingent A of the Imperial Yeomanry left Belfast for the Curragh, with many misgivings and a considerable diminution of the courage which prompted them to volunteer. But we were not prepared for complaints within a week. Yet this is exactly what has happened. One of the corps, writing to the *Evening Telegraph*, lays stress upon the treatment they have received, and compares it with that meted out to the Dublin Contingent. He states that the latter have each been supplied with a woollen khaki tunic and drill khaki tunic, two pairs of boots, and other necessities. "While we have to be content with cloth cord, two tunics of ordinary drill khaki, and we are still wanting boots, shirts, socks, and the remainder of our kit. The want of boots is a decided grievance, and a large number of the company is suffering from colds and coughs, brought on by the damp penetrating the soft leather of our much worn boots. No provision was made for supplying us with any sort of lunch on our journey here, and if we had not, at our own expense and a high rate, bought something to stave off hunger, the fast of 11 hours would have had a depressing effect on most of the company. At 8.30 bread, cheese, and beer were served out, with the intention, I suppose, of warming us up. The cheese would serve as soap at a pinch."

To this the *Telegraph* wisely rejoins that the Yeomanry need not expect morning-gown and carpet-slippers treatment when they go on active service. But since the fault-finding has begun already, what a chapter will be compiled by the time the froot is reached. By all accounts it is the prisoners in the hands of the Boers who are having the best of any English soldiers out there.

Once again the burglar has been busy with the Yeomen. On last Sunday thirty or forty of them donned the khaki uniform and went out for the evening, leaving their civilian clothes behind them in the barracks. On the return of the majority, about eleven o'clock, the clothes were missing. The police were notified; a broken window was discovered; a mysterious footprint; but no trace of the culprit. As on the previous occasion, he had disappeared into thin air. The missing property has been valued at £50. No wonder the Belfast recruits are being cautious.

At a large and representative meeting of Nationalists held in the National Club, Stephen's-street, on Sunday, Mr. Robert Johnston in the chair, the following resolutions, proposed by Mr. W. J. O'Doherty and seconded by Mr. Patrick Terrance, were unanimously adopted:—

"That in all places where Irish is the home language pupils shall be taught to read and write Irish from their first entrance into the school, and that a knowledge of English and other useful subjects shall be imparted through the medium of Irish."

"That in places where Irish is not the home language it shall be useful to teach Irish as a re-introduced subject within school hours, and at the earliest stage at which pupils are capable of learning it."

The Chairman addressed the meeting on the subject, and said that the Nationalists of Belfast could not complain of lack of opportunity for learning their mother tongue, since there was already ten branches of the Gaelic League in the city. He hoped that those present who had children at school would see that these opportunities were available of until such time as the Board of Education would be compelled to submit to our demands and have Irish taught during school hours. We had allowed our own beautiful tongue to become a stranger to us; but now that our eyes were opened through the noble exertions of the Gaelic League—a body which deserved the support and gratitude of every true Irishman—he trusted that the members of the National Club, both individually and collectively, would lend every assistance in their power to the good work. Other speakers followed, and promised their support to the movement. It was directed that copies of these resolutions should be forwarded to the Commissioners of National Education, the Gaelic League, the National Press, and to the Most Rev. Dr. Henry, Bishop of Down and Connor, as well as to the District and County Councils of the province of Ulster.

The following is the programme of another "Irish" concert given in Caledon, Co. Armagh, in aid of the Cathedral Bazaar. We quote the items as given in the *Belfast Irish News*—Overture, "March"; Recitation, "Aunt Tabitha"; "Orphan Annie"; "The Kerry Recruit"; "I could not help but laugh"; "The Holy City"; "Eileen Alanna"; "M'Namara's Band"; "Oh, what an alteration"; Violin, "Young Treachery"; "Kathleen and Dermot"; "A little bit of string"; "Brigid and Mike";

"Very improper, indeed," "I could say away," "The best of Husbands," "I go back to Erin"; "Money Matters"; "Gipsy Countess"; "Lonesome"; "The Yaller Coon"; "The M"; "Island of Dreams"; "The Courtin' Larry O'Dee"; "The 'Cat came in'; "Phil the Fluter's Ball"; "The W McCarthy." This is the list. The artist says:—The artists one and all accord themselves admirably, and encourage encore was rapturously demanded, and to be responded to. Surely the red promoters of this concert have a right to be proud of it. The vulgarity and anti-sentiment of this programme could only be equalled. The few songs introduced give it an Irish character, viz., "Alanna" and "Come back to Erin" poor apologies for the exclusion of M's Melodies and other examples of our music. We are certain that Cardinal He will not approve of this introduction of jargon and music-hall songs of a doubtful character amongst his flock.

Mr. Standish O'Grady induced some Nationalists to subscribe to his *All Ireland Review* on the score that it would deal capably with the ancient romances and history of the country, and with Financial Refs. Since then his childish bursts of loyalty he made these subscribers regret that they had at his word. On the one hand clamoured for a return of our wrongs, appropriated millions, and for final redress, and on the other, advises a correspondent not to buy the paper at a negat, but to subscribe "so that a postage may go to her Majesty." Their asks, innocently, "Is there no loyalty left this lost land?" Truly Mr. O'Grady is well he dubbed, "The man between two stools."

an ELEANOR BOO

LIMERICK NOTES.

Father Louis Brophy, O.S.A., delivered a learned and eloquent lecture on "Ireland and Civilisation" in the Athenaeum on Friday evening last, under the auspices of the Limerick Branch of the Gaelic League. The large hall was crowded in every part, owing to want of room. The overflowing of highly enthusiastic audiences was a satisfactory indication of the citizens' growing interest in the Gaelic League and promised excellently for the future. Rev. T. Lee, Adm., St. John's, President of the Gaelic League (Limerick Branch), presided, and various other clergymen and representative citizens occupied the platform.

In the course of his lecture Father Brophy said the only criterion of a nation's identity was the remembrance by it of its looser history. Outside the circles of the prejudiced and ignorant, few would have the hardihood to deny that Ireland had left an indelible mark upon the history of the world's civilisation. We could look back with legitimate pride upon the past. If we were a money-making race, if our souls were confined to pages of a cheque book, we might sneer at our annals. The philosopher who could bottle up upon his mother's grave, the old and bullion man whose heaven was the Stock Exchange could see nothing useful in the labours of the "Four Masters." In clinging to the traditions of our sires, we believed mind must be cultivated; matter, that we were not exclusively given for the worship of the Golden Calf, hence we gloried in the fact that the small of Ireland proved that the civilising influences of religion and learning had not been foreign to the Irish character (applause).

Alluding to the slanders of Spenser, Froide, the rev. lecturer repudiated the importers of any civilisation we could claim to. He then referred to the movement of 1829, of which O'Grady O'Donovan, and Petrie were the patriotic pioneers, and said that, in view of the museum formed by the latter, it was longer possible to deny the marvellous imagination power, and artistic excellence which distinguished the Irish long before the trump of English soldiers was heard throughout the land. So far he had tried to prove civilisation from excellence in literature and other works of art. There was a proof which he wished to place before it. It was the index of a nation's greatness. The Breton laws formed a constitution majestic in ancient Ireland, firmly based on the principles of justice and equality, forming a pile which, after brave storms of a thousand years, crumbled at last, to claim our reverence even in ruins (hear, hear).

When the national genius was quickened by the spirit of Christianity, after the arrival of St. Patrick, Ireland's civilisation shone at its brightest, and the fame of Ireland's scholars overpowered the then civilised world. To be a veteran in civilisation was our proud boast, for, in the words of the immortal Cardinal Newman—"Ours is a land old in its Christianity; ours is a nation that received grace before the Saxon came to Britain; ours is a Church that comprehends in its history the rise and fall of Canterbury and York" (applause). No, we never got our civilisation from England; on the contrary, our decline dated from the arrival of the English in our midst (hear, hear). National genius to reach its fullest development must be unfettered by alien laws. And though the spirit of liberty had deserted our shores, might it soon return. Though "Rosaire" bore the garb of poverty, and the bruises of the oppressors, still, her spirit was not dead yet; her cause "though oft doomed to death was yet fated not to die." In our history the pathway to liberty was strewn with memories of grand and noble deeds. In the light of those olden, golden glories:—

Despair not! blazon forth the scroll
Upon thy country's bannered roll
The righteous cause can never bend
Until it conquers in the end.
What though the chieftains are all gone?
A line of chieftains cometh on
To send the cry from sea to sea,
We must be free, we must be free.

(Loud and prolonged applause.)

Mr. J. S. Gaffney, solicitor, proposed, and the Rev. P. J. Kavanagh, O.S.F., seconded, a vote of thanks to Father Brophy for his interesting lecture. Both gentlemen spoke in high terms of the Gaelic League, and in high terms of the study which exhorted their hearers to take up the study of the language. The chairman then put the vote of thanks, which was carried unanimously. After Father Brophy had replied, the song "Siobhán a Ghraí" was rendered by Miss May Sheehan, with piano accompaniment. This young lady deserves great credit for her partiality to songs in the old tongue, for which she has become famous in local circles. Miss Sheehan was encircled, and replied with "Seaverson Delish." During the evening St. Mary's Parish Male Choral Class sang some of Moore's Melodies. The choir was rendered "Páidín Ní Uí Ríada."

Mr. James Moran left Limerick on Wednesday last for Clarmorris, there to lead the candidature of Major M'Bride.

JAS.

IRELAND IN LONDON.

The attention of all Irishmen here is now turned to the South Mayo election. To many it seems incredible that any opposition should be offered to Major John M'Bride. It is fully anticipated, however, that the men of Mayo will do their duty to their country, and show their appreciation of the work of Major M'Bride and his famous Brigade. We are pleased to see that the National Club has given expression to its feelings on this vital question, and passed unanimously a resolution supporting Major M'Bride's candidature. We only hope that the Nationalists of Mayo will be true to their colours, and true to the truest and noblest of living Irishmen.

THE GAELS.

We notice with pleasure that the Gaels are making elaborate arrangements for the St. Patrick's night celebration. The County Board means to have an ideal entertainment, and so far as we can see the Board will get every support from the clubs, and indeed other Irish societies. There is no doubt but the Gaels are as a body the best Irishmen, and worthy of every encouragement in their efforts to keep alive our National pastimes. Monday night, March 19th, has been fixed by the Board for the St. Patrick's night entertainment, but we hope the committee in charge of the arrangements will see its way clear to change the date to Friday, 16th. There is no necessity to dread the opposition of other misnamed Irish societies holding entertainments on the same night. Our people will go to that society which is best deserving of support, and which is the most National and patriotic. It is not necessary here to point out that the G.A.A. in London has always been true to the green, and never ashamed to show that it is Irish in every sense of the word. Clerkenwell Town Hall has been engaged, and we do not exaggerate when we say that let the entertainment be either on Monday or Friday we shall see assembled there "hundreds of the true and tried," and we may look to it too as being the most National and enjoyable

gathering. We will give further particulars later on.

THE FIRST NUMBER.

At the National Club Rooms on Sunday evening there was an attendance which we have never seen there before, so large that in fact there was not standing room for the members and their friends. As we said last week the first number of the M.S. Magazine promised to be a brilliant one, and in every respect it was. The editor, Mr. H. L. Kenny, had an exceedingly able paper on "The advantages of the National Club Magazine," in which he dwelt at considerable length on the educative influences such a magazine would have, as well as training and encouraging the members to write. A poem entitled "To the Clan Eógan," by "Columba," was in itself a gem, and its reading elicited the greatest applause. "Columba" is, undoubtedly, clever and gifted with the true poetic genius. The tone of the piece throughout was certainly national, and, as far as we can judge, worthy of Davis, Kichinn, or "Mary of the Nation." Miss X. contributed a clever story, entitled "An Incident," which was very interesting. The Editor had an able paper on "Helen, Lady Dufferin, Countess of Gifford," in which he gave an excellent account of the Sheridans and their work. He quoted from some of the best of Lady Dufferin's works. Of the other writers who contributed to the first number we may mention "Considerate's" article on "An Incident in the Siege of Limerick," in which he showed the bravery of the Irish soldiers. The first number of the M.S. magazine speaks well for future ones. All the papers were read by the editor in his own masterly style. On the motion of Mr. M. T. Segré, aided seconded by Mrs. M. Sexton, and supported by Mr. E. G. MacAuliffe, Mr. Kenny was accorded a hearty vote of thanks. The second number will be produced in March. The meeting was brought to a close by all singing the National anthem.

THE HIBERNIANS.

The members of the Hibernian Club hold the third of their series of Cinderella dances at Bloomsbury Hall, on March 3rd. As these dances are so popular we need not go into details here. Those who want a good night's enjoyment should note the date. Tickets are to be had at the Club on the evening. Dancing 7.30 till 12.30 a.m.

IRISH NATIONAL CHARACTER.

On Sunday evening Mr. O'Looney lectures at the National Club, 53 Chancery-lane, on "Irish National Character." It goes without saying that Mr. O'Looney will ably deal with this subject. The chair will be taken at 9 p.m. An animated discussion is expected after the lecture.

TOPICS FOR GAELS.

It is often in the most unexpected places one comes across flash lights on Irish history. In a most dull and prosaic volume, given up to figures and facts, I read that the number of male emigrants who left Ireland during the twelve months ending 31st December, 1898, was 15,265. Now, it may be asked what has this to do with Gaelic topics. I will briefly show. Of those 15,265 no less than 12,106 were between the ages of 15 and 35 years. Is the connection now clear? Can anyone who has even the slightest acquaintance with Irish rural life ignore the void these twelve thousand created in the circle of many youths at the dance at the cross-roads or in the ranks of the chosen champions of many a village on the hurling field? Ah! there is all the pathos and tragedy of our gloomy history concentrated in those figures; and their consideration, even for a moment, darkens the most optimistic heart and fires the most sluggish blood.

Away in the picturesque villages of Kerry, Clare, Cork, Galway, and a score of other counties where our National game and its associated pastimes are still cherished, many a wistful eye glances when, speaking of the decay of these manly sports, the name of some young *gaiheach*, whose merry laugh was the foremost in the revel and whose lion heart bore him ever to the brunt of the hurling game, is mentioned. But he, this rustic idol, is totling in exile, mayhap in sickness of heart and body, afar.

We can well understand in the light of these callous figures why teams like Buttavant, Kilmoyley, Cahir, Tulla, Moycarkey, Lixnaw, O'Connell, Aghabullogue, Glenville, Ballyhooley, Kilworth, and countless more have vanished so suddenly and so completely from the arena of their splendid triumphs.