CONTRIBUTORS OF POEMS, ARTICLES, AND STORIES:

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JAMES MACMANUS.
THOMAS E. MAYNE.
T. CONCANNON.
CAPTAIN E. T. MC'CRYSTAL.
ETHNA CARBERY.
WILLIAM ROONEY.

SPECIAL REPORT OF THE CELEBRATION.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

Wolfe Tone Souvenir.

Having received from Mr. O'Neill, Sculptor, who cut the Block of Stone from the Cave Hill, Belfast, for the foundation of the Wolfe Tone Monument, a few pieces from the stone, we have mounted it into Charms, Chain Pendants, Pins, and Brooches. Anyone wishing to have this unique Souvenir should send early.

Scarff Pins, Shamrock Shape, 
Brooches, 2/-

Brooches, Arrow & Shamrock on Harp, 2/9
Pendants, Crosses, 2/-; Hearts, 2/- and 2/6

Will be sent Free on receipt of Price.

WIGHTMAN AND CO., THE IRISH JEWELLERY WORKS,
5, Garfield Street, BELFAST.

'98 Celebrations!

Lots of our YANKEE COUSINS are expected over to take part in the proposed Celebrations. Their friends should get ready for their reception.

A FEAST OF THEIR FAVOURITE

JOHNNY CAKE.

JOHNNY CAKE FLOUR with Recipe, can be had through any respectable Grocer, or direct from

"Castalia Mills," Belfast.

In 3½ lb. Bags, Post Paid, for One Shilling in stamps.
"NO SWEETER TOBACCO MADE."

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OF SUPERLATIVE QUALITY

And daily increasing in sale and in favour with smokers, notwithstanding the severe test of more than 30 years' competition with many imitations.

To be had in packets only from all the first-class Tobacconists and at nearly all the stores throughout the United Kingdom.

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"MOTTLED FLAKE," "GOLDEN FLAKE," "HALL MARK TOBACCO."

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MURRAY, SONS & CO., Ltd., BELFAST.

Dublin Depot: 96 & 97, Talbot Street.
The Shan Van Vocht
(An t. Sean Bhean Bhocht).

"Ireland shall be free from the centre to the sea,
And hurrah for Liberty, says the Shan Van Vocht."


Donegal!

By Nora Hopper, Author of "Ballads in Prose" and "Under Quicken Boughs."

Faint is the fairy music and pale the fairy rings,
And lonely grow the quickens around the holy springs.
The Strangers' Forts no longer hear the Danish battle-call,
My sorrow and my sorrow, Donegal!

Will you hear them if you listen all the twilight through
The ragweed flowers talking to the feather few
When the foggy dews upon them with their love-gifts fall?
My sorrow and my sorrow, Donegal!

The world cries out for Una of the shadowy hair,
All music wails for Oisin: and the coloured air
Weeps heavy tears for Niam, and her spell-songs all,
My sorrow and my sorrow, Donegal!

There is weeping water in the holy well of Doone,
For the gay and gentle people by the harvest moon.
Unseen the sleep-seed's dropping from the king-lern tall—
My sorrow and my sorrow, Donegal!

Will the Strangers come again with their great swords made bare,
And the horned helmets shining on their yellow hair?
Will Manan of the Waters take their ships as steeds to stall?
My sorrow and my sorrow, Donegal!

If the Strangers come no more in the eye of the sun
Their ghosts shall still hold revel in the forts they won!
They shall match themselves at hurling, and of gold shall be their ball,
And their glory still be on thee, Donegal!

Our Dead Comrades.

John Martin.

By Michael Cavanagh.

"Yes, and all glory,
Shall honour their grave,
With shrine, song and story,
Denied to the slave."

Within the memory of the present generation there have been many prominent Irish patriots whose political doctrines found warmer admirers than did those entertained by the subject of this sketch during the latter years of his eventful life.

There have also been a few particularly distinguished revolutionary propagandists, who commanded a more numerous band of personal adherents than that which constituted his more moderate and less enthusiastic following. But it is no exaggeration to say that there was no one connected with Irish politics within the quarter of a century preceding his death—with the single exception of the illustrious Archbishop of Tuam—who was more generally venerated by all classes and sections of Nationalists than the man of gentle heart and heroic soul, the steadfast and uncompromising patriot, to whom the universal voice of his countrymen applied the well-merited appellation of

"Honest John Martin!"

That such was the fact was alike creditable to the nation and the man; to the former, because it so clearly exemplified one of the finest and most characteristic traits in the Irish nature—that of gratitude to those who laboured and suffered in behalf of the persecuted people, and to the latter, inasmuch as it was an indorsement of the stern integrity, sublime unselfishness, fixed adherence to his own principles and tolerance of those which actuated others of his compatriots, which had ever been the distinguishing traits of his public career.

John Martin's political history was closely identified with that of his country. Ever since he joined the Repeal Association in 1844, up to the day of his death, his voice and pen, his purse and his example were tendered freely and promptly in aid of every public movement, having for its object the restoration of Ireland's nationality, or in furtherance of any project that, in his opinion, would aid even collaterally in bringing about that desirable result.

Though John Martin's name and services were known and appreciated by his compatriots in Ireland and America during his life-time, and though his memory is in no danger of being forgotten by those whose hearts throb with love of the cause for which he strove and suffered, yet, for the sake of that cause, it is meet that the example he set should be held up before the rising generation of his race, on whose exertions, in a great measure, its final success must depend.

It was my good fortune to make John Martin's personal
acquaintance at the most eventful period of his existence—the summer of 1848. I met him many years subsequently in Ireland, and again in America, during one of his last visits to his compatriot, John Mitchel. The more I had an opportunity of knowing his genial, unassuming nature, the more I reverenced the man that “I always was proud of as the only landed proprietor who was an Irish Republican in 1848. He was never an enrolled member of the I. R. B. in Ireland, or of the Fenian Brotherhood here. But the patriot who, at the dictates of his Irish heart, erected the Memorial Cross in Glasnevin in honour of the typical representatives of those kindred revolutionary organisations—if he never did anything else to mark his devotion to the Martyrs’ creed—should have his own memory reverenced for ever by all who share in the sentiments and who glory in the fame of “The Noble-Hearted Three.

Mr. Martin’s Parentage and Early Life.

John Martin was born at Loughorne, in the lordship of Newry, County of Down, on September 8th, 1812. His father’s name was Samuel Martin, and that of his mother, Jane Harshaw; both were members of Presbyterian families long settled in that vicinity. His father was, in his early manhood, one of the Volunteers of “Eighty-two.” He had long been a prosperous farmer, but about the time of his son John’s birth, he purchased the fee-simple of the holding which he had previously rented, and his two uncles having made similar investments, the Martin family became proprietors of the entire townland in which they lived. John received the rudiments of his education at home; but, at the age of twelve years, he was sent to the school of Dr. Henderson, at Newry, about five miles from his birth-place. It was at this school that he first made the acquaintance of John Mitchel, and commenced the friendship which even death could not sever. He entered as an extern student of Trinity College, after leaving Dr. Henderson’s seminary. While at the University, his father died, and in the year after that event he took out his degree as Bachelor of Arts. On coming of age he took up his residence in Dublin, and devoted himself to the study of medicine for the ensuing years. In 1835, by the death of both his uncles, he inherited the whole family property in Loughorne, and consequently left Dublin to reside on his estate.

For the succeeding four years he continued to live at Loughorne, discharging the duties of a resident country gentleman as became a man of his natural goodness of heart. He was a benefactor to all the poor in the vicinity, and gave medicine and medical advice to all who sought his assistance without any compensation, save that which he valued above silver or gold—the blessings of the grateful poor.

In 1839, Mr. Martin, for the first time, visited America, and made an extensive tour through the United States and Canada, which occupied nearly three years. On his return to Europe he took a trip through some of the most noted places on the Continent before again settling down on his estate. During this tour his political ideas became developed, but it was not until some time after his return home that he manifested any desire to take any part in the public questions which then agitated his native land. Even the enthusiasm evoked by the great meetings of what was designated the “Repeal Year” (‘43), had no perceptible effect on his placid nature. But when the Government resorted to their old game of coercion; when through the agency of “Arms Acts” and “Packed Juries” they evinced their determination to crush, once more, by force and fraud, the legitimate aspirations of the Irish people for liberty, his dormant patriotism was awakened, the blood of ‘82 circulated with accelerated force through his veins, and, on the first week of June, 1844—or immediately after the imprisonment of O’Connell and his associates—actuated by the same sentiments as his illustrious compatriot, Smith O’Brien, he joined the National Repeal Association.

In the ranks of the Association he laboured earnestly and efficiently until the nefarious attempt to force the “not one drop of blood” theory on the consciences of the members drove him, and every other man with a “drop of blood” at the service of Ireland, from that emasculated body.

He Joins the Irish Confederation.

Mr. Martin was one of the original members of the Irish Confederation, and during the year 1847—that blackest epoch of Ireland’s history—he devoted all the time he could spare from the more imperative duty of alleviating the sufferings of his famishing neighbours to the promulgation of its principles with voice and pen.

In the beginning of 1848 John Mitchel and Thomas Devlin Reilly—sickened and almost driven to desperation at witnessing the calamitous results of one year of famine—determined, if possible, to prevent a repetition of the appalling tragedy. They addressed letters to their countrymen recommending the resort to other than “constitutional tactics” by the Confederation in staying this wholesale slaughter of the people. Mr. Smith O’Brien was diametrically opposed to the sentiments enunciated in those letters, and at a special meeting of the Confederation held in the Rotunda, Dublin, he introduced a series of resolutions, in which these sentiments were condemned as dangerous, immoral, and a breach of the fundamental rules of the Confederation.

Mr. Mitchel proposed an amendment, to the effect that the Confederation did not feel called upon to pronounce either a condemnation or approval of any doctrine promulgated by any of its members in letters, speeches, or otherwise.

A debate, which was continued for three consecutive nights, followed, in which nearly all the leading members of the Confederation took part, and which ended in Mr. O’Brien’s resolution being adopted.

Mr. Martin presided on this celebrated occasion, and was, consequently, debarred from taking part in the discussion;
but in a letter published in the "United Irishman" he, in his usual calm and temperate manner, reviewed the question at issue, and then, unequivocally, took his stand with Mr. Mitchell and the minority.

Three weeks after came the news of the French Revolution, and then every Confederate in Ireland became converted to the doctrines of the extremists.

Mr. Martin became a regular contributor to the "United Irishman" during the brief existence of that incomparable journal.

On the arrest for sedition of Messrs. O'Brien, Meagher, and Mitchell, he addressed the following spirited letter to the last-named gentleman:

To the Editor of the "United Irishman":

Loughorne, Newry, March 23.

My Dear Mitchell—I see by the newspapers that the parties called "the Government" have given you notice that they will ask a jury of Dublin citizens to pronounce your excellent national doctrines worthy of fine and imprisonment. Considering the political enlightenment produced among our countrymen by the recent French Revolution and the admirable lessons all over the European Continent, this proceeding of the "Government" men seems ludicrous rashness. 'Tis likely they wish to show pluck by way of proving that they have recovered from the terror indicated by their late military bluster.

I have read all the articles of the "United Irishman," and of course those which form the subject of indictment for "sedition." All the political sentiments of the "United Irishman," as well as those expressed by Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Meagher in their speeches at the Confederation meeting on the 15th instant, I adopt as mine in the fullest and most universal manner.

If those sentiments are "sedition," or "blasphemy," or "bigamy," or "suicide," or even "Whiggery" or "political economy," still I must adopt them as my sentiments.

I believe the vast majority of the people of Ireland hold those political sentiments and intend to abide by them. The "legal safety" of some five millions of people has always seemed to me a very comical conceit. I hope the five millions will take some steps shortly to realise it.

I am, dear Mitchell,

Sincerely yours,

John Martin.

The "Government," agreeing with Mr. Martin that threats of prosecution for "sedition" were unavailing against the contumacious editor of the "United Irishman," soon had a special Act of Parliament manufactured for the exclusive benefit of that gentleman and his colleagues. Under the provisions of the "Treason Felony Act," the "United Irishman" was suppressed—and its editor also—for the time being. The details of the modus operandi, forming, as they do, one of the most well-known chapters of modern Irish history, need not be further referred to here.

An Incident of "Forty-Eight."

Before the "Government" had taken to "extreme measures," however, Mr. Martin addressed a meeting of the Irish Confederation, held on the 5th of April in the Music Hall, Abbey Street, Dublin. It was a most critical period in the history of that eventful spring. In the advertisement calling a meeting it was announced that the Confederate Clubs would as on the occasion of the previous meeting, march in regular order from their different club-rooms, and, as it was said that this arrangement would be interfered with by the "authorities," much anxiety was evinced by the residents near the place of meeting, and the shops and places of business were closed much earlier than usual. A large body of police were stationed in the neighbourhood of the Music Hall as "good lookers-on."

There was no anxiety among the clubs, however, and as they arrived consecutively at the appointed place, they were enthusiastically cheered by the thousands of their unorganised fellow-citizens who had assembled in the vicinity. Being among those detailed to keep order at the entrance to the Hall, I had a good opportunity of noting the spirit manifested by the masses who surged tumultuously but good-naturedly around us, as well as of observing the order and precision maintained by the marching columns, the elite of the intelligent young patriots of the Irish metropolis, every individual of whom were confident of soon shoulder- ing a rifle in the National Guards—ahope in which I enthusiastically shared.

The large hall was filled to its utmost capacity, and when the doors were closed it was with difficulty the guards could obtain standing room in the galleries.

The proceedings opened by John Mitchell moving that Mr. John Martin, of Loughorne, take the chair.

After the reading of several letters, Mr. Martin proceeded to address the meeting. It was the first time I had an opportunity of hearing him in public, and I listened to and watched him most attentively, as in a quiet unimpassioned manner—very different from that of the majority of our popular orators, but having something of Mitchell's matter-of-fact logic, without his trenchant bitterness of sarcasm— he spoke as follows:

"Fellow-countrymen—Since I last met you there are momentous changes in the affairs of Europe and in our national prospects. The people of nearly all the nations of Europe have risen against the tyrannies that robbed and debased them, and they have abolished the tyrannies where needful, or metamorphosed them into real governments, where reform could be applied. In France, in Prussia, in Austria, in Hungary, in Sicily—over all Central and Western Europe—it is now established that Governments and Parliaments, and all institutions of State, exist by the people's will, for the people's uses. And with God's help, we, too, will have an Irish Government and Parliament, and they shall exist by our will and for our service.

"Since I last met you there is no change as to Irish rights,
nor as to the duties of Irishmen—no change in the object of our struggle, nor as to its necessity. Then, as now, it was the right and duty of the Irish people to take our own country, to have and to hold for us and our heirs, in complete and absolute property, for ever. To stand upon our rights and to resist foreign oppression, no matter under what names, no matter upon what pretences, no matter through what "legal and constitutional" form it robb'd, and debased, and slaughtered our people. Then, as now, history, observation, common sense, might tell us that our freedom could be gained only by the determined public opinion of ARMED MEN. That shout, entreat, threaten, agitate, as we might, arms in our hands alone could prove our determination, and effect our object. The subject of our struggle still is to have peaceful possession of our country, because it is ours, and in order that our people, now pauperised and starved, may eat bread by the sweat of their brows.

"There is no change in all that. But, thank God, there is a blessed change in the spirit of our people. The lesson given by the glorious uprisings of Europe has been taken to heart in Ireland. Our people are arming—arming, and fast getting the bold and free spirit that arms in their hands alone can give. Irishmen must have arms if they would obtain their rights. We must have arms if we would maintain social order, and protect life and property in Ireland. I have advised my countrymen to have arms, that we may establish and maintain social order in our country.

"We must no longer delegate our duty and business in that matter to foreign mercenaries. I should be glad to know whether it is not the business of Irishmen to maintain social order in their own country. Get arms, learn the use of them, stand upon your rights, establish peace and order in Ireland, entrust not your business to foreign authorities or pretended authorities. Get them openly, in the face of your country. It is your inalienable right. I shall not detain you any longer, but attend to the business of the meeting."

John Martin was no orator in the popular acception of the word. But the plain, unquestionable truths he enunciated so passionately that night found a lodgment in the national heart, and can never be eradicated therefrom. No movement having the restoration of Ireland's nationality for its avowed object can obtain the confidence or support of the Irish race at home or abroad, unless it is based upon these vital truths. Since those truths were promulgated to the Dublin clubmen fifty years have elapsed, and during that period many attempts have been made to resuscitate the sapless skeleton of the "Loyal Repeal Association" that was consigned to its pauper-grave. But, one after another, these miserable abortions died from inanition. They lacked the earnestness of purpose that constitutes the soul of any national movement, and consequently were looked upon with indifference or contempt by all who held a more manly creed. Even John Martin himself, beloved and esteemed as he was by his countrymen, could not get them to follow him in the devious track into which he was inveighed by the "constitutional agitators." Revolutionists may go backward, but revolutions will not.

(To be continued.)

The Centenary Celebrations.

We shall attempt no report of the proceedings in Dublin on August 15th. The daily and weekly press of Ireland has satisfied you on that particular long ere this, and assuming that each and every of our readers has read of the procession and the banners and ceremony of laying the stone and the speeches made on the street platform and at the banquet, we shall ask you to consider with us the significance of the celebration, and to try to understand how far it gives us reason to hope for the future of our country. At the outset let us glance a few years back in history. Half-a-dozen years ago Wolfe Tone was little spoken of. Thoughtful students of history understood his greatness, and every Nationalist Irishman knew and revered his name as one of the leaders of '98; but for once that you heard the name of Tone, you would hear that of Robert Emmet and Lord Edward Fitzgerald a score of times. They were the heroes and darlings of the Irish people. You heard of them not so much at political meetings as in ballads and songs. At political meetings they had got into the bad habit of speaking a good deal more about "The greatest living English Statesman" whose name was received invariably with loud and continued cheering. And now in a few short years all that, thank God, is changed. Some eight or ten days before the foundation stone of the United Irish Memorial was laid in Dublin streets, the site for a memorial to Mr. Gladstone was refused by the Corporation. They well knew that no such monument could be allowed to stand in the streets of the Irish capital. The city which guards the tomb of Parnell, has true men enough to save her from such degradation. In the few years that have elapsed since Mr. Gladstone and his party furnished an object lesson in meanness, duplicity, and insincerity to their Irish allies, it is perfectly evident that the object lesson has sunk deep into the hearts of the people. With no pre-eminent figure among living Irishmen to command their adherence and inspire their confidence, they have looked back into the past and taken for their hero one of the greatest of our race, the most dangerous enemy that has threatened English rule since Owen Roe passed to his rest "upon Saint Leonard's Day." For these past few years, when many considered that Ireland was struggling through dark ways, leaderless, hopeless, disunited, the ardent youth of Ireland had found a leader and a light. The grave of Tone had become a place of pilgrimage, his birthday had developed into an annual festival. His life was being read in our libraries by ardent students, and our young poets and journalists and historical lecturers were busy making his life-work and principles familiar to the public. This work has borne good fruit. The Irish people have responded with enthusiasm, and in this past week have given evidence of the faith that is in them. The first stone of the United Irishmen's monument has been laid. The name of Wolfe Tone has been given the pre-eminence which it merits, and the city of Dublin in the name of Ireland has cancelled that imaginary debt of gratitude to a great English Statesman.

**SOME SIGNIFICANT FACTS.**

The places of honour in the celebration were given to men, who in our own day followed in the steps of Wolfe Tone and worked for Irish Independence. James Stephens, who just fifty years ago, fell wounded at the disastrous rout of Ballingarry, but who survived to avenge that disaster, drove in front of the Dublin Municipal representatives. The procession was headed by John O'Leary and Charles Underwood O'Connell. Why were they honoured? Because they had been in prison and exile for Ireland's sake, and have not repented of the ideals they preached or the work they did in their youth. Had these men been ignored or had they through any intrigue been relegated to a secondary position, the ceremony would have been a mockery; nothing more than an evidence of the
fact that Ireland only honoured her rebel sons when they were safely dead and buried.

I watched the start of the procession from the steps of the house in Middle Abbey Street, where the Press Newspaper was issued and at last suppressed. Coming down O'Connell Street I was struck by the significant fact that there was not a single flag hanging from any of the business houses or offices in honour of the day. Dublin men are wont to talk boastfully of O'Connell Street, the principal street in the Irish metropolis. Well, we would like them to realize that this splendid thoroughfare is in the hands of the enemy. In the narrow side streets where live the people who could least well afford expenditure, there were signs enough of sympathy. And the orderly behaviour and sobriety of the vast multitude were better than any display of archives or banners. No drunkenness nor rowdiness was evident anywhere. The Northern Contingents were remarkable for their magnificent banners painted with scenes from the most memorable episodes of '98: Wolfe Tone and his comrades on Cavehill; M'Cracken at Antrim's fight; Tone's interview with Napoleon; M'Cracken's Execution; such are the subjects which the '98 clubs during the past year have had painted on their flags. For many a year to come these banners will be illustrated history lessons to the young people in the black North. The presence of the Northerners from Belfast, Derry, Armagh, Tyrone, and Donegal in such vast numbers, must be accounted for by the fact, that to share in such a great National Demonstration, uninterrupted by Orange affrays, is for them a rare pleasure. The contingent of Northern girls who honoured the memory of Mary M'Cracken in the name of their club were hailed with great enthusiasm. And certainly the most picturesque figure in the procession was the girl in green and gold who personated the dauntless Betsy Grey.

On the evening of the celebrations we were walking down a quiet street on the north side of the city. Round the corner came a band of Young Hibernians. Just six of them there were, carrying little green flags, and battering away at their little drums, singing meanwhile at the top of their voices "The Boys of Wexford." The smallest boy of all was about five years old. He wore on his curly fair head a shabby green velvet smoking-cap—the disreputable property of some fashionable elder, most probably. He was singing with might and main, and hammering with his small fists at the parchment of his drum. We saluted the company. Six tiny right hands went up in an answering salute.

One of us, as they passed by, laid her hand on the head of the youngest. "Who fears to speak of '98?" said she.

And little green cap, throwing back his curly head, replied—"Viva la!"

MAUDE GONNE AND THE FOREIGN DELEGATES.

Miss Maude Gonne, who had arrived with a party of French and other foreign delegates at Kingstown, on Saturday, was accorded an enthusiastic welcome by the people of Kingstown and the populace in Dublin. As she drove with her party in a waggonette decorated with the tri-colour along the route on Monday, her appearance was the signal for outbursts of applause and enthusiasm. No one who has not been behind the scene can understand how much the success of the demonstration owed to the womanly tact of Maude Gonne. Things which had been done all wrong either by deliberate ill-intention or mere ignorance were set right, without much discussion or resistance, as soon as her clear-seeing eyes discovered the error. She is best known to the people of Ireland as a public speaker, but it is not there her supreme talent and usefulness lies; but in her faculty for arranging and managing everybody and everything, and in making people act as they ought to, even when they are quite unwilling. The splendid demonstrations which have taken place in Connaught, at Castlebar, and Ballina, are the result of Maude Gonne's energy and her popularity among the people of the West. To the foreign delegates she filled the place of a reception committee (for none there was).

THE DELEGATES FROM GREAT BRITAIN.

As is well known the Scotch delegation which had arranged to be present at the laying of the Memorial Stone, came over in July on the date originally settled, and had to put up with a secondary demonstration in the Phoenix Park. Their presence on 15th August would have swelled the number of those who came over the Irish Sea to large proportions. As it was, the number of excursionists to Ireland from London and the North of England was unprecedented, and included a number of the most active and prominent workers in the National cause. In the work of collecting funds for the Wolfe Tone Monument, the Executive of Great Britain have not been behind hand. Mr. W. B. Yeats, their president, had left for the time being the literary work to which he is devoted, and showed that the most mystical of our poets can have, like Mangan in the Young Ireland days, a practical interest in National work. A monument, by the way, is soon to be set up in an English city graveyard to which every true Irishman should contribute his mite. It is to the memory of the Martyred Three of '97, and Mr. Barrett, of Manchester, is among those most actively engaged in furthering its erection.

THE AMERICAN DELEGATES.

The deputation from America was of course far short of what we had hoped for; but those who came should have had the heartiest welcome. One and all we feel assured came in high hope of taking council together as to what can best be done to help the old land and the old cause.

An extraordinary and inexplicable thing was how the American delegates were kept in the background. Contrary to the ordinary impression of the Irish-Americans as pushing fellows, our friends from over the ocean took the lowest seats at the Mansion House banquet, and there was no one as in the scripture parable to say "Friend, come up higher." The master of ceremonies, whoever he may have been, only arranged for one American speaker to respond to the toast of "our guests," namely Father M'Loughlin. Some sensation was produced by Father Coghlan, of Philadelphia, rising and coming to the head of the hall. His intention was to ask leave to speak, but leave was not granted, though the master of ceremonies could very easily have arranged for him to fill the gap left by the absence of Charles Underwood O'Connell. That gentleman's name was retained as speaker, though to the knowledge of those who used it he was not there during the toasts. We must assume that his name was used simply as a dummy to fill the gap, which might have been filled by those whom the wire-pullers wished to suppress.

Father Coghlan travelled thousands of miles to be present at that banquet, his desire more even than to honour the dead, was to know what Irishmen now living intended to do for the Irish cause, and to inform them of the feelings and wishes of leading Irishmen in America.

The Irishmen of the Transvaal were represented by an influential citizen of the South African Republic, Mr. Sol. Gillingham, who was received when rising to speak by loud cheers for the president of his native Republic, Paul Kruger, and by shouts of Majuba Hill. Mr. Gillingham, though a Boer citizen, is of Irish extraction, and on this occasion voiced the feelings of the staunch Irish Nationalists of the gallant Republic so many thousands of miles away.

A LINK WITH '48.

A place of honour at the guests table was given to Mrs. John Martin, the sister of John Mitchel. As an intimate personal friend of the Maxwell family Mrs. Martin was keenly interested in all that took place, and will convey to Miss Maxwell, who was unable to be present, an account of the demonstration.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

Whilst the vast multitude was marching in procession order past the place of Tone's birth to the site of the monument, far away from Ireland another celebration was taking place. A family party, the
Press Comments on the Demonstration.

THE "DAILY NEWS" SAYS.

The extraordinary scene in Dublin yesterday at the laying of the foundation-stone of the memorial to Wolfe Tone and the men of '98 was a demonstration of the whole Irish race. Irishmen attended from all parts of Ireland and all parts of the world. In extent and significance the gathering bears comparison with the greatest of all that have gone before it in Irish history. It was not precisely a loyal meeting. Its resolutions, its wishes, its vows, were for Irish independence, for Ireland a nation among the nations of the earth. If the independence of Ireland was the burden of the speeches from first to last, those who have so successfully denied to her rights within the limits of the Constitution have themselves to thank for it. Even Mr. Parnell still awaits his memorial in Dublin, and the patriot who takes precedence of him is the one who would have freed his country with fire and sword.

THE "MANCHESTER GUARDIAN."

There seem to have been no bounds to the enthusiasm with which the foundation-stone was laid yesterday in Dublin of a monument to Wolfe Tone, the man of whom Mr. Goldwin Smith wrote that he was almost as dangerous an enemy to England as Hannibal was to Rome.

A FRENCH VIEW OF THE DEMONSTRATION.

"The French tri-colour has just been hailed in Dublin by an enthusiastic multitude. A whole century has passed since the expeditions of Hoche and Humbert without diminishing gratitude in the soul of a nation which remains nobly steadfast in memory and in hope. The striking Irish demonstration touches and moves us profoundly. It creates new bonds of sympathy between two nations, between two races, which throughout the course of history have loved each other, and which often have been united in the presence of peril and of death.

After Sedan, the populace of Dublin, smashed with stones the windows of English and German houses, which were illuminated with lamps in honour of the victory. To the delirium of German pride and the cowardly British complicity the heart of Ireland responded by associating itself with the defeat of France. The debt which we are under to these brave people is sacred. The fathers have given their blood, the sons have given their tears. A brotherhood of glory, a brotherhood of sorrow, a brotherhood of hate; no more is needed to link the future to the past by inviolable bonds.

"As long as France exists, the eyes of millions in devastated cottages in the land of martyrs will forever be turned towards her from beyond the land of England. As long as Ireland exists France will have an ally on the very flank of England, an ally trembling with impatience for revenge. To opulent, unfeeling England the agonised cry of a famishing people was not even a cause of remorse, but it will resound one day through the world like an appeal to universal justice. Before the assembled nations England will be called on to justify three centuries of slaughter by sword, fire, and famine. She has placed herself beforehand outside the bounds of pity, and if one day she is vanquished she will not even have the right to cry 'Mercy.'

"France has received nothing but ingratitude from the monarchies which she has created at the cost of her blood. The House of Savoy, which owes us the very air it breathes, tries to bite the hand of her liberator. Royal Belgium, freed by the armies of France, only waits a chance to give up to the armies of William II. the routes and chances of invasion. Shame on these treasons! But honour to the Democracies which remain faithful.

"Health and greeting to the Democracy of Ireland, which in the presence of illustrious tombs and of immortal monuments renews its intrepid vows. France and Ireland will be heard of again in the hour of destiny. In the name of the patriots of France I address to the patriots of Ireland the most ardent expression of the friendship and admiration of France."

Lucien Millevoye, in "La Patrie."
The Centenary and the Gaelic Movement.

For the first time on the occasion of a great National Celebration the Gaelic native language was given a place of importance. The inscriptions on memorial tablets erected by the Central Executive are in Irish. An oration was delivered at the laying of the stone in Irish by Mr. William Rooney, of the Celtic Literary Society, and at the meetings in the West the language was even more suitably employed in addressing those who understood it. Of the American delegates whom we had the pleasure of seeing a small number, several were Gaelic enthusiasts. Mr. Thomas Concannon’s name is already known as donor of the " Shan Van Vocht " recitation prize at the famous Macroom Feis, and his act on landing in Ireland in 1898 was to found a branch of the Gaelic League in the Arran Islands.

Mr. Glynn, of the A.O.H., of Philadelphia, talks Irish fluently, and when congratulated on what his order had done for the language movement in foundering the Celtic chair at Washington, assured us that this was only the first step. He was accompanied to Ireland by his son, whom he hopes to make an Irish scholar of, and is having him instructed in the native language and movement.

Mr. Thomas Kenney, another American Delegate, was keen in his enquiries for an ancient historical book in Gaelic which he had seen in his boyhood, and which had been published and edited since he left Ireland.

Our Peasant Poetry.

In these days of " decadence " and " art for art’s sake," it may not be fashionable to hint that anything really worth study has come from the peasantry of any country. Paris, the first to lead the fashion in millinery, has latterly subdued literature and controls the study and the editorial chair as completely as she does the boudoir. Style and elegance in art or literature are to be admired, but they are not things to which everything is to be subordinated. The polish and glitter of the schools may perfect the artist, but equally in our days as in those of Horace, Nature makes the poet. A little examination will go far to show that the men who hold to-day as poets were influenced by no school, but in most instances depended on their own genius and judgment. That they took the wiser course let the recognised genius of all nations attest.

This is not exactly the place to discuss very minutely the judgment of those who seek to graft French styles on the original Irish stock. This paper does not profess to go very deeply into the matter, but merely to point out a few men who owe none of their power to either school or system, who have obeyed the voice within, and written from the heart. Some few of them have come to fame, others obtain a popularity here and there, more are never heard of. It is a notorious fact that even yet, after the " National " school system has been half a century working, that almost every townland has its local rhymers, who chronicles the goings and comings of the neighbourhood, in perhaps slip-shod, but not unmusical verse. We do not seek to argue that their writings are worthy of serious attention; but they do a service in so far as they centralise attention on local affairs, and are in such wise a check in some degree on the Anglomania which unhappily has crept into even the most remote parts of our country. It is little to their discredit if their work is merely assonantal, if it scorns all the rules of English syntax, and all the conventionalities of prosody. It keeps alive interest in matters Irish, and as it thus serves a purpose deserves consideration. It is to men of this class that we owe the preservation of our old airs, for long before Bunting had collected or Moore immortalised them, and often since, these men wedded their words to melodies which win the hearts of all who hear them. To these men we owe also the preservation of the legends, traditions, and local history of almost every parish in Ireland. To them likewise is due all the knowledge of the past that exists in country places. One meets occasionally in out of the way corners men who never knew the pleasures of reading, to whose fingers a pen would, perhaps, be the clumsiest of possible implements; yet they are often the repositories of a priceless store of songs and story committed to memory line by line from the rude rhymings of these village bards. How much more preferable it is to listen to one of those simple rural songs than to any of the imported abominations of the nearest large town we shall not pause to say. Whatever their imperfections, they are in a sense true to their surroundings, and possess all the flavour of the mountains and the moors of Ireland.

Yet it is not of them so much as of those men of real ability who have imitated them that we would deal, and a few names will best convey our idea. There is a poem familiar to us all, " Caoch O’Leary," which we owe to this school, the simple earnestness and homely truth of which no one will be found to deny. It is rough and uncouth, yet it conveys a perfect picture, and one that must affect the reader, and favourably, to the class of which it is a type.

It is a more natural piece than the " geadents " all combined have accomplished, not viewed artificially, but naturally, from the heart, the only true test of real poetry. Its author, John Keegan, has left but little after him, but every piece is true to its subject. " The Blind Girl at the Holy Well," " The Holiday Dance," " The Irish Harvest Hymn," " The Holly and Joy Girl," and " The Connaughtwoman’s Lament " are brimful of the feeling, whether reverent, fierce or sad, which, like that " harp " spoken of by Boucicault, " rests in the bosom of every Irishman." John Iainin, whose novels of Irish life are amongst our most treasured possessions, is also a poet of this company. His " Soggarth Aroon," " The Reconciliation," " Mo Bhouchailin Buidhe," " Aileen," " Irish Mary," and others are veritable transcripts of Irish thought and passion. Griffin, too, in
his best work, has aimed at catching the idiom, and crystallising the thought of the peasant in his verse, and his "Wake of the Absent," "Gille Machree," "Siubhail a Gradh," and kindred songs are far better than his efforts in more classic styles. Davis occasionally tried the same key, but save in a few notable instances like "Oh! the Marriage," "Maire Ban a Stoir," "The Girl of Dunbuirdhe," and "The Welcome," not with notable success. James MacKeown, the author of "The Ould Irish Jig," and John Walsh, of Cappoquin, were greater masters of this particular vein, but perhaps the best peasant poet we possess is Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu, whose two great poems, "Shemus O'Brien" and "Phadrig Crohooore," are instances of how much may be made of the realities of Irish peasant life by anyone who brings to it, beside the all-necessary gift, a kindly sympathy with and honest desire to faithfully depict the people. Kickham, in his "Rory of the Hills," touches the very highest level in this class; a few pieces of Mary Kate Murphy, and almost every line of Ellen O'Leary's, are instinct with the life that knows not yet the benefit of British civilisation.

In our times, spite of prevailing influences, a little that is very good has been accomplished. Mrs. Tynan-Hinkson, in her "Shameen Dhu," showed a leaning in its direction. Frank Fahy's "American Wake," "The Donovans," "The Ould Plaid Shawl," and many another equally racy piece; P. J. McCall's "Going to the Fair," "The Little Heathly Hill," "The House in the Corner," "Threshing the Barley," and countless others, are unmistakably the heart of the country. But beyond and above all in this style (always excepting Le Fanu) stands Miss Jane Barlow, whose poem, "The Ould Masher," is a marvel of faithful word-painting, and brings home at once to the reader a sense of the world of varied characteristics that lies virgin in the everyday life of Ireland, waiting some wizard hand to wake it into life and being.

We do not mean to assert that all the possibilities of Irish Literature (in English) should be forced to run in this channel, but dare to claim that nothing true to Irish life as it exists, to Irish thought as it is, to Irish sentiment and passion, as we meet them, can find an adequate or even general expression in the carefully turned periods of London Bohemianism, influenced by Parisian fads. Perfection can be reached and fidelity attained without seeking to imitate the style of the Boulevards. Art in its truest guise should not attempt to ornament, or disguise, it should imitate Nature, else it is not natural; it has nothing to appeal to what is common to natural man. Some there will always be found, of course, so hyper-superior as to scorn everything that is palpable. To them the Nature note may be abhorrent, but to the ordinary individual the note which takes its tone from the things around will be always acceptable, since it tells of something we have felt, something we can understand, something of that touch of Nature which makes all men brothers.

WM. ROONEY.

Celtic Literary Society, Dublin.

Preserve the Purity of the Irish Language.

At the inaugural meeting of the Arran Branch of the Gaelic League, Mr. Thomas Connannon, of Mexico, gave an eloquent address, which has been published in full in "Panán an Lao. We reprint the part containing its remonstrance against the introduction of English words and phrases into the Gaelic vocabulary:

"Ba mhaith liom focal eile no dhó a ráidh i daoibh an chineál gaelchilg cabhras beagán do na daoibh anois annos. Ní féidir liom n-arráin acht tri lá acht chuala m lá móran beàrlachais ar feadh na haimhre sin. Chuala m lá na rathrú. 'N féidir liom aon aice aige. 'Tá sibh all right.' 'Te ma surcelite dhe. 'Tá sé an smarráilte.' 'Tá súiscéalit.' 'Cia an chaoi bhfuil tú, a Vísther O'Callaghan?' "

"Sílbhialt saor abhalle, a Vary, 'agus neithe eile mar lán sin. Is móir an truaigh ar n-gaileach dhea bhliasta a mhileadh le folaibhir gallda do'n tseirt sin. Ní féidir díobh na leitiseagal ar bith agaibh ar úsáid a dhéanann do na foilbhlisín. "Ní eabhrach minighthe na bhfoicfa atá anraibh agus mar sin de, cia an fáth a n-arráin sibh láid? guidhim arráibh ar son D'águs Muire Mhodhar, ar bharr Mise na focla pearsa bradacha a chaithteachn amach as bhar mbeal Milleann siad ar n-gaileach bhliasta agus leis an fhírinné a ráidh is móir an dróich-mheas díobh fein ó." Buíleasain cuínd agaibh bharr gallean mar gheall ar a bhaint ag labhairt ghaedhilge agus is rígh-mhór an nádraí dhíobh a bhaint ag arraidh dbítire cu ar Thengaidh Pádraic. Brighde agus Coimil Chille agus ag iarraidh Béarla a bhunaide sha in a háit. Sin é féin an Béarla briste! Séir'd atá an praiseanach leath Béarla agus leath gaedhlighe. Bhéarlaigh mé tospa ná dho go d' Bhéarla so díobh. Ní féidir le bhí faoi o shoin ó bhf fear ag siúdal an bhgháthair ag cuartughadh a chaipail. Casadh gasair beag dó agus d'hfhaighnig sé dhe. "A bhfaca tú mo chaipail, a pháidín." "D'fhreagraidh Padín ins an teangaigh Ghallada, "He is went up to the road on high legs.' "Is cosamhail go bhfaca Padfn an capall ag duil thairis 'n-a-chos I n-áirde agus is ar sin thug sé 'highlegs.' "Duine eile a bhfuil 'na sheasamh ar an g-clódódh, thuit sé anuaus agus gorúighheadh go mhor é agus ní thainic chuige flein ar, feadh taimill fada. "Thaínici fear thar agus d'hfhaighnig sé do dhuine a bhfuil an sheasamh ann r'er'd a dheirgh do'n shear.' "D'fhreagraidh duine agus dhubharta, 'She nearly fell off the stand and she isn't in her sit yet.' "Dubharta fear eile le ná mhaic. 'Hurry on with na mhaicín, and run over to the buaille and bring water to the cow. She is dead to the dry. Dhean defir, now or if you don't I crooch to the buimhbeall, and I'll be leashing you like a croiseann Caorach.' "Tá an chroabh so curtha ar bun anois agus oráibh-se atá a chonghbhail amhlaigh. "Tá preamhrícha mór na Thoghtha cheana aice agus ó tharla go bhfuil, man thugann síbhse an congaimh ceart dí dhi bhearfaidh si thar òrach breagh, bhfíochmhathar, alainn agus ní fheadhais don anamhan mhor ar fad I chuir ar gclu.' "

GAELIC ORGANISATION IN DONEGAL.

On Thursday, September 1st, Miss Johnston and Miss Milligan, with a party of Gaelic workers, start on a tour in Co. Donegal, bringing a magic lantern and splendid set of slides, presented by a friend to the Gaelic cause. Meetings will be held at Barnesmore, Fintown, Glenties, Mount Charles, and other places, and a complete report will appear in our next number.
Beathe.

Tá an bhearta so chromh chiomhain,
Chomh diomhain díbhluadh,
Chomh meaghta ann ar sgála
Ais gaire agus caoine,
Agus sinn mar fillideán
I gcearair gan bhruigh ar bith,
Ag bualadh ar sgíthadh
Ar ár gollabhán iarainn.

Tá an bhearta so chromh doin,
Míon-shona, aiceadh,
Chomh druidte, faighthe, dáta,
Chomh buaidhearthaha, buighsheach,
Chomh aimheacht achs chromh ghearr,
Go mb' fearr a tréigint,
Acht, feuch an mis-aith,
Gan bás ní fúidir.

AN CHRAOIHBH AGAIBHIN.

In Sarsfield’s Castle.

The following incident is related by Charles H. Teeling in his “Narrative of the Irish Rebellion.” It occurred while Teeling was returning to Belfa to take part in the Northern Rising, and found hospitality on the Banks of the Boyne in the cabin of the lineal descendant and namesake of Patrick Sarsfield.

“I now recollected that about a mile to the north a lineal descendant of the illustrious Sarsfield occupied a small farm, and though he had sunk so much from the splendour he had not lost a particle of the pride of his ancestors. His cabin was in a bleak situation, on the great northern road, and the ungenerous soil around it, with the utmost dint of labour, could barely supply the necessaries of life. Sarsfield, however, was not in indigent circumstances when compared with many others. He had improved his situation by that species of industry to which some of the descendants of our ancient princes have been obliged to bend; in plain English, he entertained the traveller at the expense of his guest; he sold good liquor, and the house of honest Sarsfield had good call.

Leaving the Boyne, with all its disastrous recollections behind me, I passed over William’s ground of encampment, and soon reached the modern castle of Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan. I knocked, but not rudely; I respected the fallen glories of my country; for the heath-covered mountain is a domain, and the cottage a castle, where the hero dwells. I had not long to wait, mine host soon attended; and had I not already been prepossessed in his favour, his appearance must at once have commanded my respect.

He was a man of almost gigantic stature, but so perfectly formed, of such admirable symmetry in every limb, that it was only when the eye had taken the separate dimensions of each that you perceived his vast superiority over the ordinary race of men. Though he had never mixed beyond the peasant circle, there was a suavity in his manners, and a courtesy in his deportment, which would have led the observer at once to pronounce him a gentleman whom the blight of fortune had sunk below that rank in society which nature had designed him to fill. He took hold of my horse, while he invited me to occupy a seat, pointing at the same time to the old Irish fashioned straw-chair, which, from its cumbersome size, is considered a fixture, and generally placed in a comfortable nook convenient to the fire. “Pardon me,” said I, “I shall lead my horse to the stable;” and taking the bridle from his hand, “the descendant of Sarsfield shall never be my groom.” This expression, pronounced with some degree of feeling, won on the moment his confidence and heart. “Welcome,” said he, “to Sarsfield, and a thousand times welcome.”

We soon adjusted the little matter of etiquette; and having provided for my horse, I returned with my kind host, who was all anxiety to procure me the best entertainment his cottage could afford. “But in the name of St. Bridget!” he exclaimed, observing the exhalation from my clothes, “have you been swimming the Boyne?” “Even so, Sarsfield,” I replied, “and at the precise spot where your gallant ancestor would have changed generals to fight the battle over again.” The expression of delight which animated Sarsfield’s countenance I shall never forget. Springing from his seat, he grasped me by the arm: “Come,” said he, “come, and I will show you the ground where he stood, rallying his countrymen, and calling on his runaway king to stand like a man.” “Stop, my friend,” said I, “I have got quite enough of the Boyne for this night—would that all the enemies of our country were as deep in it as I have been.” “And may the devil take him,” said Sarsfield, “who would take them out, and now”—filling up a bumper—“we will drink to the memory of those who have fallen.” “May the heavens be their bed!” rejoined my host, and may an Irish heart never bleed for a faithless king.” I did justice to the rejoinder of my friend, and depositing a small piece of money on the table, I was about to depart, when he accosted me with a look, in which the feelings of pride, displeasure, and respect were blended. “Sarsfield’s cabin is too humble,” said he, “to entertain an Irish gentleman, but a true Irish heart would not refuse the only cheer it could offer; take this back, if Sarsfield’s friendship is worth your keeping.” The mind of my generous host was too penetrating not to have perceived, from the moment I entered, that I considered myself under the protection of a friend, and this protection I am satisfied he would have afforded me, even at the peril of his life. On parting, he cheered me with one of those old sayings which the native Irish have always at command, and peculiarly adapted to every situation in life. “Remember,” said he, and his countenance was still more expressive than his language, “remember, the darkest hour in the twenty-four is the hour before day.”

I hurried over the dreary country which extends for two miles from Sarsfield’s cabin, reflecting on the policy which constitutes the stranger a friend and the native a foe.—Curse on the barbarous line of distinction.”
Romances and Tragedies of Irish History.

I.—ISLANDMAGEE.
(1641).

I am Brian Boy Magee,
My father was Eoghan Ban!
I was wakened from happy dreams
By the shouts of my startled clan;
And I saw through the leaping glare
That marked where our homestead stood,
My mother swing by her hair—
And my brothers lie in their blood.

In the creepy cold of the night
The pitiless wolves came down,
Scotch troops from that Castle grim
Guarding Knockfergus Town;
And they hacked and lashed and hewed
With musket and rope and sword,
Till my murdered kin lay thick
In pools by the Slaughter Ford.

I fought by my father's side,
And when we were fighting sore
We saw a line of their steel
With our shrieking women before;
The red-coats drove them on
To the verge of the Gobbins gray,
Hurried them—God! the sight!
As the sea foamed up for its prey.

Oh, tall were the Gobbins cliffs,
And sharp were the rocks, my woe!
And tender the limbs that met
Such terrible death below;
Mother and babe and maid
They clutched at the empty air,
With eyeballs widened in fright,
That hour of despair.

(Sleep soft in your heaving bed,
O little fair love of my heart,
For the bitter oath I have sworn
Shall be of my life a part;
And for every piteous prayer
You prayed on your way to die,
May I hear an enemy plead
While I laugh and deny).

In the dawn that was gold and red,
Aye, red as the blood-choked stream,
I crept to the perilous brink—
Great Christ! was the night a dream?
In all the Island of gloom
I only had life that day—
Death covered the green hill-sides,
And tossed in the Bay.

I have vowed by the pride of my sires—
By my mother's wandering ghost—
By my kinsfolk's shattered bones
Hurled on the cruel coast;
I shall follow the murderous band
A sleuth-hound who knows no rest,
Till each black heart beneath my blow
Grows still in each breast.

I shall go to Sir Phelim O'Neill
With my sorrowful tale and crave
For a sword of the Spanish steel
In the ranks of his soldiers brave;
And God grant when the battle blares—
With my foe in my close embrace,
I shall feel my grip on his throat,
And his dying breath on my face.

I am Brian Boy Magee!
And my creed is a creed of hate;
Love, Peace, I have cast aside,
But Vengeance, Vengeance, I wait!
Till I pay back the four-fold debt
For the horrors I witnessed there,
When my brothers mown in their blood
And my mother swung by her hair.

E. Carbery.

The Gaels and the Centenary.

The success of the great demonstration on August 15th was unique and convincing. The Press of England and of Scotland, try as they would, were not able to belittle its imposing dimensions, much less dispise the significant lesson of the invincibility of Irish patriotic fervour which it conveyed. Not alone was it a remarkable gathering, inasmuch as it was brought together to initiate a monument to those whose enmity to the government of Ireland by England knew no compromise; but it was further distinguished from all preceding demonstrations by the fact that earnestness marked every feature,
sincerity every participant, and reverence to the dead and adherence to their principles seemed the prevailing merit of the occasion. It is not my present intention to deal with the contingents or sections which made up the vast procession and dwelt the monster meeting at the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone. The largeness of the array and the number of people present can better be imagined than described.

But amongst innumerable bodies from all parts of Ireland — stalwart sons of Munster, earnest enthusiasts from Ulster, hard-toiling sons of Connaught, and the endless ranks of the men of Leinster, with the Dublin trades in all the panoply besetting a national festival — I missed one body from the ranks, and deplored the absence of these men more than any others. I refer to the members of the Gaelic Athletic Association. Their absence from the proceedings is inexplicable and hardly creditable, and the very presence of the representatives of the Kilkenny Gaels marching in their Gaelic array made the regret more poignant and the discredit of the rest more marked.

Of all the bodies taking part in the parade none impressed the stranger and the enemy so strongly as that body of Gaels. "Stalwart," "fine men," "marching splendidly," are some of the praises bestowed on them and their appearance; not by sympathetic journals mark (which completely ignored them), but by opponents who could scoff at everything else that day but the impressive physique of those marching men. The significance of the gathering, its lesson of unceasing resistance to English domination here until English domination ends, would have sunk deeper into the hearts of the English people and the English Press were a hundred of these clubs present in all the glory of their unequalled manhood. I am not alone in deploving the absence of the Gaels, for in the "Wexford People" of 20th ult. there appeared a paragraph regretting that the Wexford Gaels did not take part. The writer says that there are three thousand Gaels in the county, and that they should have marched as they marched at Vinegar Hill in May last headed by the banner of the Shelmaliers. What a sight to see these men marching behind that banner, the very appearance of which would have evoked proud and glorious memories. What would not England give to make friends of such men and to draft them into the ranks of her army? At Carlow, Cork, Enniscorthy, New Ross, and Wexford, the Gaels took their proper place in the local celebrations. Yet their absence in Dublin was emphasised by the presence in uniform of the Kilkenny Gaels. This was not worthy of them, their organisation or their aims. I have heard objections raised to their taking part in such an assembly on the score of its political character. The demonstration on 15th August was not a political demonstration no more than it was a religious demonstration. The politics the Gaels should avoid are the factious squabbles of the present day. Their participating in a national demonstration of veneration to the heroes of their land is no political partisanship. Surely a German would not be deemed a party factionist if he celebrated the annexation, resulting from victorious arms, of the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine by the Fatherland, or a Frenchman if he signalled the re-conquest of these provinces? It is merely a spirit of sycophancy that finds such objections, and if we are to consult the sensitive soul of sister England in such matters Wolfe Tone will be long unhonoured and Emmet's tomb for ever uninscribed.

But it is not merely to wall and lament that I draw attention to the utterly inadequate part taken by the Gaels, as Gaels, in the century. It is with a hope that they will do their part in raising funds for the monument, and, when the unveiling comes around, will be present to a man to show to the world at large that, despite famine and emigration, oppression and coercion, the manhood of Ireland is as brave, has hearts as warm as ever for the cause, arms as strong, minds as firm, as the Pikemen of '98 or the gallant Shelmaliers. It behoves them to be up and doing lest their attitude be misconstrued and their patriotism underrated, and surely they could desire no greater glory and no grander opportunity of labouring in an Irish cause than in honouring the men whose names the majority of their clubs are proud to bear.

The best ideal of an Irish nation, if Davis be accepted as a guide, is a nobler conception than a mere material empire and political freedom. All this we might have and still be undistinguishable from our present masters. But let us strive for the realisation of his dream — a free Ireland inhabited by a free people, inspired by the ancient glory of their race, clinging to the old characteristic games, and cherishing all that distinguished us in the past and is necessary to our separate national existence in the future. Therefore the Gael as the heir of the cause and the legatee of the men of '98 should be alive to their duty and the effects of its neglect, for on them devolves the task of winning the nation's independence, or preserving unsullied the national cause. Their duty is light and easily done compared with that of their sires a hundred years ago, when the curnain often gave place to the pike, and the old fire that was kindled in many a baronial hurling, bowling, football, or weight-putting contest found a congenial sphere for its exercise on the blood-red fields of '98.

**Celt.**

**Souvenir of John Mitchel.**—An attractive and interesting pictorial memorial of the famous patriot, John Mitchel, has been issued by the proprietors of that well-known Newry publication, "The Open Window." The picture gives an excellent likeness of Mitchel, with sketches of the house in which he died and also his monument at Newry. The souvenir can be obtained at the offices of "The Open Window" for the modest sum of fourpence, or sixpence by post.
In the Byways of Ballindreen.

II.—A HOMELY TRAGEDY.

Hugh Adair, or "Master Hugh," as he was invariably called by the villagers, rode meditatively along the Lower Ballindreen Road. He was the son of the rector, and the idol of all the inhabitants from the squire down to Pat the road-mender. His horse, a restive, high-spirited animal, champ'd the bit and shook its head impatiently ever and anon; for young Hugh was keeping a tight hand on the rein and restraining it from breaking into its accustomed rapid trot. He was full of thought, and the quiet motion was more to his mind just then. So absorbed was he that he did not observe old Mrs. Dwyer coming along the white road, with her head bent and covered with a tattered shawl, and her hands firmly clasped together on her breast.

Mrs. Dwyer wore an expression of great disquiet and anxiety. Her poor old eyes were weak and red, and strongly suggested long watching and recent weeping. Her face was sallow and drawn, the lines deepening into black furrows on her cheek; and there were dark places under her eyes. She raised her face suddenly, when she was in dangerous proximity to the horse's feet, and it looked so utterly woebegone, that Hugh started and pulled the rein sharply, a proceeding which his steed resented by laying back its ears and prancing viciously.

"Why, Missis," said he familiarly, "what has gone wrong to-day?"

"Oh! Master Hugh. May the Lord be good to ye. It was myself I was hopin' of all people in the world to see this day. You're young, sir, an you little know what it is to be o'ld and forsaken; but you're give out as bein' good-hearted, and mebbe you wouldn't wish to standly and see a poor o'ld cratur' goin' into her grave wi' the heartbreak."

"Why, why," said Hugh, "what has happened? What can I do for you Mrs. Dwyer?"

"They have taken her away, sir. My only wan!—my Shusie—my little girl, sir—they took—" and at this point Mrs. Dwyer broke down and buried her face in the corner of her shawl.

"Your little girl?" queried Hugh, not at once understanding her distress.

"Ay, sir—Shusie. You know Shusie. You know she was never very strong, sir; she was a hard child to rear—but there never was any harm in her—she was quare in ways, weak in the intellects, some people thought; but I'll uphold she was as wise as the best av us in most things."

"And who took her away?" asked Hugh, as he brought the child, whom he had often noticed in the old woman's cottage, to his recollection.

"Them that ought to have kept her safe at home and worked for her and supported her—my own nephew, Andy M'Clatchy. May he be repaid for it as he deserves!" Mrs. Dwyer's eyes shot a fierce glance. "The God av the fatherless and the widows repay him for the sorrow he has brought upon me this day. As he had no pity on me, so may the Hivens be wi'out pity on him when sorrow and loneliness comes to make his house as mine is, dark and still as the grave!"

She spoke with a wild vehemence, and raised a quivering, withered hand in the air.

"You must tell me more about it," said Hugh soothingly, "I'll help you if I can."

"The blessin' av God be about ye, sir; you were always good to us poor folk. Well, you mind me daughter Lizzie—she that was carried to her grave two years come Christmas next—my only daughter, sir, and a sore heart-break it was, for she was good and kind to me. Well, well, she's at rest, sir, and she left one child behind her—that was Shusie, the wan comfort of me lonesome life. Her father was dead, and I took her to nurse and rear. And now they have taken her from me. Yet it mightn't ha' bin for long I'd a needed her by me, for I'm o'ld and wore-out, and I'll be creepin' to me rest soon, I'm thinkin'. Oh, sir, an ye could bring her back to me ye would make my remainin' days happy, and thin I would die content! I'm wearyin' sore after her, and she was aye fond o' me—she'll fret away from me."

"But," said Hugh, hesitating from reluctance to wound the already heavily-oppressed heart, "was she not very strange at times—odd and unmanageable, ye know; I heard—at least I supposed—"

"There it is now!" cried Mrs. Dwyer, lifting her voice to a wailing key. "That's the way stories go about her. They made her out far worse than she was. They know nothin' about it, not one av them. There's not a word av truth in what they say. She was always quite and gentle with me, barrin' an odd time when she'd pull the shawl off me or bat the cap off me head. But then I understood her ways, and know how to work wi' her in her turns—and it all depended on how ye took her. Why, I've known her come and put her arms round my neck like the weesiest wean—she was like a lamb, an' that aisy pleased. I'm tellin' ye, sir, there isn't as good a child in Ballindreen this day as she was; for if she hadn't been," continued the old woman with an ingenious turn of argument, "if she hadn't been, would I be frettin' my heart out after her now?"

Hugh had heard of this unfortunate child, who was, indeed, little better than an imbecile, and remembered her poor vacant face upon which Nature had set a cruel stamp of want and deficiency; and he had been told that on one or two occasions she had become so violent as to threaten
serious injury to her grandam; but he could not resist the piteous eloquence of the lonely old woman who, indeed, seemed to be grieving herself to death at her loss. He asked kindly,

"What asylum did they take her to?"

"To Tullyvracken, over beyant," replied Mrs. Dwyer; and then she ran forward and clasped Hugh's foot in her eagerness. "Oh, Master Hugh, darlin', d'ye think ye can get her out?"

"I don't know, mother," said Hugh, "but I'll try. I will do all I can. That I promise you."

Mrs. Dwyer wiped her eyes again with her shabby shawl. "If you'd give me a line I'd walk wi' it myself; maybe your handwritin' would be enough to get her out."

"I'll write," said Hugh; "or no—I'll get my father to write—yes, that will be better."

He turned his horse's head. "I'll get my father to write to-day—see if I don't. We'll get her back, mother, if it can be done."

He let the reins loose now, and the horse, who had been a party to the interview with utmost impatience, and only because a strong hand compelled him to stay, started off at a furious pace, which soon left the old woman far behind, and in a very short time brought himself and his rider to the hall-door of the rectory.

"Bless me!" said the rector, looking up from the paper he was reading, as Hugh clattered up to the door. "Bless me, that boy will never learn to have any caution. He rides up the drive as though he were in a hunting field."

His son whistled loudly for the stableboy, who came running at the familiar call, and took charge of the horse, while Hugh burst into the house and the study like a tempest.

"Father," he began, without any preamble, "I want you to write a letter to the doctor in charge of Tullyvracken Asylum to say that Mrs. Dwyer's grand-daughter is not insane at all, and must be released."

"My dear boy!" said the rector in complete astonishment, "you do behave in the most extraordinary fashion. What do I know about Mrs. Dwyer's grand-daughter?"

"Well, father, I'll tell you. Now listen, and I'll make it as short as possible."

He forthwith gave a rapid and succinct account of the occurrence of the morning, and of the old woman's story.

"But how do you know whether the girl is insane or not?" asked the rector, with considerable show of reason.

"I presume she must have been unfit to be abroad or they would never shut her up there."

"I don't believe she's the least dangerous," said Hugh. "You know sometimes they shut people up just to be free of the trouble of supporting them. I believe it was that way in this case."

"Pshaw!" said the rector, "belief is not proof, my boy. The doctor would know, if no one else did."

"Yes, but sometimes even doctors are deceived. She's a little odd, certainly, but nothing of a serious nature is wrong, I am sure."

"You know patients are examined—"

"Yes, I know," interrupted Hugh hastily; "but I can get the testimony of the neighbours to prove that she was quiet and well-behaved. And now, dad, I want you to write the letter for me as a favour. Come; it will be a charitable act, and really no harm can come of it."

The rector smiled slightly, but looked rather puzzled and uncertain. Hugh brought the ink-bottle and laid it before him; selected a clean sheet of paper and placed it in position on his desk; took a good pen and carefully rubbed it on his sleeve to remove hairs or dust, and put it between his father's fingers.

A helpless look appeared on Mr. Adair's features. Hugh had always been a somewhat spoiled boy; his father had never found it easy to refuse him anything; he was the only child, and Mr. Adair had been a widower for over twelve years. He hesitated, dipped the pen in the ink, and then poised it in the air.

"I am somewhat uncertain as to the wisdom of this step, Hugh. We are not pausing, perhaps, sufficiently long to consider it."

"Never fear, father," said Hugh reassuringly, "it will be all right, you'll see."

The pen was still hovering.

"We are undertaking a somewhat grave responsibility. I trust no harm will accrue."

"None," said Hugh, "none. There is no danger."

Mr. Adair glanced through his spectacles.

"For sake of the old woman, and on your assurance, I will accept the risks," he said with much solemnity. "Besides—and this thought seemed to bring considerable comfort—"besides, if she be really dangerous, they won't let her out, no matter what I can say."

He commenced to write, and in a minute or two handed the note to Hugh, and watched his face as he read it.

"This will do nicely," said Hugh, as he folded up the letter with a satisfied air. "If further influence is required I must try and get it. I'm awfully obliged, father; and you needn't be afraid that any harm will come of it."

The note was posted with impetuous despatch, and Hugh felt contented that so much had been done.

In due time a reply came. It was of an expostulatory character. The doctor managing Tullyvracken Asylum was of opinion that, whilst not actually dangerous, the person to whom Mr. Adair referred ought to remain under medical treatment. He pointed out that the patient would be better housed and better cared for where she was than she would be at home.

This letter only whetted Hugh's ardour. He interested
other people in the matter, who wrote asking that the child might be set at liberty. In the end their applications prevailed. Susie Dwyer came home one day to her grandmother, and was received with a transport of delight such as well-bred people who have their feelings thoroughly under control can form little conception of.

Mrs. Dwyer trudged all the way to the rectory for the sole purpose of pouring out a torrent of blessing wide and deep enough, one would have thought, to carry Master Hugh and his father upon its bosom into the brightest corner of Paradise.

"The heart an' the life's in me," she said, "since me own purty child is brought back to me. The jools in the young Master's crown will shine bright for it afore his Maker in heaven. An' the ould Master will be shinin' in a surplice as white as his own soul! I get up o' these mornin's as lightsome as a magpie; for every time I look in Shusie's face, isn't it me own daughter I see—she that wilted away from me like a white lily bladded down by the wind, and I mind the uncomplainin', gentle look she gave me just afore she left me for ever. 'Mother,' says she, 'look after Shusie and be good till her for my sake. She's all I have to leave ye.' An' I nour Shusie tenderly since she was born—though some said it wasn't worth while, for the little cratur'd only die on me—but, plaise God, I'll have her now till the end."

Three months later Susie Dwyer fell sick, and, after two short weeks of piteous watching and praying by her grandmother, who hung round her bed night and day with a look on her withered features impossible to describe, she sank and died.

When Mrs. Dwyer was seen after that she was bent two double, and seemed neither to see or know anyone.

Winter came with dreariness and rain, and the wind howled around the little cottage in the lane where old Molly Dwyer lay still and half unconscious.

The doctor had been in and had pronounced her case hopeless. When aroused from her lethargy the old woman would say in a musing tone, as if talking to herself: "The morra—ay, the morra—Shusie'll come."

When the wan and feeble morning light broke through the tiny window-panes a gleam of intelligence came into her eyes and she turned in the bed so as to face the door. "It's a long road; but Shusie'll come—yes, I'm sartin Shusie'll come."

When spoken to she would say querulously, "Whist, then! I'm waitin' to hear her step on the road, and how can I, wi' all this gosterin'?"

An hour later a sudden light came into her eyes, and she half raised herself in the bed.

"Listen. That's her foot on the road. Let me get to the door."

Then with a wild joy: "It's her! It's Shusie. It's my own heart's pulse. Oh, Shusie, Shusie, it was a sore waitin', but you've come back at last, and I knew you'd come—I knew you'd come."

She sank back with a raptureous look on her old face, and in that wild moment of gladness she died, and the cold hand of Death as it fell upon her could not quite smooth away that wonderful triumphant look.

Thomas E. Mayne.

Out of the Mountain Mists.

IV.—THE TAKING OF NELIS MAC NELIS.

NELIS MAC NELIS was a labouring boy of Muirlinn.

In the next townland to him lived a handsome, delicate, blue-eyed girl named Una M'Shane. For several years he courted Una. Coming from the chapel, coming from the fair and coming from the dance, it was always Nels who accompanied Una. For they were very fond of each other, and very constant. When Nels thought he was able to support her in comfort, he proposed marriage to Una, and was accepted. It was on Lady Day in August that Nels asked her; and they settled Hollow Day for their wedding. But late in September Una M'Shane fell sick, and the illness was a lingering one. The marriage day had to be put off. She dwindled and dwindled, till at length, when the glad earth began to scatter flowers before the feet of spring, Una died, and her wasted form was carried out and slipped under the green sod; and the grief of Nels Mac Nels was heavy and sore.

But two years after, though Nels had not forgotten Una, nor lost his sorrow for her, he was loved by the daughter of a well-to-do farmer to whom he wrought, and in return grew to love her. Her name was Maggie Mac Gillicarre. She was a robust big girl, lively, and handsome. Her father did not like that his daughter should court a poor labouring boy who owned neither land nor strand. So, at the end of Nels Mac Nels's term of service he let him go away, and engaged another boy in his stead. But he and Maggie Mac Gillicarre still continued to court. He met her on Sunday evenings on the Muirlinn banks; and met her, too, at dances. Old Neil Mac Gillicarre found this out, and he paid his daughter's passage and sent her away to America. This did not sunder the affection of the lovers, however, for they wrote each other letters. And at length it was agreed that Nels should go to America also, and find employment there, and marry her.

So Nels Mac Nels paid his passage, and was to sail from Derry in the first week of October. On Hallow Day he travelled over the mountains into the village, seven miles, to buy a number of little things he wanted for his journey. He quitted the village for home about nine o'clock at night. Seumas Cannon, of Strathbuie, and Michael Logue, of Muirlinn, and other young fellows were with him. They had a bright, full moon to show them over the moors. They got along fast, and were chatting upon Nels's prospects and many things. When they had made more than half the way, and were coming down Tullinvreac they were startled by a rushing noise right behind them, and had just time to step aside, when a great black bull went galloping past quite close; and, as it rushed by, Nels Mac Nels, who was nearest to it, raised a stick he carried in his hand and made a
Irish Influence in the American Colonies.

(By Edw. T. McCrystal, President Gaelic Society, New York.)

(Continued from our August Number.)

As another instance of the strength of this intercourse between Ireland and the colonies, it is said that the sale and conversion into cash of their belongings by farmers and factory workers who emigrated to America during the years just mentioned reduced the quantity of gold and silver in circulation in Ireland by one-half. All the above statements go to show very clearly that the character of the emigration was not that of any particular religious sect as claimed by so many partisan or uninformed writers. On the contrary, it was made up of the brown of the entire country, Protestant, Catholic and Dissenter, as well as Presbyterian, and if greater numbers appear to have left the north of Ireland, it was only because many from other ports availed themselves of the greater facilities afforded at the northern ports of departure. That this is true is still further borne out by the study of the muster rolls of the troops raised in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Carolina, and New Hampshire. In a work just published by the State of New York and compiled by the State Comptroller, James A. Roberts, being the muster rolls of New York's quota to the Continental Army, not less than fifty per cent. of the names that appear are of Irish origin, Murphy, O'Callahan, and Kelly, being as plentiful as Johnson, Jones or Brown. But it was not until the breaking out of and during the War for Independence that the Irish influence made itself most felt. In Boston, and neighboring towns, though purchased by the British as well as the Confederacy, they were very numerous and exercised considerable power. Indeed, it was believed by no less a person than John Adams, that the troubles and massacre in Boston in 1770 were caused by them, when in his speech defending Captain Preston and the soldiers, he said the mob that was fired on was composed of "Irish Teagues," and this would appear to be true in part, at least, judging from the name of one of the victims—Patrick Carr. A "Teague" by the way was the contemptuous term applied to an Irish Catholic before the word "Papist" superseded it. At the battle of "Bunker Hill" one of Stark's New Hampshire companies had on its roll seventy-one such names as the following:—Col. Daniel Moore, Capt. M'Laughlin, John Patton, Hugh Horton, John Callahan, Patrick O'Flah, Valentine Sullivan, John Gough, John O'Neill, Daniel Larkin, W. Gilmore, Patrick O'Murphy—very "Scotch-Irish," are they not? But within the limits of a paper such as this it would be impossible to do more than touch lightly on what was done by the Irish for America. Of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, five were born in Ireland and eight others were of Irish parentage; while the Presidents were Roman Catholics. So long as they live the memory of Carroll, M'Kean, Lynch, Rutledge, Lyon, Thornt, Whipple, and Thomson will be honored with the other patriotic men who staked their all by signing that immortal document which proclaimed a new Christianity Dispensation to the down-strodden and persecuted the wide world over.

In every sphere of activity, in every field of effort, Irishmen and their offspring took their place side by side with their fellows of other blood in the contest for preference and supremacy, and though labouring under many disadvantages and disabilities they were not the easier hand. It is not my purpose in this paper to go into the numbers or conduct of the Irish-American soldier in the War of Independence. That is a subject so vast and of such importance that it should be treated apart from other issues. Yet when considering the influence of Irish blood in the Colonies we may be pardoned if we glance forward with a feeling of pride to the beginning of a new era and see in a blaze of glory the busy craftsmen, Sullivan, Clinton, Lyon, Tullinvreac, Foylan, Smyth, Stewart, Thomson, Hand, Reed, Morgan, and many more generals of Irish lineage engaged in rearing aloft a new "Temple of Liberty." Nor can we forget the gallant Count Roche, of Fermoy, who stood in the front of the French line, as a palm from the French service and fastened with his sword to her aid. Nor should it be forgotten that of the 2,300 men who under the "Fleur de Lis" with De Grasse, 1,200 were of Dillon's Regiment of the Irish Army; who insisted the right to first lift the hirings of Britain, and how well they proved the sterling quality of which they were made, their numerous and silent graves beneath the ramparts of Savannah best attest. Nor should we forget the daring and intrepid conduct of Major Lynch during that siege, he who afterwards manifested his love of his country by giving up his life for it on that awful day on the field of Valmy, while Lieut.-General commanding the infantry of the French Republic. Among the writers, essayists and pamphleteers of the day not the most powerful were of Irish birth. Aedanus Burke, of Ireland; also Thomas Burke; Matthew Lyon, of Wicklow, and many more, members of Congress and Governors of States.

In the walks of Trade and Commerce they also exerted the same power: Influence; Blair, M'Clenahan, Dominick Lynch, Thomas Fitzsimmons, James M. Nesbitt, John Mease, Geo. Meade, his brother, Hugh Shiel, Capt. Constable and Lieut. Arnold, founders of the great New York mercantile house of Arnold, Constable & Co., these are but a few men of Irish birth, the merchant princes of those days.

From what has been said it may safely be assumed that the Irish influence was very great. Close upon half the population at the breaking out of the Revolution must have been Irish, Irish-born, descended or intermarried. To every one who they taken up their residence in any numbers, there English movement met with a most determined unconquerable resistance.

It has been shown that the immigration from Ireland was not from any one section nor composed of any one class or creed, but was composed of those people of Ireland who as a result of political and industrial conditions sought to improve their fortune. It has been shown how the unfortunate who were sold as slaves in New England and Virginia to fill the pockets of the greedy English mainlanders of Bristol, though losing all their natual privileges, still retained and transmitted to their children an unyielding hatred of English domination as well as the poor "Reemigration" who purchased his passage to the New Country by the sweat of his brow, were Irish only, and no effort on the part of a narrow, illiberal, Orange faction could be permitted to qualify the same or cast a doubt upon it.

The field over which we have travelled is one that has been very little studied, else, it would be impossible for the "Scotch-Irish" to spin another day. The traditionary societies have done some little work to counteract its influence and it is most gratifying to them, I know, to learn that a new active factor has appeared which will devote its entire efforts to the ploughing and harrowing of this particular field. The American Irish Historical Society. It is hoped that by a combination of effort on the part of this and the Gaelic Societies throughout the United States much may be done to check and destroy the pernicious influence of Scotch-Irish and Anglo-Saxonism, and, at the same time dispel the doubts as to Irish Influence in Colonial Times.
Sons of Ireland.

Sons of Ireland, wake, awake,
The shades of Tone and Emmet call!
Doth not their spirit thrill through all,
Like them to fight, like them to fall,
For Ireland’s sake, for Ireland’s sake.

With glorious hopes of liberty
Once more the Irish flag shall wave,
And scaffold, prison, martyr’s grave,
Where fought the bold, where fell the brave,
Shall fere inspire your chivalry.

And who from battle’s front shall flee?
Who so base as cry content,
While his country’s heart is rent,
Ere yet th’ avenging arm has spent,
Its force to make old Ireland free?

From North to South, from East to West,
The hot words fly like living flame,
That Ireland’s liberty proclaim,
And Ireland’s strength and Ireland’s fame
Blaze forth around her battle crest!

Then strike for death or victory,
And burst apart the galling chain,
And sweep the tyrants from the plain,
Wipe out in blood the cursed stain
Of those who robbed your liberty!

A. L.

Egyptian. We would have a man who could understand our case—Ollamh Fodhla (Ullav Fohla) to wit.

Our spirit-summoner was taken aback.

“Well,” he said deprecatedly, “you see, I was only able to spend a short time in Germany on my last holidays, and wasn’t able to make myself up much in old Irish. But,” he added brightly, “there is a young Teuton friend of mine who is making wonderful progress in that particular line of study, and between us we ought to be able to get at the old boy’s ideas after all.”

We consulted our chronometer. “Could you kindly name a time when your Teuton friend could be had?”

“No trouble about that,” answered the spiritualist, going across to a telephone.

“Hallo!”

“Hallo!”

“Number 000001. Spirit-Summoner Schumann of Cork, wants to talk to Ernest Schultz, Number 41, Royal Academy, Dublin.”

“All right.”

“Pirr-r-r-r-r.” Confused sound of voices. “Yes—’Tis—No—I have—Hallo—Number—.” Finally a deep, rich voice:

“Well; what’s wanted?”

A long gabble ensued, at the end of which the Professor informed us that he was ready to go on.

We expected a dark seance, a mysterious process of some kind as a preliminary to establishing communications between us and the spirit world. The Professor merely drew out a folding screen that just reached above his head, and enclosed himself in the space so roomed off. The telephone was at his hand, and he looked out upon us through a ticket-office kind of opening in front of the little enclosure.

We got out our note-book. “There is a little matter in connection with the distinguished gentleman and scholar whom we have presumed to interview that he may perhaps be kind enough to enlighten us upon by way of a preliminary to our business proper,” we said, looking up from the notebook. Perceiving our Professor all attention, we continued, “Please inquire where was our ancient, honourable, and illustrious fellow-countryman buried.”

We peered inquiringly at the ticket-office arrangement, but were shut off from sight of all within by a blind which the Professor pulled across the opening. We strained our ears for any sound that might indicate the progress of a dialogue between this all but twentieth century A.D. Professor and the great Ollamh of 3000 B.C. We heard none. What then! Had we to do with a telepathist as well as a spirit-summoner? It seemed so. But his telepathic powers were apparently exercisable only on spirit beings, or else that deep-voiced German at the Academy would not condescend to commune in secret. But, hallo! there was a colloquy commencing. Hark! there went the Teuton certainly. Wonder if it’s all humbug. Well, supposing it is? Gracious powers? isn’t all this world a fleeting show any way you take it? What’s half the world?—. Halt!
They are recommended by the Faculty, the Medical Journals, and the most eminent Analytical Chemists of the day.
Dear Sirs,

Enclosed I send you a copy of the Text of the Award granted to you at Chicago, which I have lately received from the Chairman of the Committee on Awards. These are being issued gradually, a few at a time, and I can only send them on as they come into my hands.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

HENRY TRUeman Wood,

To Messrs. W. A. Ross & Sons, Ltd.

Secretary.

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GREAT BRITAIN.

Department A.—Agriculture.

Exhibitor—W. A. Ross & Sons.

Address—Belfast, Ireland.

Group 10, Class 65.  Group 11, Class 89.

Exhibit—Ginger Ale, Royal Soda Water, Lime Juice Cordial, and Royal Raspberry Vinegar.

AWARD.

GINGER ALE.—Bright and clear; of fine flavor, retaining its gas well after pouring.

ROYAL SODA WATER.—Transparent, well bottled, pleasant in taste and well charged with gas.

LIME JUICE CORDIAL.—Absolutely pure and free from deleterious matter, and of agreeable taste and preparation.

ROYAL RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—Of fine color and flavor, a preparation of fruit without addition of any unwholesome materials.

(Signed),  A. A. BRENEMAN.

Individual Judge.

Approved: A. A. BRENEMAN,

President Departmental Committee.

Date: March 25th, 1894.
48, AMERSHAM ROAD, NEW CROSS,
LONDON, S.E., July 13th, 1892.

"I have analysed several samples of the Mineral Waters—Soda, Lemonade, and Ginger Ale—manufactured by Messrs. W. A. ROSS & SONS, LIMITED, BELFAST, IRELAND, purchased by my messenger at different London Agencies. I find them to be of exceptional purity and excellence; they are free from objectionable matter of any kind, and really reliable, wholesome beverages, such as I can honestly recommend. The GINGER ALE has distinct stomachic virtues."

Specially retained by the National Food Reform Society.

ANALYTICAL LABORATORY, 21, GREAT INVER STREET,
LONDON, E.C., 14th June, 1887.

"I hereby certify that I have conducted a very careful chemical analysis of 'ROSS'S ROYAL BELFAST GINGER ALE,' and from the results obtained I am able to speak with confidence as to its great purity of composition and high-class character. It is a NON-ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGE, having a choice flavor and bouquet, the result of a judicious blending of delicately-flavored principles, and I can commend it to the notice of the Public as a Beverage well suited for ordinary and regular use. "The samples analysed were obtained by me from stores here, the purpose for which they were required being unknown to anyone save myself."

FRANCIS H. SHARPE T.C.S.
Analyst.

CHEMICO-AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ULSTER,
BELFAST, Nov. 17th, 1879.

"I have made a series of careful examinations of the Aerated Waters manufactured by Messrs. ROSS, BELFAST, and find them skillfully prepared and of superior purity. They can be recommended both for Family and Medical use, as free from metallic or organic impurities."

JOHN H. MACY
M.D. T.C.S. F.I.C.
Public Analyst for the Borough of Belfast, and the Counties of Antrim, Tyrone, and Donegal.
Section View of the SPRING WELL
under the Aerated Water Factory of
W. A. ROSS & SONS, Limited,
BELFAST.

It will be observed that the water-light CYLINDERS and Pipes are continuous from two feet above the ground to the very bed of the Spring, 225 feet beneath, thus preventing the possibility of any damage or contamination during the manufacture of ROSS'S AERATED WATERS.

In addition to absolutely pure water at the basis, the choicest chemicals and ingredients only are used in the manufacture of ROSS'S AERATED WATERS.

225 ft.—Exact depth to the Spring.

M'Caw, Stevenson & Orr, Ltd., Printers, Belfast.—5916.
The blind is pulled back. A hot and flushed face appears in the opening.

"I do wish," came in steeled tones denoting an effort at suppressing wrath, "that consultees would arrange their queries so as not to hurt any sore point of those whose shades they consult. Your friend the Ollamh I found to be a most courteous individual till I broached your unhappy 'preliminary' question, and then I felt glad to be at this side of life and out of reach of his tamhlorh. In effect he told me that his once revered ashes were now mauled and tossed about by prying archaeologists that to locate his grave would take an ordnance survey corps the space of their natural lives."

"Tut, tut!" We were extremely sorry to have begun so badly. As a fact we had hoped to touch old Ollamh's pride and make him more willing to open his mind to us, thinking of the royal cemetery at Taillten, where his tomb has been discovered, if maps and marks of identity avail to the proof thereof. Finding, however, that our good intentions had carried us on the wrong road, we begged to have the great Ollamh's idea of the best system of education, averring at the same time our desire not to trespass on any royal road to learning, but desiring to know the best allround highway for people at all stages of life's career.

Our Professor wasted no time in withdrawing himself from our gaze, and we waited with what patience we could summon to our aid for the momentous pronouncement we confidently expected from such a source.

During the interval of waiting we exercised ourselves in conjuring up a possible forecast of his opinions, and in trying to do so became absorbed in our thoughts, so much so that we were dimly conscious of a flurried face appearing at the opening of the screen, and of gestures made to attract our attention, for a considerable time before we awakened to the fact that our friend, the Professor, was eagerly shouting at us. Then with a sudden lift out of the regions of thought, we brought our faculties to bear on the business of our visit.

"See here: just stop, will you!" roared the Professor.

"Stop," we repeated. "Why it seems to be all stop and no go on. What is the matter now?"

"I was engaged in a quite friendly chat," said the Professor more coolly now that he had succeeded in gaining our attention, "and I was getting on splendidly, when I perceived that something else was intruding itself on the Ollamh's mind, and that his attention was distracted by someone else. In fact he soon gave me to understand that someone was trying to commune with him other than myself, and that, too, upon the same subject. I at once suspected that you must be the individual; and as a fact I found you actually engaged in the work when I called you."

"Then you mean to say," said we in high indignation, "that your work is no more than an act of reflection?"

"Now, just take it easy," said our friend, the Professor. "A thunderstorm destroys a chicken in the egg, but it never yet hatched one."

"Well, if that's the case," said we, rising, "this present thunderstorm won't be over for some time, as our anxiety compels us to think of the subject on which we have consulted you, and as that seems to hinder the progress of your mental operations," we were getting slightly sarcastic, "possibly the best thing to do is to adjourn."

"If you would kindly note down the kind of questions you wish to ask," said the spirit-summoner, in no way put out by our brusqueness, "I can arrange to obtain answers to them, say by this time to-morrow, by utilising the time when you will probably be asleep."

There was nothing for it but to agree. We handed in a list of questions, telling him to make a selection of the most fitting, and in a few days received through the post the following document, accompanied by a bill (unreceipted) for £10 10s. 3d., with an explanation that the £10 was his own fee, the 10s. the interpreter's, and the 3d. was for postage, including present letter, a stamp for receipt, and one for return of stamped bill.

On investigation of the accompanying document, it will be seen that we are charged a guinea an answer to each of our queries (fortunately limited to ten), and with all due desire to advance the education of our fellow-mortals we draw the line at that. The public are welcome to make what use they please of the information so obtained at so dear a rate, but if it wishes to advance itself further we would respectfully submit that it ought to put its own broad shoulder to the wheel and do the best it can. Our resources are too limited to do more.

Memorandum of Questions put by Professor Schumann, Spiritualist, 3,333, Patrick Street, Cork, to the great and illustrious Ollamh Fodhla, with answers thereto obtained by the agency of said Professor, at the request of Core MacClairraidhe, of same city, 27/7/98.

N.B.—The assistance of Professor Ernest Schultz, at present studying in the Royal Academy, Dublin, is gratefully acknowledged by Prof. Schumann. The skilled interpretations made by him of the ancient and difficult idiom used by the great Ollamh have been of invaluable service in determining the best form of the questions and in accurately recording and translating the answers.

Question 1.—What is the best method of teaching the Irish language?

Answer.—Sorry you did not ask me what is the best method of learning it. We teachers were a close corporation, and always objected to making our secrets public. I may, however, state that we made considerable use of a plant grown at a place called Silealaidhe, which we used in a manner that will at once suggest itself to any practical teacher, if such there be in your day, and if the plant which we used is still to be found.

Question 2.—In accordance with your own suggestion, and as helping to throw light on the subject of this inquiry, would you kindly state your views as to the best method of learning the Irish language?

Answer.—An earnest soul that is known here as Padraic
Naomh, once favoured me with his own experiences. He was a foreigner in Ireland, but spent a great portion of his youth among the Irish people, and said he had no difficulty in learning the language, because it grew on him from the moment he made up his mind to adopt it, from which I infer that a resolution to master it is the first requirement.

Question 3.—What was the usual experience of foreigners who came to Ireland during your time of the difficulties of learning Irish?

Answer.—They were usually invited to all our entertainments and treated kindly and considerately wherever they went and consequently fell into the people's ways naturally and quickly, so that they had little difficulty in adopting the people's speech.

Question 4.—Did you ever think that a time might come when the Gaelic people would no longer have power in their own land, when a foreign speech would be forced upon them, and when it would become a problem of moment to devise a means of fostering the Gaelic tongue, not only among those who should succeed in retaining it, but among those who should have become deaf to it by the prevalence of the foreign language?

Answer.—We always looked forward to the continued growth of the Gaelic speech, but as to the stability of the power of the Gaelic race in Ireland, we felt that the chances of war held any possibility within its grasp.

Question 5.—What course would you have the Irish people pursue with regard to their language and literature, its teaching and propagation, should the chances of war place a foreign enemy in possession of their country?

Answer.—Their mouths are their own, so are their eyes, their hands, and their ears. Their enemies cannot ever place a sentinel over every man, woman, and child in the country.

Question 6.—Suppose the necessities of existence compelled them to use the foreigners' language, and that in consequence their own was considered a stumbling-block by the many, how would you have the few act who wished to lead the nation to use the two languages side by side?

Answer.—I would have them go ahead and do it.

Question 7.—But in what precise manner?

Answer.—If the few are resolute I would advise that they practise what they preach. It takes some time to make even a body agreed upon a purpose, fully fitted to carry it out. But not till they are fully fitted for the work need they expect to impress or affect those who are outside of their circle.

Question 8.—We have arrived at the vital point of this inquiry: How best fit out with the two languages those who are taking part in the work of spreading the cultivation of both, but who have been educated only in one?

Answer.—That is a problem that we never had to solve in our day. I should be slow to advise without fuller information as to the peculiar circumstances of the case. One thing is certain, you must have action as well as words. If you allow the language to become the vehicle of thought

only, unassociated with ringing action, then you may as well have a foreign language as your own for such a purpose.

Question 10.—I hope to have the pleasure of putting some further questions to you at another time; can I count upon your continued courtesy in replying to them?

Answer.—Certainly.

But we don't intend to trouble our friend for some time to come, at least till communication with the other world becomes less expensive. **Corc MacClairraidhe.**

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**A Phlúirín na mban donn og.**

Air: "Uilachán Dubh O!"

In doubt and sorrow I face each morrow,
A Phlúirín na m ban donn og,
'Twixt hope and fearing, my heart I'm wearing,
A Phlúirín na m ban donn og?
Though many's the maiden that smiles on me
With soft kind glance and with laugh of glee,
Yet still flies my memory back to thee;
A Phlúirín na m ban donn og.

Full oft I ponder to think and wonder,
A Phlúirín na m ban donn og;
What grace of feature, or charm of nature,
A Phlúirín na m ban donn og?
'Twas first a spell on my fancy threw,
That dearer, sweeter, and stronger grew,
Till every thought had its source in you,
A Phlúirín na m ban donn og.

But vain my vexing and thought perplexing,
A Phlúirín na m ban donn og,
I'll piece it never, as well endeavour,
A Phlúirín na m ban donn og,
To seek why love we the stars that shine,
The harp's sweet strain, or the poet's line,
As say what charm is best of thine,
A Phlúirín na m ban donn og,
O! first of girls, O! pearl of pearls!
A Phlúirín na m ban donn og?
Though fate may sever, our pathways ever,
A Phlúirín na m ban donn og,
Still ever dearest shalt thou remain,
In silent worship I'll bear thy chain,
Though hope prove hollow and effort vain,
A Phlúirín na m ban donn og?

Fear na Muíntir.

Celtic Literary Society, Dublin.

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E X O D U S.

VII.

C ATAMARCA is an Andine province on the frontiers of Bolivia and Chili, and very little known to Europeans. There is a local feast day devoted to the Virgin of the Valley, when the people throng the capital (also called Catamarca), and in the procession of the Virgin carry effigies of the terebinth and orange-tree. The scene is perhaps the most picturesque in South America—the Indians arrayed in their bright colours, the young girls of the city in bright blue mantos as daughters of Mary, the brilliant tropical sunlight, the swaying masses carrying the branches in blossom, the city square radiant with the flowers of the "tree of paradise," the terebinth and the orange, and the whole pervaded by the most intoxicating perfumes—that of the azahar or orange-blossom. Add to this the setting in an Andine valley, with its lofty overhanging peaks, and you can gather a faint idea of the scene.

It was in this place, and on such an occasion, that I met a fellow-countryman. In the little Hotel Provincial, where I went for breakfast, I found him seated at a neighbouring table, and was introduced to him by my friend, Don Segundo, the proprietor. We were both somewhat surprised at the encounter, and for the moment forgot the Virgin of the Valley to speak of other strange encounters with Irishmen in out-of-the-way places. He was a Meath man who had made a large fortune in Argentina, and was enjoying himself alone, being unmarried, by visiting all the nooks of his adopted country. He invited me to visit him on his estancia in the province of Santa Fe. I promised to do so, and intended to keep the promise, but never found time afterwards to fulfil the engagement.

This incident is recalled to my memory by a number of "The Southern Cross," of Buenos Aires, just to hand, which mentions his death, leaving property to the value of £700,000, stating that he has no relatives in the Argentine Republic, and that his nearest-of-kin are in Ireland and Australia. His name was Hammond.

Mendoza is another Andine province of the Argentine, but better known than Catamarca, as its capital, of the same name, is on the beaten highway from Buenos Aires to the Chilian capital. The city of Mendoza, which I write, was the scene of the fearful earthquake that destroyed every house and three-fourths of its inhabitants in 1861, and must not be confounded with any other of the many Mendozas in South America. The city has been rebuilt; but this time the houses are of adobe, or sun-baked bricks, held in place by a wooden framework, and are but one storey high. Nevertheless, it is no rare sight to see the inhabitants fly to the streets for security whenever an unusually severe "trembling" takes place. A movement of the earth is felt generally once or twice weekly, but these slight affairs pass unheeded by the general mass of the people, except to note the dismay of strangers who are amongst them. An earthquake (terremoto) means a movement of the earth sufficiently strong to throw down houses; anything less is only a "trembling" (tremor).

I had lived in Mendoza on one occasion for six months, and knew many people there. Just three years ago I passed through again on my way to Chili, and naturnally availed myself of the opportunity to have a "right good willy-waught for days of 'Auld Lang Syne.'" I had known a Dubinner, Dr. Cotton, there formerly, but he had since left, and was now established in the Pass of Uspallata, close to the Chilian frontier, at a place called the Bridge of the Inca (Puente del Inca), on the side of Aconcagua, the loftiest mountain in America. However, there were many other acquaintances to visit, among them the directress of the Normal School for Girls, who was a North American lady. On making this latter visit late in the afternoon I was ushered into the parlour, where I found several other ladies of different nationalities—two Peruvians, a French lady, a Chilian, and two Argentines—one of the latter of Irish descent and still calling herself Irish, although her father was a Chilian and her mother of Argentine birth. There were present also two other ladies, mother and daughter, to whom I was introduced as a fellow-countryman, and whose name for the present occasion shall be Mrs. and Miss Weller—as an English name best suits them, although the elder lady proclaimed herself Irish. In the conversation that ensued I found myself in discussion with the French lady about something, I forget what. This only I remember, that the French lady said in addressing me—"But you English people—" Under such circumstances I would make no difficulty about interpreting for her. Instead I made a false impression, and, of course, I immediately corrected my interlocutor. She was astonished—she insisted that she had always understood the Irish were English just as the Normans or Picards are French—she was sorry she had made the mistake—she accepted the correction, but she humbly asked for light. Were we Irish not under English Government? Were our laws not made in England? Were our manners not English? Did many Irish people call themselves English? etc., etc., I explained that England held us by force as a conquered people, and that we were no more English for that reason than the Lorrainers were German. All this she accepted but—"but the Lorrainers did not speak German except as an acquired language. French was, and will ever be, the language of the people, and we Irish only spoke English. In defence of the national honour I fear I was guilty of exaggeration, because I assured madame that we also only spoke English as an acquired tongue, and that our own tongue was Gaelic. This was so totally new to her that she asked many questions about the Gaelic—was it not an English patois?—was it a written language?—had it any literature?—who were the poets and writers?

During all this time Mrs. Weller (who was what you would call in Belfast, a big sonny lump of a woman,) weighing twenty stone or thereabouts, had carried on a conversation with the Chilian lady, but had kept her ear also on our conversation, as everybody spoke in Spanish. When the French lady was at last convinced that we Irish were not English on the strength of the language argument, Mrs. Weller, who had been moving anxiously in her chair all this time, and who now saw all her laurels as "an English lady" dropping from her massive braw, interrupted her own conversation to say in bad Spanish to the French lady—"Nobody in Ireland, senora, but the lower classes speak Irish—all the decent and educated people speak English"—and then, with a triumphant look at me, resumed her conversation with the Chilian in a louder and more assertive tone.

What would you have done under the circumstances?

I simply became silent for a moment—and then resumed conversation about the weather and the "tremblings" and the earthquakes before taking my leave. And I took my leave without waiting on Miss Alvarez, the Irish-Argentine-Chilian girl, to play "The Wearing of the Green," as she was wont to do.

Afterwards I was told that Mrs. Weller was from the neighbouring province of San Juan, and educated her daughter, as she herself had been educated, on English novels and periodicals, was very respectable, despised the "lower classes," and loved to have herself styled La Sfnora Inglesa.

Only a year ago I met in France an Irish-Argentine lady who had never been in Ireland, but who had known or heard of most of the Irish in the Argentine. I related the above to her without giving her names of people or places, and when I had finished she said—"That could only have been Mrs. Weller, of San Juan!"

MRS MAC NA-GAOIDEIL.

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