

# Irish News.

## OUR IRISH LETTER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Dublin, June 3, 1902.

It is a great pity that, instead of coming over here gracefully with Home Rule in Queen Alexandra's hands, as her first gift to Ireland, their Majesties should have allowed themselves to be influenced by Lord Londonderry, Lord Ardilaun (of Guinness and Co., brewers), and their clique, and should have been persuaded to begin their reign with the gift of Coercion, which means little less than martial law for Ireland. It has always been said that his Majesty is not unfavorable to autonomy for this country, but the landlord party are making a hard struggle to rid the land of the peasantry, and have got the ear of the Government, with the result that the gaols are again being filled with men whose only crime is that they are joining with the people in a movement to keep the peasantry at home in their native land and obtain for them, on fair terms, as much of that land as will enable them to make homes for their families, and once more people a fertile country that has lost half of its agricultural population within the last 50 years, and that while the soil of Ireland could easily support three times its present population. Royalty loves popularity; how much more grateful to the King and Queen would be the Irish welcome they would receive if they came to give graciously that which must one day be conceded to Ireland, as it has been to the colonies.

### Coercion.

Crimeless the country is. Let us take Cork, the largest county in Ireland, as a sample of the other counties. About a month ago we had the Recorder of Cork complaining in court that 'his knowledge of criminal law is getting rusty for want of some criminals to practise upon,' and yesterday we had the same gentleman speaking to the Grand Jury as follows: 'Now, again, I have the honor of presiding here at borough sessions, and I am happy to tell you that I have to repeat my congratulations. . . . Gentlemen, I most heartily and sincerely congratulate you upon such a state of things, and I do so more cordially because I am not now adopting anything exceptional in my address. I am merely repeating that which, session after session, I have the honor of saying in this court.' And yet there is coercion and men are sent daily to gaol for 'not' breaking the law in a prosecution which was instituted recently by the Crown in the West of Ireland one of the Magistrates on the bench declared that what he saw as against the defendant was that he was doing no harm, yet the defendant was required to give bail that he would not do it again, and on the defendant's refusal to make such an absurd promise, he was sent to prison for a month. Here is a question for logicians. What was it the Magistrates wanted the man to do or not to do?

### German Visitors

Still, we are keeping up our hearts and dancing and singing to while away the time, as if there were no war taxes, no gaols, no increased Income Tax on reduced incomes. This month the dancing and singing came to a climax for all classes, for the now well-established Oireachtas, Feis Ceoil, and other Irish meetings took place, when good folk, old and young, assembled from all corners of the Green Isle and competed for prizes in Gaelic composition, oratory, singing, step-dancing, Irish pipes, harps, bands, etc., while at the same time we had a visit from the German fleet of war-ships, 10 in

number, with Prince Henry of Prussia in command, and great were the gaities in honor of the Prince and officers: balls, concerts, Gaelic meetings, bazaars, polo-matches, (the Prince, says a good authority, is very fond of polo, but is a poor player), all came in for a share of the German custom and the officers wondered openly and often if our beautiful little capital was always as gay as they found it. The sailors and marines, 6000 of whom manned the fleet, came in for their share of popularity also. Two thousand men landed each day, and the humble people fraternised warmly with them, taking them here, there, and everywhere, and initiating those who could speak only a little English into all the mysteries of local politics and showing them every Dublin sight worth seeing: 'Come out and we'll show you Glasnevin cemetery, and O'Connell's grave, and where Parnell is buried. Come with us and we'll show you where Tommy Moore was born, and where Lord Edward is buried, and the place where Robert Emmett was executed, there's our own Parliament House, an' will be again, please God, and we'll have the Emperor of Germany over to open it, faith we will! And that's Trinity College where they half starved poor Goldsmith when he was a boy, and then put his statue up outside, as proud of him as can be, when he was dead. And that statue beside him is Burke, the greatest orator that ever was, except Daniel O'Connell, that could abuse the King of them days in his own German, as plain and as natural as he could warm the hearts of the Irish in our own tongue.' In fact, it was not the fault of the people if the Germans did not feel at home and heartily enjoy their week in Dublin. The men were exceedingly well conducted and sober, but, of course, they must be sober on fourpence halfpenny a day. The smallness of the men's pay is made up for in the amazing number of buttons on their uniform, in fact, it is surmised that in the time of war these buttons can be utilised as ammunition, hence the great quantity ranged upon the men's sleeves, from which they can be quickly plucked off.

But, of a certainty, the countries that have so far managed to pull along without a navy should think twice before indulging in such a luxury; only to see one day's food being sent out from shore to these 6000 idle men, and then to count for a moment the cost of the great ships lying idle, the clothing and pay of the men and officers, the very cost of the useless, ugly cannonading that every now and again shook the houses along shore and did no good to any living creature—surely the game of navy is not worth the candle.

### A Danger.

This visit from the Germans evoked one very curious comment in the June number of the 'National Review' (England). Speaking of the visit of the German squadron under Prince Henry of Prussia to Irish waters the writer remarks: 'For the first time in our history a foreign force superior to any squadron which we have in commission in home waters, superior, indeed, to any individual squadron of any navy in waters outside the Mediterranean, has been at work upon our coasts performing evolutions, learning the navigation of our harbors, and training for war. This force comes to-day as a friend, but we know enough of the openly-expressed intentions both of the German nation and of the men who direct German policy, to understand that in the future it may come as an enemy.'

### A Centenary

The centenary of our great poet, Tommy Moore's birthday was celebrated on Thursday last by a lec-

ture and concert in the rooms of the National Literary Society. Strange to say, this Society, which is only in existence a comparatively few years, claims to have rescued Moore from obscurity! while the fact is that Moore was idolised and was popular with every man, woman, and child in Ireland in his lifetime, and has been equally idolised and popular ever since.

### Bogies.

Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., and late member of his Majesty's Government, is now, as you know, an active agitator for abolition of landlordism and of the vast tracts of land let out to cattle-grazing. He has been recently on a tour in the West of Ireland, in company with certain English members of Parliament whom he has been educating on the subject of the present agitation to get the land for the people. Mr. Russell is a strict Protestant and represents an Ulster constituency, but one of his political opponents has started a new rendering of the three Rs, and 'Redmond, Russell, and Rome' are the three bogies of the landlord party.

## COUNTY NEWS.

### ANTRIM.—A Centenarian.

Ireland would seem to possess some of the rejuvenating power credited by Gaelic bards to the land of fadeless youth. Centenarians are almost as common as shamrocks in the old country. A farmer, named Charles Athnaveigh, County Antrim, died on June 6, aged 105. He retained his faculties to the last, and a fortnight before his death attended Newry market.

### A Myth.

From some enquiries we ('Catholic Herald') have made on the subject we are able to state that the large windfall so generally reported lately to have come to a Belfast fishmonger named O'Rourke is very largely exaggerated, if it is not entirely a myth. From certain enquiries made at the source of information enjoying exceptional facilities for accurate knowledge of the whole matter we are able to say that some of those most closely concerned in the supposed good fortune have a supreme scepticism of the entire matter, and believe that after all there is little or nothing in it.

### DERRY.—St. Columbkille.

On Sunday, June 8, Derry paid its annual tribute to its most illustrious son, St. Columbkille. The religious services held at Long Tower were of a most impressive character. A relic of the True Cross was exposed for veneration, and the Blessed Sacrament for adoration by the faithful. A procession of children was followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and the giving of the Papal Blessing.

### DOWN.—A Favorite Pastime.

At Clonmacate, near Portadown, four Orangemen named Hall, Benson, Sutton, and Rutherford were committed for trial in the early part of June on a charge of cursing the Pope and assaulting Catholics, including women, with bottles and knives.

### DUBLIN.—Blessing a Church.

On Sunday, June 8, the Archbishop of Dublin blessed for Divine worship the Church of St. Maur, at Rush, after extensive alterations and additions, which practically turn the church into a new building.

### A Peculiar Industry.

All unsuspected by the outside world, a profitable industry has been carried on in the Zoological Gardens, Dublin, for the last 45 years in the matter of the breeding of lions. This is what Professor Cunningham informed the Dublin public a few weeks since when opening the new lion house which is dedicated to Lord Roberts. From the old lion