

THE LATE GENERAL SIR LUKE O'CONNOR, V.C.

A London correspondent gives the following particulars regarding the passing away of General Sir Luke O'Connor, V.C., whose death was reported by cable at the time:—For some time before his death he had been in failing health, but he always retained that upright carriage and that alertness which were most characteristic of the famous soldier. Irish, born and bred, and always proud of his nationality, his was a case of distinction won by sheer merit, as he had risen from the ranks to become commander of the regiment in which he had enlisted so very many years before. Sir Luke was a devout Catholic and took a great interest in the Catholic Boys' Brigade. The funeral service took place at Farm street Church, at which the King was represented by Col. Norie, A.D.C. Present in the church were many old comrades and friends, and the service was very simple. Requiem Mass was said by Father Considine, during which the coffin rested on a catafalque in front of the altar; a Union Jack covered the coffin, and the General's plumed hat and sword rested on it. Eight sergeants of the General's old regiment carried the coffin to the waiting gun carriage outside, and thus the gallant Irishman was brought to Kensal Green, accompanied by the files and drums of the Scots Guards with a firing party of the same regiment.

A REPLY TO LORD MAYO.

'An Irish Officer,' writing in the London *Daily Chronicle*, says:—The tactless and ungracious attack on the Irish National Volunteers by Lord Mayo in the House of Lords has naturally caused much indignation among Irishmen. As an example of how the Irish run away from the Germans, the following account by an eye-witness may help to show. Sapper M. J. Cassidy, R.E., in the *Irish Postal and Telegraphic Guardian*, writes:—'Before going into action the Irishmen knelt for a moment in prayer, and then, with the same slogan that I have heard so often on the hills of my native Mayo, they charged with the bayonet and completely routed the Prussians with indescribable slaughter. They did their day's work well, but when the roll was called next morning it was found that over 1000 of the Irishmen had "gone west." I could give dozens of similar accounts from the front, all portraying the gallantry of the Irish regiments, but one will suffice. Of course, Lord Mayo may say that his remarks were intended for the Irish Volunteers, and not for the Irish regiments in the British Army; but he knows, or ought to know, that the same men who fill the ranks of the Irish National Volunteers make up the bulk of the Irish regiments in the British Army. We Irishmen are very proud of the way in which our fellow countrymen are behaving on the battlefields of France and Belgium in this great fight against the common enemy. It is, however, only what we should expect of them. We desire no praise or glowing tributes; the composition of the roll of honor is tribute enough to our brave lads. We do, however, expect justice and fair play.'

The Irish national friendly societies have been busy of late (writes the Melbourne correspondent of the *Freeman's Journal*). The members of the H.A.C.B. Society held their annual demonstrations of faith a few Sundays ago, when 1800, mostly men, received Holy Communion at the Cathedral. The members came from the most distant suburbs. His Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne, who celebrated the 8 o'clock Mass, delivered a short address, in the course of which he congratulated the members of the society in affording such an edifying example to Catholics and non-Catholics. Nothing could afford any Bishop greater joy than such a practical proof of a strong Catholic faith.

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People We Hear About

The new title assumed by his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant on his promotion by the King to the marquissate is: The Marquis of Aberdeen and Temair. 'Temair' is the name anciently associated with the historic Hill of Tara. The word 'Temair' is also spelt in the ancient documents 'Tamhar,' the 'mh' being aspirated and silenced.

Prince Hussein, the new Sultan of Egypt, who is sixty-two years of age, is a great friend of France. He was educated mainly in France, and during his youth was frequently a guest of Napoleon III., and Empress Eugenie, and the favorite companion of their son, the ill-fated Prince Imperial. His Highness, who is uncle of the deposed Khedive, and a highly capable administrator, has a passion for agriculture, and has been termed 'Father of the Fellah' (peasant).

The tragically sudden death of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, Alderman John Clancy, cast a gloom over the city. Only recently his fellow-corporators fittingly recognised his long and valued civic service by appointing him to the highest honor in their gift—the chief citizen's chair. The late Alderman, though he had passed three score and ten, appeared in excellent health, and was looking forward to a year at least of good work for Dublin, its people, and its interests. Following so soon upon his election to a position that by right of ability and service he had well and truly won, his death has evoked the deepest expressions of sorrow on every side, and the opinion is universal that in his passing away Dublin has lost not only a strong, but also a great, personality, and one who has left the impress of his municipal genius on much that is progressive and good in the city to-day.

Mr. Thomas A. Browne, better known as Rolf Boddewood, passed away recently at South Yarra, where he had been living quietly for several years. He had attained the age of 88, and his death was not unexpected, as he had been an invalid for over a year. He leaves a widow and family of seven. A large part of his life was spent in New South Wales, where he received his early education. He first took up pastoral pursuits, but owing to losses by droughts he finally relinquished these in 1869. Later he became police magistrate and warden of the goldfields, and it was during his official career that most of his literary work was done. Before taking to novel-writing, he contributed many tales and sketches to various Australian papers. Of his works, *Robbery Under Arms* was the most popular, and has won favor also on the dramatic stage and in the picture theatre. The success of his writings may be gauged by his recent statement that he had more than made up for his losses in pastoral pursuits by his writings.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc, who has been lecturing on the war in various parts of Great Britain, approaches his subject with the expert knowledge drawn from practical experience. As a soldier in the French Artillery, he was trained on the very ground in which the great Western conflict is now being waged. Mr. Belloc is the son of a French barrister, and after serving in the French Army he brilliantly graduated at Balliol College, Oxford, and became a naturalised Englishman. For four years (1906-1910) he represented South Salford in Parliament, but his sturdy independence, based on a rooted antipathy to the 'party machine,' led to his retirement from Westminster. Mr. Belloc, a friend and colleague of Professor Phillimore and Mr. G. K. Chesterton, is, of course, a Catholic, and one of the most brilliant and versatile of contemporary writers.

Mme. Curie, the famous woman scientist, has installed at her own expense a radiographic apparatus for the wounded at the Pantin Hospital, near Paris. By means of this apparatus bullets and shell-splinters and fractures can instantly be located—a powerful aid to the saving of life.

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