any section of their fellow-countrymen, but to preserve and conserve the rights and liberties of all Irishmen. It is the union of all Irishmen in the service of our country that is the object dearest to our hearts. It would be a strange thing if we held or if we preached any other gospel of Nationality here in this historic town of Newry, which holds the dust of that great Irish Protestant, John Mitchel, and which is inseparable from the name of John Mitchel's friend and compatriot and coreligionist, honest John Martin. In these we had examples of two Ulster Protestants, who grew to manhood in the heart of Ulster, breathing the atmosphere of ascendancy, and acquainted with it at close quarters. Yet the whole history of Ireland may be searched in vain to find two men more passionately devoted to the ideal of Ireland a Nation, or more profoundly conscious that the surest hope for the future of Ireland was in the union of all her sons under a broad and generous system of national self-government. Mitchel and Martin and many other Protestants who thought as they did, were not only willing to work, but to die, for the liberty of their country. It was not liberty for any creed or class they sought, but for a united Irish people, and no matter what may be said to the contrary, we cannot believe otherwise than that we have with us to-day a large and an increasing measure of Protestant sympathy and support in favor of the policy of John Redmond and the Irish Party, which the Volunteers were organised to maintain. John Mitchel and John Martin believed that Irishmen were capable of managing their own affairs better than any other people in the universe, and it cannot be at this time of day there exists a contrary belief amongst any considerable section of our Protestant countrymen. Belgium is but a small nation, but under self-government it became one of the most prosperous countries in Europe, and the attachment to their national liberty of the Belgians is so great that they have made almost unparalleled sacrifices in its defence. The heart of the Irish people without exception has gone out to the Belgians and the Poles in the heroic struggle they are making for freedom and right. The memory of that struggle can never die. It will live to thrill the hearts of freemen and of nations rightly struggling to be free so long as the world endures.

YET ANOTHER IRISHMAN.

'Yet another Irishman!' was the general exclamation on Saturday morning, March 20, when people read at the end of the Admiralty's Dardanelles statement the brief announcement that Vice-Admiral Carden having been incapacitated by illness, Rear-Admiral John Michael de Robeck has succeeded him in the chief command. Thus (remarks the London correspondent of the *Irish Weekly*) an Irishman is succeeded by an Irishman: for, while Vice-Admiral Carden belongs to the Tipperary branch of the family of which the head is Sir John Craven Carden, Bart., Rear-Admiral de Robeck is the son of the fourth Baron de Robeck, of Naas, Co. Kildare, and brother of the present holder of the title. It was in April, 1912, that Rear-Admiral de Robeck, now 53, was appointed Admiral of Patrols, under the naval reorganisation scheme.

The de Robecks come of an old Swedish family, dating from a famous Swedish soldier of fortune who flourished in the eighteenth century. This ancestor—a quaint circumstance in view of the family service in these great days—received a pension from the French for his services against the English; but, with the splendid impartiality of soldiers of fortune, he married soon afterwards the heiress of Lord Cowran, an Irish peer, and was himself naturalised by Act of Parliament. With Admirals Callaghan and Beatty, not to mention other notable Irish seamen of the first rank, in the Navy, and with the wealth of Irishmen of all ranks who serve under Sir John French of the Galway, or Roscommon, family of his appropriate name, the part played by Ireland right at the head of the British forces is almost, if not quite, as notable as the share of the work done by the O'Learys, Kennys, Kellys, Burkes, and Sheas, Connaught Rangers, Irish Guards, and Royal Irish Rifles in the trenches.

People We Hear About

The Prince of Wales completes his twenty-first year on June 23.

Mr. Lloyd George celebrated his fifty-second birthday a couple of months ago. It is not very long since that he might have been termed, without any exaggeration whatever, the best-hated man in the country, condemned to a degree that no other British statesman had experienced since Gladstone. Now he is the idol of the public, chiefly on account of the masterly manner in which he has handled the financial and commercial crisis caused by the war.

Miss Emily Hickey, the convert daughter of the Protestant rector of Mackmine Castle, Enniscorthy, County Wexford (says an exchange), has been decorated by the Pope with the gold cross *Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice*. Her grandfather had also been a Protestant parson. She became a Catholic seven years ago and has since then devoted herself to social and philanthropic work. Her book, *Thoughts of Creedless Women*, has attracted many to the Church. She holds Cambridge University first class honors.

Last month Princess Mary completed her eighteenth year. It is the age at which young ladies are supposed to matriculate in society (says an exchange). She is now only about six months younger than her grandmother, Queen Alexandra, was when she was married. But most of the Princesses comprised in the Royal Family were considerably older when they entered the bonds of matrimony. The Princess Royal, for instance, was over twenty-two, while Queen Mary was older still. Apropos of Princess Mary, every first-born daughter of an English Sovereign since the accession of the House of Hanover has married a German Prince with the exception of the Princess Royal (Duchess of Fife), who married a Scottish nobleman, and George II.'s daughter, who married the Prince of Orange.

The London correspondent of the *Freeman* says that Sir William Robertson, who has just been appointed as Chief of Staff for Sir John French's forces, is a Catholic. Sir William is probably the only General in the British Army who has risen from the ranks. It is rather singular that the recently deceased General, Sir Luke O'Connor, was also a Catholic. Originally a private in the 16th Lancers, Sir William Robertson received his commission while on service in India. Attached there to the Headquarters Staff, he gained entrance by competition. On the outbreak of the present war he was appointed Quartermaster-General of the Expeditionary Force, and by common consent his work in securing smooth, plentiful, and uninterrupted supplies to the British troops at the front has been unprecedented in its success and has shown an amazing grasp of detail and administrative ability.

By appearing recently at the Mansion House and singing at the concert organised by the Lady Mayoress in aid of the Belgian refugee fund, Sir Charles Santley created what is certainly a record for any British singer (says a writer in a Home paper). One who made his first appearance in London in the year when Queen Victoria's youngest child was born may be held to have earned his rest; but, in spite of his eighty-one years, Sir Charles, when asked to sing for this great cause, readily consented. Needless to say, his reappearance, together with his old confrere, Mr. Edward Lloyd, who is seventy years of age, aroused the greatest enthusiasm. What wonderful veterans they are! And when Sir Charles acceded to an encore and, with his old verve and inimitable humor, sang 'Simon the cellarer,' I thought the applause would never end. Chatting with Sir Charles afterwards in the artist's reception room, he remarked, with a twinkle in his eye, that a man, like a woman, is just as old as he feels. 'I am really not eighty-one,' he said; 'I am only thirty-four,' and indeed his vitality and energy compare well with a man of that age.

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