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Rochester, N. Y. Saturday, March 12, 1898,



The Apostle of Ireland.

SONS OF OLD IRELAND.

We are sons of dear old Ireland, No matter where we be, We folks that coar the soll to life Or you that sail the sea.

Don't matter where they place us Don't matter where we roam Old Ireland, for all its trials, Is still out native home.

I mean, while we are living here, On the stars and stripes side, To ever think of old Ireland. And her bouchais far and wide

And also her dear Colleens Because, whene'er we roam Old Ireland until we reach the next, Is still our native home. -Patsey Brickley.

STORY OF NINETY-EIGHT

The cruel execution of William Orr gave an impetus to the insurrectionary movement in the North. The ring of the hammer might be heard in every forge as the pikes were made by day of evidence, were slaughtered to make and night. Men spoke to one another a British holiday. in whispers. A calm that betokened a

followed the national movement. In March, martial law was proclaimed, although in practice it had been the law of the land for three years before that date. Slow torture was recommend-ed as a means of conciliating Irishmen to the blessing of English rule. Piqueting was a torture so abominably cruel that it has been forbidden in the army. At this time it was considered a mild form of persuasion to extract secrets even from those who had none. The magistrates-many of whom had been spies-had full power to transpost any man suspected of seditious in entions. These worthy dispensers or justice used to issue forth with all the pride and pemp of the ancient Romans Before them marched with merry laughter the executioner, who displayed his rope and cat-o'-nine tails. They sometimes varied the amaziments of the day by tying to a tree any young stripling they met on the road. They then discharged, in heroic fashion, their carbines into his body and left him swinging on his frail wrists to the tree. I regret to say, but truth compels me

except Kilkenny and Wextorg were

enrolled, and these two counties soon

to say it, that the most cruel magistrates who outraged every instinct of humanity were Protestant clergymen. To mention Coffee and Owens is enough to make Christianity veil its face for a time. The most atrocious of all these gangs of murderers was the "Black mob," a detachment of villains under the command of a heirling brute called Hunter Gowan. It was the cus-tom with these "canaille" to call wo-men and children to the door, and shoot them down. The doings of these men have never been surpassed by Turk or Saracen. At Carnew in one day, under the amiable regime of the Rev. Mr. Cope, twenty-eight fathers of families who were guilty of no crime, and who had had no trial, were shot, and left weltering in their blood as a specimen of what these valiant warriors could effect. In County Wicklow too, in one day thirty-four young men against whom there was not one tittle

The Curfew so hated by the Saxon ip coming storm spread over the land, the times when the Normans ruled and Pitt became sad. He feared that them with an iron hand was now inin spite of al his machinations, his troduced into Ireland. No fire nor spies and bloodthirsty emissaries, in light was allowed in the land after sunspite of all the dark deeds of the sol- down. A fond mother who lighted a diery and the outrages of the militia, candle to attend to her sick daughter reland might stil remain in a quies- narrowly escaped execution. And still cent state until aid from France abould the people remained passive, and had land on her shores. The number of their hearts eaten up in an agony of spies and informers was, therefore suffering and persecution to which the doubled. They were as regularly dril- pages of history can never furnish a led as were Grattan's volunteers. They parallel. That the people so treated were also regularly and fully paid at | did not earlier rise in insurrection is the Castle. The spy system under one of those puzzles that no man can most important branch of the Civil In the narrative I have carefully Service. It was not a question of avoided all reference to the most degreat moment whether or not the spies grading forms of torture that were furnished truth or falsehood to their practiced on an innocent people. The masters. They were expected to pre- ancient Britons paraded the land, leavsent information against some influen- ing after them ruin and desolation tial men in the United Society, and They could easily be traced from one on this information the Government county to another: for the bloodwould act. This means of making a stained roads gave evidence that the living is the only industry that Eng- Britons had passed. And yet these Britons were gentle and merciful comple refused to revolt. The leaders of pared with the two regiments of hunple refused to revolt. The leaders of the United Society kept drumming into the ears of the county representatives the necessity of preserving peace under every provocation. They were trying to unite the people under a common banner for a common cause. Then banner for a common cause. They scarcely less ferocious. They frewished to heal the sores of centuries quently stabled mortally youths of tenand to make Catholic, Protestant and der years who were on their knees be-Presbyterian stand shoulder to shoul- seeching mercy. The militia used to der to face the foe, and to strike one enter the inns and bayonet indiscrimdeadly stroke for the grand old land inately every man found on the premal reveals a different group of men. Ireland has seen dark days but none Here we find Pitt, Clare and Castle- more gloomy than "Ninety-Eight." reagh united also, not for a good cause The fields remained fallow. There was but in disseminating lies and in try- no man daring enough to attempt the ing by fair and foul means to engen- cultivation of his farm. From sunset der distrust, jealousy and hatred darkness spread its wings from sea to among the Catholics and Protestants. sea. The flight of a night bird was the At one time went forth through the only sound to be heard, except perspies, the worthy organs of Dublin Cas. haps the rustling of the wind through tle, the alarming news that within a the trees or the murmur of the waters few days the Catholics were about to as they rushed onwards to the sea. At rise and murder every Protestant in times however the silence was broken the land. The worthles who presided by the tramp of horsemen intent on over this "bureau de renseignement" finding arms, or by the wild scream of went still further. They gave betimes a mother who saw her boy transfixed the names and addresses of the intend- by a bayonet for no other reason than ed victims. At another time the Cath- this, as the soldiers expressed it, that olics were warned by circulars from he had an "eternal Irish soul." The the Castle that their throats would all press newspaper was now suppressed be cut on a certain night by their Prot and the people had no news of what estant neighbors. The very date and was happening abroad or in other parts hour of this interesting operation were of the country. They had still hope



THE SHAUROCK.

March 17th, 1898.

How summer's breeze ne'erstirathy leaves

In shalv dell or ging ;

For closely present to e with's fair breast, You shith the gaze of ment

Yet on this day when hearts are gay,

With thee are twined the links that bind Our hearts to Freedom's cause Wish thes belongs the tuneful songs. Which storied legand draws: Though far away our thoughts to-day. Our prayerful wishes rise. That Freedom's beam o'er these

your present howidin

"Oh, if that's all you require 'says lenry, 'I'm willin' and able to climb to the top o' the oliff' but what am I to do when I get there?" "What I want ye to do,' says Flint 'Is to descend into the nest all prime me three o' the young sigles to present to Lord Doubleditch, for ye know he's a quare oddity of a gintleman and would honor the man that was darin enough to brins him such a prime." "I'm not sleerd to brave dauges when it's necessary,' says Jorry, an I defy any man to say I've a cowardin drop o' blood in my body, but 3'll not attempt to rob the algie's nest, for I've heard since my boyhood that no good attempt to rob the algie's nest, for i've him way out of the test age heard since my boyhood that no rood only to be met at the top hy the luck can come of it." "Tut, tut, man alive! Sure that head to fut with fire in his typ tuck can come of it." "Tut, tut, man alive! Sure that

"Tert, tut, man alive? Sure that demand to fut with firm in here true." talk is only fit to frighten childer with emain. Mr. Flint, "says she, part I'm an owider man by years than you to be civil; 'what herings row to see Jerry. Still, I'll go ball, I could do it all residence at this late neut's myself if I was only put to be." "The night is a bad time to go that minute if he got all design birds' nestin', says Jarry. But berow, then in like a late rat Flint, I'll tell ye what I'll do with "You're a kidnapper, says then you."

you.' "What?' mys Flint.

"'You're a darin' owld man for your age, says Jerry; "More so, maybe, than many a

younger man, says Flint, proud of the fattery. "'And I know you'd skin a flut for

the sake of a farthing, mays Jarty. mananess? may Find. "I'd like you better, Jarry, If mu'd mane an ditch wathen?" T refrain from personal allusions; Film likens is not the same is in an honest name, no matter what to rob. You incend is the

is an honese name, no mayour when to rob. You house, is any man may say agin it. ""Twas a allo of the tongress, says my offserings. Each Jorry, so we'll let that drop. What 1 ye misseriy, out i ready meant to say was this, that you would instit I sak? Of soor m't lack courage if you thought there was a shillin to be gained by the your ture.

"I'd risk my life, says Wint It 1 thought there was a possible chance al Didn't owld Flint do getting a profitable return." "If you muccood in the undertakim I'm roin' to propose, says Jerry, yest will be a richer man, by many a bright

guines. What d'ys mana' says Filmt. "I mane," says Jerry, that if you climb to the sigle's next to sight and succeed in robbin" it of one of the royal progeny, an place the bird safety in my hands under this root, I'll give You my word as an housest man. 1'11 put you in possession of may time standard to never before twenty four house nowing for he were over your head, an I'll never trouble the sent of other you or Lord Doubledich for plan. When he w penny's worth o compensation.

SI.CO per Yest, Sam

"In It met mays Filmts' St une of his tongos at last. T

matamp I only here to pay y Last.

"Don't ye know that's a tallin't' says the might with to be the set one of one of the set "D'ys think I'd sha tand my anawer in 20 to prote years a 0.0 She then where at the h that the selected her beat

"To rob the s "D'ye beer the maltr. So take 11.774 3

Pitt, Camden and Castlereagh was the upravel.

land has ever established in Ireland.

they loved. The other side of the med- ises.

given with scrupulous exactitude. Ne wonder that in a short time the Presbyterians of the North began to secede from the movement, and the Catholics in many counties assembled and denounced the United Irishmen.

The diabolical schemes of Pitt seemed for a moment to have failed. There was no indication to show that the people would rise in rebellion, and this pressed heavily on the mind of the English statesman. Then came to the front Lord Castlereagh as Chief Secretary, and, consequently, chief ruler of Ireland. Apart from Pitt, Castlereagh be dirty again." was the cleverest ruffian of these times "Senatus consultum" he issued a decree that the soldiers should have "free stalwart men were absent. They were a great hurry and said: hidden in the copse or heather of the hills and glens, sleeping under the canopy of heaven with pikes for their pilconduct of the soldiers in the various again." homes of Erin. To let loose a pack of hungry bloodhounds on a poultry yard is but a faint illustration of what hap pened when a horde of licentious soldiers were let loose on any homestead in Ireland.

And yet the society was more than gaining in the south what it had lost in the north. In the early part of '98 all the countries in the south and east

Dean Swift and His Servant Dean Swift, while on a journey, and stoping at a tavern, desired his servant John-who, by the way, was as eccen-

tric as his master-to brping him his boots. John bro't up the boots in the same state as they were taken off the evening previous.

"Why didn't you polish my boots?" said the Dean.

"There's no use in polishing them," replied the man, "for they would soon

"Very true," said the Dean, and he put on the boots. Immediately after he quarters." They were free to enter any on no account to give his servant any cliff called the Eagle's Nest. It is a wrong side of the door, so that he

"Mr. Dean, I haven't had my breakfast yet."

"Oh! there's no use. in your break-

Thy trefoil leaf is sought For spell thou hast, to speak the past, And spin the web of thought.

Thy triple crest, o'er many a breast, Is fondly pressed to-day: For mem'ries dear to son and cheer. Thy tiny leaves pertray; Thy hymn is sung by old and young, On each recurring your; An i tale- of old again are told. That make thy mem'ry dear.

worm to be a soder Dalr; may I ask where you are going?" "We are going to Heaven," replied John, "my master's praying and I'm fasting." The gentleman looked again in won-



In the Days of '98. THE EAGLE'S NEST.



Shoot not the old Weir for the river i deep, The stream it is rapid, the rocks they

are steep, The sky though unclouded, the land-

scape though fair, Trust not to the current, for death may

passing round its shores; Turke Laka offered in exchange was to settle him the Bay of Glens, and the rapid river rent under the old Weir Bridge, suc not worth a thraneen, cessively open to view. The tumultu coolness and freshness to the shores. | mercy. The most remarkable object along name, is situated on one of the project-

again." John finding his theory thrown back on himself, submitted to the privation with the same stoleism as did his mas-ter with the boots. - On they rode, the Dean in front, reading his prayer book, and the man behind at a respectful dis-tance, when they were met by a gen-tleman who after eysing the Dean very closely, accorded the merent here appears to have resumed her reign, and those who listen are lest in amassement and de-"I say, my man, you and your master

stras.m. 'Neath Erin's sunny skies.

On one frail stem, this little gem. United grows, and fairl Emblem of Him, who reigns supreme, O'ersky. and earth, and air: Thy modest sheen of fairest green, Engravon is, and true, Upon our hearts, shoes joy imparts A glory to the view!

-Helens M. Carey,

"Can I tell you a story about the Aigle's Nest?" said the old boatman as "But to keep to my story, owld Flint, he sat at the helm. "Musha, then, I who was in his boat near the Aigle's can, sir, and a hundred o' them if you Nest Rock, could spy from where he off one that happened to a next door thatched cabin as any king could be in over, a goold-roofed palace, and he always looked upon his wife as the queen of note, as he always does, when whoof there wasn't a happier family in the make the mightlest uprose.

there wasn't a happier family in the Kingdom of Kerry than the same Spin-innes. "Jerry rented about nine acres of an more musical than the one before land from Lord Doubleditch. His lord-ship was a harum-scarum sportin' owid their way around the mountain, an indicate the the mountain and the mountain, and gintleman that knew far more about up from the wather side to the top of horses than he did about the state of the Algio's Nest. his tenantry, but as bad as he was his "Next kem the firm of the common: rent collector and steward, Sylvester the match was struck an the powdher Flint, was a hundred degrees worse, set going in a jufy. Twas there, sir, However, sir, Jerry Spillane's industry you'd imagine that every mountain and his thorough knowledge of farmin' from this to the Divil's Bit was smakin' brought his nine acres up to such a from their very foundation. Thunder state o' perfection in a very few years, an' lightnin' was but a soft wisisper that it tuck the eye of Sylvester Flint, compared to the terrible sound of it. so much so, indeed, that he coveted it . At last when the uprose sot that it

years to build up and improve without a single farthin' o' help from landlord.

from the upper lake rushing in a tor- and his family on a few Darren scree

"Of course, Jerry's manly blood ris ous motion of the latter among the up to his eyes at the darin' impudence rocks, and its roaring sound echoed o' the owld rogue, an' he was goin' te through the woods of the island, add to pitch him neck an' crop through the the wild charms of the scene, and gives door, when owld Flint pladed hard for

"Jerry then grew cool all of a sudden went down to the landlady and told her the river between the lakes is a lofty and politely axed Flint to get on the home in the land, to thieve, commit breakfast. The Dean breakfasted, and steep, conical rock over fifteen hundred might save himself the inconvanience unmentionable outrages, to torture and then ordered the horses out. As he feet in height, the base being covered o' bein' kicked out. But Flint was murder men, women and children. The was ready to start, ofhn ran to him in with wood, and the upper part adorn- hypocrite, and when Jerry's fit o' pased with a few mountain shrubs, which sion was over, he tried to wheedle him add greatly to its beauty. The cyric, into a mare that he was settin' for from which the mountain derives its him.

"'Jerry,' says he. 'I'll make a prolows. It is not possible to describe the fasting, for you would be hungry ing rocks near the summit, and is curi- posal to you that will save your land ously marked by a horizontal fasure and keep the roof over your head, it

all I have to say, may the gready swid thist, jumpin sky alge at the gready

for: And away he set off a comple off hours before suiset to make se promise to reach and we the algebra BANKEL <

Well, sir, I suppose you often heards that the Algie's Next is moled for the solao, for, indeed, it bates all the other schoes in Killarney. Heweyer, it won't be long before you hear them youryall from the station beyond.

was the bugle-players gettin' ready te listen to me, but as I'm not a bad wake the cohoes from their sloep, just judge of the human face, I think by for the sourcement and amagement of your looks that one story will answer the foreign travelers. So as he wished you for the present, so I'll rattle you to keep his dangerous mission unbeneighbor o' my father, one Jerry Spil- into a bit of a creek on the other side lane. As the story goes, Jerry Spil- of the river, where he lay same and known to anyone but himself. he put lane was as snug and cosy in his straw uning from view till all the fun was

"The bugler then began with a single his home, an' fair, no wondher! for tare allwe; its taken up at wanat by the sunlight o' contentment kindled up the schoes, sweetly an' softly an' foudher bright, blue eyes, and spread a by, an' repeated over an' over again pleasant ray around their cheerful fire. side, and to add to their comfort, their think all the bugies in the world ware children proved a blessin' to them. In- with sich other to see which ind

"Next kem the firin of the common: for himself, and was about makin' up couldn't grow any londer, 'twould his mind to sarve a writ and have Jerry dwindle down gently by degrees but and his family evicted from the home begorrat when ye thought it was all that cost him all his hard carnin's for over, why! 'twas then, man, alive. you'd hear the rale hubble in affended rust not to the current, for death may be there. —Anon. The Island of Dinis is one of the Flint called on Jerry an thried to coar over to hear an see an inder for yous most delightful spots of Killarney. Of him to give up his land, and all ha self. And now to make a long story short, when everything was slient on the lake, owld Flint was seen proopin from his boat carryin's big soil of rope with him for the purpose of let As he was an owld man it tuck him a mighty long time to clamber up the rock : but at last, with the halp of the shrubs and evergreens, he managed after a hard struggle to work his way to the top of the cliff just as the moon. was sailing from behind a cloud "He then sat down on a wet stone

to wet his breath; and, after he was able to spake, he began to upbraid him-self for the dangers he had to face for the sake of a few scree of land. [Oh, says he, 'If I was only safe below agin I'd stay there, an' the finest criate in the country wouldn't tempt me climb the breath out o' my body in this

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