

# Irish News.

## OUR IRISH LETTER.

(From our own correspondent.)

Dublin, June 20, 1899.

### ORANGE ROWDYISM.

'HATING each other for the love of God goes on as gloriously, piously, and immortally as ever in Belfast, that foreign city in the north which modestly calls itself the Athens of Ireland, and constantly informs the world that it contains the wealth, intelligence, and culture of the country, the rest of Ireland being nowhere.

The anti-Papist war is raging fiercely just now, the present outburst being the result of: (1) The anti-Ritualistic movement in England; (2) Mr. Arthur J. Balfour's backing up of the Belfast Orangemen's attacks on a local Protestant clergyman, whose own congregation approved of and joined in his method of worship. For more than a year this clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Peoples, and his flock have been subjected to interference and violence during Divine service, and most indecent scenes of noise, uproar, and even personal violence to the clergyman have been the constant protest of a really unthinking and certainly not very pious Belfast mob against what they term 'Popery' in the Rev. Mr. Peoples' manner of conducting his service. Sunday riots in this particular church became the order of the day, but when appealed to in the House of Commons to restore order by strenuously putting down such scandalous rowdyism, Mr. Balfour took the weak step of letting the Orangemen plainly see that either he was in full sympathy with them, or afraid of them. He practically gave them the law into their own hands by closing the Rev. Mr. Peoples' church and sending its incumbent adrift, even though the latter had the law on his side. This was tantamount to saying to the rioters 'do as you like, the law shall not hurt you.' So they are doing as they like. On Monday week the Nationalists, claiming their conceded right to have a procession for a not unlawful purpose—just as the same right is conceded to the Orangemen—went for a walk together to a place some miles outside Belfast and there held a meeting in favour of unity. The Orangemen had previously announced that they would rise up and attack the Catholics for daring to assert equal rights with them. The law for such occasions is that a lawful procession may take place that if an opposing party proclaim their intention of rising solely for the purpose of attacking that assemblage, the party so rising shall be proclaimed in the interests of peace. However, though law may be law, Belfast is Belfast. Mr. Balfour refused to proclaim the threatened Orange rising: it was the heads of the Orange Society who themselves proclaimed it and said such a spirit was a disgrace to their cause. But the bad spirit had been let loose. vain to remind the mob that the Catholics never molest the processions of those who differ from them. Evil thoughts and worse feeling than ever have been of late worked up by street preaching so horribly obscene in its language and its attack upon Catholics—even upon the Sisters of Mercy who threw open their hospital to those very Orangemen during a fever epidemic of last summer—that no self-respecting woman could read the reports in the daily papers. The painful result of all this has been a week of violence and outrage and bitter feeling unworthy of a Christian community. As many as 500 shipyard men the other day set upon one Catholic fellow-workman, kicked him almost to death, and flung him into the river, where he must have perished but for some bathers who rescued him. There are police and military in the city where this goes on, and there are more church steeples than in almost any other city in the world. Over the doorway of one of these churches that I often passed are the words, in Greek, that signify: 'To the greater honour and glory of God.' 'What's the meanin' o' that, mon?' asked one Belfast of another. 'T' hell with the Pope!' answered the other. Which sentiment reminds me of a good story a Trinity College Don once told me of an old Northern Presbyterian who was dying. 'The meenisther says, Geordie, as ye'r dyin', said the old man's wife, 'an' ye'll hev t' forgive all mankind, ye know.' 'Well,' answers Geordie, 'A suppose a must: but there's three as 'll make exception on, an' them three's Owen Roe O'Neill, Dan'l O'Connell and the Pope o' Rome.'

### TRAVELLING IN IRELAND IN ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES.

In ancient times in the Emerald Isle there was a delightfully happy way of travelling. The whole country was studded over with houses of hospitality, endowed by the princes of the soil with as much land as maintained herds and so forth, sufficient to support a lordly hospitality under the care of a guest master and his staff, whose duty it was to keep a caldron of goodly meats always boiling,

with other comforts ready for the welcoming and entertainment of all travellers who came the way. There were no hurrying, stuffy trains then, but the lord had only to mount his steed, his lady and their daughters their palfreys, and their attendants to follow on by pleasant bridle paths and broad *tochers* over plain and hill and dale: wherever they came, day or night, they had nothing to do but walk into the *Beateach* (house of hospitality) and make themselves at home. The poor man had but to brush up shanks' mare, take a staff in his hand and wander at his sweet will over green Erin. He, too, when tire and hungry, found equal welcome wherever he went, for every parish had its guest-house, where all rich and poor, ate, drank, slept and were welcome, free, gratis, for nothing, as the saying is. But that was in the happy days, before the English 'grabbed' all the land from even those products of warm Irish hearts, the *Beateachs*.

Well, within the past month something like this has been going on once more only with what a difference! In the old days pure, unadulterated charity was the mover in this wonderful system: this time pure, unadulterated selfishness has prompted a lavish display of genial hospitality. We are ridden to death with the 'tourist traffic' mania. To believe our railway and hotel managers, we eat, drink and dream tourists, tourists. If tourists will only come to us in sufficient numbers we can never see another poor day; if tourists would but rain, the skies might do their worst, harvests could never again fail; if tourists would but smile upon Erin, oh! then, the tear would never again dim her eye. In fact, the development of the tourist is now admitted to be the one only thing wanted to make Ireland the land of milk and honey to her own, heaven upon earth to the tourist. So 'touristed' are we that we begin to say in our hearts with Mr. Mantilini: 'O, demn the tourist!' But we, the public, don't keep railways or hotel syndicates.

Well, some time ago the railways' and syndicate hotels' managers sent a handsome invitation over to—where do you think?—none of your Lazaruses or people who might stand in need of a tour, but to the members of the Houses of Lords and Commons! Any English or Scotch member who chose to accept the invitation might come over and travel through Ireland for a certain time free. Free railway (special cars), free hotel living, and that of the very best, free jaunting and sight-seeing, free boating and fishing, and private invitations and Lord Mayor and Vice-regal invitations galore. Think of it! Some scores of distinguished M.P.'s and newspaper Dons believed in the thing (you see, we have the name of telling the truth in Ireland), came, saw, enjoyed all amazingly (and no wonder), and went back enchanted with our land, ourselves, our railways, our hotels, our scenery, our cookery—confirmed tourists, in fact; so glowing in their talk to the distinguished M.P.'s who did not believe and did not take Paddy while he was in the humour, that the little pigs who remained at home were weak from envy. It was very nice for the guests and very cute of the directors and hotel managers, but if we know anything of entertaining English folk, the tot up at the end of the tourist season won't have squared the cost, not to say saved Ireland. Mr. Labouchere was not of the party. There is too much of Don Quixote about him, I believe. He would, perhaps, have made some terribly honest speech that might have been awkward. He might feel, for instance, that true Irish hospitality is offered for love of the kindly and Christian virtue, not on the sprat to catch a salmon principle. But it must be remembered that our railway companies are, for the most part, English, and the hotel syndicates the same.

### THE GAELIC REVIVAL.

It is now three years since a series of highly interesting Gaelic meetings were inaugurated in Dublin, and the recent assemblies have been more interesting and successful than those of the two previous years. These *Ghrachtas*, or Irish literary and musical assemblies, were instituted by a certain number of those learned Gaelic scholars who are anxious to see the revival of all that pertains to our Irish native literature and to our mother tongue itself.

Notwithstanding that the English laws which strove to kill everything that was national in us made the Irish language penal, the people of three of the provinces clung so to it that even to-day it is naturally spoken; that is—is the cradle tongue of a quarter of a million of the people, and is known to as many more. But as the language was forbidden in all Government schools it would certainly have died out in another generation or so were it not for this movement amongst Irish scholars, such as his Eminence Cardinal Logue, Dr. Douglas Hyde, etc. With the hearty concurrence of their fellow-countrymen of all classes, these scholars started annual assemblies at which were to compete for handsome prizes Irish-speaking men and women from all parts of the country, Irish orators, Irish musicians—singers, pipers, harpers, even good whistlers who could thus give good tunes to the public; dancers of the famous old Irish dances, real step-dancing, not stage high-

## THE MASSIVE

Plate-Glass Windows of the CITY BOOT PALACE, with their Beautiful Display of New Season's Footwear for LADIES, GENTS, and CHILDREN, give a fair indication of the grand VALUE and VARIETY to be found inside the Establishment.

Some of the PRETTIEST DESIGNS that could be wished for are now on view, and the STOCK is sufficiently large in quantity and diversified in make up to MEET THE WANTS of all intending Purchasers.

SEE AND BELIEVE.

# CITY BOOT PALACE.

CORNER GEORGE AND ST. ANDREW STREETS.

J. M'KAY.