





ΤΕΛΕΤΑΙΡΕΑΤ Ο ΥΑΪΤΑΡΑΝ ΝΑ Η-ΕΙΡΕΑΝΝ

Συρεανν γέ άταρ σροί ορη Κοιρε Συμνεαάιν Υί Donnabáin
Rora a molað zo hápo τοιρε ζυρ ζαβαοαρ σε óualζαρ πάριύντα
αζυρ σε έυραμ ορεά φέιν λεατέ Συμνεαάιν a έυρ γυαρ ι
brríom-éaáair na hÉireann in onóir son laoð calma Διαρμυιο
Ó Donnabáin Rora.

Zo σειήν ιγ μαίτ αζυρ ιγ ιονήολτα μαρ σο δεινεοοαρ a
ζσυο γοαάαρ, αζυρ τά a έοραð le φειρυντ ιη an λεατέ βρεά
a φεαγανν ι βΨαιέε Shan Στιοφάιν in ómóγ σο óuine σε na λαόερα
ba mó cáil ι γταρ άρ στίρε.

Ιγ μαίτ φόρ μαρ ακά molað τυιλλτε αζ an ζΚοιρε αγ υέτ an
leabráin γο σ'φοιλιύ μαρ εολαγ son pobaλ ar φαολ αζυρ ar
έρέιτε έρόζα Υί Donnabáin Rora, αζυρ αγ υέτ αέ-έλό a έυρ
ar έυιο σε na ηαιρτί βρεάτα a έέασ-φοιλιουð ar ócáio a γοσραιοε
ι 1915.

Seán J. Keating
→ Uistearán

GRAVESIDE PANEGYRIC

(DELIVERED BY MR. P. H. PEARSE)

Δ ΖΑΕΘΕΑΛΑ,

Do hiarrað orm-ra labairt moiu ar ron a bfuil cruinnuigche ar an lácair ro agur ar ron a bfuil beo de Clannaibh Zaedeal, ag molað an leomain do leagamar i gcepe anmro agur ag griorað meanman na gcaras atá go bponac ina diaid.

Δ cáirpe, ná bioð bpon ar éinne atá ina fearam ag an uaiç ro, acé bioð buideacar agaimn mar gceioðeib do Dia na ngrár do çpuçuiç anam uaral álaimn Diarmuda Uí Donnabáin Rosa agur çus pé fasa do ar an raoçal ro.

Ba çalma an fear çá, a Diarmuid. Iç çpéan o'fearair caç ar ron çipt do çine, iç ní beas ar fuilngir ; agur ní ðeanraioð Zaedil ðearmas ort go brác na breice.

Acé, a cáirpe, ná bioð bpon oraimn, acé bioð mipeacé mar gceioðeib agur bioð neart mar gcuipleanaib, óir cuimniçimír naç mbionn aon bár ann naç mbionn airéirge ina diaid, agur gurab ar an uaiç ro agur ar na huagannaib atá mar oimceall éipeócar raoirpe Zaedeal.

It has seemed right, before we turn away from this place in which we have laid the mortal remains of O'Donovan Rossa, that one among us should, in the name of all, speak the praise of that valiant man, and endeavour to formulate the thought and the hope that are in us as we stand around his grave. And if there is anything that makes it fitting that I rather than some other, I rather than one of the grey-haired men who were young with him and shared in his labour and in his suffering, should speak here, it is perhaps that I may be taken as speaking on behalf of a new generation that has been re-baptised in the Fenian faith, and that has accepted the responsibility of carrying out the Fenian programme. I propose to you then that, here by the grave of this unrepentant Fenian, we renew our baptismal vows; that, here by the grave of this unconquered and unconquerable man, we ask of God, each one for himself, such unshakable purpose, such high and gallant courage, such unbreakable strength of soul as belonged to O'Donovan Rossa.

Deliberately here we avow ourselves, as he avowed himself in the dock, Irishmen of one allegiance only. We of the Irish Volunteers, and you others who are associated with us in to-day's task and duty, are bound together and must stand together henceforth in brotherly union for the achievement of the freedom of Ireland. And we know only one definition of freedom: it is Tone's definition, it is Mitchel's definition, it is Rossa's definition. Let no man blaspheme the cause that the dead generations of Ireland served by giving it any other name and definition than their name and their definition.



AT THE GRAVESIDE

We stand at Rossa's grave not in sadness but rather in exaltation of spirit that it has been given to us to come thus into so close a communion with that brave and splendid Gael. Splendid and holy causes are served by men who are themselves splendid and holy. O'Donovan Rossa was splendid in the proud manhood of him, splendid in the heroic grace of him, splendid in the Gaelic strength and clarity and truth of him. And all that splendour and pride and strength was compatible with a humility and a simplicity of devotion to Ireland, to all that was olden and beautiful and Gaelic in Ireland, the holiness and simplicity of patriotism of a Michael O'Clery or of an Eoghan O'Growney. The clear true eyes of this man almost alone in his day visioned Ireland as we of to-day would surely have her: not free merely, but Gaelic as well; not Gaelic merely but free as well.

In a closer spiritual communion with him now than ever before or perhaps ever again, in spiritual communion with those of his day, living and dead, who suffered with him in English prisons, in communion of spirit too with our own dear comrades who

suffer in English prisons to-day, and speaking on their behalf as well as our own, we pledge to Ireland our love, and we pledge to English rule in Ireland our hate. This is a place of peace, sacred to the dead, where men should speak with all charity and with all restraint; but I hold it a Christian thing, as O'Donovan Rossa held it, to hate evil, to hate untruth, to hate oppression, and, hating them, to strive to overthrow them. Our foes are strong and wise and wary; but, strong and wise and wary as they are, they cannot undo the miracles of God who ripens in the hearts of young men the seeds sown by the young men of a former generation. And the seeds sown by the young men of '65 and '67 are coming to their miraculous ripening to-day. Rulers and Defenders of Realms had need to be wary if they would guard against such processes. Life springs from death; and from the graves of patriot men and women spring living nations. The Defenders of this Realm have worked well in secret and in the open. They think that they have pacified Ireland. They think that they have purchased half of us and intimidated the other half. They think that they have foreseen everything, think that they have provided against everything; but the fools, the fools, the fools!—they have left us our Fenian dead, and while Ireland holds these graves, Ireland unfree shall never be at peace.

LEANAÐ GAEBIL AR A LORZ

I OTCOSAC a faogail cuir pé Cumann ar bun i Scirpín éum feanóur Éireann do múineasó: faoirre Éireann an cúram ir mó bí orca, áin. Níor b'fada go raib urthór Dearmúinan ar a ocaib, agus Diaǵaltar Sacran i n-a gcoinnib. Cuirasó an dhige ar plóigtaib aca i oCraǵlí: tápla nár oaróad díob aét dume. Dimear acrainn a bí ann an trác úd. Bí an Érainn ag bagairt ar Fróimriar Séóranh, Impire Arctáire, agus bí Dáoraig Mac Maǵáinna de éine Gaedéal i n-a éann upraió i nArin na Érainn. Bí Gaabailde ir a éinaáca ag bagairt ar an bDára agus muinncear Sacran ag cabruasó leó. Cuiride pléibte na Múinan pé barr larrac an uair eirgeasó le Arin Maǵáinna. Cuaió Seoirre Mac Sigiró ir Taóǵ Ua Súilleabáin go oí an Érainn ag bponnasó claidirín ar an tairasac Gaedéalac bliasóin a 1860. Bí Seán Mirtéil i n-a ocainnca. Tá Seoirre Mac Sigiró ir Impire Arctáire i n-a mbeáca fóir (1915). Faid faogail éuca agus ríor-raé orca. Táinir an Count Cairéall Mac Doinnall ó'n Arctáir ar lorg cabrac do'n Dára ar muinncear na hÉireann an bliasóin éasóna. I gcoinn mí do bí óá míle Gaedéal ag troio 'ran Iodáil. An uair o'filleasóar abailé pé óeireasó na bliasóna ní raib aon iongnasó aét an fáilte cuirasó rómpa ar fuio na Múinan. Fé éann bliasóna bhir cogasó Dimeirce amasó, agus, fóiríor, bí Gaebil i n-a míltaib ag troio i gcoinnib a éile ann. An bliasóin rin airtrigeasó corp Coirdealbairg Mac Maǵnúra ó San Francisco go hÉirinn. Leat-éasó míle fear do bí ag gluaireasó 'ran trocpaio go Glair Naídean.

Bí Diarmuid Ua Donnabáin Rora ag obair go díceallaic le linn na haimpire rin. Iy beag bócar ná bóicrín féin in nÉirinn uile nár éirtil fé. Mar aon leir rin bí fé ag tpeórad páiréir nuaidéacra i nAd Cliaic. Cuir rocpaid Mac Magnura oiread ran miuicé ar Gaebealaib Δimeirce go raib rúil i nÉirinn le congnaic mór uacra gan ró-moill. Bí rúil le congnaic ó muinntar Δimeirce féin tar éir an éogaid mar dioéail ar a ncearna Gaebeil doib. Acé an uair éug Éireannaié roga fé Canasa bliadain a 1866 o'rág Δimeirce bpeall opca. Tamall roimiy rin cuiread an dlige ar Ua Donnabáin Rora iy ar a cuideacraic i nAd Cliaic. Corain fé 'ran éuiric iaraicra é féin fé mar déanrad leóman ; acé b'é bpeic na cúirce a éur fé glar go ceann ríce bliadain. Cuiread go carcair i Sacraib é féin iy garrad Gaebeal iy iad uile ceangailte le rlabraib. Δ leicéio de marlad iy de barcad iy mar tugad do anhrúo níor ceapad riam fé ríagail na Rúirce. Bainead a éuo éadaié de ó éroiceann iy o'rágad gan éadac gan rolar gan biaé gan deoc é i n-áruy cumaié i gcorp an éuiricé iy ríoc iy rneacra ciméall air. Ceanglad a láma iy a éora i tpeo go mbíod air fé greim bí iy uirce éaicrae éuirce o'alrad ar an uplar fé mar déanrad muc nó masrad. Cúiniy a bean iy a leab ar éuirce éuirce : ní leiricre doib ceacra i lácair a céile. Cuiread i n-uil do go raib a éuirce ag raráil bíir i n-a ciméall. Dá labrad fé ór íreal éeobraide de coraib ann ; dá labrad fé ór áro déanraide a larcaé. Níor b'iongnad an féoil ag lobad dá ballaib. Tar éir tamail o'airricéad ó éarcair go carcair é, agur coirce nár laicéiy ar a mírneaé dá éearcaib uile duabairc na éeaimain a bí ag raire air gur éuirce allca é. Iy gnácaé an t-éicrae ar carraic ag an Sacraic. Acé éug muinntear Cúobraic Áran rreacra ar éeán Buide : éogad ar éuircead mar éuirce bliadain a 1869, agur rcailead rcorp ó'n gcarcair é bliadain a 1872, an tan cuiread ruaié ar luéc an Gallbaéair ag Cógad Mór Ciarraige.

Cuaid fé go hΔimeirce, acé leaad anhrúo féin é. Meacad a méallad iy a breabad iy a éur ar rcaicraic, agur an uair éuir ar a náiméib é éeigic ó raécar a raéail nó cor do baic ar cuiread bean óg éuirce iy lámaé rí é, cé nár máirb, agur cá an ríle ar ríon, tar éir éeic mbliadain rícead, ar ionéur aige go ocí an uair. An t-éicrae carad oim-ra é ní ag tacaic do'n tpeo-éuirce raic fé i gcarcair Sacraic a bí fé ; acé bí dian-éearé air coirce go éruair fé leabar i leabarlainn an árcaié iy é ag ceacra éar ráile iy an leabar ríon lán de na rcan-éreacraib i n-a éaib féin.

An t-éolar a bí aige ar réancuir Éireann an ruo iy mó éuirce iongnad oim-ra. Ní raib éuain ná rcaicrae dá rcaicrae ríam i n-uib Rácaé nac raib aige de élan-méabair.

“ Molaim tú féin iy do leicéio,” arra Rora liom i nceiread na dála. “ Fear óg cura, baic ó Dia opca. Rúgad tú an bliadain do rcailead míre ó élarraib Gall. Tá do raéail rómaic, de éeoin Dé. Claié leir an nGaebeilg. Ní' a commaic de uplar acaib i gcoimnib Sacraic, agur ní' ráruéad i nÉirinn áin moiu ar luéc coranca na Gaebeilge. Iy mór é mo éécar arairb.”

Ír íomdā lícīr ā bī āgam uaiō nī bā diaōnaiġe, āgur nīor rēpīb rē rīam ēuġam āct tpe ġaeōilġ. Nī raiō āon pāiopeāā aige āct pāiopeāā ġaeōilġe. Feāō tamaiīl mīaiē rōim ā bār ír beāġ ā labair rē āct ġaeōilġ, āgur ír beāġ ionntāoiō ā bī aige ār ēinne āct luēt labarēā ġaeōilġe. Focail ġaeōilġe nā focail deiriō ā tūic ó n-ā béal. Nīor āēpuiġ rē aigne ī ocaoiō ēipeann nā Sacraī rīam. Daoime ġan nāīr ādeir ġo nōeapna. Leasāō ġaeōil āīr ā loīġ āgur nī baōġal oōiō.

SEÁN UA CEALLAIG (SCEILġ)

WHY THE CITIZEN ARMY HONOURS ROSSA

IN honouring O'Donovan Rossa the workers of Ireland are doing more than merely paying homage to an unconquerable fighter. They are signifying their adhesion to the principle of which Rossa till his latest days was a living embodiment—the principle that the freedom of a people must in the last analysis rest in the hands of that people—that there is no outside force capable of enforcing slavery upon a people really resolved to be free, and valuing freedom more than life. We in Ireland have often forgotten that truth, indeed it may be even asserted that only an insignificant minority of the nation ever learned it. And yet, that truth once properly adopted as the creed of a nation would become the salvation of the nation.

For slavery is a thing of the soul, before it embodies itself in the material things of the world. I assert that before a nation can be reduced to slavery its soul must have been cowed, intimidated or corrupted by the oppressor. Only when so cowed, intimidated or corrupted does the soul of a nation cease to urge forward its body to resist the imposition of the shackles of slavery; only when the soul so surrenders does any part of the body consent to make truce with the foe of its National existence.

When the soul is conquered the articulate expression of the voice of the nation loses its defiant accent, and taking on the whining colour of compromise, begins to plead for the body. The unconquered soul asserts itself, and declares its sanctity to be more important than the interests of the body; the conquered soul ever pleads first that the body may be saved even if the soul is damned.

For generations this conflict between the sanctity of the soul and the interests of the body has been waged in Ireland. The soul of Ireland preached revolution, declared that no blood-letting could be as disastrous as a cowardly acceptance of the rule of the

conqueror, nay, that the rule of the conqueror would necessarily entail more blood-letting than revolt against the rule. In fitful moments of spiritual exaltation Ireland accepted that idea, and such men as O'Donovan Rossa becoming possessed of it became thenceforth the living embodiment of that gospel. But such supreme moments passed for the multitude, and the nation as a nation sank again into its slavery, and its sole articulate expression to reach the ears of the world were couched in the fitful accents of the discontented, but spiritless slave—blatant in his discontent, spiritless in his acceptance of subjection as part of the changeless order of things.

The burial of the remains of O'Donovan Rossa in Irish soil, and the functions attendant thereon must inevitably raise in the mind of every worker the question of his or her own mental attitude to the powers against which the departed hero was in revolt. That involves the question whether those, who accept that which Rossa rejected have any right to take part in honour paid to a man whose only title to honour lies in his continued rejection of that which they have accepted. It is a question each must answer for himself or herself.

But it can neither be answered carelessly, nor evaded.

The Irish Citizen Army in its constitution pledges its members to fight for a Republican Freedom for Ireland. Its members are, therefore, of the number who believe that at the call of duty they may have to lay down their lives for Ireland, and have so trained themselves that at the worst the laying down of their lives shall constitute the starting point of another glorious tradition—a tradition that will keep alive the soul of the nation.

We are, therefore, present to honour O'Donovan Rossa by right of our faith in the separate destiny of our country, and our faith in the ability of the Irish Workers to achieve that destiny.

JAMES CONNOLLY.

LEADERS

Where loud-voiced leaders vaunt a claim
They have no place, they have no name,
The tenders of the Phoenix Flame.

Without a word, without a sign,
They move upon that old, divine
High mission at the inmost shrine.

Yet have they more enduring place,
The men of Ireland's hero race,
And they have names that still can stir
The deep unconquered heart of her.

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN.

THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS IN 1915

OF the Irish Volunteers as an organisation this is no place to speak. Of the causes that led to the founding of that organisation it is yet impossible to speak in such a way as to shut out political discussion ; and political discussion should cease when the present duty of the Nation stands clear. But of the Irish Volunteer, of the man for Ireland in 1915, one can speak, as one can speak of O'Donovan Rossa in 1865, and so for ever.

Most Irishmen have grown up with the feeling, whether vague or clear, that the most noble thing for them in life, after the service of their God, would be battle for Ireland. Even those who have done little or nothing to arm themselves and their countrymen for battle have known that feeling strongly. It is not merely the love of country felt by the fatter nations, the love of the traditional ways of thought and of life familiar to them, the love that brings home-sickness to the heart with the fear of exile or of death. It is not merely the love of the sod of Ireland, the love of nature here. It is not merely the love of liberty, of the rights of man. It is not merely hatred of the age-long oppression suffered by our race. It springs not merely from economic grievance, or from grievance against the administration of alien law, or even against the denial of native law. It is the knowledge that there lives in this country, in this race, a holy cause that will be served and served in blood, and served still though it be betrayed by every man and woman of us but one. While the fire of this cause burns in one Irish heart, the Nation lives. It is our doom and our dower. Failure in its service has brought upon us the calamities of our history. Adventure in its service has won glorious reward unsought, and has always forbidden the end. It is not governed by material advantage. Those who make the great journeys guide their course by the stars.

With this spirit ever moving them or troubling them, the Irishmen of this generation have grown up. Most of them have anxiously prayed that when their destined duty arrives their eyes may be made clear that they may know it, and their hands made cunning, that by some wild luck they may be skilled to serve it. Many have been confident that they will know it, and so have got themselves ready for it. Some have gone to meet it, prepared to bring it.

Until November, 1913, it was possible for Irishmen to feel vaguely this sense of duty and of destined service, to be taken or refused. Since then this much at least is clear, that all who are to take the service of this country must prepare themselves for that service. Those who before that time had talked of doing what the heroes of the Nation had done, those who had written essays or poems or plays, those who had made speeches in honour of Eoghan Ruadh O'Neill, or of Tone or Emmet or Rossa, all then found that, like the poet of Plato, they had uttered great and wise things which they themselves did not understand. They recognised that in them, with their reason and their calculation, there was another thing that looked through their eyes and beat

with their hearts and spoke through their lips, and they knew that that other thing was the master of all their acts. That other thing told them that ease was to them a temptation of the devil, that the service of Ireland, to be a holy service, must be an arduous service. It told them that they should mistrust everything that came to them with rewards and promises of rewards. It told them that to seek fame in duty was a sin to Ireland, and a desire doomed to frustration.

The duty then was clear, and all to whom the heritage of nationality is given were gloriously glad.

Twenty months have passed since the first public enrolment of Irish Volunteers. The men who came at the beginning and have remained true to the undertaking they signed then, are now armed and trained to the use of arms. Others, who, through force from without or through a temporary failure in themselves, were led astray for a time by the English party divisions, which are the only political division among Irishmen, have come back and are coming back every day of late. And new men are coming in every day of late. Courage grows as our path is seen by all to be the old path. To-day for every man that is outlawed or imprisoned by the British Government hundreds know themselves Irishmen and join the Irish Volunteers. It is good for the Nation to know that Irishmen to-day are enduring what the men of the nobler generations endured, that the prison treatment which O'Donovan Rossa suffered in Chatham is suffered to-day in Mountjoy by Sean MacDiarmada.

The Irish Volunteer in 1915 is the heir to Irish Nationality, handed down from revolt to revolt since the alien plunderers came here seven hundred and fifty years ago. The Irish Volunteer has taken up in his generation the traditional policy of the Irish people,—abandoned for a few decades,—the policy of physical force. The Irish Volunteer stands pledged to the single service of Ireland in Ireland. He alters not his allegiance with change of circumstance. He owns one loyalty—to Ireland. He knows one duty—to Ireland. His deed cannot die into the air like a word. The ideal that he has conceived in his heart can never die; it is one for ever with love and honour and right; it is the ideal of his country free, in the happy enjoyment of the sacred gift that has kept her children true, and that leads him now to battle, to sacrifice and to victory.

THOMAS MACDONAGH.

Grieve not for him : speak not a word of sorrow ;
Although his eyes saw not his country's glory,
The service of his day shall make our morrow :
His name shall be a watchword in our story.

Him England for his love of Ireland hates :
This flesh we bury England's chains have bitten :
That is enough ; for our deed now he waits ;
With Emmet's let his epitaph be written.

THOMAS MACDONAGH.

Ó Donnabáin a' Rosa

Cá hiongna rinne á mola, ag mola Rosa, an laoc,
An Diarraic rém nár mól é. Nár maoidim ré a cáil don traoḡal?
Iḡ an lá úo luaid ré a rtair súinn le hair a learcán cré,
Nár geinead rriopais nár n-anam tḡg beata nua don ḡaebeal!

NáC maic mar do corais an buidean beag fear úo de muinntir an Scibirín cúig bliana ó rom cun bearc a déanam a buanóc cuirne Uí Donnabáin a' Rosa. D'éirig leo, mar iḡ eol súinn, an bearc ran a déanam, agus ba cúio de cora a raotair gur bunuigead Coirde eile in áC Chiac cun páirt a tógaint ran deaḡobair céasna. Le h-imead airtire tárta gur bearcuig an Coirde a bí ag obair in áC Chiac leacé eile in onóir do Rosa do tógáil i mball oiriúnac ra cácair, mar go raib ran tuillte tar barr aige, agus, fairir rin gurb móide cáil na cátraic leacé dá cóim maic ran o'fear a beic 'na fearam ann.

Tá ré le maoidem anoir acu go bfuil eirigce leo an gníom ran do cup i gcric.

Iḡ beag a ceap Diarmuid a' Rosa rém le linn a cruaic-géibim i Sarana go breicri aon leacé acu ran 'na fearam. Ní har a leicéio a bíod ré ag maicnam, ac ar conur do b'fearr o'féasrad ré an ród a fearam i naḡaid na b'eall a bí á n-imirc air ag a namasaid ann, agus níor beag le n-áiream na pille-bearca céasna.

Ó corac bíoir anuar air, ré mar go mbead focal raéta acu beic amlaid. Níorb iongna linn dá mba gur mar rin a bí, toirc a feabar a tḡg ré ré camartuigeal oigce ḡall i nÉirinn do noéta agus do cáine nuair a bí ré á crual ra cúirt in áC Chiac. Dá méio a deimóir cun é umalú cail b'ead ba lúḡa a géillead ré dóib. Do créio ré rém tamall go rabasair a cí deire a cup leir le oio-úrúio, agus cá b'ior ná go rabasair.

Ní puláir nó bí pláinte iongantac aige, agus rriopais agus meon do-claioite, agus croide breac do cócuig a mirtneac do an uair ba déine a bíoat á rmacú.

Agur, réac, gur ag Rosa a bí an buad ra deire, mar ní hamáin gur ceip oicta é ceannrú, ac o'éirig leir rin tuairig ar a n-imeadta rúo, agus ar na breaga a ceapasair cun iad rém a coraint, do noéta don traol móir, mar do craob-raoilead é ra b'fainne, i nÉirinn agus i Sarana rém. D'éirig leir an tuairig rin do cup amac ar an b'riórúin i gan rior dóib rin o'aimseoin iad a beic dá rior-faire.

Dá n-inead éinne do Rosa an trác úo go doicrad an lá nuair a bead Uacóarán na héireann ag noéta leacé cuirne dó i ḡCacair áCá Chiac, agus an ḡaeoige á labairc aige, agus é ag traic tar a díreacé iḡ a ḡairge, agus é á mola mar rampa o'fearaib páil mar raiḡóúir cróda do fearam gan géille i naḡaid na barbaraéta do h-imirigci air i b'riórúnaib Sarana, ba deasair do é créioúint. Agur dá n-irici do gur irig ra treana-Cairleán úo na nḡall i n-áC

Chiaḱ do léigḱí an tAíreann ag comórad ócáide noḱtaíte an leacḱa ran, ní ḱreiread ré a leicḱéio.

Fear uíal doḱ ead Rora, gan éan éirige in áirde air, agur ní dóca go gcuirread ré puinn rḱéire i gcainnḱ de'n tḱóro ran, ac aínám go mbead le cuirgḱin ar go mbead deire le réim na Saranaḱ in lé Chiaḱ nuair a tárlóḱ a leicḱéio. Sin é an rḱéal a ḱoróḱ é, agur abair go gcuirread ré áḱar air.

Ná ceapad éinne náḱ ḱreio Diarmuid a' Rora go bḱeasḱad muinḱin na héireann rḱoirḱe a bainḱ amaḱ dá gcuirḱoir i gceart cuige maḱ b'é a ḱreideam i gcoínnaí go bḱeasḱoir. B'é an puo do bain dá dócaḱ camall ná a ḱior a beic aige gur ag bḱraḱ ar a gcainnḱ aínám a bí a bḱurmóḱ éun buadḱainḱ ar a naímao. Ar an ngunna a bí ionnḱaobḱ ag Diarmuid a' Rora, agur ní ar a' gcainnḱ.

Cuigcear anoir cao do éug reilḱ Cairleán léa Chiaḱ do ḱaeḱealaib, agur reilḱ cuio mór den tíḱ 'na ḱeannḱa. Cuigcear go bḱuil oluḱ-bainḱ ag an puo céasḱna. Leir an gḱreideam náiríunḱa a bí ag an bḱFinín cáilíuil reo a rḱoluiḱeasḱ le hair Ror ó gCairḱre ra bliain 1831, agur le cḱreideam a ḱompádaíte, agur le cḱreideam na mílḱe ḱaeḱeal a ḱaib an gḱarḱ-ḱonair céasḱna rómpa.

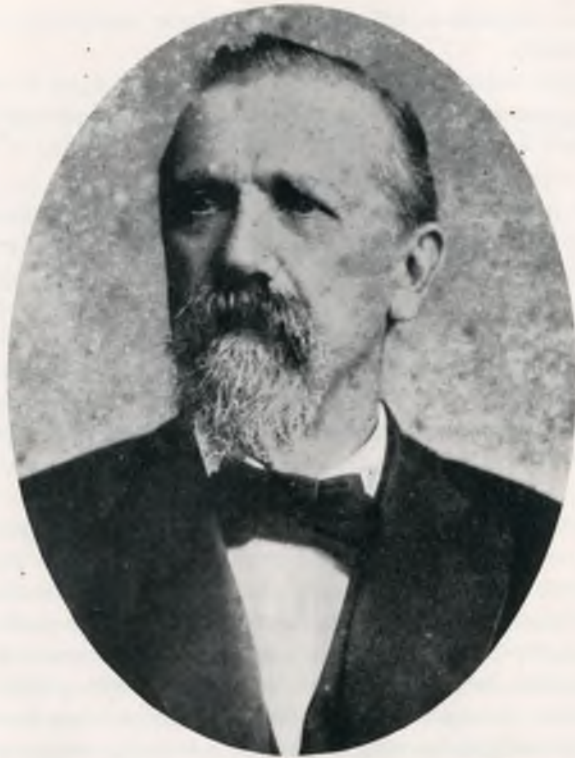
Fear neamḱ-ḱoicḱianḱa b'ead an fear ro go bḱuil a cáil á ḱraolaḱ agam anro. Ar a rḱuaim réin do mḱeabḱraig ré cao é an cúḱra a leanḱad ré, agur ba ḱruaid an cúḱra do ḱoiḱ ré, ac níor ob ré tabairḱ ré aon ḱruasḱtan dá ḱéire do buail leir, dá ḱionn. D'ḱan ré oilir dá ḱreideam go deire na rḱríbe.

Bí ré ḱaeḱealaḱ leir—ana-ḱaeḱealaḱ—do réir na dḱuairḱí a ḱloirinn uaḱa ran go raibḱ rean aicḱe acu air an ḱaio a bí ré i mbun ḱnóḱa ra Scibirín. Ba ḱaeḱealaige na mḱeon é, dar liom, ná aon fear eile de Cúmann na bḱFiníní, bíod ir go raibḱ Seán Ó Maḱḱaíḱna níor léiḱeanta i licḱioḱḱ na ḱaeḱilge ná é. Bíod rḱríbinní ḱaeḱilge 'na reilḱ 'na éig ra Scibirín, do réir cainnḱe a ḱoíarran, agur do réir a leabair réim bí a leicḱéio 'na éig i náḱ Chiaḱ nuair gabaḱ é, ré puo d'ímig orḱa 'na diaḱo rḱm. Agur nuair a ḱeir air aon leabar ḱaeḱilge d'ḱaḱáil le léiḱeam agur é i Sarana d'iarḱ ré orḱa an Bíobla ḱaeḱealaḱ a ḱabairḱ do. Bí leabar acu ran ag an muinḱin ra ḱríorún 'na raibḱ ré an tḱráḱ ran. Ní raibḱ a leicḱéio i gḱóir na gCairḱceasḱ i gcló, ná nil rḱóḱ, rḱóirḱoḱ! Do rḱoḱraig an rḱagart agur an muinḱin eatorḱa é, agur ruair Rora cóir den Bíobla ḱroḱarḱúnaḱ ré méio a léiḱ ré dḱé. Ní rḱlair nó bí ceann ré ar an rḱagart nuair gurḱ é an muinḱin den Eaglaḱ ḱallḱa a ḱáimig ag rḱóirḱinḱ ar an bḱríorúnaḱ Cairḱceasḱ ro ó Éirinn d'ḱonn cae a ḱabairḱ do teangḱa a ḱíre réim beic le léiḱeasḱ aige.

Agur ríú nuair a bí an báḱ i nḱar do i nḱeire a rḱaoḱail ir í an ḱaeḱilge ir mó a bí á labairḱ aige, do réir deallraim.

'Sead, ba mḱaic d'úinne agur ba beodaḱḱ bḱeá d'anam na náiríunḱaḱ ro agaimn, gur mḱair Diarmuid Ó Donnabáin a' Rora nuair a mḱair ré, agur gur bḱronn Dia aicḱe agur cḱoide ḱó ḱaeḱealaḱ ran air, agur neart agur ruinneam 'na ḱeannḱa ran, maḱ bain ré reidm éacḱaḱ arḱa ra tḱroio a deim ré i gcoinnḱib tíoránḱaḱ na Saranaḱ, ba deaḱ-ḱampla do mḱórán do lean ar a loḱḱ ó rḱoin i leicḱ.

READAR Ó HANNRAḱÁIN.



This photograph of O'Donovan Rossa, taken in 1894, shows that at the age of sixty-three he still retained his handsome and commanding appearance which (according to the secret police report given below) he possessed when he was thirty-three.

Description of O'Donovan Rossa at request of Under Secretary.

13th September, 1864.

I beg to state that the following is a description of O'Donovan Rossa: about 34 years of age but looks younger when standing at a distance, about 5 feet 10 or 11 inches high, rather slight make, but very smart athletic appearance and walks erect; brown hair cut short, brown or sandy beard on chin and upper lip, jaws shaved and brown complexion. He generally wears a fine black cloth long frock, fine black cloth vest and trousers, black silk neck tie, black soft-felt hat with tall crown and broad band and leaf, and sometimes a tall silk hat with crape on it. He may wear an Inverness cape, and his general appearance is that of a man who was in America for some time and returned recently. He is a native of County Kerry.

DANIEL RYAN, Superintendent.

COMMISSIONERS OF POLICE.

(NOTE: The above description contains the peculiar error of naming Kerry as Rossa's native county when it must have been widely known that he was a native of Cork. This copy was transcribed from the original manuscript version in the police records at the R.I.C. Headquarters in Dublin in 1920.)

ROSSA AND OUR TIME

THE other writings in this booklet show the unifying force which the spirit of Rossa exerted upon the Irish nationalists of forty years ago. To Pearse he represented the unbreakable courage of the Gaelic world; to Griffith, the regenerative force of Fenianism, which helped to transform a fragment of empire into a resurgent nation; to Connolly and MacDonagh, a cause in which the Irish Citizen Army and the Irish Volunteers could unite. And, as all these men, variously imbued with that spirit at a vital moment of our history, translated it into known achievement, it seems as if there is little for our generation to add to their tributes.

Yet such figures as Rossa belong, not to one generation, but to history. The great figures of history, like those of legend, have always something to say to us; and we in turn have something to say of them, even if it is only

To murmur name upon name
As a mother names her child.

Those of us who grew up after the Civil War found our way tangled with the briars of uncertainty. We grew up like children in a divided family, spelling out the poetry of the revolution while our elders quarrelled bitterly about its inevitable prose. The search for an acceptable allegiance was not an easy one but it was soon clear that national salvation lay in first building a bridge back to that time when Irishmen were united in the nation's cause and had not yet come to differ about documents.

This involved imaginative contact with the memory and with the meaning of such men as Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa. Through the fog which surrounded us we could see his figure standing like some rugged granite monolith. There was something also of bronze in his quality; a bronze ring to the name, an unflinching dignity of an austere classical cast in his personality. There was, moreover a quality which is more Irish than Roman, a fierce gaiety in the teeth of the most desperate opposition. He was attacked with everything that can break the spirit of a man; with politically biassed sermons, with starvation and solitary confinement, with misrepresentation of his moral character; and he laughed and kept his faith and fought on, fighting his greatest battles alone, in the dock, in prison and in exile. It is impossible to say which was the finest of his moral victories; his devastating exposure of the venal judge who sentenced him, his single-handed fight against and triumph over a whole vicious prison system, or his refusal to become a well-paid waxwork for the Irish-American factions in New York. Through all of these runs the consistency of a man of the toughest moral fibre.

So he perhaps stands to our time as a symbol of moral courage, for each generation will see in him the quality which it needs. Now that we also have learned the prose as well as the poetry, we can perhaps appreciate the necessity of constitutions and of

documents in the life of a nation ; but we know also that where there is no vision the people perish, that spirit and courage such as belonged to Rossa are the vital transforming forces in national life. To forget this is to become lost among the decimal differences of party politics. Rossa dealt in simple numbers. " Refined policy ever has been the parent of confusion " ; Rossa may not have known Burke's aphorism but he lived it.

We number him then with the gay indomitable fighters for Irish freedom and are glad that Irish men and women who once took different roads can to-day join hands before his memorial, for it is certain that our people's memory of him will outlast both stone and bronze.

ROGER MCHUGH.

THE INFLUENCE OF FENIANISM

IN 1843 there were more than a million men of fighting age on the soil of Ireland who supported O'Connell's demand for Repeal with their voices, and waited for his word to support it with their hands. An English Cabinet Minister surveying the situation, observed that the growth of Irish Population was a menace. Hence, the Famine.

In 1845 the potato-blight appeared in Western Europe. Germany and the other Continental countries affected closed their ports to the export of foodstuffs until the respective Governments were satisfied that none of their people could be starved. The Young Irelanders demanded that the Ports of Ireland should be similarly closed. As this would have shortened England's food supply and kept the Million Repealers of Military Age alive, the British Government refused. The Parliamentary Party of that era—which had consented to put Repeal on the shelf in return for a prodigious number of Commissionerships, sub-Commissionerships, Inspectorships, stipendiary magistracies, and soforth—supported the Government's refusal and proclaimed the Young Irelanders Factionists, Traitors, Infidels, and Enemies of Repeal.

Thus, between 1846 and 1850 the potential Repeal Army vanished, and England was kept supplied with cheap food from Ireland. In each year of the Legislative Famine Ireland raised on her soil food for the sustenance of from sixteen to twenty millions of people. Out of her population of 8,000,000, two millions were destroyed in the same period by hunger, hunger-fever, and emigration to escape hunger-fever.

The Young Irelanders who attempted resistance to the course of British policy had their newspapers suppressed, and their bodies transported to England's Penal Settlements. Next, the Tenant League, founded by Gavan Duffy, Geo. Henry Moore, and Frederick Lucas, succeeded in electing a pledge-bound Parliamentary Party to the British Parliament, where the British Government at once bought it up.

Thereafter, the Reduction of Ireland proceeded swiftly and smoothly, with the help of the Encumbered Estates Act. Lord Sligo, for instance, wiped out 10,000 people who dwelt upon the soil then in his possession, and whose ancestors had dwelt there for a thousand years, and Mr. John George Adair, desiring to have good shooting and civilised surroundings, bought a countryside and left no living thing of the human species on it. The natives wept—"throwing themselves on the ground," writes the Unionist *Derry Standard's* correspondent of the day—" they burst out into the old Irish wail—and their terrifying cries resounded along the mountain-side." But Mr. Adair, or Lord Lucan or Lord Sligo, or Mr. Allan Pollock, or Lord Leitrim suffered no other inconvenience. For it had been ground into the Irish peasant that it was no sin for the British Government to exterminate HIM, but it was damnation hereafter for him to conspire to exterminate the British Government, or even to shoot a John George Adair.

It was in this forlorn and seemingly broken-spirited land the Fenian Movement was founded by James Stephens, John O'Mahony and Michael Doheny—all three Young Irelanders who, in 1848, had urged the people to fight rather than let themselves be legally famished. It spread through the land, although the British Government mobilised all its sacred and profane artillery. When Fenianism attempted armed and open war with the British Empire, the British Empire was able to defeat it without calling the French, the Russians, the Japanese, the Servians, the Belgians, the Italians, the Ghoorkhas, the Senegalese, and the Fiji Islanders to its aid, but the spirit of Fenianism, which was the spirit of Young Ireland, which was the spirit of Ancient Ireland, it could not defeat. Fenianism had recalled Irishmen to their manhood. It had exorcised the British Theology and convinced the better part of the Irish that to permit themselves to be destroyed without offering resistance was not a meek submission to Providence entitling them to heaven hereafter, but plain suicide—a sin against God.

The spread of this conviction led to the farmers of Tipperary when their landlords came to exterminate them, using guns at Ballycohey and elsewhere to exterminate their landlords, their landlords' bailiffs, and their landlords' police. A British Government alarmed at this practical Fenianism immediately did what it had refused to the appeals, arguments, pleas, and supplications of forty years of oratory and resolutions—passed a Land Act recognising the right of an Irish farmer to object to being extirpated off-hand. Within a dozen years thereafter the spirit of Fenianism had smashed Landlordism in Ireland into fragments, and the Irish farmer was free to live and eat of his own corn.

So long as the spirit of Fenianism diffused itself through the body politic, Ireland marched on a hundred paths of political, social, industrial, and educational effort to National Regeneration. When the body grew corrupt Ireland shrivelled in men's minds from a spiritual force and a National entity to a fragment of Empire—an Area. Again, the Body Politic has healed and awakens to consciousness of that soul within it which the Political Atheist denies. No man will watch the body of O'Donovan Rossa pass to its tomb without remembering that the strength of an Empire was baffled when it sought to subdue this man whose spirit was the free spirit of the Irish Nation.

ARTHUR GRIFFITH.

Ó Donnabáin Rosa agus a t-eaḡlać

SEÁN Ó LÚING

(úscar an leabair *Arc Ó Dhíofa*)

CRÁCTHÓNA breá i mí Bealtaine 1858 éuaig beirt fear amac Bócar an Muilinn ḡaile ó baile Sgibirín i nDroichead-árainn. Dá bharrfaidh riaráidí na d'árainn rin cas ab ainm don bheir breá-éimta leathan-ḡuaillead a bí beagnać in aird ré troid, oirad ina fearaí agus fearúil ina dealraí, ní fágfaí i b'as ar oí eolair é, mar bí aicne máic na Sgibirín ar Dáiríre Ó Donnabáin Rosa, tair é beic uairal i ngac céim a bam le cáilíć rir. Agus an crácthóna áirice reo bí ré ag éiradć go bhíúil ronnáir leir an r'ala a bí ag a cómpánać ó. Sa cóir'á eator'cu deiradć t'adć ar fear d'ar' ainm Stephens, agus ar ruad eile—" . . . airm . . . rir . . . oirleáil . . . ullnú . . . troid . . ."

Dob é rin an céas m'ir den ead'ra a t'ug Ó Donnabáin Rosa ar a cúrra eiricúil t'osa i ḡoinne ḡarana, a t'ug timpeall na t'ipe é ag r'olácar nirt d'arm na b'finíní, a d'fág d'ar'ra na cúirt é ag b'ir'ad'á r'eile agus éic'ig, agus a d'fág iata i bh'p'ir'ín é ar r'ad' cúig mbliana ir'p'annsa. Ead'ra dob ea é nár éir'ic'ad'ig r'ú a'áin lena b'ár, mar do máir a in'eamna d'á éir' cun beic ina lócarann laod'air d'á cóir'ar'baí t'osa, agus mair'ann r'ór.

Ad cé gur ead' Ó Donnabáin Rosa cúig bliana d'á r'ol i ngéar'bh'oir' p'ir'ir'ín agus an cúio eile de ar r'as ag cóir'ac nair'ise na h'éir'ann le ḡac arm ar a cúmar, t'ugad' de ḡr'ár'ca d'ó go bh'uar'ir ré r'ol r'ir'ob'áir'ead' r'ona, bíod' ir' nár ḡaib' ré r'ir'ó rin ad' oir'ead' ḡan cion m'ór de d'ólar agus de bh'ón an t'raoil reo d'fulang. Bí ré de cáilíć t'air'neam'ac ann gur bh'éir'ir leir cion na ḡailíní a t'arr'air'ig a'ir r'én ḡan r'ar'ó. T'air'ig bh'ón an t'raoil a'ir go luac nuair ruair a beand'éile óg b'ár agus cead'rar clainne acu, agus t'uir ré go tubair'ead' a'ir an ad'uar' nuair d'éag an d'ara beand'éile, cailín r'ir'álainn, agus ḡan iad ad' cúpla bliain r'ór'ca, ionar gur'ib uair'ead' ain'ir an cor mar r'ágad' é.

Ir' an'ran a carad Máir Ní Eir'ad'áir' ar Clanna Caoilte a'ir. Bí r'ir' d'ad'úil, mead'rac i ḡúrr'áí léinn ir' r'ir'í'ćca, lán de r'p'ir' agus de eal'mad'ć, in a'oir a hoć mbliana d'éag ; bí r'ir'ean eir'ir' bliana r'ir'í'ćca, é buar'ca ag r'ir'ir' r'ir'ob'áir'ead', i ngleic le nair'ise ceal'gac, ag d'éanam' a d'ic'ill cun a ḡnó a cóir'eas' ó d'ul ar ar r'as. T'ug an bair'ead' r'ir' agus an cailín con'bin'ce ḡr'á r'ir'í' d'á eir'le agus r'ór'as'ar i nDeir'ad' Fóm'air 1864. ḡaib' r'ir' an t-ál óg lenaí a bí a'ir' r'ar'ina cúram, t'ug r'í cabair' agus t'ac'ad'ic' é'ró'ga d'ó r'ar' agus é ag ḡab'áil r'ir' r'annsa' na ḡúig mbliana r'ir'ir'ín agus, tar éir' d'ó t'ead' r'lán uair' r'ir', t'ug r'í an cúio eile d'á r'ol go d'ú'rad'ad'ć agus go cean'úil ag oir'úint na clainne, r'ir' d'uir' d'éag acu, a r'ar'ad'í'od'

éiríonn fáil ar fáil ar fáil. Is ar éigin a bí teaghlac Rora riamh gan gáire linb le clor ann. Go deimhin do bí roinnt mór den leanb agur den traintaict i dtreicéioct Uí Donnabáin Rora féin. Fíoch le namais agur neamh-maitteact le fealltóir agur ponn lafánta éun an tíoránac d'ionraí ríú amáin ina daingean féin, bí na nite rin ina tréicéioct go deapra, com láioir rin gur ar éigm a éimhíimio ar tréicé eile úo na daonnúlaicta a dein fear com grámar de ar a tinteán féin, imearc a éio leanb, agur cúrra magúil éigin á ríom aige leo nó fean-rcéal ó dúcaig Cairbre, an greann ina rúile agur an gáire timpeall a béil, agur an rona ar fuo an teaghlac timpeall air. B'íne an Rora ríinneac, an t-actair díir clainne, an feancaí ceallai, é gealgáireac, ruairc, rcéalca, ina ógánaic imearc na n-óg, ina fear comairce teaghlac agur ina comráda raol.

Ba mór é a grá do daoine, agur don gcuidéacta, agur bíod a tíg lán go coitianta. Is cuimhin leir an té dob óige den ál, Máireac Ní Donnabáin Rora, an geoin agur an rí-rá a bíod ar fuo an tí agur í ag eirí ruar, buíon méidreac deapcár agur deirpúr, Eilir an banactra éireannac, "Hoolie" an cócaire leac-Inoiaic, gaoir agur caic agur gac fuo ba geal le famlaioct lmb, agur or a gcionn go léir, an fear grámar mór, hata leactan Stetron air agur bean-uafal álainn mairéac lena air.

Bí an raic ar an bporac ran. Mair ré go báir Rora i 1915, tréimre dá bliain is caoga. Agur nuair bí ré ran earláinte fasa deireannac ba tréicé báir dó bí Máire Ní Eireannóin lena air de ló is d'óice, ag tabairc aice díir éanúil dó, ag rreartal ar a comróp, ag ac-rnasomac an éaracair ioir é féin agur a fean-éara Devoy a bí bairce i b'fíoch na hargóna, ag déanam gac cúraim éun rólár anama agur rocaict éoirr a réicéac don trean-leomac éróga. Agur nuair a bí deireac leir an raol rcoirmiúil, rairiúnta, laochmar ran do tionslaic rí a éorr éar Atlantic anall é éur i b'fíoch na hÉireann.

Abair mórcair éoicé do muintir na hÉireann rcéal an fír reo, rulang, dúcraict, rairiún, dignéio agur do-élaioicéact an caoiric reo. Nuair a éorhaic na Finíní ag obair bí an tír ráite ra cáiméall éadócair ba duibe ó bairéac Luimni, le gorta agur rannca agur díc mairic. Cuir an gluaireact ro móraíl agur beoic agur anam inoi. Cuir ré rrian le tairnúlaict an eacprannai, agur do daingic ré inoim agur meanma na hÉireann éun raoirre. Do bí deapcaic acu go líommar le ráir, do bí naimhe acu, na leigúin díob, le claoi, do bí conraicí ra rí dí orcu ba ró-íomacúil le n-áiream, ac dob rin is na rin nár rreio, nár cúlai, nár éir. Agur le do-élaioicéact meanman agur neamh-geillhúnaict don namais, dob é Diarmuid Ó Donnabáin Rora an ceann orcu go léir. Tráictar ar rcéal an fír reo raio a beid inrinc rcéil ann ar érógaict fear.



SKIBBEREEN MEMORIAL

A CHARACTER STUDY

O'DONOVAN ROSSA was not the greatest man of the Fenian generation, but he was its most typical man. He was the man that to the masses of his countrymen then and since stood most starkly and plainly for the Fenian idea. More lovable and understandable than the cold and enigmatical Stephens, better known than the shy and sensitive Kickham, more human than the scholarly and chivalrous O'Leary, more picturesque than the able and urbane Luby, older and more prominent than the man who, when the time comes to write his biography, will be recognised as the greatest of the Fenians—John Devoy—Rossa held a unique place in the hearts of Irish men and Irish women. They made songs about him, his very name passed into a proverb. To avow oneself a friend of O'Donovan Rossa meant in the days of our fathers to avow oneself a friend of Ireland; it meant more: it meant to avow oneself a "mere" Irishman, an "Irish enemy," an "Irish savage," if you will, naked and unashamed. Rossa was not only "extreme," but he represented the left wing of the "extremists." Not only would he have Ireland free, but he would have Ireland Gaelic.

And here we have the secret of Rossa's magic, of Rossa's power: he came out of the Gaelic tradition. He was of the Gael; he thought in a Gaelic way; he spoke in Gaelic accents. He was the spiritual and intellectual descendant of Colm Cille and of Seán an Díomais. With Colm Cille he might have said, "If I die it shall be from the love I bear the Gael;" with Shane O'Neill he held it debasing to "twist his mouth with English." To him the Gael and the Gaelic ways were splendid and holy, worthy of all homage and all service; for the English he had a hatred that was tinctured with contempt. He looked upon them as an inferior race, morally and intellectually; he despised their civilisation; he mocked at their institutions and made them look ridiculous.

And this again explains why the English hated him above all the Fenians. They hated him as they hated Shane O'Neill, and as they hated Parnell; but more. For the same "crime" against English law as his associates he was sentenced to a more terrible penalty; and they pursued him into his prison and tried to break his spirit by mean and petty cruelty. He stood up to them and fought them: he made their whole penal system odious and despicable in the eyes of Europe and America. So the English found Rossa in prison a more terrible foe than Rossa at large; and they were glad at last when they had to let him go. Without any literary pretensions, his story of his prison life remains one of the sombre epics of the earthly inferno.

O'Donovan Rossa was not intellectually broad, but he had great intellectual intensity. His mind was like a hot flame. It seared and burned what was base and mean; it bored its way through falsehoods and conventions; it shot upward, unerringly, to truth and principle. And this man had one of the toughest and most stubborn souls that

have ever been. No man, no government, could either break or bend him. Literally he was incapable of compromise. He could not even parley with compromisers. Nay, he could not act, even for the furtherance of object; held in common, with those who did not hold and avow all his objects. It was characteristic of him that he refused to associate himself with the "new departure" by which John Devoy threw the support of the Fenians into the land struggle behind Parnell and Davitt; even though the Fenians compromised nothing and even though their support were to mean (and did mean) the winning of the land war. Parnell and Davitt he distrusted; Home Rulers he always regarded as either foolish or dishonest. He knew only one way; and suspected all those who thought there might be two.

And while Rossa was thus unbending, unbending to the point of impracticability, there was no acerbity in his nature. He was full of a kindly Gaelic glee. The olden life of Munster, in which the seanchaidhe told tales in the firelight and sons were made at the autumn harvesting, and at the winter spinning, was very dear to him. He saw that life crushed out, or nearly crushed out, in squalor and famine during '47 and '48; but it always lived in his heart. In English prisons and in American cities he remembered the humour and the lore of Carbery. He jested when he was before his judges; he jested when he was tortured by his jailors; sometimes he startled the silence of the prison corridors by laughing aloud and by singing Irish songs in his cell: they thought he was going mad, but he was only trying to keep himself sane.

I have heard from John Devoy the story of his first meeting with Rossa in prison. Rossa was being marched into the governor's office as Devoy was being marched out. In the gaunt man that passed him Devoy did not recognise at first the splendid Rossa he had known. Rossa stopped and said, "John." "Who are you?" said Devoy: "I don't know you." "I'm Rossa." Then the warders came between them. Devoy has described another meeting with Rossa, and this time it was Rossa who did not know Devoy. One of the last issues of the *Gaelic American* that the British Government allowed to enter Ireland contained Devoy's account of a recent visit to Rossa in a hospital in Staten Island. It took a little time to make him realise who it was that stood beside his bed. "And are you John Devoy?" he said at last. During his long illness he constantly imagined that he was still in an English prison; and there was difficulty in preventing him from trying to make his escape through the window. I have not yet seen any account of his last hours: the cabling of such things would imperil the Defence of the Realm.

Enough to know that that valiant soldier of Ireland is dead; that that unconquered spirit is free.

P. H. PEARSE.



O'DONOVAN ROSSA FUNERAL COMMITTEE, 1915

Back Row—J. K. O'Reilly, P. T. Keohane, Diarmuid Lynch, E. de Valera, Jim Tobin, Ben Parsons, Sean O'Mahoney, William O'Leary-Curtis, John Larkin, Billy Cullen.

Second Row—Tom McDonogh, Martin Conlon, J. J. O'Kelly, James Casey, Richard O'Carroll, John Farren, J. Buggy, Arthur Griffith, Sean McGarry, Joe McGuinness, Joe Murray, Harry Nicholls, John Lawlor, William O'Brien, Cathal Brugha, John R. Whelan, John McBride, Thomas Farren.

Third Row—Joe Walsh, Countess Marckievicz, Mrs. Houlihan, Tom McPartlin, John R. Reynolds, Ned Daly, Seamus O'Connor, Tom Clarke, Peter McNally, Jim Stritch, Billy Slator, Mrs. Tom Clarke, Miss McMahon, Miss Cassidy.

Fourth Row—Molly Reynolds, Mrs. O'Moore, Mr. Stafford, Dan Wisely, Sean O'Moore, Brian O'Higgins, Bridie Walsh, Mrs. Joe McGuinness

O'DONOVAN ROSSA FUNERAL COMMITTEE

SUB-COMMITTEES 1915

1.—Publicity

Arthur Griffith
Eamonn Ceannt
Peter Macken, ex-Alderman
Councillor S. T. O'Kelly
J. J. O'Kelly (Sceilg)
Brian O'Higgins (Brian na Banban)

2—Delegates and Contingents

James Connolly, Secretary, Irish Transport Workers
Seán Fitzgibbon
Bulmer Hobson, Secretary, Irish Volunteers
Diarmuid Lynch
Joseph Kelly
Cathal Power, B.L.
James Tobin

3—Trains

James Casey
Peadar McNally
Michael Slator
James Stritch, National Treasurer, Irish National Foresters
Seán Tobin

4—Funeral and Cemetery

J. Lawlor, Vice-President
Dublin Trades' Council
Major John MacBride
Seán MacGadhra
Henry Nicholls, B.A., B.A.I.
Councillor Richard O'Carroll
Joseph Plunkett
John Simmons, Secretary,
Dublin Trades' Council
John Larkin

5—Obsequies

Henry Dixon
Professor Eoin MacNeill
P. H. Pearse, B.A., B.L.

6—Guards and Procession

General Officer Commanding and Chief Marshal:
Commandant-General Thomas MacDonagh
Officers of the General Staff:
Commandant T. J. Sheehan, Chief of Staff
Commandant Joseph Plunkett
Commandant The O'Rahilly
Commandant Eamonn De Valera
Captain M. W. O'Reilly
Lieutenant E. J. O'Kelly

Officer Commanding the Irish Volunteers:

Commandant Eamonn Daly

Officer Commanding the Dublin Brigade of the Irish Volunteers:

Commandant Eamonn Ceannt

Officer Commanding the Irish Citizen Army:

Commandant James Connolly

Officer Commanding Na Fianna Eireann:

Captain Pádraig O Riain

7—Badges

Martin Conlan
Joseph McGuinness
James Whelan

8—Hotel Arrangements

Cathal Cuiceam

9—Contingencies

Bháitéar O Foghludha
Bartholomew O'Connor
Seumas Buggy
John Larkin

10—Finance

T. Farren, President, Dublin Trades' Council
Alderman Thomas Kelly
Joseph Murray
William O'Brien, ex-President
Dublin Trades' Council
John O'Mahony
B. R. Parsons

11—Reception

Executive Wolfe Tone Memorial Association:

Thomas J. Clarke, President
Seán McDermott, Vice-President
(In Mountjoy Prison under the "Defence of the Realm" Act)
James Stritch, Treasurer
Cathal Cuiceam, Recording Secretary
Seán MacGadhra, Financial Secretary
Bháitéar O Foghludha, Correspondence Secretary

Trustees:

Seumas O Conchubhair
John R. Reynolds, F.A.A.
Thomas J. Clarke

Committee:

Eamonn Daly
Peadar McNally
Michael Slator

Cumann na mBan

Mrs. J. Wyse Power
Mrs. Tuohy
Mrs. MacNeill
Mrs. O'Rahilly
Miss MacMahon
Mrs. Clarke
Mrs. Joseph McGuinness
Miss Cassidy
Mrs. Kent
Countess Markievicz
Miss Maeve Cavanagh
Miss J. Walsh
Miss J. Maher
Mrs. Holohan
Mrs. Moore
Máire Ni Raghnaill
M. Breathnach
Miss Eileen Devoy

12—Souvenir

Brian O'Higgins (Brian na Banban)
The O'Rahilly
Eamonn Daly
Pádraig O Riain
W. O'L. Curtis
Seán MacGadhra (Editor)

13—General

Thomas J. Clarke
Con. Colbert
William Cullen
Sean Doyle
Proinsias O Fathaigh, B.A.
J. Farren, Treas., Dublin Trades' Council
Thomas Hayes
Luke Kennedy
P. T. Keohane
Eamonn Martin
Thos. MacDonagh, M.A.
J. K. O'Reilly
Liam O Briain, M.A.
Colm O Lochlainn, B.A.
Michael McGinn
Micheal O Foghludha
Cathal Brugha
Peadar Devoy
Thomas Byrne

General Secretaries

Cathal Cuiceam
John R. Reynolds, F.A.A.

THE MEMORIAL, 1954

THE Committee responsible for the erection of this Memorial was formed at the request of the O'Donovan Rossa Memorial Committee (then recently founded in the town of Skibbereen) for the purpose of helping that body to raise the funds necessary for the erection of a memorial in the town in honour of the great Fenian leader. On the completion of that project by the purchase of the grounds now named "The O'Donovan Rossa Memorial Park, Skibbereen," and the erection of a life-size statue of O'Donovan Rossa at the entrance gates (for which the Dublin Committee had raised a substantial proportion of the cost), it was decided to maintain the Dublin Committee in continued existence for the purpose of providing a suitable memorial to Rossa in the capital city which holds his last remains.

After due deliberation, the Committee chose as the form of the proposed memorial a solid granite rock, (to be taken from its natural surroundings on the Dublin mountains) on the side of which would be placed a bronze plaque suitably designed and inscribed. It was felt that this rock would typify that "unbreakable strength of soul" which Pearse said belonged to Rossa.

Following many months of searching among the mountains of Dublin and Wicklow, the Committee was fortunate in locating a stone which happened to be particularly appropriate for the purpose in hand. Part-buried on the heather-clad slopes of the Dublin hills at Glendhu was discovered a huge monolith of granite, its surface weathered and lichened, pear-shaped in form and weighing about twelve and a half tons.

The most helpful co-operation in furtherance of the application was obtained from the Commissioners for Public Works and members of their staff. In due course the required authorisation was obtained from the Government and a prominent as well as an appropriate site was selected inside the Grafton Street entrance to St. Stephen's Green.

Following most helpful advice from the Principal Architect of the Office of Public Works, Mr. R. McGrath, and his assistant, Mr. du Berry, the Committee proceeded to make arrangements for the provision of a circular bronze plaque (two and a half feet in diameter) which it was intended would be placed on the side of the stone. The work of designing the plaque was entrusted to Ireland's eminent sculptor, Mr. Seamus Murphy, R.H.A. Bearing the artist's impression of the head of Rossa in that "splendour of his proud manhood" which Pearse extolled, the design is remarkably vivid in its clarity and wholly in consonance with the simple surround which the granite rock will provide. The plaque bears the brief inscription of O'Donovan Rossa's name and the dates of his birth and death (1831-1915) together with the sufficing quotation from Pearse's historic oration over Rossa's grave: "Ni dheanfaidh Gaeil dearmad ort go brach" (The Gaels will not forget you for ever.)

The casting of a bronze plaque so heavy and of such deep dimensions was a work requiring the utmost care and skill. It was admirably completed in the Cork foundry of Messrs. R. Pulvertaft and Son under the personal supervision of the Works Manager (Mr. Frank Kelleher). Mr. Seamus Murphy, R.H.A., the designer of the plaque, undertook

the necessary negotiations with the foundry and the casting processes were carried out in accordance with his requirements. It was most gratifying to all concerned that the finished plaque was up to the highest standards of workmanship in reproducing the sculptor's design so excellently.

The Memorial Committee made arrangements for the celebration of Mass for the repose of the soul of Diarmuid O'Donovan Rossa on Sunday, 6th June, 1954, at 11 a.m. in the Church of The Most Holy Trinity in Dublin Castle. In the days of the British Occupation this Church was known as "The Chapel Royal." The celebrant of the Mass was Rev. T. Walsh, O.P., a former member of the Dublin Brigade, I.R.A.

Another Commemorative Mass was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Ardif, O.Carm., at 10.30 on the same morning in the Carmelite Church, Whitefriars Street, Dublin.

As the Dublin Brigade played a prominent part in carrying out the arrangements for the funeral of O'Donovan Rossa to Glasnevin in August, 1915, it is fitting that the veterans of that Brigade (many of whom retain vivid memories of the 1915 ceremony) should share largely in the ceremonies connected with the unveiling of the Rossa Memorial.

The veterans of the Brigade, together with units of kindred organisations, will parade from Dublin Castle following the 11 o'clock Mass *en route* to St. Stephen's Green where an Armed Guard (composed of veterans of the Brigade) will be already in position around the Memorial.

Mr. Seán Collins, former Chairman of the Dublin Memorial Committee, who now lives in retirement in his native West Cork, has been invited by the Committee to preside at the unveiling ceremony.

The President of Ireland (Mr. Seán T. Ó Ceallaigh) on his arrival at the site in St. Stephen's Green will be greeted with military honours.

The O'Donovan Rossa Memorial Committee desires to place on record its sincere thanks to the following :

The generous subscribers (especially Mr. Joseph McGrath and Mr. Denis Guiney) whose contributions have enabled the Memorial project to be completed with all expenses fully cleared.

The members of the Central Council, G.A.A. and their General Secretary, Mr. Pádraig O Caoimh, for the helpful manner in which they facilitated the running of benefit matches in Croke Park and also for generously subscribing to the Committee's funds.

The Chairman and Commissioners of the Office of Public Works and their officials for their assistance regarding the selection of the site in St. Stephen's Green and the planning of the proposed Memorial.

The South of Ireland Asphalt Company for so ably carrying out the task of excavating the huge natural rock and transferring it to St. Stephen's Green.

The Minister for Finance and his Parliamentary Secretary for the ready sanctions given to the Memorial arrangements and the Minister for Defence for giving permission to arrange for the Mass in the Church of the Most Holy Trinity in Dublin Castle.

The Directors of the New Ireland Assurance Company for placing their Boardroom at the disposal of the Committee for meetings and for valuable help in several other ways.

COISDE CUIRNEACÁIN UÍ D'ONNABÁIN ROSSA, ÁT CLIAȚ
O'DONOVAN ROSSA MEMORIAL COMMITTEE, DUBLIN, 1954

<i>Chairman</i>	Liam Deasy.
<i>Vice-Chairmen</i>	Frank Thornton ; Joe O'Connor.
<i>Hon. Trustees</i>	E. de Barra ; P. Kearney ; D. McCullough.
<i>Hon. Secretaries</i>	Michael Cremen ; Eamonn de Barra.
<i>Members</i>	Eamon Broy ; Denis Coakley ; Liam Devlin ; Simon Donnelly ; Seán Geaney ; Denis Guiney ; Jerome Hurley ; Michael McAuliffe ; Seán McGuill ; P. O h-Annrachain ; Michael O Briain ; Frank O'Leary ; M. W. O'Reilly ; Seán O Siothcháin.

Both Seán Collins and Seán O'Leary (the former Chairman and Hon. Secretary) resigned from the Committee on transferring their residence from Dublin to Cork.

Three of the original members of the Committee, Senator Seán P. Campbell, Donnchadh O Liatháin and Frank Lehane, have died without seeing the final fulfilment of the Memorial scheme. Go ndéanaidh Dia trócaire ar a n-anmain !

It is worthy of note that among the members of the O'Donovan Rossa Memorial Committee above-listed are some who took an active part in the funeral of O'Donovan Rossa in 1915 while others were prominent in the successful prosecution of the later fight for freedom by Rossa's methods in Rossa's own native territory in West Cork.