

her husband, Denis O'Dwyer, and a little boy named Thomas O'Connor. A man named Peter Kelly was also charged with being on the premises. Head-Constable O'Keefe prosecuted. Mr. Michael Killeen, solicitor, appeared for the defendants in all the cases.

Constable Coleman deposed that with Constable M'Gorley, he arrived at the defendant's premises at 10.40 p.m. on Sunday night; in the yard around the back door he saw a crowd of about thirty persons; the back door was opened and there was nothing to prevent drink being handed out to the people outside; inside he found a non-bona fide traveller named Peter Kelly; when asked to account for his presence on the premises, Kelly said he came over to see the pictures with his daughter, which were in an adjoining field in a temporary tent; Mrs. O'Dwyer then spoke and said that the man was invited in, and asked witness why should he interfere with her guest; she said it was a shame that a respectable man could not come into her house without being insulted; turning to Mr. Kelly she told him to go in and take his tea; witness looked about the place but saw no sign of tea being got ready; witness left the house, and as he was going out on the road, both himself and his comrade were called a pair of b—— and curs; Mr. O'Dwyer said they were a pair of perjurers.

Did they threaten you? Yes, they said you will hear more about this than you heard before.

Continuing, witness said he remained on the road and saw four persons enter the premises, who were travellers, without being questioned; they returned to the house again, and Mrs. O'Dwyer unlatched the door and admitted them; he went to the bar where men were to question them, but Mrs. O'Dwyer told them not to answer any questions for him and they did not.

What occurred as you left the premises? Mrs. O'Dwyer shoved the door quickly on my back, catching me between it and the jamb; her son was brandishing a whip inside, and shouted, "Let me out until I break his face;" Mrs. O'Dwyer then followed us out and called us b—— curs and perjurers; Denis O'Dwyer said, "Only for the quiet country you are in you would go home with sore polls."

Cross-examining, Mr. Killeen asked—Had you drink taken that day? No.

You were perfectly sober? Yes.

Were you excited that night? Not a bit.

Was your comrade unreasonably removed from sobriety? No; he had no drink taken.

Did he tell Mrs. O'Dwyer to go to h—? No, but he told her to go home and go to bed.

Did you ask Kelly when you were serving him with the summons whether the door was open or not that night? No.

You and Mrs. O'Dwyer have been on unfriendly terms? No.

Are you not the only two police in that locality who are not speaking to Mrs. O'Dwyer? That is not my fault, it is hers. I know she is a respectable woman, and that she is a member of the Kilrush District Council.

How many times have you unsuccessfully summoned Mrs. O'Dwyer for the past twelve months? There was the one case in which there was a conviction here, and it was quashed at the Quarter Sessions.

Were you "tight" coming home from the sessions that night? No.

Did you try by force to get into the carriage in which Mrs. O'Dwyer was in Ennis? No.

Had she to request porters to remove you? No; where are the porters to prove it?

Constable M'Gorley, who was with the last witness, corroborated his evidence. He was also assaulted by being pushed out the door.

Cross-examined by Mr. Killeen, witness denied having drink taken on the occasion; he paid Mrs. O'Dwyer an occasional visit on duty.

Are you bad friends with Mrs. O'Dwyer? No.

If you met her outside would you take off your hat to her and salute her? I am not supposed to take off my hat to anyone.

Did you tell her, in your northern accent, to go to h——? No.

THE DEFENCE.

Mr. Killeen hoped that the bench would have no hesitation in binding the two constables to the peace. For some time past Mrs. O'Dwyer had been put to about £20 costs defending unsuccessful prosecutions of this kind.

Peter Kelly deposed he came to the picture show and was invited in to her house for a cup of tea by Mrs. O'Dwyer; he had the tea; he had left the house before the constables came back secondly; the police were very excited, and seemed anxious to catch someone.

Cross-examined by the Head-Constable, witness said he had his horse and car in the yard of the premises; he did not know anything about the assault cases.

Mrs. Bridget O'Dwyer deposed that those two constables were annoying her very much for some time past; she never heard anyone saying she was an unreasonable woman; and her first husband was a policeman; the



OR BY POST 1/1 FROM THE DISCOVERER.
E. MAC SWEENEY, PH. SPECIALIST, 91, Patrick-st, Cork.

Limerick Gael's Death

TRIBUTE FROM KILKENNY

Writing in the G. A. A. column of the *Kilkenny Journal* in reference to the recent death of Mr. P. Nash, the well-known Limerick Gael, "vigilant" says:—The worst bit of news that I have heard for a long while was the first bit of news that came to me on arrival at Kilkenny railway station on Sunday morning, and surely every Gael in Gaeldom who knew him (and who didn't?) will learn of the untimely death of poor Paddy Nash with feelings of genuine regret. For my own part, I know that I did not feel the same sense of elation among so many kindred spirits on Sunday as has hitherto been my share, for the thought that we had lost a comrade who had brightened so many previous reunions was very much with me during the day. Ireland has produced many brave sons whose lives have shed lustre on the race of the Gael, but not one of them all had a deeper love for the land that begot him than this unassuming but warmhearted son of Banba. The day of our first meeting on a Gaelic field dates back a goodly stretch now, but in all that time I knew him to stand for nothing but manhood and independence—honest, fearless, manly, generous, and true. To him principle was everything, and having convinced himself of the justice of a cause, it mattered not how many enemies he made for himself in working to bring that cause to a successful issue. When a few Gaels down in Waterford struck out boldly for the assertion of principle against overwhelming odds, Paddy Nash was one of the first to send a cheery message to the "troublesome parcel o' boys," and no man had a more honest right to rejoice at their victory. Hard hitter that he could be in a fight, yet he was thoroughly incapable of harbouring hate or envy against any man, and I have met few more free from the tinge of malice, for there was nothing suggestive of the meanness or the little mind in his word or action. From early years he has been connected with the Gaelic Athletic Association, and he was among the vanguard who worked for its advancement. The formation of the Dublin hurling and football leagues, which are so successful to-day, owes much to his indefatigable exertions for the popularising of native pastimes. With the Gaels of Dublin, where he spent so much of his life, he was a general favourite, and outside the old guard of Gaeldom in the capital, such as the president of the Athletic Council, and a few others, no one could tell more stories of the early struggles of the G. A. A. in the capital and its environs. But Paddy was popular everywhere, and as there was much of the wanderer in his nature, it was not surprising to find him "at home" in almost every county in Ireland. I have met him at different All-Ireland Congresses of Gaeldom, and each time representing different counties. It was at such annual gatherings that Nash could be seen to great advantage, for in debate he was always a forceful personality with a remarkably good delivery and an incisive way of putting his facts that made the "opposition" think before attacking them. As a native of Limerick who loved his native county, he rejoiced when a few years ago it came back again to the forefront of hurling. Whenever we bantered him about the superiority of Kilkenny, he always met us with some witty reply and a recital of the feats of that great "light of other days," Shawn Oge Hanly, of Kilkinnane and London-Irish fame, who in his heyday was one of the greatest exponents of our national games that ever lived. But poor Paddy had ever a warm corner in his heart for Kilkenny, in which he spent what he often recalled as some of the best days of a life that was, alas, all too short. Columns of humorous stories could be recounted of Nash's adventures and incidents in his rather varied career. It does not seem so long since I last met him on my way to Kingsbridge Station in Dublin. He was not at all looking well, but he was as witty and good-humoured as ever and said that he would be all right when he would get a couple of weeks rest. And now, the rest has come sooner than we expected, but not of the kind that either of us anticipated. By his death Gaeldom has lost one of its brightest spirits and most unselfish workers. "After life's fitful fever" he sleeps well beneath the green grass of Limerick, but his memory will not soon fade from the minds of all who knew him.

IN THE TWILIGHT

Rossa's Declining Days

A PATHETIC STORY

A couple of weeks ago, says *The Gaelic American*, Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa took her husband from St. Vincent's Hospital, West New Brighton, Staten Island, and brought him home. She was influenced by two considerations in this. Rossa had been constantly pleading to be taken home; he renewed the plea many times during every visit of his wife or daughters, and it was hard to bear it. Then there came a new chaplain at the hospital. He is a good priest, full of sympathy for Rossa, but the mental condition of the patient caused him to have scruples about giving him Communion. As Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa's parish priest knows Rossa well, and is perfectly satisfied on that point, she resolved, in a moment of over confidence in her own ability to take care of him, to take her husband home. It was a rash move, and the task she has undertaken has nearly broken her down. It requires a strong man to take care of Rossa day and night. Someone must be always awake, or sleep with one eye open, near him, and Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa has not been able to get one night's rest since she took him home. He is not violent; he is only wilful and restless. At daybreak he begins to try to do things. They are mostly small things—attempts to get up and walk around the room, or to go to New York "to get out the paper," tearing up the bedclothes, shirts, night-shirts, or anything he finds near. The tearing up is done very quietly and systematically and he evidently thinks it is a task he has to perform. From the description given by his wife to the editor of this paper when he went down to see Rossa last Sunday, he is satisfied that Rossa thinks he is picking oakum, the old tedious, weary task assigned to convicts in "separate" prisons in England. The motions of his hands are exactly as if he were picking oakum or coir. The prison still haunts him. But Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa is very much disappointed at the effect on the patient of taking him home. He had dropped the word while in the hospital and seemed to have forgotten it, always pleading to be taken to "your house." Now that he is in it, he does not seem to realise it or to know where he is. He sometimes asks her, "Are you my wife?" But there is a sort of subconscious knowledge of her identity, for he always wants to have her near him; it is to her he appeals for everything, and he recognises her decision as final. But otherwise he is not in the least interested in his surroundings, or in what is going on. When talked to about Home Rule or the Irish Volunteers he repeats the words, but makes no remark. The whole world is dead to him. Yet he recognises a few old friends. He always knows "Rocky Mountain" O'Brien and at one time last Sunday when the writer asked him did he know him he at once mentioned the name, but then his wife had said when he first came in, "This is John Devoy." Later he failed to remember it and on being told for a second time he asked, "Is John Devoy married?" That is a question he has asked several times. In discussing his fitness to receive Communion his wife said that he said his prayers every morning and evening, but that he had to be reminded. "Does he say them in Irish?" she asked. "No," she replied, "in English." Thinking that strange, on account of old acquaintance with Rossa, the visitor said to him, "Don't you know your prayers in Irish?" Rossa answered that he did, but when asked to say them he was silent. Then the writer repeated the first few words of the Lord's Prayer, and Rossa picked it up where he had stopped and continued it on to the end, some of the words being pronounced somewhat indistinctly. When he halted the visitor began the "Hail Mary," and Rossa, as before, picked it up and finished it, looking as pleased as a little boy who has recited a piece. A word or two in the old language never fails to wake him. A young clerical student from near Bantry, who knows all Rossa's surviving friends in the old land, called on him the other day, but could not get a word out of him while he spoke in English. He was disconsolate, but at last the idea occurred to him to try his luck in Irish. At once the old patriot woke up, asked him in Irish who he

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Evict Letter

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Mrs. E. Ryan Thomas O'Dwyer weekly meeting Saturday. T. P. Dalton, W. Russell, and J. The followi

"DEAR MR you to express and my only Mr. Thomas O the other gen Guardians swerving sid bona fide ev of continued which proves widow and on O'Brien, M.P. District Coun Government not forgotten Tipperary to- years ago w stood around and sad and November ev loved so faith quent date, w journeyed fro unweaving of tuate his n gratitude. V husband and to duty in ca British Hous opinions of h to the exp M.P., Whip J. Condon, M who perceive besought hi O'Brien wou continued th devotion to d thanks and g presentative case.—Yours

Chairman- we will all c —Mr. Russe manly thing were alive n when he is child of Ke thanks to an not (hear, h A letter w sioners ack Guardians re to Mrs. O'Br The Local to the minut employment temporary s clerical assi duty. The they had ap tion being s weekly to th of the cler Master's o