

A TALK WITH O'DONOVAN ROSSA.

The mercury was coquetting with the nineties as I turned out of Broadway and, crossing in the shade of the G.P.O., struck Beekman-street, on the right-hand side of which, at No. 25, a dingy signboard informed me of the existence of the *Sunday Democrat*. After toiling up two pairs of ladder-like stairs wedged into black and greasy walls, I found myself in a large, gloomy, carpetless loft, tenanted by half a dozen desks, minus occupants, an iron safe capable of holding the Skirmishing Fund ten times told, and a few odd chairs. Along one wall ran a shelf groaning with Hibernian literature, beneath a lithographic likeness of Michael Davitt, bordered with stirring illustrations of his arrest and some photographs of the "boys."

The sole occupant of this cheerless apartment was O'Donovan Rossa, if I except an urchin whose expression was that of the lad who did not know exactly whether he was going to, or returning from school. Mr. Rossa was seated at a desk preparing "copy" for the *United Irishman*, a weekly journal, which has reached its thirty-second number, and of which he is editor-in-chief. He was without coat, waistcoat, shirt-collar or cravat; for, in addition to the excessive warmth of the weather—95° in the shade—he had, as he jocosely expressed it, a "head on him," consequent upon having spent the previous day and evening at Coney Island with a society calling itself by the suggestive title of "The Impetuous Club."

Mr. Rossa's accent is of the sweet South with a Bell of Shandon cadence in his voice, while his demeanour is subdued, gentle, and almost caressing. There is, however, a nervous restlessness in the small blue eyes set deeply beneath a heavy brow, and a heaving of the massive chest; nor do the freckled hands remain inert; they jerk and clench and move as if perpetually itching to clutch the base, bloody, and brutal Saxon by the throat. Mr. Rossa is forty-nine years of age, and wears well; his weight is fourteen stone five; he is five feet ten in height, and is all shoulder. A scar, the result of a fall in childhood, severs the somewhat bushy left eyebrow. His nose is of the thumb bottle persuasion; his thick moustache is reddish-brown, as is his goatee; his jaw is massive, denoting will; and his smile is childlike and bland. Destructiveness and combativeness are largely developed in his head; these, together with appetite, give him the animal instinct of self-defence, power of resistance, energy, and executive character. "What I want to do," he observed, plunging in *medias res*, "is to bring England to her knees. Froude says that Ireland can only be freed by bringing England to her marrowbones; and I tell you she had better look out, and for a soft spot to kneel upon. I am at war with her. They talk of extraditing me. Bah!" snapping his fingers contemptuously. "Gladstone says that an act of eviction is an act of war. I agree with Gladstone in this. I will beat England at her own weapons. That murdering scoundrel, Sir Hugh Rose, who blew away the Sepoys from the guns in India, was sent to Ireland in 1866 to blow away Irishmen from the guns if he only got the chance. I saw him at Dublin Castle. Dynamite was used by the English against the Kafirs, and England now complains of our using it against her. Ha, ha!" Here Mr. Rossa flung himself back in his chair and indulged in a sweet low laugh, as though he had been repeating the funny saying of some blithe and bonny child. "I don't want to sacrifice life if I can help it," he continued, "and would prefer to frighten England as I was frightened long ago by fairy stories; but she can only be frightened the one way, and I tell you she'll be quaking in her boots before many months roll over." Here a printer's devil demanded "copy," and having received an installment, disappeared. "Yes," replied Mr. Rossa, in reply to a query, "the Doterel was sent sky-high by arrangement—I know it," with considerable emphasis on the verb; "and I would be glad to see any plunk of any English ship in match-tinder, and the flag of England under my heel. I intend to strike at her pocket—to sink, burn and destroy; but, mind you, while I speak openly and above-board, I do not want to come before the public as being engaged in anything contrary to allegiance as an American citizen, or to my responsibilities before the law as such."

I asked Mr. Rossa how it came to pass that the attempts upon the London Mansion House and elsewhere proved such miserable fizzes.

"Because we haven't means enough," he replied; "but the money is coming in. Here," opening a drawer as he spoke, and producing a P.O. money order, "are sixteen dollars towards the dynamite fund. And do you know who this order is from?" gazing affectionately upon it. "I'll tell you; it's from Chattanooga, and, strange to say, it's from the man who blew up Clerkenwell. No, I won't give you his name."

Mr. Rossa is of opinion that the infernal machines discovered at Liverpool are but "a weak invention of the enemy," and that Sir William V. Harcourt got up the scare at the suggestion of the police, in order to strengthen the hands of the law officers in the recent prosecutions.

"Here is a part of my system for collecting funds," observed Mr. Rossa, handing me a small card, headed "Measure for Measure. Five cents for a Stab at England." The card is divided into hundred squares, with a dotted line underneath for the name of the "authorized collector;" then follow these words: "Cards the same as this will be forwarded by O'Donovan Rossa to any one who will volunteer to raise five dollars

for striking the enemy. The idea of getting up these cards has originated with Patrick Coleman, of London, the man for whose arrest Gladstone has offered £300." "We mean action this time!" and the editor of the *United Irishman* smote the harmless necessary editorial desk a vigorous thwack. "We'll have no more talk; action we'll have, and plenty of that. See that Chicago meeting—that means business, though I won't speak about it now. We must meet fire with fire, and if England plays extermination one way, we can play it in another fashion, you bet. If England throws down the peasant's hut, we can tumble the princely mansion. If England slays Irish men and women, we can have life for life till she gets sick of the job. Her factories, her dockyards, her shipping, are all at our mercy all over the world. We have destroyed more than fifty million dollars' worth already, and we have only just commenced the game."

It is scarcely necessary to say that O'Donovan Rossa has no faith in the Land Bill, while he designates the Land Leaguers as "bosthues." He believes in Mr. Parnell's sincerity and in Mr. Dillon's purposefulness of action.

"When I met Dillon in Philadelphia, I asked him how on earth he hoped to get anything out of England through the British Parliament; and Dillon said to me, 'I hope to shame them into doing justice to Ireland;' and seeing that his hopes had duped him, he became desperate, and got locked up."

Of "Pat" Crowe, Rossa has a very high opinion; but he refused to state if Pat had constructed the infernal machines discovered at Liverpool, contenting himself with saying that Crowe was doing good work for the good cause.

You were asking me about that Skirmishing Fund a while ago. Pat knows what he is saying. I transferred the whole thing in 1877 to the Irish National Revolutionary Committee. Pat says that Ford, proprietor of the *Irish World*, used 20,000 dollars out of the 90,000 collected on his paper; that Dr. Carroll of Philadelphia got 7,000 dollars on his personal note for his own uses; that 2,000 dollars were handed to Murdock, who agitated in this country with Parnell for the purpose of founding a paper in the North of Ireland; that 5,000 dollars went to Michael Davitt to start the Land League; and that 20,000 dollars went to John Holland for his torpedo."

Although Mr. Rossa maintained that Pat Crowe knew what he was talking about, he, Rossa, would give no decided opinion as to the appropriation of the fund.

"You want to know something about this torpedo-boat that's exercising the British Consul so terribly. Poor man! he was down at the building-yard like a timekeeper, and he learnt that she was—a torpedo-ram, that's all. Perhaps," added Rossa, with a sly smile, "she has been built for the British Government. I see by the Cablegrams to-day that Trevelyan, Secretary to the Admiralty, admitted in the House of Commons last night that two torpedo-boats have been built here for the British Government. Well," he continued, "the boat is 31 feet over all, is 6 feet 6 inches in diameter, shaped like a cigar, driven by a screw, propelled by a petroleum-oil engine, and is made of riveted plates, constructed to stand 300 lb. pressure to the square inch. They say she was under water for four hours at one time, and travelled seven miles without rising to the surface. They claim an invention for purifying the air, by which the air can be made to last for several hours. The torpedo is shot through a tube in the bow like a ball from a rifle. Six torpedoes are said to have been fired in such rapid succession as to admit but three quarts of water. She is steered by the aft rudder by means of a lever, but the side rudders are worked by complicated machinery. The side or horizontal rudders enable her to shoot up or down at any angle in the water. A dial denotes the water pressure and the depth below the surface. The "jacket" about the man-trap has two windows fore and aft, and two on each side, so that a man can put his head up these when he steers, and look right into the very heart of the river. The glass in this jacket is an inch and a half thick."

Mr. Rossa does not seem to believe in this ram, and I fancy it is one of his "fairy stories." Nevertheless, it is exercising a considerable share of public attention, and the lone white house in which its inventor, John P. Holland, formerly a teacher in a Roman Catholic school at Patterson, resides at a place called Newark, is literally besieged by newspaper correspondents. Mr. Holland has a decidedly clerical appearance, and is about thirty-five years of age, is bright as a new dollar, and bubbles over with the fun of "tooling;" his inquisitorial tormentors.

SKETCHES OF EDINBURGH.

The ancient capital of Scotland, which has just beheld Queen Victoria, the descendant of Scottish as well as of English Kings, meeting the mustered loyal Volunteers of Scotland in the Queen's Park above Holyrood Palace, is a familiar haunt of romantic historical associations. Romantic, indeed, is the national history, even in the sober pages of that judicious and accurate writer, the late Dr. John Hill Burton; but it appears still more so in the prose and verse narratives of Sir Walter Scott, and equally in his "Tales of a Grandfather," and in some of his Waverley Novels, or of his heroic poems. These vivid and spirited representations of the stirring incidents of past ages, more especially in the author's native land, are so

universally admired and enjoyed that they can never fail to shed the brightest hues of sentiment and ideal fancy upon many historic scenes and figures; and so, by the charm of imaginative traditions, to enhance the picturesque beauty, or the air of weird or venerable antiquity, belonging to places visited by the tourist.

The older part of the city of Edinburgh is full of these interesting associations. With the Castle upon its lofty rock at the upper end of the mile-long street, called the Lawnmarket, High street and Canongate, that descends the narrow sloping ridge, between deep valleys right and left, to the level of Holyrood—the Old Town, squalid and shabby as it has mostly become, retains a certain air of romance, in spite of its dismal wynds and closes, hardly fit for human dwelling or resort. There is a pathetic aspect of reverend decay in the quaintly fashioned house fronts, often decorated with proud armorial devices, or else with pious mottoes of religious counsel. The Scottish nobles, the Edinburgh city burgesses, the Kings and Queens and courtiers of yore, seem to have left visible memorials of their existence. In reality, these old houses of Edinburgh are generally not of superior antiquity to many that might till lately have been shown in London, and in some provincial towns of England. There are probably no specimens of domestic architecture earlier than the sixteenth century. But that was a very eventful period of Scottish history. It comprised the battle of Flodden and the disasters that attended the minority of James V.; the Douglas and Hamilton faction-fights, and those of the Scotts and Kers in the Border country; the English invasions, repeated with barbarous cruelty again and again, from 1523 to 1547; the fatal Regency of a French Queen; the Protestant Reformation conducted by John Knox, the unhappy life and reign of Mary Stuart; and that too-celebrated series of crimes, "treasons, murders, felonies and misdemeanours," committed by, or imputed to, the highest personages of the age and country. It was a time, indeed, of violent and lawless actions, of incessant strife and civil war, and of perfidious treachery and conspiracy, which not even the genius of Sir Walter Scott can render attractive; and which was utterly devoid of the spirit of chivalry, as well as of true patriotism and genuine loyalty. But there was so much dramatic personal adventure, such force of passion and fury of action, in the wild dealings of those restless plotters of Scotland against each other, and the fate of Queen Mary affords such an obvious invitation to the ready indulgence of pity, that all this has become a favourite topic of exalted literary fancy. And the spell which has been wrought by "the great Wizard of the North" continues to invest the later Stuart Princes, sometimes in Holyrood Palace, and generally on Scottish soil, down to the advent of Charles Edward in 1745, with a share of this personal interest, which is reflected on the surrounding local objects. A subtle element of fond Jacobite reminiscence always seem to infect the atmosphere in some quarters of Edinburgh and its ancient Court suburb. It is, however, too vague and undefinable for description, though it cannot be ignored in any commentary upon the views of Old Edinburgh and Holyrood, and of some places or buildings in the vicinity, which we have prepared for this week's publication.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

STILL LIFE.—The coming Horticultural Exhibition, of which we hope to give some illustrations in our next number, seems to furnish an occasion for the beautiful picture of still life which we present on our front page.

THE MONTREAL EXHIBITION.—Our sketches of the Exhibition will only need a few words of comment after the exhaustive accounts which have appeared in the daily papers. Amongst the illustrations will be found a large double-page engraving of the exhibition grounds which gives an excellent idea of their general appearance, and may serve as a guide to those who may not yet have visited the grounds. Another page and a half is occupied with sketches taken on the grounds by our special artist. The cattle which occupy one half page to themselves represent some of the prize animals, while on the other page are depicted some of the incidents of Saturday, which in consequence of the general holiday was the gala day at Mile End. The morning was devoted to a torpedo explosion which took place in the harbour, and was most successful, the crowd which lined the banks being perfectly astounding in numbers. We had no idea indeed that there were so many people in Montreal as thronged quays, boats and even house-tops. One amusing incident of the scene was the explanation of one *habitant* to another of the "way it was done." His theory had something to do with a keg of powder and a red hot bullet which was fired into it, but the exact details our artist was unable to follow so contented himself with a sketch of the Mentor and his Telemachus. On the exhibition grounds in the afternoon the remainder of the incidents were taken, all of which from the man of many instruments to the cow "milked to order" will be easily recognized by those who have been or are yet to go to the show.

EDINBURGH CASTLE.—Edinburgh Castle, a seemingly confused pile of mingled bastions and barracks, turrets and battlements, with modern buildings like those of a factory or warehouse, stands at a height of 380 ft. upon a rock

precipitous on three sides—the Acropolis of the Scottish Athens. It is the historical counterpart of the Tower of London, and occupies a much grander situation, though its structure is not very grand. We should like to see the barracks and all the modern buildings removed, but for the dread lest that same affectation of classical taste, which has made such a conspicuous exhibition of itself in the Calton and on the Mound, should insist upon crowning the Castle Hill with a portico of Doric columns. What if the noble monument erected to Sir Walter Scott had arisen from that lofty platform, overlooking the whole city which he loved so well, and commanding a glorious prospect to the mountains and to the sea? There can be little utility, moreover, in keeping the barracks at the Castle, since the days are long past when a fortress and its garrison had to restrain the citizens from disorderly or rebellious movements. If military fortifications are needed anywhere, they should be on the shore about Leith, and not in the centre of Edinburgh; but the Castle, such as it is, with its Half-Moon Battery of small guns, and accommodation for two thousand soldiers, is a futile establishment of warlike defence. Mons Meg would no doubt be willing to do her best against the invading foe, if she had not unfortunately burst in firing a royal salute to the Duke of York two hundred years ago. In the present state of affairs it seems rather desirable that the Castle should be relieved of its military incumbrances, and should remain simply a grand monument of national history, with a museum of antiquities in some part of its more ancient buildings.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Park Theatre in London (Eng.) has been burned.

A NEWSPAPER to support Parnell's policy, is to be started in Ireland.

MORE than 10,000 persons are homeless and destitute in the burned districts of Michigan.

THE Rev. J. W. Adam, Chaplain of the Cabul Field Force, has received the Victoria Cross.

BOYD won the final heat on the Thames in the sculling race for the Chumley prize.

TERRIBLE details of diphtheria ravages in Russia are published in St. Petersburg journals.

ARABY BEY threatens a general massacre of European residents in Egypt if Christian troops are landed.

A CONTINUOUS succession of earthquakes is causing great consternation among the inhabitants of Khiva, in Persia.

A GREAT fire is reported in Pentre Colliery, Glamorganshire, South Wales.

STEWART, the Brooklyn absconder, is said to have fled to Canada.

THE Assistant Inspector General of the Irish Constabulary has taken possession of the town of Limerick.

THE meeting of the Czar and the Emperor William is said to have resulted in a complete alliance between Germany and Russia.

A LONDON cable announces the failure of the Northern Counties Banking Company of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

SHANGHAI has been visited by a destructive typhoon, during which over 200 vessels were driven ashore, and £500,000 worth of tea wasted away.

A "Sacred Legion," consisting of three hundred Russian noblemen, has been organized in St. Petersburg to counteract the Nihilist attempts on the Czar's life.

PUCK recognizes the gross irregularity of English orthography and has begun the work of rectifying it. Here are some of the latest spellings:

There was a fair maiden in Cirencester,
Whose bean was a smart young solire master.
When he asked her to wed,
"Oh, no, Charlie," she said,
And her lover at length ceased to virencester.

A musical miss of San Joaquin,
Kept up such a pitiless squojakin,
And banged the pianner
In such a sad manner
The family sent her a squakin.

There was a young man named McLeod,
Who of dress was exceedingly proud;
Yet still, all the same,
When his exodus came,
They bundled him up in a shroud.

POST MORTEM EXAMINATIONS have, in some instances, led to the discovery of the scars of completely healed abscesses or sores upon the lungs. This of itself shows that the lung tissue when diseased is susceptible of restoration to a sound and healthy condition. Persons afflicted with lung disease may reasonably hope to recover health by the use of well-chosen remedies. Foremost among these is Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, a thoroughly tested and highly accredited specific for coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and other affections of the throat, chest and lungs. Pulmonary irritation is promptly arrested by the Cod Liver Oil, and the Hypophosphites, which are among the finest renovants used by physicians, revive the flagging energies of the debilitated system.