

T. A. Hickey

Return in Ten Days to

[Redacted Address]

HALLETTSVILLE, TEXAS.

S O C I A L

Is now acknowledged to be the next

A GREAT POLITICAL



L A B O R

Applied to Nature's resources
PRODUCES ALL WEALTH!

To the LABORER belongs the full social
PRODUCT OF HIS TOIL!

WHERE
does the
CAPITALIST COME IN?

He Goes Out!



Original copy of
speech
Miss Clara Boss
Boondenburg
Tennell Co
letter

TEXAS.

F O N T E N O Y .

Thrice at the huts of Fontenoy the English column failed,
 And twice the lines of Saint Antoine the Dutch in vain assailed;
 For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,
 And well they swept the English ranks and Dutch auxiliary.
 As vainly through De Barri's wood, the British soldiers burst,
 The French artillery drove them back, diminished and dispersed.
 The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,
 And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.
 On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride!
 And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at eventide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,
 Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their head;
 Steady they step a-down the slope - steady they climb the hill;
 Steady they load- steady they fire, moving right onward still,
 Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast,
 Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets showering fast;
 And on the open plain above they rose, and kept their course,
 With ready fire and grim resolve, that mocked at hostile force:
 Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their ranks -
 They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee through Holland's ocean banks.

More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush round;
 As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the ground;
 Bomb-shell, and grape, and round-shot tore, still on they marched and fired-
 Fast, from each volley, grenadier and voltigeur retired.
 "Push on my household cavalry!" King Louis madly cried:
 To death they rush, but rude their shock- not unavenged they died.
 On through the camp the column trod - King Louis turns his rein:
 "Not yet, my liege", Saxe interposed, "the Irish troops remain";
 And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,
 Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement, and true.

"Lord Clare", he said, "you have your wish, there are your Saxon foes!"
 The marshal almost smiles to see, so furious he goes!
 How fierce the look these exiles wear, who're wont to be so gay,
 The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day -
 The treaty broken ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry,
 Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's parting cry,
 Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country overthrown,-
 Each looks as if revenge for all were staked on him alone.
 On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,
 Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles were.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands,
 "Fix bayonets" - "charge." - Like mountain storm, rush on these fiery bands!
 Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,
 Yet, mustering all the strength they have, they make a gallant show.
 They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle-wind -
 Their bayonets the breakers' foam; like rocks, the men behind,
 One volley crashes from their line, when, through the surging smoke,
 With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong Irish broke.
 On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza!
 "Revenge, remember Limerick, dash down the Sacsanach."

Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
 Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang:
 Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled with gore;
 Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled flags they tore;
 The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, staggered, fled,
 The green hill-side is matted close with dying and with dead.
 Across the plain and far away passed on that hideous wrack,
 While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.
 On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
 With bloody plumes the Irish stand - the field is fought and won.

Thomas O. Davis.

The battle of Fontenoy, fought in Flanders in 1745 between the French and Allies - English, Dutch and Austrians - in which the Allies were worsted. The Irish Brigade fought by the side of the French, and won great renown by their splendid conduct in the field.

THE FIGHTING RACE.

"Read out the names," and Burke sat back, and Kelly drooped his head.
While Shea - they call him Scholar Jack, went down the list of the dead.
Officers, seamen, gunners, marines, the crews of the gig and yawl,
The bearded man and the lad in his teens, carpenters, coal-passers - all.
Then knocking the ashes from out his pipe. said Burke in an offhand way:
"We're all in that dead man's list, by Cripe, Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here's to the Maine and I'm sorry for Spain," said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Wherever there's Kelly's there's trouble," said Burke, wherever fighting's the
Or a spice of danger in grown man's work," said Kelly you'll find my name. (game,)
And do we fall short," said Burke getting mad, "when its touch and go for life?"
Said Shea, "Its thirty-odd years, bedad, since I charged to drum and fife
Up Marye's Heights, and my old canteen stopped a rebel ball on the way.
There were blossoms of blood on our sprigs of green, Kelly and Burke and Shea-
And the dead did'nt brag! "Well, here's to the flag," said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

I wish 'twas in Ireland, for there's the place," said Burke, that we'd die by right,
In the cradle of our soldier race, after one good stand-up fight.
My grandfather fell on Vinegar Hill, and fighting was not his trade;
But his rusty pike's in the cabin still, with Hessian blood on the blade".
"Aye, aye," said Kelly, "the pikes were great when the word was "clear the way",
We were thick on the roll in ninety-eight- Kelly and Burke and Shea".
"Well here's to the pike and the sword and the like" said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

And Shea, the scholar, with rising joy, said "We were at Ramilles;
We left our bones at Fontenoy and up in the Pyrenees;
Before Dunkirk, on Landen's plain, Cremona, Lille, and Ghent,
We're all over Austria, France, and Spain, wherever they pitched a tent.
We've died for England from Waterloo to Egypt and Dargai;
And still there's enough for a corps or crew, Kelly and Burke and Shea".
"Well, here to good honest fighting blood," said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Oh, the fighting races don't die out, if they seldom die in bed,
For love is first in their hearts, no doubt," said Burke; then Kelly said:
"When Michael, the Irish Archangel, stands, the angel with the sword,
And the battle-dead from a hundred lands are ranged in one big horde,
Our line, that for Gabriel's trumpet waits, will stretch three deep that day,
From Jehoshaphat to the Golden Gates - Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here's, thank God, for the race and the sod". said Kelly and Burke and Shea

J. J. E. E. E.

INSURRECTORS
A DEFENSE OF THE SWORD

T.A.
BY T.A. HICKEY.

(The following beautiful paraphrase of ~~Meagher's~~ Meagher's speech in defense of the sword was written by Comrade Hickey after he learned that the Texas Legislature at present session refused to accept a resolution from the Citizens of Hall County, Texas, ~~after~~ indorsing the insurrectionists.

Mr President;

I do not condemn the use of arms in the hands ^{and} of the ^{insurrectos} Mexicans insurrectos as immoral, nor do I conceive to be profligate to say, that the King of Heaven, The Lord of Hosts, The God of Battles has forever bestowed his benedictions upon those like the Mexican insurrectos who unsheathed the sword to gain their freedom and establish a Nation's honor.

From that evening, on which, in the valley of Bethulia, He Merved the arm of the Jewish girl to smite the drunken tyrant in his tent, down to this, our day in which he has blessed the insurgent chivalry ofragon and Delara, His almighty hand has ever been stretched forth from his throne of late-leaght, to consecrate the flag of freedom, to bless the patriotic sword, be sword is in the defense or be it in the assertion of the people's liberty. I hail the sword as a sacred weapon, and if some times it has taken the shape of the serpent and redeemed the ashroud of Diaz; convict soldiers with too deep a dye, like the anointed rod of the High Priest at other times and as often, it has blossomed forth into celestial flowers to deck the free man's brow.

You say ~~abhor~~ the sword you stigmatize the sword

No, Mr President, for in the passes of the Sierra Madre it has cut to pieces the banners of ^{the tyrant} and ^{the these Crooked passes strung a path to} traced a path to faem, for the peasant insurrections of Montezuma.

Abhor the sword? Stigmatize the sword? No, Mr President, for at its blow our Grand nation started from the waters of the Atlantic and by its redempting magic and in the quivering of its crimson light the cripple colonies sprang into the attitude of a proud republic, prosperous, limitless, invincible.

Abhor the sword? Stigmatize the sword?

(2)

No, Mr President, for it has swept the vile ^{rules} ~~rules~~ out of the fine old towns of Chihuahua and Sonora, ^{drove} ~~drove~~ them back to their vile polqua dens and knocked the ^{cepter} ~~flag~~ and ^{bayonets} ~~septer~~ the laws and ~~bayonets~~ of Diaz and his ^{myrmidons} ~~myrmidons~~ into the ^{clear} ~~clear~~ waters of the Rio Grande

Mr President:

I have learned that it is the right of a nation to govern herself, not in this hall but within the shadow of the Historic Alamo, and in the ^{valley} ~~valley~~ of San Jacinto. This the first article of a nation's creed. I have learned on these historic spots where freedom is always justly estimated and where the possessions of that precious gift has been earned by the effusion of generous blood.

No, Mr President, the spirits of Crockett and Bowie of Johnson and Houston, blesses this hall with their presents to day ^{no} ~~and~~ shutters at the degenerate sons of the loam star state who would decry the sword that leaps from the scabbord to install freedom and assert the ~~people's rights to be free.~~ ^{right of a}

people to be free