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1829
D.M.P.

(1858.) Wt. 5333—66.4000.12/14. A.T. & Co., Ltd.
(6559.) Wt. 3103—96.20,000.8/15.

Telegrams: "DAMP, DUBLIN."
Telephone No. 22.

DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE.

Crime Special.

Detective Department,

Dublin, 21st. October, 1915

Subject, MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 20th. Inst., *The Under Secretary*
the undermentioned extremists were observed *Submitted.*
moving about and associating with each other *W.R. 15/10/15*
as follows :- *Comm. 2/10.*

With Thomas J. Clarke, 75, Parnell St.,
P. H. Pearse for a few minutes at 12. 30 p.m.
B. Parsons and Joseph Murray from 9 p. m. to
9. 40 p. m. Arthur Griffith, Wm. O'Leary
Curtis, Pierce Beasley and Gerald Griffin to-
gether for close on an hour from 10 p. m.

Under Secretary
Submitted
WML
2/10

J. O'Connor arrived at Amiens St. from
Belfast at 7. 30 p. m.

2/10

Bulmer Hobson, J. J. O'Connell and P.
Ryan in Volunteer Office, 2, Dawson St., at
3. 30 p. m.

Chief
WML
22/10

E. Daly, C. Colbert, Bulmer Hobson, P.
Ryan,

The Chief Commr.

Ryan, P. Beasley, John Fitzgibbon, John
McDermott, Joseph Plunkett, Thomas McDon-
agh, J. O'Connor and Henry McCormack, in
same Office from 6. 30 p. m. till 10 p. m.

McCormack is a Hairdresser at Commercial
Buildings, Phibsborough. He belongs to
the Blackhall Place branch of the Irish
Volunteers.

Major John McBride, W. L. Cole, T. S.

Cuffe, P. Morgan and Wm. O'Leary Curtis
were amongst some 20 others present at a
Lecture, delivered by Arthur Griffith in
the Sinn Fein Rooms, 6, Harcourt Street at
8. 30 p. m.

Attached are Copies of this week's iss-
ue of The Irish Volunteer and Nationality,
neither of which appears to contain any-
thing of a serious anti-British character.

Owen'Brien
Superintendent.

CSO/JD 12/116 (3)

NATIONALITY

Vol. 1. No. 19.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1915.

One Penny.

Notes.

The "New York American" has published a long account of the English Military Officers' Guide to Belgium, privately compiled a couple of years before the war, and placed in the hands of the English officers of the expeditionary force on the outbreak of hostilities. The military survey of Belgium made by England in the days of peace left nothing—not a road—to the imagination, and the proof of the superiority of English thoroughness in this instance to the German article is admitted by the German General Staff. The "New York American" reproduces in facsimile two pages of the English military guide to Belgium, and quotes numerous extracts. The one that interests us most is that which points out the Churches of Belgium for us as English military observation posts. The indignation of the English at the Germans shelling the Belgium Churches was, after all, sincere.

* * *

Accidents will happen, and last week portion of the very interesting article on Belgium, which appeared on pages 4 and 5, got transferred to page 3. There are some additions we would like to make to that article, for the concern and affection of England and France for Little Belgium, Catholic Belgium, Brave Belgium, Belgian Independence, and Belgian Neutrality is much to be commended. It is just 102 years since England and France, together with Russia, Austria and Prussia, concluded the Treaty of Vienna. One of the provisions of that treaty annexed Belgium to Holland. The Belgians were not consulted in the matter. They objected to being annexed, and they protested, but England silenced their objections, for "we had sufficiently learned the danger and the cost," says the diplomatic Englishman Bulwer, "of having to watch and defend ourselves against an enemy possessing the long line of coast by which we had been hostilely confronted during the reign of Napoleon." So Belgium and Holland were stuck together for the better protection of England, and fortresses constructed to English plans and under English inspection were built to threaten England's potential enemy France. This handing over of Belgium to Holland was "considered one of the triumphs of England."

In 1830 the Belgians upset England by revolting against the Dutch and declaring their country independent. The Duke of Wellington was for sending an expeditionary force to Belgium to hand the Belgians back again to Holland. Lord Palmerston and Tallyrand intrigued against each other, each determined at first to put down the Belgian separatists, but the irreconcilable interests of France and

England saved Belgium. Tallyrand for France and Baring for England proposed that Belgium should be partitioned a la Poland, but England, finding that France did not intend to let her have Antwerp—only to make "a free port" of it—and conscious that such a partition would enhance France's power, drew back. The Belgians, to enlist France on their side against England, proffered their brand-new crown to the son of Louis Philippe; but England, scenting French absorption of Belgium in this, threatened war if the French prince did not refuse, and he did refuse. The Belgians went elsewhere to look for a king, and in the meantime asserted their claim to the left as well as to the right bank of the Scheldt. Palmerston, on behalf of England, warned the Belgians that if they attempted to assert their claim, England would give them "a most exemplary licking," and so the present political geography of Antwerp was compiled. Out of the hatreds and fears of England and France, Belgium was permitted to grow into an independence under which England controlled her fortresses. Reading the Palmerston correspondence of 1830 to-day is like reading Sir Edward Grey.

"I said that we had no selfish objects in view in regard to Belgium, but that we wished Belgium to be really and substantially independent." Thus wrote Lord Palmerston, England's Foreign Minister 85 years ago, in his official letters (for publication later on).

France, one of the guarantors of Belgian independence in 1867, decided to annex Belgium, and for this purpose the French Ambassador in Berlin proposed a secret treaty with Prussia. This is the treaty—

"Article I.—His Majesty the Emperor of the French acquiesces in and recognises the gains made by Prussia in the course of the last war waged by her against Austria and that Power's Allies.

"Article II.—His Majesty the King of Prussia engages to facilitate the acquisition by France of Luxembourg, and for this purpose his Majesty will enter into negotiations with his Majesty the King of the Netherlands, with the view to inducing him to cede his sovereign rights over the duchy to the Emperor of the French, on the terms of such compensation as shall be deemed adequate or otherwise. The Emperor of the French, on his part, engages to assume whatever pecuniary charges this arrangement may involve.

"Article III.—His Majesty the Emperor of the French shall raise no opposition to a federal union of the Confederation of North Germany with the States of South Germany, excepting Austria, and this federal union may be based on one common Parliament, due

reservation however, being made of the sovereignty of the said states.

"Article IV.—His Majesty the King of Prussia on his side, in case his Majesty the Emperor of the French should be led by circumstance to cause his troops to enter Belgium or to conquer it, shall grant armed aid to France, and shall support her with all his forces, military and naval, in the face of and against every Power which should in the eventuality declare war.

"Article V.—To ensure the complete execution of the preceding conditions, his Majesty the King of Prussia and his Majesty the Emperor of the French contract by the present treaty on alliance offensive and defensive which they solemnly engage to maintain. Their Majesties bind themselves besides, and in particular, to observe its terms in all cases when their respective states, the integrity of which they reciprocally guarantee, may be threatened with attack; and they shall hold themselves bound in any like conjunction to undertake without delay, and under no pretext to decline, whatever military arrangements may be enjoined by their common interest conformably to the terms and provisions above declared."

Prussia refused to assent. Had she done so, Belgian independence would have been destroyed just 48 years ago. The moral indignation of England and France over Germany's breach of Belgian neutrality in 1914 is most edifying. Belgium would still be a province of Holland if England could have arranged in 1830. Belgium would be now a province of France if Germany, fifty years ago, had not refused France's invitation to forswear itself. Cicero used to marvel that his — could meet in the streets of Rome without smiling at each other's pretensions, but an English and a French minister can meet in the ruins of Belgium and not laugh at the credulity of those who see in them upholders of Belgian Independence and the Sanctity of Treaties.

* * *

A few days ago Mr. T. W. Russell descended on Sligo "in furtherance of the food production campaign," and delivered himself of the stock platitudes which this English Government placeman rolls off about "the duty of the farmers." Father O'Flanagan of Cliffoey, who was present, brought reality into the proceedings, reduced Mr. Russell to jelly, and aroused the enthusiasm of the farmers present, who were being nicely patronised by the garrison gentry up to the moment Father O'Flanagan arose and pointed out that Mr. Russell did not in the least understand what he was speaking about. The plans to be laid were not for next year but for the year after. It was too late now to make provision against a

probable scarcity next summer. The practical consideration was to provide against scarcity in the summer of 1917. "Instead of sending men round to curse and abuse the farmers' sons because they will not go into your army," said Father O'Flanagan, "invite them back upon the rich plains from which their fathers were driven and ask them to feed you when there comes upon your land the hour of sorest trial. Go round by the bogs and the mountain sides of Ireland's barren fringe and call them back to toil once more in the rich heart of Ireland till one golden sea of wheat shall wave in the sunshine from Limerick to Dundalk and from Wexford to Sligo. Let the fifteen thousand boys and the fifteen thousand girls who leave Ireland every year remain to found fifty thousand happy homes by the grass grown roads of the central plain. Send out across the Atlantic and invite the exile back. You will get 100,000 of the keenest minds and the cleanest bodies that any race of men can show. Show that at last the old sinner has repented, and intends to disgorge his ill-gotten gains, and even though the repentance may have come under the terror of the skeleton hand of death, it may still bring him mercy and life. When England planned an expeditionary force to send to Flanders she did not send a number of children out with teaspoons to dig the trenches. When she tried to force the Dardanelles she did not borrow any of our Lough Gill motor boats to lead the charge. Her munitions campaign does not consist of a man with a tin whistle playing "Pop goes the weasle" in front of powder factories. A few twopence halfpenny meetings, a few Jack in the box speeches, and a placard in front of every police barrack will not dig out of Ireland the roots of a grass that has been growing deeper into the soil for seventy years. The present tillage campaign is merely useful as a means of rousing interest in the country. Looked at from that point of view the Department is doing a good work. But as a real tillage movement capable of meeting the necessity of the case it is childish. Let these county conventions go the rounds of all Ireland. Let them be followed up by local meetings. What estimate have you formed of the probable net result? Is there anybody sanguine enough to hope that the result will be 100,000 acres of wheat instead of the seventy thousand of the past year? What is the meaning of such a result in terms of the Irish food supply? It means that instead of having home-grown bread for 35 days we shall have enough for fifty days. So that instead of commencing to starve on the 5th of February, 1917, we shall be able to keep body and soul together for fifteen days longer. Does the Department of Agriculture speak as the mouthpiece of the Imperial Government or is it carrying on a little campaign on its own account? We know that while the Department of Agriculture is blowing hot in this matter, the Congested Districts Board is blowing cold. The only large increase in tillage that has been made within the past few years, has been made on the few thousand acres of grass land that have been divided up amongst the people. And now the Congested Districts Board informs us that a Treasury that is spending £5,000,000 a day upon the war must economise by withdrawing

the beggarly mite that has been doled out to the Board. Is it then going too far to ask whether this is a real tillage movement or only a sham tillage movement? But though the Government may have no real tillage policy, the Irish people ought to see to it that the danger of famine is kept away from their doors. Unless the Government is prepared to undertake a tillage campaign on a huge scale, unless it is prepared to add another £1,000,000 a day for tillage, to the £5,000,000 it is already spending on the war, then we must be prepared for the probability of starvation. And when it comes to England and Ireland starving, Ireland will have to starve first. Even though a famine appears in Ireland, England will go on with the war and allow Ireland to starve. When the famine reaches England, England will make peace. And if, as a result, she is reduced to the position of second or third of the great Powers of Europe, she will at least have the satisfaction of having advanced another step on the ghastly road she has so long followed in search of a solution of the Irish difficulty. There is one remedy in our own hands. Stick to the oats. If we have only enough wheat to give us bread for five weeks of the year, we have oats enough to give us better bread for the whole year round. The famine of 1847 would never have been written across the pages of Irish history if the men of that day were men enough to risk death rather than part with their oat crop. Let each farmer keep at least enough oats on hand to carry himself and his family through in case of necessity till next year's harvest. And if any Government dares to commandeer your oats, remember that it is better to die like men fighting for your rights than to starve like our poor misguided grandfathers seventy years ago."

Father O'Flanagan's good advice was received with loud cheers by the farmers present, and Mr. T. W. Russell quickly concluded the proceedings. To take advantage of an English attempt to exploit the Irish farmers, to give them sound advice as to how to prevent themselves being starved, is hurtful to humbug.

Even under the guise of exhorting to economy the people of this country are being bled. A pamphlet, paid for out of Irish public funds and circulated at the expense of the Irish taxpayers amongst the Irish people, counsels them *not* to build houses, not to drink, not to eat much—to avoid those rascally fellows, the bricklayer, the carpenter, the tailor, the butcher for the safety of the English Empire. As an inducement to the Irish not to eat much meat, it is pointed out that by limiting themselves they will leave the more for the English. In twenty years' time we have not read a pamphlet which attained such an altitude of ignorance in elementary economics. If the person who wrote were serious, public charity would be obliged to place him in an ideal home for the remainder of his superfluous existence.

Five hundred and fifty thousand copies of this pamphlet have been, we understand, printed. The printing bill, we take it, is somewhere in the neighbourhood of £3,000. The person who wrote it has been paid, either for writing the nonsense or under the guise of being a "secretary." Large sums of money have been expended in booming and distribut-

ing the pamphlet, and finally a large bill has been paid for *English* paper to print the "Irish" pamphlet. If the Irish public has got off up to the present with an expenditure of £5,000 it is lucky.

Certain of the big locusts—solicitor generals, privy councillors and so forth—who eat up the green things of this land—form an "Irish War Savings Committee," and make a job as secretary for a friend, who writes this pamphlet on *How to Save*, in which he recommends the impoverishment of the Irish farmer, artisan, and labourer. The English Government printer draws his profit on it, the English paper-maker makes his bit out of it, the Secretary of "the Irish War Savings Committee" is provided with a salary on the head of it. The money is extracted from the pockets of the Irish. We have watched in Africa the sky darkened by locust swarms. On they come, their flanks a mile apart, and when their billion army has passed and the sun comes out of eclipse, he stares upon a country swept bare of every blade of grass—a land where cattle will die and man suffer—that the locusts may live. We have seen in these locusts the living likenesses of the garrison of placeholders and placehunters who swarm in our country, darkening the light of the sun to its enslaved people, and condemning them to suffering and loss. In Africa the locust is outside the law. There man labours to destroy his enemy. In Ireland the Locust is the Law.

In an admirable book, just published, and of which we shall have much pleasure to write hereafter—"Monaghan in the 18th Century"—Mr. Denis Carolan Rushe describes how even when ground by penal laws the people of Monaghan maintained themselves:—

"The majority of the working people did not live in the towns, but in rows of cottages which surrounded the towns within circles of two miles. The farms throughout the County seldom exceeded thirty Irish acres, and under that figure there was every size of farm down to the labourer's rood of garden. But the greater number of the farms were about ten Irish acres each. The land was well tilled and utilised for the production of one and a half acres of potatoes, half an acre of flax, four acres of oats, one and three-quarters acre in meadow, two acres of grazing, and a quarter acre of a garden. There was always a small patch for wheat, but in the south-eastern part of the County wheat took the place of oats, and only a small patch of the latter was kept for the horse and for domestic use. Every agriculturist above the rank of a labourer kept one or more milch cows. Farmers occupying twenty acres and upwards kept two horses; most of the others kept one horse, and "joined" with a couple of his neighbours to do the horse work of their respective farms. There were generally three horses abreast yoked to the plough. The plough was made of wood and was heavy, and the horses were lighter than those we have now, and a lot of tillage was done with the spade. The possessors of a couple of acres, who could not keep a horse, kept an ass. It was estimated that one hundred asses could be counted in an area of a square mile. The principle change in harvesting is that the corn and wheat were then cut with a sickle, and the scythe was only used for hay meadows.

"There was not so much necessity for drainage, as the ground was generally tilled in ridges and furrows, the fields being small and surrounded with shughs into which most of the surface water fell. Where the land was "spouty" or the fields large, drains were generally made with thorn bushes covered with straw and sods before the clay was filled in, or by sods of grass being placed in the shape

Where the best and cleanest pictures are first shown: ::

PILLAR PICTURE HOUSE.

MARY STREET PICTURE HOUSE.

PHIBSBORO'.—The House at Blauquiere Bridge.
THE VOLTA, MARY STREET.

of an inverted V. Where the stones were available, flat ones were placed in the same position as the sods. Stone drains, such as we have now, were not then in use. It was in the nineteenth century that agricultural drains made of small stones were introduced into Ireland. They were called "French Shores," and are said to have originated from an order of Napoleon I., by which the internal fences in all the farms of France were levelled, and of necessity drains were made in the gripes. The result was, that over a million acres of land were reclaimed and added to the well tilled soil of France. Artificial manures were then unknown, but all crops were thoroughly manured from each farmer's dung-hill, which was the most objectionable thing on the farm. It was a large pit in front of the dwelling-house into which all the refuse and dirt of the house was thrown along with the cleanings of the byres and stables. Those who lived convenient to bogs burned turf-mould and weeds, and dressed crops with the ashes. Lime was extensively used, for those who had turf used to have a small lime-kiln on their farms to which they carted the limestone and burned it for themselves. Marl and other sub-soils were often dug up, mixed with lime, and spread on the land. Artificial grass or catch crops were not used except by the larger farmers and gentry. When a field had been cropped for some time, it was allowed to lie out and cover itself with natural grass. When the harvest came in most of the produce was used in the house or on the land and only the surplus sold. The price received for such oats as were not required for home use was 10/- to 12/- per barrel, and potatoes from 2d. to 2½d. per stone. The corn was ground into meal at the local mills, and the produce of the small patch of wheat was ground into flour. The produce of the half acre of flax on each farm was spun and woven in the house, and all the linen that was not required for the family was sold. The food of the family was taken from the farm. The quarter acre of garden supplied fruit and vegetables, which exceeded in quality and variety anything we now produce. Each couple of families joined together at intervals during the year and killed a cow, which was preserved and hung up, and there was sufficient of this wholesome food to supply the household the whole year round. The food consisted of porridge and milk, followed by some sort of home-made bread and eggs for breakfast, boiled hung-beef, vegetables and potatoes for dinner, and the supper was either buttered griddle bread or buttered oaten bread, with a white oatmeal drink. The food of supper was varied in some families with stirabout, or potatoes and milk. There was also a good deal of fruit used at home at that period. As the farmer, and even the cottier had then a sufficiency of money, they had generally fresh beef or mutton for dinner on Sundays, for meat was very cheap; or occasionally they had a duck or chicken. Strong farmers had a boiled goose, which was dismembered before being put into the pot, along with dumplings, for all the fowl was used by the people, and neither the eggs nor fowl exported. The special luxury for dinner at Christmas and stated occasions was a roast goose. Three meals were all the people ate. Of course such food as above, accompanied by outdoor exercise, made people stronger and healthier than are the same class of people nowadays, who take four meals daily, and whose principal food is tea and bakers' bread, varied sometimes with American bacon or tinned meat.

"In addition to the farmers there was an exceedingly large number of cottiers, each of whom occupied a house, garden and piece of bog, for which they each paid two guineas annually. An English guinea was worth £1 2s. 9d. in Irish money. The cottier usually got the grazing of a cow on some neighbouring large farm or demesne for one guinea. The cottier, if he lived near the town, had constant work there, or, if he lived far out in the

country, he worked as a weaver, except in spring and harvest, when he worked for the neighbouring farmers. He had his vegetables and potatoes in his garden; his wife and daughters spun the hose and made the clothing; and though his wages were small (about 1s. 8d. per day without food, or 1s. per day with food), still all his requirements were very cheap, for a few pence per day kept himself and his family in comfort, well clothed, well fed, and he had something to spare when all were satisfied. Several hundreds of such men went to work in and about the towns daily. There was a linen market held in the Diamond of Monaghan each Monday, and the linen sold in the market amounted to £4,000 weekly, in Castleblayney to £500 weekly, in Ballybay to £1,500 weekly and in Clones to £700 weekly, all paid for in gold and silver—no paper money would be taken by a farmer. If the linen had been bleached and finished it was bought either for export by the Newry merchants, or by merchants from Carrickmacross, who used to give it out to the Farney farmers to be dyed by them for a consideration, and the Carrick merchants then sold the finished article to Dublin or country merchants. If the linen had not been bleached, it was purchased by one of the bleach-mill owners from Creeve or Loughgish, where there were fourteen bleachmills at work.

"There were hundreds of tradesmen in and around the towns, shoemakers and tailors in large numbers, for there were then no ready-mades. Most of the men wore home-made frieze, and the women home-made linen and woollens. The finer woollen cloths used by those men who were better off came from Galway and Kilkenny, while coloured cotton for the better class women came from Dublin. Most of the women's dresses were, however, made of linen or wool, and every grown person wore shoes and stockings, the latter spun and knit in their own homes. Those who had no sheep bought wool on market days from mountain people who brought it into the towns for sale. The tailor went to the farmers' houses, where webs of cloth were made by him into clothing, while the country dressmaker or "sewing woman" used to pay similar visits. Most of the women could "cut-out" their own garments. Blue was the favourite colour for most of the outer garments. The young men's frieze coats and the young women's skirts and cloaks were dyed light blue, while the garments of the elder people were of a darker shade. A "blue dyer" was a special trade of itself. In the last decade of the eighteenth century green became the favourite colour, but the men concealed it, as it was a proscribed colour, but had garments of it ready for a day when they hoped to be able to wear it openly. This fascination for dark blue cloth continued with the old men up until the sixties of the nineteenth century.

"The furniture used in the country was made near Glennan, where over one hundred carpenters and their families were employed in the making of house furniture, which was brought to all the neighbouring markets for sale. The mill of Scarnageeragh (now called by this anglicised generation Emyvale) was occupied with the manufacture of spades, shovels, &c., which were sold to the merchants in the neighbouring towns. The shop price of a spade and handle was 4s.; shovel and handle, 2s. 8d.; pitchfork and handle, 1s 7½d. The delph required for use in the country was made at Lisgoa, Glasslough; the yellow clay was dug from the ground underneath; the lead used in the manufacture came from Clontibret; the maganese from the neighbouring townland of Coolcollid; and the finer sand for whitening the outer and inner surface of the plates, dishes and other vessels was obtained from Carnmore in the parish of Clones at 10s. per cart. The head-gear of the people was also supplied from the country. The boys wore round caps, made by the tailor out of the same web of cloth from which he made the clothes. The older men wore tall hats covered with wool instead of silk or felt. These were made by

hatters resident, like many other tradesmen, in the county; but by far the greatest number of these hats were made in Farney. The young girls wore no head-dress, but when out merely drew the hoods of their cloaks over their heads, and strangers maintained that the prettiest faces on earth were to be seen within the hoods of Irish cloaks. Writers complain that the faces of our maidens are not so beautiful as they used to be. Some of the causes given for the change are that the hood of the Irish cloak set off the countenance better than modern millinery, and that three or four generations of children have been reared since then on tea instead of milk. The older women wore caps or handkerchiefs, and none but a very pretentious female wore a bonnet. Children had no covering on their heads, except the school going boys of well-to-do people in the towns, who wore a small leather cap, purchased in shops, made by some seamstress or careful mother, and called a "school cap."

* * *

Our extract is long. We wish we had space to make it longer. Bitterly as Ireland suffered under the Penal Laws, it was not until she got from England Free Trade and a dozen new departments warranted to bring her up to date that she lost the power of sustaining herself from within, and became the monstrous mother of Inspectors, Experts, Valuers, Commissioners, Arbitrators, and M.P.'s—Locusts who devour the land, and being vocal, have half-persuaded those who toil on it that Providence created them for the benefit of the human locust.

* * *

In days gone by one of the tricks of piracy was to seize peaceable merchantmen on the high seas and to kidnap or maroon members of their crews. No warship of a civilized Power—Germany, of course, since she fell out with England, has automatically ceased to be civilised—would be guilty of such conduct.

Let us see what has happened to two American citizens, who had the misfortune, one of them to be of German origin, although born in the United States, and the other to be a naturalised American, born in Germany. Their name are respectively Charles James Maisch and George Vielmetter. They were engaged on the Norwegian steamship *Seatile*, the first as radio operator and the second as steward, when she sailed in March last for a South American port. Since then, until a few days ago, all truthful information of themselves and their vessel has been successfully hidden by the English authorities from the Government of the United States, which was seeking them. Maisch has now turned up at the American Embassy in London, and in consequence the English Press Bureau has allowed the veil to be lifted to the following extent.

The vessel on which they sailed was seized on March 14 by the British cruiser *Bristol*, and carried off by her to the Falkland Islands. For four months nothing was heard of the two Americans. Then the American Minister at Monte Video got word from them, and reported to the State Department at Washington that they were detained at the Falkland Islands, and were praying to be released. The American Ambassador in London was set in motion at

once (July 29), and the English Foreign Office was asked for an explanation.

* * *

Sir Edward Grey's reply was that the two men had left the Falkland Islands on July 19 in a vessel called the *Bangor*. It was not easy to trace the *Bangor*, for a reason that will appear, and the American Ambassador remained under the impression that they had gone off in this obscure ship of their own accord, and there was nothing more to be done. On August 24, however, a report was received at the American Embassy from the Consul at Plymouth, which, taken in connection with a report received at Washington from Senegal on the African coast, tended to create considerable misgiving as to the accuracy of the English Foreign Office representations.

The American Consul at Dakar, Senegal, had reported that a Belgian vessel, the *Albertville*, had passed there with two Americans on board, one of whom was Charles James Maisch, and the other from the number on his passport was afterwards found to be Vielmetter, the steward of the *Seattle*. Nothing was known about that mysterious ship, the *Bangor*. Now, the American Consul at Plymouth found among the men landed there three weeks ago some of the original crew of the *Seattle*, including Maisch.

* * *

Again the Ambassador plies Sir Edward Grey with inquiries, and is informed that the *Seattle* was at the Falkland Islands on August 14, exactly five months after she was seized, and a month after the *Bangor* sailed, and that her case would come before a Prize Court for decision.

Owing to the pressure brought to bear by the Government of his country, Maisch is once more a free man, having been released two weeks ago. His version of the facts has been permitted by the English Press Censor to appear in a summarised form. It is that the *Seattle* was *not* at the Falkland Islands on August 14, that he was taken away in her on July 14, when she sailed under a prize crew put on board her by the British authorities, although a month later no Prize Court had been held to deal with her case, according to Sir Edward Grey.

Her new owners—of course they were not pirates—renamed her the "*Bangor*," the vessel to which the Foreign Office had traced the two missing men in answer to American inquiries. In the "*Bangor*" the *Seattle's* crew were transported to the unhealthy climate of Sierra Leone. Here they were put on board a Belgian vessel, the *Albertville*. The *Albertville* put in at Dakar. The American Consul at Dakar found that his two countrymen were on board this ship of a belligerent power, and the men that held them knew they were not there with their own consent. The *Albertville* sailed for Plymouth, and here for the present the story ends.

* * *

THE PLATFORM PROPERTIES.

Mr. Horatio Bottomley, the unofficial head of the English recruiting department, has issued new instructions to his officers. From them we take the following:—

"The 'Scrap of Paper,' Belgian Atrocities, German Kultur, and all the other platform

properties supplied by Central Offices are PLAYED OUT."

Extraordinary though it be, it is a fact that there were people in Ireland who believed for some time in the "Belgian Atrocities" as having really taken place. The Handless Child, the Woman with her Breasts Cut Off, and all the rest of the Stage Properties now vanish, to reappear in any future war England may be able to wage.

Fool! Britannia! Britannia, fool the slaves!

* * *

WHO DIES IF ENGLAND LIVES?

"Flock to the colours in millions—demand that the great negro forces, *who have had all the benefits of empire*, be drawn upon for fighting purposes; call them up in tens of thousands; call up the men of India *in millions*; draw upon everything that God and Nature *have given us*. Call on the fighting tribes of Egypt; *we bled for them*, let them bleed for us, for we have to win this war or perish."—A. G. Hales in "John Bull."

This idea of England fighting the war to the last Nigger, Indian, and Egyptian that her God has *given her*—together with their property—is admirably expressed. *En passant* we observe that a third of the total casualties in Gallipoli were awarded to the Australians. Mr. W. E. Murison in the "London Globe" proposes another plan for winning the war, which perhaps the Niggers, Indians and Egyptians, who had the happiness to be given to England, might prefer to "John Bull's" plan. It is to Banish the German Language from Civilisation. "Let the Government," writes this intelligent Englishman in the "London Globe," "make a worthy commencement by prohibiting the teaching or use of the German Language in the British Isles, under heavy penalty and imprisonment with hard labour. The day for weak, halting, half-measures should be gone for ever."

Another staggering blow might be struck at the Enemies of Christianity, Civilisation and Small Nationalities if the English Government were to prohibit the use of german-silver teaspoons under penalty of the lash and to hang all cousins-german.

* * *

From the Dublin "Irish Times," Oct. 17—

"The Tsaritzza, on behalf of the Tsarevitch, has conveyed his warm thanks to the Naval and Military Bible Society for the English school-children's gift of ten thousand Bibles for the Russian troops."

From the "London Weekly Despatch" (same date) on a new revue—"Now's the Time" at the Alhambra, London:—

"It is a parody of the fall of Adam, the silent part of the snake being played by a man's arm pushed through the scenery. Adam looks like George Robey in 'The Prehistoric Man,' while Eve is dressed like Lady Godiva was in the Coventry pageant . . . references to ladies' underclothing; the amours of the Virgin Queen are subject of jest."

From the same English paper, same date—Extract from latest English popular song, published in full words and music:—

"Nothing new, say, that's true—

Mister Noah to save his skin

Built an ark, what a lark

When the animals marched in;

Two by two went that zoo,

Then the cunning fox with glee

Did the snaky slide on the plank outside,

And he whispered to the chimpanzee:—

Chorus—

Everybody's crazy on the fox-trot,
The funny trot, the giddy fox-trot,
Everybody's busy when the band plays,
And the snaky slide they do;
First of all you do it with your right foot,
And then your left foot, and then your right foot,

You slide and glide and cuddle up tight—
Feel you'd like to do it all night.

Everybody's crazy on the fox-trot, yes, and
I'm gone crazy too!"

English Bibles for the Russians, English burlesques on the Bible for the English, and Irish youth, per John Redmond, to die that this people may live.

* * *

Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Clones, after a wise and lengthened absence from the Irish political platform, reappeared, under the grateful shadow of the English Viceroy, to insult a great Irishman. A better testimony to the honesty of an Irishman's patriotism than the censure of Dr. Donnelly could not be brought forward. Dr. Donnelly and Sir George Errington were two of the chief agents of English intrigue against Irish Nationalism at the Vatican for many years. In reward for his services, the English Government in 1885 sought to have Dr. Donnelly made Archbishop of Dublin. The plot was destroyed in the whirlwind of indignation that swept through Ireland. Three years later Dr. Donnelly was secretly associated with the Duke of Norfolk and the other agents of English policy at the Vatican in securing for Lord Salisbury a Papal Rescript against the Plan of Campaign. Monsignor Persino, who was sent to Ireland by the Pope, pronounced in favour of the Irish, but to his astonishment the rescript was issued. The influences at work had overcome him. A tragedy followed. By the machinations of Dr. Donnelly it was made appear to the Irish people that Monsignor Persino was responsible for the issue of the rescript. His name was execrated wherever the Irish dwelt, and his death was hastened by the execration. He was a Churchman, his lips were sealed, and he could not defend himself. Years after his death we came into possession of his letters to Cardinal Manning, to whom he had disclosed the whole truth. We published them in 1904, and vindicated the memory of a man whom Ireland had wronged. "In my old age," wrote Monsignor Persino (9-10 May, 1888), "I must be haunted by the thought of being considered and hounded down as an enemy of a race which I have ever cherished and loved, and still cherish and love. . . . Dr. Donnelly has done me the greatest possible harm before the Irish people in denouncing me as their informer and the instrument of their decree. For nothing will remove from their minds that I am their enemy."

Now Dr. Donnelly is afoot again. *Verb. sap.*

NATIONALITY.**Saturday, Oct. 23, 1915.**

All literary communications for "Nationality" should be addressed to the Editor.

All business communications to the Manager,
12 D'OLIER STREET, DUBLIN.

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Cheques and Postals should be crossed and made payable to the Manager, *Nationality*.

PEACE IN WARSAW.

Only himself can be his parallel. Mr. John Redmond—we quote from one of his organs—

"In an interview published in the 'New York World,' stated that every Municipal Corporation in Ireland has declared itself in sympathy with the Irish Party view of the war, and that a like remark applied to every County Council and District Council and every elected body of every kind in the country.

"Ireland," he said, "is in a state of profound peace. No meetings are suppressed, or have been suppressed. Freedom of speech has not been interfered with. Three or four men have been imprisoned for short terms for open pro-German declarations, for which in similar cases they would have been shot in Germany. Indeed, my only regret is that these men were lifted out of their obscurity by being prosecuted, as they were incapable of doing any real harm."

"The total of the Irish recruiting figures in August were, according to Mr. Redmond, 130,264, and he said that recruiting was still going on at the rate of from 4,000 to 5,000 a month; and he added to this 115,000 Irishmen in Great Britain and the Colonial Irishmen. 'The position of Home Rule is absolutely secure,' said Mr. Redmond, 'that Act will come into operation at the end of the war, if not before.'"

We hesitate to say that Mr. Redmond has never equalled this, for we remember how when the "Daily Independent" was insolvent to the extent of £12,000, Mr. Redmond, as salaried Chairman of the concern, published a statement in his own name that it was making a profit—that it had "Turned the Corner." But no man other than Mr. Redmond has equalled the feat here achieved—of making in some 25 lines a series of "statements of fact," each statement being to the knowledge of every man and woman in Ireland a falsehood.

Having done "as he was told" in his "interview" given to help the English Loan in the United States, Mr. Redmond journeyed back to Dublin. He shunned publicity. His organs did not herald his approach. He slipped into Dublin in the dusk of an October evening, and found his way up the Back Road of the Phoenix Park to a place where Parnell would not have been admitted—The Viceregal Lodge. Observe, the Progress of the National Cause. There Mr. Redmond was handsomely fed and wine by an English military staff, and assured that he was a very great man and a jolly good fellow. In return Mr. Redmond assured them they might rely upon him to his last follower.

The English Government has been more or less existent in Ireland for 700 years. It has not yet realised that when it buys an Irish political leader, it does not buy all its followers with him. Mr. Redmond has contracted with the English Government to find them 1,000 strong and healthy young Irishmen per week to Die that England may Live. So

shall the wine-cup circle in the Viceregal Lodge and the horn of Aughavannagh be exalted. He has contracted to begin operations at a bogus "Co. Dublin Convention" which is assembling as we write. The English gentlemen who toasted "Redmond for ever" in abundant champagne on Wednesday night week in the Viceregal Lodge, may possibly find that "the Goods" object to the Auctioneers delivering them.

In that event Mr. Redmond will stand no nonsense. If the rascals won't go willingly, why there are soldiers and constabulary men and other appurtenances of Government in Ireland capable of application to the laggards. So it was spoken while the champagne bubbled. There are also stout hearts, clear consciences, strong arms, and some provision of lead and steel to support the objection of Irishmen to have the temples of their bodies violated. The young men of Ireland will submit to no Conscription. The rosy optimism which gilded the generous winecups in the Viceregal Lodge, when a dastard was the guest of Castle honour, has faded from many a true English heart in the sober light of the Morning After.

We are asked to state that a public meeting will be held in Beresford Place, Dublin, on Sunday evening next, 24th inst., to protest against the disgraceful conduct permitted in the city streets, and especially along the Quays, at night time, and to initiate such action as may be necessary to stop it. Several prominent citizens have been invited as speakers. Chair 5 p.m. sharp.

The Molloy Concert.

The Molloy Concert Committee desire to thank the artistes who kindly gave their services, and also the advertisers and numerous friends who generously helped to make the concert a success.

JOSEPH KELLY, *Chairman*.

JOSEPH M'GUINNESS, *Hon. Treas.*

J. E. LYONS, *Hon. Sec.*

The Mitchel Centenary.

The Centenary of the birth of John Mitchel will be commemorated on Thursday evening, 4th November, in the Antient Concert Rooms, Great Brunswick Street, by a Lecture and Concert. The Committee have been successful in securing the services of Commandant P. H. Pearse, B.A., B.L., to deliver the anniversary

seachtain na samna.

Irish Revival Week**November 1st to 6th.**

MONDAY—Public Meeting in the Mansion House.
TUESDAY—Dramatic Performance in Abbey Theatre.
WEDNESDAY—Concert in Abbey Theatre.
SATURDAY—Ceilidh in Mansion House.

oration, and the chairman on the occasion will be Mr. Arthur Griffith. The musical programme will be in the capable hands of Mr. Gerard Crofts. The executive of the Irish Volunteers have been communicated with, with a view to making this date a closed one in Volunteer circles in Dublin, so that the Rally in the Antient Concert Rooms on the 4th November will be a record and an historic one. Tickets—1/- and 6d.—may be had on application to Hon. Secretary, 6 Harcourt Street, or at any of the Irish-Ireland Shops in the City.

WHAT IT FEELS LIKE.

BY A. NEWMAN.

AN APOLOGY.

With some hesitation I present this very human document to the public. When one is in jail, deprived of communication with, or news of, the outer world, one is naturally inclined to regard oneself as the centre of things. A "jail journal" could not be a true piece of art unless it revealed this "weakness" in the writer. I have endeavoured, and I believe I have succeeded, in giving a *faithful* record of my impressions of jail. But the reader must be lenient; and where he sees the pronoun "I," he must see a symbol representing those who have the misfortune to be prisoners under England's system. I apologise for an apparently egotistical method of telling my experiences. But a reference to jail literature will reveal the fact that other men, in desiring to be natural and exact in their narratives, have been forced to appear egotistical.

I.—BANISHMENT.

We had just witnessed the delivery of a lot of Lee-Enfield and Martini rifles at the Carrickmore Volunteer Camp, and the men of Tyrone were drilling in the camp grounds, when the sentries called to me that the police and a D.I. were bearing down in force on the camp. I was asked to take command—in the absence of Captain O'Connor—and issue orders in what, from the sentries' description, appeared to be an emergency. I therefore ran to one of the tents where I had a lot of ammunition stored, with the object of serving it out to the men on drill. But I heard a great disturbance before I could complete this work, and went to see the cause of the noise. What I saw was amusing, and

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dangerously near the tragic. A red-faced sergeant and a file of constables and the local D.I. and a "G" man held up by seven men with automatic pistols. To the police the performance was so unexpected that its educative value must have been very considerable. The sergeant tried violent language and persuasion, but he did not venture to move. I tried to sum up the situation as best I could in a second. I realized that if the police by chance attempted to press forward that somebody would be killed, probably all the government property visible on the spot at that moment. I summed up in a twinkling how best I could deal with both parties. The police must be kept exactly where they were, and my men must be prevented from further excitement. I therefore strolled over, yawning with my hand to my mouth, looking as bored as possible. "What's the matter?" I asked.

"Your men have been very rude," said the D.I., moving along the line behind his men as I did behind mine, and we faced each other eventually.

"It seems to me that there has been a misunderstanding," I said. "Your men had no right to force their way past my sentries. This is private ground—a Volunteer camp; and by attempting to enter it you have merely forced my men to do their duty."

"I quite understand," said the D.I. "And I must say you have been very polite and gentlemanly. I came here to see Mr. Newman, and I have no desire to do him any harm. I'll remove my men to the main road and we can discuss matters there."

"Not at all," I replied; "you'll stay exactly where you are."

He then proceeded to read the now famous banishment order addressed to Herbert W. Pim alias "A. Newman" (it should have been Herbert M. Pim) of 65 University Street, Belfast (which is not my address, but the address of a baby's home, for I live at 65 University Road, Belfast), ordering that gentleman to leave "the following area, namely Ireland," before 10 o'clock on Saturday, 17th July, and prescribing his future residence in the terms of the Aliens' Restriction Act, 1914. (Irishmen are apparently aliens!)

That evening, after addressing an impromptu meeting in the Gaelic School, I drove away with Dr. McCartan, and left the next morning with him for Dublin; and left it two days later to go indirectly but inevitably to jail; and as banishment was a severe penalty, the term of our imprisonment was very doubtful. It is curious how one feels when one is settled in one's mind regarding a course of action which will cause much stir and trouble. I stayed the night with Mac Neill, and we talked, both of us, quite well, I think. We discussed the theory of Empire; its deadly effects. And Mac Neill said, I remember, that a history might be written of the civilizations which Rome had destroyed—blotted out as it were. The splendours and arts of the Etruscans, for instance, as well as their prosperity. The British had not even the grace of Rome; for the English had merely the genius of exploitation. That is hideously true. They give nothing; but they sap the spirit and drain the blood of any nation which they are powerful enough to exploit. I think Mac Neill strained a point to entertain me. It was a pleasant evening, and we hardly mentioned politics. We found we had expressed similar ideas on art. The next day I dined with Arthur Griffith and several others, and caught my train for Belfast.

It can be imagined how much there was to be done. I got back to discover that the news of my banishment, which had been announced in the local press, as well as in the war columns, and even preceding the war news itself, in the *Daily Mail*, had disturbed my credit horribly; and I had to pay out over sixty pounds in a few minutes, which fortunately had fallen due to me, and which I was able to collect. This saved what would have suited the *Castle* well, proceedings in bankruptcy while I was banished or in jail. I had to make arrangements to have my affairs looked after while I was in jail. My son, Turlough, was delightfully furious when I told him that the nasty

English were going to send their police to arrest his daddy. Probably very few men could have the same anxiety in leaving a child as I had in leaving my little son. And to add to my trouble on his account, he had suddenly taken ill during my stay in camp. We sat up pretty late on Saturday, my mother and wife in a darkened drawing-room watching the detectives, of whom there were eleven round the house, and I finishing up matters with my amanuensis in the study, and waiting to be arrested. The Committee had insisted on this occasion that we should submit quietly; so to avoid trouble I got rid of my firearms. But for a while that evening I would have given anything to have had my revolver back again. The tameness of waiting for arrest was too much. And if I had had a revolver, my arrest would at that time have cost the government dearly enough, if they value their police. But in this matter of resisting arrest, we are apt to think of a momentary episode: we forget that if the government knows you are armed and will resist, it will take its time. It has endless resources. And weeks after you are expecting arrest, you will be pounced upon as I was. For I was taken quite unawares. I went down a wide square with my father. The square was empty; and nevertheless I was seized from behind by two detectives, who had come after us on tiptoe.

The Irish pay for the privilege of having a political detective force—the famous "G" men—employed by England to spy upon Nationalists. England could afford eleven well-fed and prosperous men to keep watch over me. The experience was no novelty.

The hour of my ordered banishment passed—10 p.m.—and shortly after that my mother departed, and I sent my secretary home.

I got to Mass on Sunday accompanied by detectives; and, as already stated, was just seeing my father to his tram, down University Square, when two rather huge detectives sprang upon me, one of them catching my arm.

"There is no need to be excited," I said. And to my father—"These men have to obey orders. Go back, please, and tell them at home that I have been arrested."

The detectives were plainly excited; while my father—who, by the way, is a staunch Unionist and Loyalist—and I were frigidly calm. My tone of voice effected much. I was released; and quietly walked between my captors. One was the Chief Constable, Baird by name, not a "G" man, I believe; and he was apparently without much relish for his job.

"It's most annoying," I said to him, "to be arrested just now. You have disturbed me in the completion of a chapter on John Scotus Erigena! Do you know anything about him?" "No, sir," he said, "I'm afraid I don't." We soon reached the police station; and Baird procured me a comfortable chair. I said, "I should like my dinner, as I had just risen from the table to accompany my father." He said that would be all right. Baird, through the 'phone had many conversations with his superior; and I was glad to hear him protesting that I should be provided with a cab, and not driven on a car. The whole affair was such a novelty that I was quite on the alert, though I had been dragged away without even chance of saying good-bye to my son, to certain imprisonment, and for how long it would be impossible to say. I sat quietly and analysed my feelings. I was conscious that the main emotion which I felt was a blend of contempt and confidence. Now that the arrest had been made, I was devoid of that painful uncertainty which had really been most distressing. From and including the moment of my arrest, I never remember to have been more calm or self-possessed. I was full of curiosity, and was anxious to observe the machinery of England's police system at work. It was pleasant to be treated with the utmost respect and deference. Respect and deference was the manner of all with whom I came in contact of an inferior order in the proceedings which followed. Mr. Dunlop, D.I., and the higher officials were particularly polite. We were driven to the police court in a cab, and I was put into somebody's private office, and provided with cigarettes; and in this office I received my father, mother, and a cousin, and my amanuensis who came

down bringing my dinner. The dinner was most welcome. Outside the door I saw a man demanding of a detective to know why he had been called out on a Sunday afternoon. I assumed he might be the magistrate, who was asked to hold a special court in order that I might not be left as a prisoner in the police cells. This was very considerate. My people departed, and I went to the formal court, and sat beside Mr. Dunlop, who was my prosecutor. I apologised to the magistrate for having brought him out on a Sunday, but he said it was part of his work. Mr. Dunlop expressed much distress at seeing me in such a position; but I assured him it was of my own choosing. Every "G" man in Belfast, by this time, had come to see me. The Head, Mr. Edwards, set about drawing me out. "You'll be surprised," he said, "if I tell you that we know what you had in the bags you took to Dublin." "I should," I say quietly, "and perhaps you'll tell me." Silence. "You made one mistake, at any rate," he declared, "when you said that 'G' men had burgled The O'Rahilly's house on the night you arrived in Dublin." "I assure you," I answered, "that I never said a 'G' man had entered the house. I said that a burglar employed by the 'G' men had entered the house." "You would be quite wrong," he declared, "in saying that a 'G' man burgled the house." "I congratulate you," I said, "on the brilliance of your idea in employing burglars." And he could not refrain from looking pleasant.

At the subsequent court on Saturday next, when I applied for a remand, I was given the use of the doctor's room, and I took care to call Mr. Edwards in and introduce him to my mother as Professor Moriarty. And she really thought that was his name, which was rather amusing. The name suits him perfectly, as his duty consists in remaining out of sight, never doing outside work, and keeping his spies on the track of Irish Nationalists. But I have skipped a week, in making this remark. To continue the details of the Sunday special court, I may say that Mr. Dunlop, after formal evidence of arrest had been given, said—"You won't get bail, I may tell you; you may ask for it, but you won't get it, and you needn't say anything as this is only a preliminary court." "Thanks," I said. "I rely upon you, as my prosecutor, to direct me properly!" Head Constable Baird said that, when arrested, the prisoner made no statement. When asked if I had anything to say, I objected to this evidence, and said that Baird had omitted to explain my immediately-logged objection to being arrested, that I was, in consequence of the arrest, disturbed in the completion of a philosophical work, which I was writing to order of my publisher! After this, accompanied by two "G" men, I was taken in a taxi to the jail. And now England's jail system gripped me in its marvellously-designed clutch.

The Neutrals.

The entry of Bulgaria into the war and the violation of Greek neutrality by England and France reduces the number of neutral independent States in Europe to seven, viz.—Spain, Holland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Switzerland, and Roumania. The neutrality of Roumania is of a gossamer nature, and at any moment it may be abandoned. The six other States constitute the genuine neutral States in Europe—in fact, in the civilised world. For the neutrality of the United States is, in so far as the United States Government is concerned, insincere. A "neutral" whose Government supplies munitions of war to one side, lends money to one of the belligerents to continue the war, and works to obstruct and thwart the other in its sea warfare, is a "neutral" whose neutrality is of as much assistance to the English as its active intervention.

Where the sympathies of the six really neu-

tral States lie is not to all people certain. The great majority of the Spanish and Swedish people favour the Central Powers—Spain largely because of her dislike to the French and her animosity to the English, who by occupying Gibraltar reduces the Spaniards to a very secondary position, whereas by nature they should be the keepers of the Mediterranean and constitute a great Power. The Swedes, who have lived for generations in apprehension of Russia, which they fear and detest, naturally see in the crippling of that Power by Germany delivery from their nightmare. In addition, Finland, wrested by Russia from its friendly connection with Sweden and dragooned by the Muscovite, is a bitter point with the Swede, and his cherished dream has been long the re-union on a free basis of despoiled Finland with its old associate. These factors explain the material reasons which incline the Spanish and Swedish people to sympathy with Germany and Austro-Hungary. There are immaterial reasons—admiration for warrior-prowess, for instance, in the case of chivalrous Spain, and racial affinity in the case of Sweden.

In Holland, which under a severer test has rigidly maintained neutrality, sympathy is more divided. The Catholic Hollanders are overwhelmingly in favour of Germany and Austro-Hungary. Among the Protestant Hollanders there is division, a larger section sympathising with France. There is practically no sympathy with England, for the memory of the Transvaal War and the concentration camps is vivid and bitter. The only pro-English paper published in Holland is edited by an Englishman. It is one of the two Dutch newspapers which English journals quote in their "Foreign Press opinions."

But while there is no sympathy with England, some sympathy with France, and more sympathy with Germany in Holland, there is unanimity among all Dutch sections in supporting the neutral attitude. Geographically, racially, and linguistically, Holland is part of Germany, but she prefers her absolute independence to a partnership in the German Empire such as the Kingdom of Bavaria or the Kingdom of Saxony, and the majority of her people are averse to partnership in the German Customs Union. But England she utterly distrusts, and she very pointedly showed her distrust by, shortly before the war, fortifying her "English frontier." In a war between Germany and England, therefore, Dutch opinion, apart from its sympathy, is practically unanimous in supporting the Government's neutral policy as the truest guarantee for Holland's continued prosperity and absolute independence.

Switzerland—to-day an island in an ocean of war, for on all its frontiers, French, Italians, and Austrians grapple each other—rigidly and sincerely pursues neutrality in its interest as a Sovereign State. In a sense there is no Swiss nation, as there is no Belgian nation—for the Swiss, with the exception of a tiny handful of Roumansih, on which alone a true Swiss nation may be built, are racially German, French, and Italian. Roundly speaking, five out of every seven Swiss are German in race and language—the other two Swiss

being either French or Italian. In the present war sympathy has mainly followed racial lines—the German Swiss inclining to Germany and Austro-Hungary, while the French Swiss sympathise with France. The Italian Swiss, however, are not enthusiastically pro-Italian. But as in Holland, all sections are strongly in support of the Government's neutrality policy. The interests of Switzerland demand that she should keep out of this fight, and, as the chief Swiss newspaper put it, no man's sympathies in a foreign war will lead him to imperil the interests of his own country.

In Denmark, England has probably more sympathy than in any other genuine neutral country—although sympathy is hardly the correct word. The Danes have not forgotten how England in time of peace treacherously bombarded Copenhagen and destroyed the Danish fleet, nor have they ceased to remember how when England had encouraged them to face Prussia and Austria in 1864, she left them to their fate. But neither have they forgiven Germany for the re-conquest of Schleswig-Holstein, and there is probably no neutral country in which feelings are more mixed. The ideal result of this war to the Danish mind would be for England to defeat Germany and Germany to defeat England. As this happy result is impossible, opinion in Denmark is divided as to whether a German or an English victory would be the more desirable for the Danes, but there is no division of opinion whatever on the question of the policy that Denmark should pursue. She must keep out of it—maintain her neutrality and conserve all her strength. This is unanimous.

Norway, the freest country in the world, is the last of the neutrals. Its independence was betrayed to Sweden by England in 1814, and regained a few years ago by a bloodless revolution. England is therefore distrusted in Norway. Russia, which covets Norwegian and Swedish ports, is feared, and Germany, though admired, is not loved. Anything that would weaken Germany in the Baltic is, however, considered by the Norwegians harmful to Norway's interest, inasmuch as it opens the way to Russia to attempt to impose her yoke upon the free Norsemen. Norwegian opinion, in one aspect of the war, is wholly pro-German. It desires to see Germany defeat Russia. As between France and England and Germany, sympathy is not so strong. There is a certain liking for the French, and the Queen of Norway—a sister of the present King of England—is naturally pro-English. On the other hand, the literary men of Norway are frankly pro-German. They hail Germany as the modern reincarnation of the great Norse race. In a country where feudal slavery never was known, where men are truly equal in rights, where opinion is absolutely free, and censorship or suppression of the Press is unknown, public opinion is in its expression frank and honest. The feeling of Norway can therefore be easily and absolutely ascertained. That feeling is—first, a fixed determination to keep Norway out of the war; second, a desire that Russia shall be beaten by Germany; third, a feeling of regret for France; and, lastly, a divided opinion as between Germany and England, with a majority in favour of Germany.

Will the continuance of the war force any of these neutral countries in? It is unlikely, but not impossible. The situation of both Holland and Switzerland is difficult, but unless their territory be violated, they will almost certainly preserve their neutrality to the end. Sweden, Norway, and Denmark might have been forced into the war if Russia had been able to successfully invade East Prussia, for in that event Sweden certainly, and the other two countries possibly, would have been forced upon the defensive. "Russia a Baltic lake" means for the Scandinavian countries the fate of Finland. As matters now stand, there is little likelihood of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark becoming involved, but in the case of Sweden considerable friction exists with England, and, while war is unlikely, it is not impossible.

The geographical situation of Spain is more favourable to neutrality than the situation of any other European country. She is out of the hurly-burly. Her only war-neighbour is France, and unless through France or Portugal, no land attack could be launched against her. On the other hand, if the Allies made war upon her, and Spain succeeded, as she would certainly determinedly attempt, to recapture Gibraltar and invade Southern France, the passage of Allied troops and warships to the Aegean and the Adriatic would be rendered difficult. It may be taken for certain that the Allies will not attempt to provoke Spain, and as the German neither could nor would provoke her, her neutrality is assured—unless she should demand Gibraltar from the English and the English should refuse. A demand which is not impossible, but is not probable at the moment.

The size and fighting-strength of these now supremely important neutral States are matters of interest to Irishmen, who have been carefully educated to believe that Ireland is "so small" that "it could not stand by itself." Spain is, of course, the largest in area and population, although Holland is a richer country than Spain.

Spain covers an area of 190,000 square miles—that is, it is six times the size of Ireland. It has a population of 21 millions of people, a standing army of less than 200,000 men, but an available trained fighting force of two millions. Since its war with America, in which, of course, it had no opportunity of using its real army, Spain has rebuilt its fleet, and has at present three dreadnoughts, four or five good cruisers, a number of light cruisers and destroyers, and is busily engaged in turning out submarines.

Holland, which is but one-fifteenth the size of Spain, is next to it in importance as a fighting Power. On its territory—one-third the size of Ireland—it maintains a population of six million people, and could place half a million men in the field. Its navy consists of small battleships, light cruisers, numerous torpedo-boats, and submarines. On the high seas the Dutch Navy would amount to little in war, but for the defence of Dutch waters it is admirably suited.

Sweden, very nearly as great in area as Spain, has a population about a million greater than the population of Ireland. It can place an army of over half a million in the field—an army recently thoroughly reorganised. Its

Navy, like that of Holland, is built for coast defence.

Norway exceeds in area Ireland, England, Scotland, and Wales combined, but its population is two millions smaller than ours. The efficient army is over a hundred thousand strong, but in a war-crisis she could probably equip a quarter of a million men. She has a small but well-manned coast defence fleet, to which she has lately added submarines.

Denmark, less than half the size of Ireland, with nearly three millions of a population, has in time of war a fighting-strength of a quarter of a million. Its navy, like that of Norway and Sweden, is a coast-defence one reinforced by submarines.

Switzerland, slightly larger than Denmark, but still less than half the size of Ireland, has a population of roundly four millions and a regular defence force of some 200,000, which if the independence of Switzerland were threatened could be easily doubled, army trained solely for the defence of the national territory (justified as it is by the mountains), and each infantry soldier and marksman guarantees the independence of Switzerland against all comers. No great Power which attempted to invade Swiss territory could safely do so without counting its forces by the million.

Such are the neutral independent States of Europe—practically of the world. The countries that are minding their own business, and that know that this war is not their war. In population Ireland exceeds three of them, in area she exceeds three of them. In fact, she is larger than Holland and Switzerland combined, or Denmark and Holland combined, or Denmark and Switzerland combined. Still the voice of the Impostor is heard in the land telling the Irish that Ireland is so small that she could not stand alone. This poor little country, which Holland and Denmark do not equal in combined area, must rest upon the English Empire. It is not on the English, nor on any other Empire, Spain, Holland, Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, and Denmark stand. They stand upon their own feet, and thrive. Ireland will never thrive until she stands as they do.

The New Offensive.

On Wednesday of last week, Alf Na Muineachain, Organiser of the Irish Volunteers, was ordered by General Friend to leave County Cavan before the 15th inst., and to report his next place of residence to the Commissioner of Police in Belfast. This order he decided to disregard, and having obtained the necessary authority from the Executive Committee of the Volunteers, he remained in the county. The Ballinagh Volunteers paraded on Friday to signify their support of the organiser's action.

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A body of armed policemen was drafted into the town.

On Saturday 16th, his term having expired, he was arrested and conveyed to Belfast, where he was lodged in Crumlin Road Jail.

The arrested organiser has been closely associated with the Volunteer and Language movements in Belfast. On the arrest of Messrs. McCullough, Blythe, Mellows, and Pim, in July, he volunteered his services to the Irish Volunteers. Since then he has done excellent work in County Cavan, reviving many old Companies and forming new ones, as well as establishing Irish classes throughout the district. It is to be hoped his work will be continued by the Volunteers of the county.

The Cumann na mBan (Central Branch) Publication Committee have now four pamphlets on their list. They are:—

No. 1—"THE SPANISH WAR."

By T. WOLFE TONE.

No. 2—"WHY IRELAND IS POOR."

By ARTHUR GRIFFITH.

No. 3—"DEAN SWIFT ON THE SITUATION."

No. 4—"O'DONOVAN ROSSA."

By TERENCE M'SWEENEY.

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PETER MEHLHORN, a German subject, has been interned by the British Government, and his six motherless children left without any support. Married to a Dublin woman, he has spent his whole life in Ireland. His family cannot get help from the American Consul owing to their mother having been Irish, and his Trade Union and Poor Law refuse to help because he was never naturalised.

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THE IRISH VOLUNTEER

EDITED BY EOIN MAC NEILL.

Vol. 2. No. 46 (New Series).

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1915.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

NOTES

Mr. T. W. Russell, Minister of Agriculture of the approved kind in Ireland, went to a "tillage meeting" in Sligo recently. Rev. M. O'Flanagan, Cliffoney, spoke in the ministerial presence, to the effect that on the matter of agricultural produce Ireland ought to be able to supply her own wants and produce a large surplus. This result, he said, could not be achieved "by going round the country summoning meetings and making speeches." He advocated that some of the money demanded of the people in taxes should be spent on the restoration of Irish agriculture. "The Congested Districts Board informs us," he said, "that a Treasury that is spending £5,000,000 a day upon the war must economise by withdrawing the beggarly mite that has been doled out to the Board. Is it then going too far to ask whether this is a real tillage movement or only a sham tillage movement?"

"When it comes to England and Ireland starving, Ireland will have to starve first. Even though a famine appears in Ireland, England will go on with the war and allow Ireland to starve. When the famine reaches England, England will make peace. . . . There is one remedy in our own hands. Stick to the oats (hear, hear, and applause). If we have only enough wheat to give us bread for five weeks of the year, we have oats enough to give us better bread for the whole year round (applause). The famine of 1847 would never have been written across the pages of Irish history, if the men of that day were men enough to risk death rather than part with their oat crop. Let each farmer keep at least enough oats on hand to carry himself and his family through in case of necessity till next year's harvest. And if any Government dares to commandeer your oats, remember that it is better to die like men fighting for your rights than to

starve like our poor misguided grandfathers seventy years ago" (loud applause).

The orthodox British Minister of orthodox Irish agriculture waxed wrathful in his righteousness and declared that the priest's statement and advice were only "play-acting."

At a meeting in Dublin a few days later, Rev. T. A. Finlay, S.J., said: "Prolonged experience had taught them the real means of promoting the country's agricultural prosperity, and they had very little to learn in that respect from the casual occupier of a position of public authority."

It is well that there are men in Ireland to whom the people can look for honest advice and who take the question of the Nation's future more seriously than it is likely to be taken by the British Treasury or the casual official. Nobody knows what the consequences of this war of Empires will be, but people are beginning to see that they will not be the consequences that imperial statesmen and politicians are hoping for. Ireland's duty, no matter what any talkers in tight places may say, is to take care of herself, and to face the new world as strong in purpose, in men, and in resources as she can keep and make herself.

We are under a Censorship which has a special care for America. The only sort of information that it allows to get from Ireland to America or from America to Ireland is the sort that is agreeable to our benevolent Government. It is under these circumstances that a statement alleged to have been made by Mr. John Redmond has been sent for publication in America and sent from America for publication in Ireland. Readers should therefore be on their guard about the authenticity of this statement, lest it prove to be a malicious invention put forth by Mr. Redmond's worst enemies,

whoever they may be. Mr. Redmond's advice, given not many years ago, is on record: "Trust no British Government, and keep your powder dry."

Here is the statement attributed now to Mr. Redmond and passed for publication by the Government Censorship: "Ireland is in a state of profound peace. No meetings are suppressed or have been suppressed. Freedom of speech has not been interfered with. Three or four men have been imprisoned for short terms for open pro-German declarations, for which in similar cases they would have been shot in Germany. Indeed, my only regret is that these men were lifted out of their obscurity by being prosecuted, as they were incapable of doing any real harm."

As this is evidently an attempt to whitewash the Government which broke its pledges to Mr. Redmond, and the succeeding Coalition Government which is under no pledges to Mr. Redmond, it is best treated as a British Government pronouncement of a "diplomatic" character. The pronouncement is incomplete.

A proverbially grateful and faithful Government would appreciate some such more ample statement as the following: "Ireland is not alone profoundly peaceful, but profoundly satisfied and happy. No meetings are suppressed or have been suppressed. A meeting to be held in Sligo by Mr. Redmond's supporters was not suppressed because it was not held. Many other meetings were not suppressed for the same reason. Large bodies of armed police have been sent actually to take part in popular demonstrations, as a proof of the complete harmony between the Government and the people. Certain journals have ceased publication, in proof of their heartfelt desire to comply with the wishes of the Government. So perfect is the unity of sentiment, that even those outcasts of society, the burglars, have joined hands with the Government in the administration of Irish affairs."

The statement about the imprisoned men might appear to have reference to the Irish Volunteer prisoners, but since in their case it would be absolutely false, a scrupulously honourable Government would not allow it to be attributed to a scrupulously honourable supporter like Mr. Redmond. It must therefore be understood to have reference to such men as the Arklow fisherman who was knocked down and kicked by English seamen in Cahirciveen and was then sent to jail on the evidence of the same seamen for an open pro-German declaration.

At the same time, any newspaper which prints Mr. Redmond's alleged statement so as to leave readers under the impression that the reference is to the Irish Volunteers has no due regard for Mr. Redmond's honour. For Mr. Redmond is well aware that no charge was preferred against the imprisoned Volunteers except the charge of refusing to leave Ireland at the command of the competent military authorities who preside over the Profound Peace. Moreover, nobody who wished Mr. Redmond to be regarded as an Irishman of spirit and honour, and not as a puppet of an English Government, would put into Mr. Redmond's mouth the suggestion that the Government had dealt too leniently with the imprisoned Volunteers. The pronouncement seems to prepare the way for the new legislation of the English Privy Council, which provides that, in future, obnoxious Irishmen, instead of being "lifted out of their obscurity by being prosecuted," will just be dragged out of Ireland.

The saying that "the position of Home Rule is absolutely secure" sounds like Mr. Redmond. It certainly has not been said by any member of the Government. We do not hear it from the Liberals, much less from the Unionists. It may sound well in America, but it has lost its popularity in Ireland. The Irish people know that if the Government could only realise its intentions towards the Irish Volunteers, the last security for Home Rule would have disappeared.

The Irish Party has not been allowed to make any stand for Irish rights in the matter of taxation. On the second reading of the Budget, Mr. Dillon repeated his pitiful declaration about Ireland being prepared to bear her proper share—a declaration for which Mr. Dillon has no warrant from Ireland. Already, before the imposition of the new Budget taxation, Ireland has been compelled—not invited—to pay in a few months over £1,000,000 of increased war taxes, and grants for many purposes have at the same time been withdrawn. The new taxes will amount to many millions from Ireland. What matter? The "great gamble" must go on.

Lectures for Section Commanders

III. DRILL.

There appear to be two Schools of Thought among Volunteer strategists at present, which may be called the Pro-Drill School, and the Anti-Drill School. I will say at once that I consider that those who say that Drill is useless are talking nonsense. Drill is essential to Discipline, and Discipline is essential to an army. The best parade army in Europe is at the present moment proving itself the best fighting army. Therefore let every Section Commander in the Volunteers see to it that his section does its drill efficiently, and he will find that he will have no difficulty in handling it in the field later on.

In the first place, insist on **smartness** in carrying out an order. When you say "fall in" don't allow your men to stroll into their places chatting and smoking. All talking should cease and all smokes should be extinguished the moment the command is heard, and the men should double to their places. When you have got your men to do this as a habit you will have gone a long way towards making them soldiers.

In the ranks, get the men to take up their dressing and stand at ease as a matter of course, and while you are drilling them never pass over any slackness whatever. If a command is obeyed in a slovenly manner always make a point of giving "as you were" and repeating it. Your men will take care to do the thing right if they know that otherwise they will have to do it again.

If you find your men persistently slack or disobedient don't hesitate to pitch into them. That's your prerogative. The men won't take it in bad part. They have joined the Volunteers in order to forward a cause in which they must expect hard knocks, and, moreover, these particular hard knocks are given for the sake of the cause. They are not personal. It may be necessary to explain this in the case of recruits.

Take these few words to heart, Section Commanders. Heed not the bickerings of rival schools, and remember that your business is to turn your men out soldiers.

FOURTH BATTALION, DUBLIN.

All officers and men of the Fourth Battalion, excepting those specially exempted, will assemble at Larkfield, Kimmage, on Sunday, the 24th inst., at 3 p.m., when the Battalion will be inspected by the Commandant-General. Full equipment to be carried. Dismiss about 6 p.m.

EAMONN CEANNT.

Cumann na mBan

The annual Convention of Cumann na mBan will be held at 2 Dawson Street, Dublin, on the morning of Sunday, Oct. 31st., the day of the Volunteers' Convention. All Branches should be represented at the Convention, and are being invited to send up delegates to take part in the discussions on the Association's activities. A new Executive will be elected for the coming year, and various questions of interest will be debated—such as the amount of direction that it is desirable for the Executive to give to Branches, the demand for new activities, and value of those suggested, the details of a scheme for attaching a Cumann na mBan Voluntary Aid Squad to each Volunteer Corps, etc. Branches have been invited to send in nominations for Executive and notices of motion. It is hoped that this second Convention, while exceeding last year's gathering in numbers, and so showing the progress which the Association has made in the country, will be no less enthusiastic in its spirit, and will prove a source of mutual encouragement to the different Branches represented and to the Executive which they elect.

All Branches should take this opportunity of putting themselves in touch with the Headquarters of the movement, and of learning through their delegate what are the activities of the various centres. New Branches are constantly springing up and can learn much from each other. The latest comers into the organisation are an enthusiastic group of Castlebar women who have just formed a most promising Branch, and are already hard at work with First Aid classes, besides planning various other activities for the near future. A neighbouring group in Westport are also about to form a Branch, and applications have reached the Hon. Secretaries from several places in the South, where the number of new Branches is already very encouraging.

VERY IMPORTANT.

4th BATT. I.V.

The above Batt. are holding a Shooting Competition at Kimmage on Sunday, the 24th October, starting at 11 a.m. All Volunteers who entered on July the 4th can come along, as the Competition was postponed on that date. Entrance fee. 6d. A valuable prize will be offered.

LIEUT. KENNY,

Quartermaster.

Your chance to secure one of my famous Cycles, all prices reduced. Repairs to Cycles, Motors, Small Cars, etc., at D. T. O'Sullivan's Cycle and Motor Cycle Garage, Cook Street, Cork.

Defending the Realm

Alfred Monahan, Irish Volunteer Organiser, was ordered last week to leave County Cavan, where he was engaged in organising. He continued to do his work in Cavan, with the result that he was arrested last Saturday and carried off to Belfast, and there lodged in jail. The further proceedings against him were unknown at the hour of this writing. On Monday Desmond Fitzgerald was arrested and shut up in Mountjoy Prison, Dublin. He had previously been deported from Kerry, as readers of this paper will remember. We now see the value that Dublin Castle attaches to resolutions and letters from the Irish Party and its leaders, and, on the other hand, we see how rapidly the Castle takes advantage of such whitewashing and justifying statements as Mr. Redmond is reported to have made in an interview with an American journalist. I would remind readers that there may be some of them and some of their acquaintances who recognise the outrageous character of the Castle Campaign against the Irish Volunteers, but who have not yet subscribed to the Irish Volunteer Prisoners' Defence Fund.

Communications

The Director of Communications wishes to impress upon all officers commanding local units the necessity of being closely in touch with the nearest corps to their districts. Certain specified Volunteers provided with bicycles or motors should be appointed messengers or despatch riders. It becomes the duty of such a messenger to be personally familiar with the location of the responsible officers in the next districts. He must know the occupation and general habits of such responsible officers so as to be in a position to find them readily by night or day.

A rough sketch map including some prominent object such as a police barrack and the house required to be found would greatly assist.

Where a verbal message has to be transmitted the despatch rider should deliver it personally to the officer named. Where the message is written he may entrust it, unless otherwise ordered, to a reliable member of the neighbouring corps. The latter person will then carry the despatch to the officer named.

For purposes of ordinary communications a local arrangement is recommended by which a despatch rider proceeding from district A to district B goes always to an agreed-upon shop in dis-

trict B, and leaves his despatch with the person in such shop on the distinct understanding that the shopman will at once find local means of conveying the despatch to the officer to whom it is addressed. This plan has several advantages. It saves the rider, who may have come many miles, time and energy. It gives him at all times a definite objective, as against having to find at one time one officer, at another time another officer. The shopman should be entirely trustworthy, and have a keen idea of the value of time.

A careful despatch rider will take a receipt for his despatch from the person to whom he delivers it. The receipt should give the date and hour. A person receiving a despatch should note the date and hour of receiving it.

To avoid disappointments envelopes should be marked:—"To be delivered not later than.....," giving date and hour. Failing this precaution a despatch may be so delayed as to be quite useless on reaching its destination.

It should not be possible for hostile persons to hoax Volunteer officers with bogus messages, as has happened in at least one instance. By avoiding the use of his Britannic Majesty's Post Office this danger is reduced to a minimum. In Dublin there is a complete boycott of the Post Office as far as inter-Company communications are concerned.

A number of Companies have already come directly and unexpectedly into touch with Headquarters. Other Companies are advised to be on the qui vive and to carry out accurately any task which may be set them through the medium of the new communication scheme.

Companies which are in a position to communicate directly and speedily with Headquarters are requested to take the Director of Communications into their confidence, with a view to the employment of the same means for the sending from Dublin of despatches intended for such Companies or for adjoining Companies.

The Movement in Cork

The organisation of Cork proceeds apace. On Sunday north, south, west men were active drilling, carrying out field work, and organising. Along the line due east from the city there seems to be apathy at the moment. But north-east and south-east are doing well. What have our friends in Midleton and Cove to say? If anyone wants advice let him drop a line to Headquarters at Cork (Sheares' Street) and help will be forthcoming.

Excellent field work was carried out by a company from the City Battalion on Sunday. Slackers were absent, of course,

of which more later. If this made for the general searching of hearts and consciences, it also made for excellence in the day's work: for the slackers are always the incompetents, and the men present at roll-call were of the very best; and the work done was consequently of the very best. The company returned better pleased with the day's operations.

West,—the Macroom men met on Sunday. They are getting into their stride and will have much to chronicle later. The district all round is stirring and promises to be worthy of the traditions of the west—"Ireland first, and Ireland last, and Ireland over all." South-west, Dunmanway has moved into line, and Skibbereen is looking up, and the country in between is taking fire. Across in the south-east the Ballinadee men not only keep together, but are carrying the light into the adjacent districts. When the time comes, whoever fail, the Ballinadee boys will be there. In Clogagh they are holding their ground notwithstanding the intimidation of the astonished enemy, who expect the mere Irish to lie down. But how could the district of Tadg-an-Osna fail? The Ballinspittle men, after a temporary upset, due to harvesting, are again taking the work in hand, and the Kinsale men are keeping touch.

North-east, on Sunday a very satisfactory organising run was made to Rathcormac by a cyclist section from Cork City. At Rathcormac a junction was effected with cyclist sections from Mitchelstown and Fermoy, and some men from Castlelyons came to get help in organising their district. There was a parade through the village of the joint units headed by a piper. A halt was called at the Green, and a short address was given by Commandant MacCurtain. Local interest was aroused, and one or two local men undertook to see to arrangements for Rathcormac, which is now about to fall into line. The parade was then called to attention, and after another march through, the dismiss was given at the outskirts of the village. The separate contingents then made for home.

A point for cyclists. Excellent work was done on Sunday by the Cork section in exploring the bye-roads. They worked along parallel roads, keeping touch across the bye-roads, their examination discovering one very useful bye-road not on the map. Little discoveries of value like this will be made when sections of cyclists are trained specially for cyclist work. Every Company of Volunteers should look to it. Another general rule for the cyclist: Never take to the train merely to save yourself the trouble of cycling 30 or 40 miles.

To all interested: Anyone in a district where there is at present no activity and anxious to get in touch with the movement, is asked to write to Headquarters, Sheares' Street, Cork.



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The Irish Volunteer

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1915.

Headquarters Bulletin

Tionól do bí ag Comhairle Shóca Féinne fáil ina nDúnphort tráthóna D. Céadaoin, an 13ad lá de'n mí ro, agus an tOide Eoin Mac Néill, Uachtarán, ina ádairleas oíche.

Do léigead agus do rghúnuigead tuar-arsbála ar cúirib Oíche, Oileanna, Armála, Oíche, Féara, agus Aisgí.

Do pñiöt cunntair ar gluairead na hoibne i gConntaetib Corcaige, Cille Coinnig, Cille Dama, Áca Clia, na Míde, agus an Cábáin.

Do pñiöt rgeal go raib luät ceannuir Airm Sapan i nEiminn tar éir fógairta o'Art Ó Muineadain, duine de timetrib na Comhairle, imtead ar Co. an Cábáin.

Do rinnead oíorpóiread ar ceirtean-

naib báinear leir an gComhóil agus do roghuigead a lán neite ina oíche.

Do ceapad ar cruinnigib agus ar oálaib do glairm i n-áiteannaib áirite agus ar teactairib do cur ag triall oíche.

Dúnphort na Féinne,
Ác Clia, 13 D. Fóg., 1915.

[TRANSLATION.]

The Central Executive of the Irish Volunteers met at Headquarters on Wednesday evening, 13th inst., Professor Eoin Mac Neill, President, in the chair.

Reports on the departments of Organisation, Training, Arming, Recruiting, Communications, and Finance were submitted and dealt with.

Accounts of the progress of the movement were received from Counties Cork, Kilkenny, Kildare, Dublin, Meath, and Cavan.

It was noted that Mr. A. Monaghan, one of the Headquarters Organisers, had been served with a deportation order by the competent military authority.

A discussion took place on matters connected with the Convention, and various points arising were decided.

Arrangements were made for forthcoming meetings and conferences and for the sending of representatives thereto.

Headquarters, 2 Dawson Street,
Dublin, 13th October, 1915.

UNIFORMS AND EQUIPMENT.

The following regulations, consolidating and supplementing previous regulations on the subject of Uniforms and Equipment, come into force as from this date:

1. Uniform is not compulsory for Irish Volunteers, but it is desirable, especially in the case of officers.

2. Uniform will consist of tunic, breeches, puttees, and cap, of the approved design, in the approved green heather tweed, with dark green shoulder straps and cuffs. (Leggings may be substituted for puttees at option.)

3. All buttons will be dark green compressed leather. (Volunteers who have already brass buttons may have such buttons oxydised dark green in lieu of getting regulation buttons.) Shiny buttons, marks of rank, cap-peaks, or other shiny objects, are not to be worn.

4. Rank will be distinguished as follows:

Squad Commander: One dark green stripe, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 3 in., on left breast of tunic.

Section Commander: Two such stripes.

Coy. Adjutant: Three such stripes.

2nd Lieutenant: One trefoil and one band in dark green on cuff.

1st Lieutenant: Two trefoils and one band on cuff.

Captain: Three trefoils and two bands on cuff.

Vice Commandant: One wheeled cross and three bands on cuff.

Commandant: Two wheeled crosses and three bands on cuff.

Vice-Commandant-General: Two wheeled crosses and four bands on cuff.

Commandant - General: Three wheeled crosses and four bands on cuff.

Batt. Adjutants and Quartermasters: As Captains, Brigade Adjutants and Chiefs of Engineering, Transport and Supply, and Communications: as Commandants, Surgeons. First Aid and Ambulance: Red cross on arm (in addition to usual marks of rank).

Staff Officers: Dark green band with old gold bead on cap, and old gold gorget on lapel of tunic.

5. For Field Equipment of Officers and Men see Orders of 30th February, 1915.

6. For Field Equipment for Coys. see Orders of 17th Feb., 1915.

P. H. PEARSE,

Commandant,

Director of Organisation.

Headquarters, 2 Dawson Street,
Dublin, 13th October, 1915.

NOTES FROM HEADQUARTERS.

SAILL AR AR OTÍ.

Triúr de'n ceathrar do cuirtead i bhpríorán mar gheall ar beit ag bhíortuigead Saedéal cum out ra bfeinn, tá rgeailte leo tar éir ráite i bhpríorán oíche, agus iad ag obair go dídeallac áir. Má tá, tá ceann áir Sapan i nEiminn tar éir a fógairta o'Art Ó Muineadain, duine eile o'Art luät bhíortuigead, imtead leir ar Co. an Cábáin. Ní gábad a ráo nac n-imteod-aid. Deir ar Sallaib Fianna Fáil le céile do oíche tar ráite pul cuirtear ríad cors leir an obair atá roir lámáib agáinn.

CEANNUIGTEAR SUNNAÍ.

Ná coimeadotar i dtairge an méio aigíto do bailigead i n-á na reactmáine ro do gab taráinn. Caittear ar sunnaib agus ar uncúraib é. Tá sunnaí le fágáil i gcomhairle. Níor éirig le Sallaib cors do cur le n-a otead iteac go fóill, baó náiread an rgeal é oá oíchead an lá a mbead sunnaí de oit oráinn, agus aigsead i n-áir bpócaib agáinn agus san na sunnaí le fágáil. Anoir an t-am cum a bfuil ag ceartáil uáinn do ceannac. Ná oéantar fáillige.

THE WORK GOES ON.

When our organisers were sent to prison three months ago for refusing to banish themselves from Ireland, we wrote here that the business of organising the Irish Volunteers would go on as usual. It has gone on as usual; or, to be strictly accurate, it has gone on at precisely twice the usual velocity. For every organiser sent to prison we placed two on the road. Liam Mellows, Ernest Blythe, and Herbert Pim are now ready for work again. When they start on their rounds they will find on an average two active Companies where there was only one

three months ago; and in many districts they will find organisation and training in a very much more forward state. One of the new organisers who have helped us to achieve this result, Alfred Monaghan, has now received a deportation order from the competent military authority. He has of course refused to obey it, and has been arrested. If Mr. Monaghan is imprisoned or forcibly deported, we will replace him not by one, but by two, good men. We are receiving such encouragement from the competent military authority that our organising staff is increasing in a geometrical progression. Whatever may be the prospects of the other recruiting campaign, ours is in a most healthy state. Credit should be given where credit is due, and some little portion of the credit of this is due to Major-General Friend.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE MONEY.

We are not able to impose war taxation, but we have always our Defence of Ireland Fund. A considerable sum is now in the hands of local treasurers and quartermasters as the result of last week's collection. The business of the local treasurers and quartermasters is to get rid of it as soon as possible, replacing it by arms and ammunition. It must not be locked up in banks; it must be spent on munitions, and spent at once. Any Company or Battalion with a bank balance to its credit should be ashamed of itself. We have no business with bank balances, but we have business with guns and ammunition. Good serviceable weapons are at the disposal of every Volunteer Company that can pay cash down. And every Volunteer Company that is worth its salt will have something after the Defence of Ireland Week, even if it be only a five-pound note. One gun in a district is better than no gun.

KEEP TRAINING.

Excellent progress is being made in training in a great many districts. The organisers, on revisiting a district after some months, are often able to report a very high standard of efficiency attained since their previous visit. A case in point is Co. Kilkenny, from which an organiser reports that recent operations there showed a marked advance on previous work and were, in fact, among the most soldierly pieces of work he has yet seen carried out by Irish Volunteers. The point for Companies to remember is that they must keep up their training just as regularly in the absence of the organisers as when they are in the district. Training is what tells, and training, to be of any use at all, must be continuous. A modest programme, confined to the essentials, if steadily carried out, will produce much better results than an ambitious programme worked at spasmodically. And the essentials, as we so often repeat, are marching, scouting, and shooting.

A MILITARY CAUSERIE

THINKING IN ARMY GROUPS—THE COMMUNICATIONS FAD — AND OTHER NOTES.

It is surprising to see what obvious and self-evident facts are unobserved by the civilian mind, and still more so to see what escapes the observation of the half-trained soldier. The civilian, or raw Volunteer, is ignorant of the fact that a man occupies about a yard of ground, while the fairly advanced Volunteer, who knows this quite well, would be quite surprised if I told him that two hundred men will occupy two hundred yards.

This observation is the result of my presence in various capacities at numerous Volunteer manoeuvres. I find that a Volunteer officer who is placed in independent command of a force consisting of a number of units, however few or however small the units may be, comes to regard the force as an army, or even as an army group, and expects it to do the work of an army. Hence we see the commander of a hundred men, endeavouring to defend a front of a mile or so, ordering A. Company to do this, and C. Company to do that in the style of a Hindenburg detailing off a couple of armies to capture Riga.

There are fair excuses for this. We are inclined to regard our units as unalterable entities, whereas our "Companies" are very often little larger than sections, and our "Battalions" rarely exceed the normal strength of a couple of companies. And so commanders, ignoring these conditions, order two hundred men to do a battalion's work, and attempt operations far too ambitious either for their own abilities or the strength of their forces.

The remedy is simple. When the three battalions assigned to you turn up four hundred strong, don't attempt to occupy Leinster. Content yourself with simple operations on a quarter-mile front, and you and your men will learn something. Also, don't leave your men in companies of twelve and battalions ranging from thirty to a hundred and fifty. Form four new companies, and divide them up into sections, appointing each unit its commander. Otherwise there will be endless confusion. These remarks, by the way, apply to all commanders of independent units from squad leaders to Brigadiers.

This thinking in army groups is the cause of another symptom I have observed in our officers. I call it Communications fad. When we regard each section as an army corps we think with concern of the

vast spaces between their spheres of operations, and expend a lot of energy and men in keeping them in touch. We are inclined to forget the fighting in keeping our communications.

The result is that a Volunteer "Brigade" advancing to the attack consists of scattered bodies of a couple of dozen or so linked up by chains of scouts.

With this formation it is of course impossible to achieve anything. A small striking force detached from the enemy could pierce the line anywhere, and all the communications in the world would then be of no use. No. Think of your sections as sections, manoeuvre them over a limited extent of ground, and you will find no difficulty about communications. The co-ordination of small units in an attack is not difficult, and should be left to the commanders of these units. When you have got your armies you can think about grouping them.

I finish with a word to minor officers—captains, lieutenants, and section commanders. Don't let what I have said make you allow your men to slacken in scouting, but use their scouting to better purpose. Their chief business is to find the enemy. Remember that the chief stress of co-ordination in attack falls on you. If you are assigned a fair extent of ground to cover you are responsible for keeping touch with the units on each side of you. This is not very hard provided you keep your wits about you.

If you are expected to cover a mile or so with your section my advice to you is: Act independently and let Communications be damned. E. O'D.

THE MITCHEL CENTENARY.

The centenary of the birth of John Mitchel will be commemorated on Thursday evening, 4th November, in the Antient Concert Rooms, Great Brunswick Street, by a Lecture and Concert. The Committee have been successful in securing the services of Commandant P. H. Pearse, B.A., B.L., to deliver the anniversary oration, and the Chairman on the occasion will be Mr. Arthur Griffith. The musical programme will be in the capable hands of Mr. Gerard Crofts. The Executive of the Irish Volunteers have been communicated with, with a view to making this date a closed one in Volunteer circles in Dublin, so that the rally in the Antient Concert Rooms on the 4th November will be a record and an historic one. Tickets—1s. and 6d.—may be had on application to Hon. Sec., 6 Harcourt Street, Dublin, or at any of the Irish-Ireland shops in the city.

Irish Volunteer Convention

Delegates to the second Irish Volunteer Convention will assemble at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, on Sunday, 31st October, at 10.30 a.m.

Business will commence at 11 sharp.

Any Corps entitled to be represented which has not received card of admission for its delegate should write immediately to the Hon. Sec. at Headquarters.

IRISH VOLUNTEER CONFERENCE.

As many Volunteers will be travelling to Dublin on Sunday next, 24th October, it has been decided to hold a Conference of Irish Volunteers at Headquarters, 2 Dawson Street, between the hours of 3 and 6 o'clock. Several members of the Executive Committee will be present, and all Volunteers visiting Dublin on that date are invited to attend.

Correspondence Column

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

1. This column is for the purpose of answering military questions such as come outside the scope of the Drill Book.
2. Questions must be written briefly and clearly on notepaper or foolscap.
3. Questions sent in before Friday will be answered the following week.
4. Initials or pseudonyms are to be given, and the full name and address (or company, battalion and regiment) of the correspondent are to be enclosed, not for publication.

X.Y.Z.—The modern high-power rifle bullet will penetrate 38 inches of oak.

Anxious.—In Ireland artillery is not such a powerful enemy as you think, owing to the nature of the country. For full information on this subject consult our back numbers.

L. B.—This column is for questions, not suggestions. Your suggestions might be very useful if sent to the right quarter. We ourselves have no voice in the matter, but will forward them to those who have.

Section Commander.—You will get all the information you want in the British Infantry Handbook.

F. F. K.—Of course a bayonet is essential. The present war has shown this over and over again. The idea that all fighting would be at a range of 2,000 yards was long ago exploded. Anyhow, can you always hit your man at 2,000 yards?

W. W. W.—Houses should not be occupied under artillery fire. They should first be prepared for defence, and while the bombardment goes on the defenders should be entrenched either in cover trenches behind or in fire trenches in front.

Put the house in a state of defence by making a clear field of fire, barricading the entrances by means of chests or boxes filled with earth, bricks, galvanised iron from a roof, sand-bags, etc., and by loop-holing the walls and barricades, erecting obstacles, etc. Fill every available vessel with water, put food and ammunition in suitable places, and choose a safe position for the wounded.

As regards loop-holes, see that they are at least 6 feet from the ground so as to be useless to the enemy. If they are higher still, your own men may have to stand on chairs or boxes to reach them.

A. D.—See Rule 2.

AN OBJECT-LESSON IN NIGHT COMBAT FOR PATROLS.

A recent despatch from Capt. Bean from the Gallipoli theatre of war is full of useful instruction in the conduct of night operations. He describes the method adopted in an advance into the Sari Bair foot-hills which exemplified the use of many of the most approved principles for such enterprises.

"The work was to be done in silence and with bayonets only so long as the darkness lasted." This is a rule that should never be broken, and a considerable amount of training is needed to impress it on the men. On the occasion referred to one battalion cheered—getting somewhat out of hand apparently. To prevent this strict discipline and plenty of practice are required. Firing may, of course, be prevented by inspecting arms to see that no timid soldier has loaded his piece, and by moving with bayonets fixed.

The following desperate bit of work was carried out on both sides in such a way as to be a model for the conduct of such encounters—when the Point of the advance guard came suddenly on a Turkish Patrol: "The Turks clearly thought that our men were the usual New Zealand patrol out on its nightly business. They did not want to make a disturbance in the night any more than we did, so they came for our men with the bayonet. There was no sound in that strange duel, just four men fighting four with their bayonets in the dark. The Turks bayoneted one of our men in the jaw and another in the chest—neither fatally—before our four had managed to kill them. **There was not a shot fired, and the column went silently on.**"

Only the last sentence has been underlined, but every other line of the paragraph is important too. The last only sets forth the result gained by the silent little fight—the **unnoticed advance of the column.** One detail deserves further notice: a New Zealander was wounded in the jaw. This means that a Turkish soldier must have thrust at the head, which is a mistake at night. It is a smaller mark, and there is a better chance of seeing to parry it. At night the target for the bayonet is the middle of the body. If awaiting a rush it is best to kneel and rise as the opponent comes against the sky background. O'C.

The Crossmaglen Conspiracy

(Continued.)

THE CASTLE PRESS PREPARATIONS.

Though most of the materials, both fact and fancy, of the more remote as well as of the immediate past of the locality, were still to be retained and utilised in this new plot, yet all was to be transformed and expanded into a brand-new murder society to be named the Patriotic Brotherhood, specially manufactured for Dublin Castle by its trained artists. And though this Castle conspiracy was to have its local habitation and its name and brief existence in and from Crossmaglen,—for, according to the Crown, the Brotherhood was widespread in Ireland and out of it, yet after the Crown had secured its Crossmaglen victims, the existence of the Brotherhood before since or elsewhere ceased to be heard of,—it was, however, to assume for the purpose national dimensions and national importance from the fact that it was to involve in crime, if not to embrace in membership, the whole Irish Land League, with Parnell and his Parliamentary Party, in a vast though bogus confederacy of dynamite and bloodcurdling murder conspiracies. A superabundance of journalistic, legal, and judicial proofs of this will appear as we proceed.

Here, under the Liberal Government of Gladstone and Forster, we can see how Dublin Castle was kept drilled and exercised in the tactics which a few years later, under the able command of Mr. Balfour, resulted in the grand campaign of "Parnellism and Crime." The true history of the Crossmaglen Conspiracy is fully known in Dublin Castle, and accordingly the whole episode was suppressed by the officials who worked up the later case for Mr. Balfour and the "Times."

But why, it may be asked, did these shrewd and inventive Dublin Castle artificers, from the Crown lawyers down through the police officers, the Castle pressmen, and the informer,—why did they agree to select Crossmaglen, a small country town, as the centre and starting point for such vast operations as we shall see they originally planned? For, until disaster after disaster overtook and finally overwhelmed them in this case, and then no longer, these worthies had ramifications (on paper of course) of this great dynamite and murder conspiracy all over Ireland, and in the towns and cities of England and Scotland. The Government itself, through its lawyers, its police officers, its newspapers, its forged documents, and its informer, will prove all this for us at the trials in Belfast and in their sequel.

No doubt what we have already seen about Crossmaglen had much, if not

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most, to do with its choice as the scene of these operations. The spread of the land war to Ulster and the union of Protestants with Catholics in Ulster were enough to drive any right-minded Government to the extreme uses of the resources of civilisation. But Crossmaglen was suitable for other reasons. It lay in a district which had been specially singled out and declared "unenviably notorious" in that farrafo of fictions known as Trench's "Realities of Irish Life." Though Trench's groundless fabrications and utter perversions of fact had been fully exposed at the time of publication by the late Canon Smollen, of Enniskillen, and by that great and patriotic Irish lawyer and tribune, Isaac Butt, this work for twelve or fifteen years had a most extraordinary circulation and attained the highest popularity among English readers and the "Garrison" faction in Ireland as a classic and acceptable delineation of Irish life, consisting mainly of course of crimes, outrages, and secret societies, especially typified in the condition of the adjoining districts of Crossmaglen and Farney. An examination of the evidence of the Crossmaglen informer and of the documents known as the Crossmaglen and Mullaghbawn Books, produced (in more than one sense by the Crown in this case) will reveal that the Crown case was mainly concocted out of the earlier concoctions of Trench.

A full exposure of the Trench fabrications regarding the Farney district will follow in due course. The Trench tradition has been ably maintained in our own time, and Trench strategy may be regarded as an established feature of the war in Ireland.

Though Trench's fictions are years older than the Crossmaglen fabrications, the same incidents, with slight transformations, are found in both, and even phrases and expressions in the later production are taken directly from Trench.

There were other convenient reasons for laying the scene at Crossmaglen. During the land struggles of the past and in the landlord interest, Crossmaglen had been painted black to the more Protestant districts of North-eastern Ulster; these struggles being sedulously represented there as a kind of sectarian warfare against unoffending Protestants. Nor, like the memories of Dolly's Brae and the like, which have served so well in the North-east to keep Protestants and Catholics asunder, did those interested in the mischief, whether landlords, capitalists, or Castle instruments, allow this

reputation and these bitter feelings to die out. It suited their policy of "divide et impera" to keep them alive. From time to time, therefore, the amenable Press wrote up the accepted history of Crossmaglen, concealing, of course, as in the case of Dolly's Brae, the fact that landlord tyranny, and not sectarian rancour, had provoked in former times, if it did not justify, the retaliation of those who were denied all other remedy. There was always the suggestion that such perverted history represented still the normal state of the locality of Crossmaglen.

(To be continued.)

Seachtain na Samna.

IRISH REVIVAL WEEK.

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Monday—Public Meeting in Mansion House.

Tuesday—Dramatic performance in Abbey Theatre.

Wednesday—Concert in Abbey Theatre.

Saturday—Ceilidh in Mansion House.

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Programme for week in future will be—

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Tuesday at 8.30, Semaphore Class and Company Drill.

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Thursday at 8.30, Ambulance Class.

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