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## DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE:

S.  
2196  
D.M.P.

Detective Department,

Dublin, 31st. December, 1915

Subject, MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 30th. Inst.,  
the undermentioned extremists were observed  
moving about and associating with each other  
as follows :-

With Thomas J. Clarke, 75, Parnell St.,  
C. Colbert for half an hour between 1 & 2  
p. m. Frank Fahy for half an hour bet-  
ween 4 & 5 p. m. Joseph McGuinness for  
a quarter of an hour from 7-30 p. m. Wm.  
Sheehan for half an hour between 8 & 9 p. m.  
M. O'Hanrahan and J. J. Farrelly for twenty  
minutes between 10 & 11 p. m.

F. Sheehy-Skeffington left Amiens St.  
by 9 a. m. train en route to Belfast. R.I.C.  
informed.

H. M. Pim and Herbert Mellows in 2, Daw-  
son

The Chief Commissioner.

The Under Secretary

Submitted

W.L. Johnston

Clemm 3/2

Under Secretary

Submitted

W.L. Johnston 3/2

T.M.

3/2

Chief Clerk  
W.L. Johnston  
3/2



son Street at 1 p. m.

James Connolly and the Countess Mark-

ieviez together in Liberty Hall at 2 p. m.

William O'Leary Curtis and Arthur Grif-

fith in company at Westmoreland Street at

3-45 p. m.

J. J. Walsh in his shop, 26, Blessing-

ton Street between 6 & 7 p. m.

F. Sheehy-Skeffington returned to Dub-

lin from Belfast at 9 p. m.

William Mellows has left Dublin for

Athenry. R. I. C. informed.

I enclose Copies of this week's New

Ireland, and The Workers Republic, also No.

9 Series of Tracts for the Times.

Owen'Brien

Superintendent.



# NEW IRELAND

## AN IRISH WEEKLY REVIEW.

VOL. II. No. 34 [Registered as  
a Newspaper.]

SATURDAY, JAN. 1, 1916.

PRICE ONE PENNY

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### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The new year opens upon a situation more full at once of dangers and of opportunities for Home Rule than any situation since the beginning of the war. At any moment the political scene may shift with the bewildering transformations of a kaleidoscope. The year 1915 ends amid a tumult of discordant voices across the Irish sea clamouring for a more definite leadership in the prosecution of the war. The impatience with Mr. Asquith has spread beyond the Northcliffe press and his traditional enemies among the most intolerant of the Conservatives. The *Observer*, which has throughout the war set a standard of rare moderation in its criticisms of the Government, now urges insistently that the present Premier be replaced by Mr. Lloyd George. Influential newspapers which are not commonly identified with any policy of exciting public opinion in order to secure their own ends, talk freely of a general election as the only possible solution of the present deadlock. Whether Parliament dissolves or not, important and far-reaching changes in the Cabinet appear to be practically certain. We may any day waken to discover that the Government which has obtained the support of the Irish representatives up to the present has vanished in the night. Nationalist Ireland entered upon the war in fulfilment of the bargain of the Home Rule Act. The principle of Irish self-government was secured and the country through all its representative organs accepted the bargain. Then, with a rapidity which has never been explained, the Liberal Government which had concluded the bargain with Ireland terminated its existence, and a coalition, half Tory, half Liberal, but still led by a Liberal Prime Minister, came to take its place. Now, the last state has been found to be worse than the first, and every sign foretells another impending change.

Once more the fate of Ireland is to depend upon the hazards of English politics, and whatever Government may succeed the present Cabinet can scarcely fail to prejudice the future of Ireland if no decisive move is made to lift Home Rule from its present state of suspense. This is no time for panic; but it is more than ever urgent that the national situation be squarely

faced. Home Rule in one shape or another is certain to follow the end of the war. But each month adds to the uncertainty which surrounds the settlement that was made fifteen months ago. Mr. Asquith pledged himself and his Liberal Government to the establishment of Home Rule; when it was placed upon the Statute Book the question was removed from the hands of any one Party. But even the Liberal Government had invested the settlement with a haze of indecision by its binding pledge to introduce an amending bill before Home Rule could be enforced. The year now ending has seen the termination of the Liberal Government; the next few weeks may see Mr. Asquith follow into retirement those of his former colleagues who were with him a party to the final passing of Home Rule. We have had placed in office the men who were foremost in inciting every form of opposition to the concession of Irish self-government. Sir Edward Carson has left the Cabinet, but there still remain most of his former associates in his Ulster campaign. A reconstruction of the Cabinet may bring into power a Government which has never consented to the Home Rule settlement and is under no obligation with regard to the amendment of the existing Act. What we must ask ourselves now at the beginning of a new year is whether we are content to allow the situation to drift without taking any steps to urge a settlement while the war lasts, or at least to consolidate a national demand in Ireland that will press for a settlement in accordance with the imperative needs of Ireland and not with the convenience of the Imperial Parliament.

We have striven to show, week after week, what every Nationalist living and thinking in Ireland has felt with increasing conviction from month to month of the year that is now ending, that at no time was an Irish Parliament more necessary in order to protect the interests of the country from the unparalleled burdens and difficulties of the moment. It is not merely that every Nationalist bitterly resents the humiliation of waiting while there is no prospect of the fulfilment of the promise of Home Rule, and the prize which was fairly won by a long generation of political organisation is still withheld. But each month makes it plain that the war is adding a crushing weight to the crippled resources of the country which may paralyse the most strenuous efforts at reconstruction at the end of the war. A year and a half ago we



were told by every influential authority that Ireland was no longer in a position to pay its way. Irish expenditure had grown to exceed Irish revenue by close on a million and a half, according to the showing of the Treasury returns. It was impressed upon us that the resources of the country could never make up that fearful deficit; to-day we find that the deficit has vanished, and according to the rumours current in the most instructed quarters, Ireland is at present paying an Imperial contribution of three million pounds a year. The full meaning of that figure is perfectly appalling. Last summer the Imperial contribution which had already sprung into existence was little over a million. Mr. McKenna's last budget has added the rest. It is beyond question that the next Budget will increase the Imperial contribution from Ireland still further. We are faced with the certain prospect of an Imperial contribution which will almost inevitably rise to five or six millions, and it is a moral certainty that the contribution will become a permanent charge. There is not a single well-informed authority on Irish public affairs who would deny these statements.

The financial situation presents an argument for a settlement at once which must appeal to every Irishman, no matter what his political views may have been in the past. It has raised the need for Irish self-government into an urgent problem which makes every

academic argument against Home Rule ridiculously inadequate. We need only consider the present utter lack of consideration for Irish interests in every measure that comes before Parliament. Taxes that are devised for the colossal resources of England are applied without discrimination to the resources of Ireland which until the other day was believed to be bankrupt. Even the Irish Party prides itself on having refused to demand any concession for Ireland. Mr. Dillon in his speech in Parliament last Tuesday claimed proudly that the Irish Party "had demanded no special exemption from the taxation which falls upon Ireland." The Irish Party have thrown themselves into the war in a manner that is entirely reckless of the consequences to Ireland; and from every county protests, that do but voice the reaction that has spread in every class throughout the country, have been raised against the indifference of the Government towards Irish needs. How could it be otherwise? The Imperial Parliament requires every moment of its time and its whole and undivided attention for the successful prosecution of the war.

We print this week the first of a series of articles by a distinguished Irishman who writes with a full knowledge of the needs and the development of self-government in South Africa; and we wish to emphasise that he urges this week not only the need but

the possibility of settling the Home Rule question within the next few months. The Order in Council made last September postpones the operation of the Home Rule Act until the 17th March. Then the question of its further postponement must come up once more for consideration. What grounds can now be shown for its further postponement? Every reason can be shown why an Irish Parliament should be established which would concentrate the attentions of all patriotic Irishmen upon the best means of adapting the burdens of the war to the impoverished resources of the country. Mr. Sheridan urges now that an Irish conference be held which should discuss and agree upon the best measure of self-government that can be won for Ireland, as a similar conference settled the future of South Africa. No time has ever been more favourable for such an enterprise; and there is every probability that a settlement

now reached in Ireland would be welcomed by Parliament as the termination of the Irish question. Ireland has no wish to dictate the policy of England in the present war; but every politician will admit that Parliament would work with far less friction if both the Irish Party and Sir Edward Carson's party could be removed by a satisfaction of both their claims. For us the whole question, whether the war lasts for months or for years, is the future welfare and the development of Ireland. What is the alternative to an early settlement? We must drift as we have drifted since the beginning of the war, without hope of a conclusive settlement, but on the contrary watching the existing arrangements disappear into the melting pot, without any attempt to restrict the crushing weight of the war upon Ireland, with a growing discontent in every part of the country which the Government can only meet by what we have always known in Ireland as coercion.

We referred a few weeks ago to an article in the London *Times* clamouring for the enforcement of repressive measures against the Irish Volunteers. The cloud seems to have passed, but it will most probably appear again. We are still ruled by irresponsible

#### COERCION THE ALTERNATIVE.

and autocratic officials in Dublin Castle who have found it desirable that the Irish Volunteers should be suppressed, on the ground of their prejudicing the prospect of recruiting in Ireland. It is worth considering the actual state of affairs. For a year the Irish Volunteers have been persecuted and their leaders have been imprisoned, not because they have interfered with recruiting, but because they have actively represented a feeling that is shared by the whole bulk of traditional Nationalism in Ireland. The Government, unable to suppress them on the real grounds of their offending—their single-minded devotion to nationalism—has attempted to convict them of secret negotiations with German agents when no shadow of evidence could ever have been brought against them. The Irish Volunteers have never taken any action or in any way opposed as an organisation the success of voluntary recruiting in Ireland. Their crime has been that they have kept Irish nationalism alive and from month to month gathered around them increasing numbers of those who believe in the vital importance of adopting a national attitude on every question that affected Ireland. While Home Rule is suspended their strength will continue to grow from day to day, and the Government will be continually more exercised to keep them in check.

While the Volunteers have been persecuted for their allegiance to the traditions of Irish nationalism, other events have shown that the continued suspension of Home Rule has produced a situation that no one could

#### THE PRESENT PARADOX.

either justify or cheerfully tolerate. It will be long before the country forgets the activities of the Retrenchment Committee. No more unsatisfactory situation could have arisen than that which has followed the Committee's collapse. While the country is being bled openly by taxation it is being bled secretly by retrenchment. Taxes which have been imposed and paid for Irish purposes are not being spent on Irish services, but by a process of retrenchment are transferred to the Imperial Government. The situation is a preposterous paradox. Every Irishman has demanded retrenchment for years, and now it is being effected in such a way that no one can approve it. When we demand Home Rule we ask that Irish affairs may be placed in the hands of Irishmen in order that we may set about adapting Irish expenditure to Irish needs. Every penny that Sir Matthew Nathan saves at the present time is taken from Ireland and will almost certainly be taken from Ireland for every year in the future, while no corresponding reduction is made in the taxation of Ireland.



We are faced with a situation in which the main factors are an utter uncertainty with regard to the future of Home Rule, an increasing taxation upon a country which has been for years on the verge of bankruptcy, an

#### THE NEED FOR ACTION.

Irish government that is distrusted not only for its want of sympathy with Irish ideals, but for the fact that it is adding in secret and in spite of every protest in the country to the amount that is drained from the Irish resources without any benefit resulting to Ireland. Let us face the question and ask whether we are content to let things rest as they are. The future is full of hope if we take our destiny in our own hands. Let every Irishman, Nationalist or Unionist, who cares about the future of his own country ask himself whether he can do nothing personally to create a more satisfactory and better state of things. We hope that in each constituency everyone who is anxious for an early settlement of Home Rule will press his representative to bring forward the question in public. It is the oldest axiom of Irish politics that we will never get Home Rule until an overwhelming demand makes its concession necessary.



There has been too much talk of conscription during the last three or four months, and those who have opposed it have frequently become so obsessed by their determination to resist it that the question has

#### NO MORE OF CONSCRIPTION.

come to occupy their whole minds. Many have grown morbid in thinking of a conspiracy whose object is to compel them, against their fixed determination, to take part in the war. Conscription in Ireland has already been defeated. Let us stiffen our backs and proceed securely in the determination that, whatever happens in England, Ireland shall not be included in the scheme. The battle was already won when Ireland was excluded from Lord Derby's recruiting campaign, and during the past weeks which have seen England in a fever of excitement straining every nerve to save the voluntary system, Ireland has been by common consent omitted from its scope. Mr. Dillon in his fearless speech in Parliament on Tuesday left everything absolutely clear. "I feel it to be my duty to-day," he declared, "to warn the Government, and any Government that may succeed them, that conscription we will not tolerate in Ireland. . . . We are a free people and we will not be trampled upon. . . . We go on our own road, whatever you do in England, and we will help you, and I know perfectly well that no Government will ever attempt to enforce conscription on us." Mr. Dillon has stood out as the boldest of the national leaders on this most vital question. Almost for the first time on Tuesday he made the issue a national one; he has taken the line that everyone expected of him. He has had the country behind him, and it is on that account he has succeeded. Let Nationalism now make up its mind once and for all that it will not even consider the question of conscription, and then let the question finally rest. It has focussed the opinion of the whole country on a National issue, and the country finds itself now united behind the Irish Party. The time has come for a more far-reaching and decisive movement to settle the whole Irish question, and conscription must be forgotten at once, both because it is already defeated and because it diverts much of the energies of the country from the concentration that must now be made upon the attainment of Home Rule in March.

#### TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

The Manager would esteem it a favour if the subscribers whose subscriptions are now due would kindly forward same at an early date.

## THE AMENDING BILL.

### I.—AN OPPORTUNITY FOR IRISH COALITION.

[The following is the first of a series of papers by Mr. Sheridan which will appear consecutively in "New Ireland" during the next four or five weeks. Their author needs no introduction to our readers. We wish to emphasise once more the fact that Mr. Sheridan played a very important part in bringing about the Conference which led up to the Act of Union in South Africa, and was intimately concerned in all the stages of the successful development of self-government there. He has lately resigned his post as Finance Commissioner to the Union Government and is about to return to Ireland. We ask the special attention of our readers to the present series of his articles, which will be the most important contribution to constructive criticism in Irish politics that has been published since the beginning of the war.]

WE all know that an Amending Bill is to be brought forward before Home Rule is put into operation, and unless we are to behave no better than children shutting their eyes, opening their mouths, and taking what is given, it is the duty of the country to bestir itself and make known clearly and candidly its views and purposes respecting proposed or desired amendments. And if the country is not yet sure of its own views and purposes it is high time it roused itself to realise the situation.

There is at this moment an opportunity before Ireland more promising than any that has offered for centuries, an opportunity to banish artificial divisions and to enter the way of unity, peace, and progress; and there is a call now on the best and wisest in the country to come forward and join together in securing that this great opportunity shall not be missed. Why should not the Amending Bill be framed in Ireland by a conference of leading and trusted Irishmen representing all reasonable shades of opinion, concerned closely and personally with their country's wants and requirements, and understanding those wants and requirements with the clearness of native intuition, and then be presented on behalf of a substantially united country? For, let it be remembered, that it is in every way the right and proper thing that a people should claim and take the right and bear the responsibility of formulating their own case and it is also unreasonable to expect a harassed Imperial ministry while bearing the terrible burden of conducting the country through the war, to give itself up to the allaying of Irish contentions or finding a *modus vivendi* to reconcile conflicting sections.

#### THE SITUATION FAVOURS SETTLEMENT.

The situation at this moment seems more favourable than at any previous time for a genuine attempt to remove the causes or feelings which produce misunderstandings or animosities and to foster neighbourly forbearance. The self-government law is on the Statute Book, and therein its adversaries must recognise the force of an accomplished fact; that law as passed stands in need of much amendment and improvement before it can be expected to work harmoniously and beneficially, and therein its supporters must recognise the need and desirability of *rapprochement*. So on both sides there are motives for reconsidering the position in which the two sides find themselves by reason of the passing of the Act. Stand-offishness amongst public men in public matters is a failure to grow to public manhood. Then, also, it may be taken for granted that at the end of the war there will be reconstruction on a big scale of our

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Empire system; for great changes must follow on the big efforts and participation of the Dominions in the defence of the Empire. And it will be necessary, as the preliminary and first step in reconstruction, that the Imperial Parliament must divest itself of all local affairs by a process of devolution, so that it shall be competent for the efficient control of Imperial and non-local affairs.

Ireland, as well as all other distinct parts of the kingdom, must enter into and co-operate in this process of devolution. The Irish question will then stand on a new basis; from being the shuttlecock of British parties, it will become, what it truly is, the concern of the Irish people on the one side and of the Empire as a whole on the other. In any such situation the weight and experience of the Dominions will work for the establishment in every distinct part of the Empire of the completest form of self-government in respect of all local or internal affairs. So although self-government for Ireland were not already a legislatively accomplished fact, it would now stand as an inevitably pending fact in the next and near stage of the development of the Empire's organisation. Since, then, self-government for Ireland stands inevitable in one way or the other, and having regard to the responsibilities, obligations, and opportunities it must carry with it, it surely behoves all who have a real care for the welfare of their country and people, to join with heart and act in endeavouring to secure that the form of self-government shall, from the start, be the soundest and most suitable that the best abilities of the country can devise.

#### A FEW LEADING MEN WANTED.

In every section of political or religious thought in Ireland—one must mention religion because politics and religion have come to be so much interwoven—there are many well-known public men of high character, true patriotism, and genuine love for the people, and whose sincerity in the cause of the country's welfare and progress is beyond any doubt even on the part of their opponents. Why cannot twenty of such men be brought together in conference, informal and friendly conference to begin with, for the purpose of agreeing upon and framing the main articles of an Amending Bill? Taking as a basis for their discussion the common principles of (1) self-government in all internal and local affairs and (2) due participation in the working of Imperial and non-local affairs, and viewing the pending introduction of that system by legislation or reconstruction, I believe there would be a surprising consensus of spirit and opinion regarding the form in which that system would best suit the circumstances of Ireland.

Of course the extremists on either side whose narrow souls live or flourish on partisanship and rancour would not be satisfied with any just or reasonable conclusion, but, fortunately there is no need for trying to satisfy extremists, for in the long run it is always the bulk of the people who rule, and amongst the bulk of the people it is now understood and accepted that the days for ascendancy of one part of a peaceful population over another are happily gone for ever, the growth of free government having rendered the idea of ascendancy odious in itself and no longer possible as a matter of fact.

#### WAR REASONS DEMAND SETTLEMENT, NOT POSTPONEMENT.

The further suspension of the Act of self-government by Order in Council leaves its operation now due for next St. Patrick's day. That would be a propitious day for commencement, just as the anniversary of peace was adopted as a propitious day for the commencement of the Act which established Union and self-government in South Africa; and it would be a great pity to let the propitious day go by. Therefore no time should be lost in making some practical move towards conference and agreement. And of the public men mentioned above I hope some few will have the moral courage and initiative to

make a start. If any one suggests that it is better to wait till the end of the war, let me remind him that the Act, by virtue of its own provisions (read with those of the Suspensory Act) enters into operation with the moment of peace.

Then think of the tremendous moral effect on the enemy of a settlement of the Irish troubles made by Irishmen amongst themselves. Such an event would have quite as great moral force before the world and against the enemy as even the capture by General Botha of the German possessions in South-West Africa and would be as helpful to the Empire in making the terms of peace.

#### MERITS AND FAULTS OF THE SELF-GOVERNMENT ACT.

As an instrument of self-government the Act, as passed, is, in many respects, excellent, but it also possesses glaring faults and defects. Fortunately the excellences belong to the principle and character of the enactment, while the faults are due to superimposed limitations, or to external authorship or an outsider's point of view in the conception of the scheme, and are susceptible of removal or amendment. In principle the Act sets up a free and popular constitution as understood in the present day, represented by an elective Parliament alone possessing legislative power, an Executive controlled by parliamentary ministers responsible to Parliament, and an independent, locally-chosen, judiciary.

Certain special checks and safeguards which appear to have been devised for assurance of the timid or the pessimistic, including the very ample protection given to existing officials (sections 32 to 37) and to other vested rights (section 42) may, so far as they are necessary, be regarded as an excellence, and may, so far as they are unnecessary, be regarded as transitory or incidental. The provisions for freedom of conscience and against religious preferences or interferences, contained in sections 3, 4 (b) and 43, ought to satisfy even the most fearful amongst the people who reasonably believe in such dangers. And it must be admitted by any one not full of unreasonableness that minorities have been generously considered.

#### PROTECTION OF MINORITIES.

First, there is the provision in section 7 for postponing the Royal assent to Bills, the appointment by nomination of the first Senate, its election afterwards by provinces voting as a single constituency on the basis of proportional representation (section 8). Moreover the Senate cannot be dissolved, but must run for its full life of five years, it is elected by the same voters who return members to the Imperial Parliament, and the rights and qualifications of those voters are reserved from the jurisdiction of the Irish Parliament. Again, the elections to the Irish House of Commons for constituencies returning three or more members (namely, the cities of Dublin, Belfast, and Cork, and the county of Dublin) are on the basis of proportional representation (section 9 (2)). And in the allotment of representation in both Houses of the Irish Parliament, the claims of minorities have received favourable treatment. Of the 40 seats in the Senate no less than 14 are allotted to Ulster; of the 164 members of the House of Commons Ulster is given 59, and of this 59 the five north-east counties (including Belfast) return 40, the other four counties (Cavan, Donegal, Fermanagh, Monaghan) having only 19. The representation of 42 members in the Imperial Parliament is likewise distributed with tender regard for minorities; Ulster returns 15 out of the total of 42, and of those 15 no less than 11 are for the five north-east counties, the remaining four counties having only 4 members amongst them. It is altogether right and fair, and in accordance with democratic principles that representation should be distributed with full regard for population, but when allowance has been made for all that is due on the ground of population, it is clearly noticeable that a certain over-weighting has been worked out in favour of minorities. Against that I am



not raising objection, but I desire to emphasise the fact that the concessions in favour of minorities are acquiesced in by the majority without grudging and apparently with good-will. That spirit is bodeful of good, and I hope it is appreciated by the members of the minorities.

#### FAULTS OF THE SCHEME.

The faults of the scheme embodied in the Act are serious, and an Amending Bill framed by consent would be the very best way for removal of those faults. It may be said at once that the faults are so grave that so long as they remain a part of the scheme the best efforts to secure good self-government must fail. There are three main faults which I shall consider in the order of their importance. They are:—(1) the withholding of fiscal autonomy and the consequent impotence of the Irish Parliament in relation to Irish finances; (2) dual (or treble) system of administration in Ireland consequent on the retention of the police and other "reserved services" under control from London; and (3) the dangers from concurrent legislation made possible or rather probable by the terms of sections 2 and 41 of the Act.

In my papers in NEW IRELAND during the following weeks I will deal separately and fully with the three faults mentioned and suggest what seem to me to be the proper amendments.

J. CLERC SHERIDAN.

#### THE NATIONAL SPIRIT AS A PRINCIPLE OF PROGRESS.—II.

**B**EFORE we proceed to discuss the connection that exists between Nationality and Progress it may get rid of some misconception if we give some idea of what the former term conveys to our mind.

The elements of Nationality are so numerous that a satisfactory definition cannot be easily given. Mr. T. M. Healy once vaguely defined it in the House of Commons as something that men were willing to die for. This definition will hardly answer our purpose, although it mentions a very characteristic result of the sentiment of nationality, for in all ages and in every country there have been found men who readily gave their lives in defence of their nation. It is not sufficiently comprehensive inasmuch as it only indicates one of the consequences of the feeling inspired by Nationality.

The best and most comprehensive definition of the term is given by Thomas Davis, whose own life is one of the

examples in our history of the spirit of Nationality in action. "Nationality," said Davis, "is the spirit which makes men citizens, which knits them together by the common weal. The nation is the sum of the characteristics of the individuals now existing within it. But it is more. It is the heir of all the ages, and it is the resultant of all the generations that lived and worked since the nation began to be. A common tradition, a common history, a common language, a common literature, common institutions, common sorrows and common joys, common hopes and common aspirations—these things make up a nation, these things shape its destiny, these things determine its place in civilisation. If a people grows weak in any of these essentials, it is losing its nationality. It may succeed in politics, in manufactures, in commerce, but the nation is passing away."

It will be noted that Davis states in the definition that a country may be successful in politics but yet lose its nationality. It is necessary to emphasise the distinction between politics and nationality, because in Ireland, owing to the fact that we have been necessarily so occupied in politics during the lifetime of the present generation, there is a tendency to confuse the two things. To be a nationalist meant that one was an adherent to the policy of the Nationalist Party in the English House of Parliament. It needs but very little consideration to see that a nation which only asserts its nationality in the sphere of politics can only be said to possess the national spirit in a very limited degree. We say this without in any sense wishing to minimise the services that have been rendered to Ireland by a political party that numbered among its members such men as Charles Stewart Parnell and Michael Davitt. The Nationalist Party recognised rightly the paramount importance of the two benefits which they sought to secure for the Irish people, the undisturbed ownership of the land of their own country, and the right of self-government, and they have concentrated themselves mainly in these two objectives. They have attained their first objective, the land for the people, and the second—well, we have no ambition to assume the mantle of the prophet, and would wish to confine ourselves throughout this article to what we honestly and sincerely believe are facts.

Though politics have loomed largely in the life of Ireland in our own time they must not be allowed to dull our appreciation of work done in other fields of national activity. A cursory examination of the history of Ireland for the past fifty years will convince one that some of the best Irishmen of the time, men who rendered priceless service to the cause of Irish Nationality, were not politicians at all, and were frequently even opposed to the policy and aims of the Par-

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liamentary Nationalist Party. It was the poetry of Sir Samuel Ferguson, a Unionist, that restored to Ireland the splendid heritage that she had lost in parting with the Gaelic tongue. Lecky, also a Unionist, rendered splendid service to Ireland by setting before the world without partiality and without bias her history for a hundred years. Joseph Sheridan Lefanu and John Kells Ingram, who gave us the ballads of rebellion, belonged to the same political party. Aubrey De Vere, who devoted his splendid talents to the benefit of the Irish nation, never found himself in agreement with the politicians of his time. John O'Donovan, Eugene O'Curry, and Petrie, who gave their lives to the service of Ireland, were not politicians at all. Many other names, which a grateful Ireland will never forget occur to one in this connection. The unquestionable claim of these great men to be considered the benefactors of the Irish nation will prove sufficient to warrant the assertion that one may be a very good Irishman and render important service to Ireland without belonging to a political party.

Politics have their proper place in the life of a nation. Davis wrote that to act in politics was a matter of duty everywhere, but that in Ireland it was a matter of necessity. What is open to objection in Ireland is the manner in which the majority of those who take any interest in public affairs allow their minds to become obsessed by politics to the exclusion of everything else. The press does its share in increasing this obsession by reporting at great length long political harangues which leave us no wiser or better than we were before, while it will not spare any reasonable amount of space for other forms of social action or national activity that are infinitely more important in the life of the country. We have been fed so long from the alms basket of words that nothing is so usual amongst us as to hear people make speeches which mean little to themselves and still less to their auditors. Let learning, wealth, and manners all decay, so long as we have high-sounding but meaningless professions. In the best interests of political action itself it is essential that there should be a real and strong national spirit in the country. Politics alone will never create or evoke this spirit. It is because of its absence that so much of our political action is wasted in barren controversies, and resolutions that carry no weight. Our public bodies are forever passing resolutions, but the one virtue which they conspicuously lack is the resolution to give their own determinations any effect.

There is hardly a country in the world in which speech has become so divorced from action, or where the most solemn professions are considered as committing a man to so little in the way of deeds. As a result of our long-continued immersion in politics, the professional politician has come to look on all other movements as a diversion and a dissipation of the national energies and to regard them with suspicion and mistrust. So it inevitably happens that reasonable and thoughtful men, who would be willing to devote their best talent to the service of Ireland, withdraw from the whole business with repugnance and disgust, and our political representation often falls into the hands of men who represent nobody or nothing save their own poor and ignoble selves. Much of our politics is devoted to unseemly wrangles between brother Irishmen.

There are other aspects of the subject on which one might dwell, but the task of probing at old sores is not a pleasant one. Politics have been not inaptly described as a game, and it is oftentimes not a very ennobling or inspiring game. In Ireland one often sees it played in its very lowest and worst form. Though we are at present committed to the game, we should be very careful that we do not stake our all on the result.

BRI-LETH.

## CASUAL COMMENTS.

IT has been a "quiet" Christmas for those at home. Of course those "at home" do not always spend their Christmas in the home. Of late years there has been freely manifested a tendency to flee the roof-tree at this season; to substitute the Hydro for the home, the hotel lounge for the domestic fireside. This gadding spirit causes the older generations to mourn. They deplore the breaking-up of family reunions; the breaking-away to the noisy joys of a public hostelry from the semi-sad serenity of the private house. Victorians like a dash of solemnity in their gaiety. Younger folk are not so disposed. In these circumstances they find it difficult to blend.

And herein may be found the answer to those who ask the idle question—how should one spend Christmas? Surely there is no hard and fast rule to be laid down in this matter. Yet one encounters plenty of people who are perfectly ready to be quite arbitrary on the point. To my thinking, one might as well insist that everybody's summer holidays should be spent at the seaside, despite the taste and inclinations of the holiday-makers, as prescribe either home or hydro treatment at Christmas time for all temperaments.

What emphatically does not work is the injudicious mixing together of uncongenial persons. Take an ordinary dining-room-table (as the cookery-books say), group round it a number of people of different ages and conflicting tastes, impress on them all that they are celebrating a festival of which Peace is the keynote—and the result is strife. I doubt if even the notorious Mr. Harry Ford could preserve harmony. The young man or woman who sighs for the revels of the hydro is, in an elegant phrase of the day, "bored stiff." The lover of domesticity is pained at the want of content displayed by others in this holy atmosphere, and while he scarcely approves of humour he disapproves of yawns.

The person whose idea of a "jolly" Christmas consists (*inter alia*) of wearing on his head a paper cap extracted from the bowels of a cracker, of singing rag-time songs, and of beating a tattoo on the table with a spoon (*vide* the illustrated papers) has little in common with that other who would fain decorously eat traditional dishes, thrill a little at the sight of "blue blazes" round the plum-pudding, and feel a very Bacchanalian what time he pours a spoonful of whiskey over the portion thereof on his plate. Wherefore, let not such as these come together. Whom God hath so obviously intended to be put asunder, let no man join. So far from Christmas being a time when all men may meet, it is the moment of all others when like should seek out like.

Something too much of this. My readers must by this time be of opinion that I have Christmas on the brain. Others, too, have broken out on the same topic. Of course it is seasonable stuff, and as it may be served only once a year the temptation to dish-up a quantity of it is hard to resist. I feel, however, that I have kept my pledge throughout as to the omission of the words "Christian Carnival," nor have I referred at any time to this period as "Yuletide." I trust these points may be remembered in my favour.

This year Christmas Day was followed by a Sunday, so St. Stephen had the very occasional honour of finding the churches filled on his feast day. As a rule the first martyr



of the Christian Church has but little attention paid to him. On Monday humanity, pent-up for two whole days, burst forth and overflowed the theatres and the picture-houses. One can almost hear the echo of the sigh of relief as the over-fed, under-exercised folk escaped once again from domestic bliss. Of all the Bank Holidays in the year St. Stephen's Day, or Boxing Day as our neighbours call it, is the one most devoted to indoor joys. And this year in particular there was little in the way of outdoor amusement, which, having regard to the weather, was just as well.

In the theatre pantomime has resumed its sway. I perceive from the public notices on hoardings, in papers, and elsewhere, that there are no less than three pantomimes to gladden the eye, delight the ear, and elevate the mind in Dublin this winter. They embrace the three types of this most British of British entertainments—the Eastern, the Nautical, and the Domestic. We may be scandalised at the doings of "The Forty Thieves" (as if "the Castle" were not enough for us); we may follow the wanderings of "Dick Whittington" (whose Mayoral experiences have been imitated in our city); or we may witness the chameleon-like changes in the fortunes of "Cinderella" (our prototype in the Imperial household).

Pantomimes tend to fall into the three groups I have mentioned. "Aladdin," and "The Forty Thieves," introduce us to the gorgeous East. We get a touch of the East also in "Robinson Crusoe," "Sinbad," and "Dick Whittington"; but these are more properly classed among the Nautical Series. When sea-faring characters are introduced into Pantomime they have a knack of permeating the piece, and the scene on board deck, progressing through seasickness to shipwreck, is the always outstanding feature of the performance. Moreover, the East as we glimpse it in these *divertissements* is savage rather than splendid.

"Red Ridinghood," "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Cinderella," all sound the domestic note, albeit we encounter such unfamiliar persons as wher-wolves, giants, and fairy-godmothers. The scene is for the most part laid "Somewhere in England"; village maids dance around the Maypole; and the happy English child disports himself before our eyes. Of all this, more anon.

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## A WAR "CHARITY."

THE man who said that "charity covers a multitude of sins" spoke more truly and more prophetically than perhaps he guessed at the time. From the outbreak of war in 1914 right up to date we have had innumerable opportunities of cataloguing for ourselves the various forms of sin that can be covered by the blessed word. To those ladies and gentlemen who have since ceased talking twaddle to their friends and taken to badgering money out of everybody indiscriminately in aid of "war charities," the war must have come as a relief indeed. The "Tommy here and Tommy there" changed very quickly into "Way for Mr. Atkins" in the thoughts and on the tongues of the vast horde of nonentities who have since become so charitable at the expense of a sentimentally disposed public.

If there was no room on an existing "charity" committee nothing was so easy as to start a new one. "Tommy" had to be supplied with comforts both in the mass as an army and separately as companies, platoons, batteries, squadrons and regiments. So we had funds, under distinguished but always different patronage, to supply all those personal comforts which "Tommy" in his "civvy" garb could never afford, and had perhaps looked upon as luxuries outside his scope. If he went on strike in his peaceful days in order to obtain essentials of comfort upon which distinguished "Sister Susies" have since laboured both at home and in the newspapers, his present patronisers would have held up their hands in holy horror and wondered what had put such aristocratic ideas into the heads of the working classes. But as England expected every man and woman to do their duty, and as the politicians, recruiting posters and newspapers tried to impress upon everyone the necessity of "doing their bit," in a very short time everybody was "doing it" and "being done by it" also.

The "war charity" business is being grossly overdone and has, in fact, become something of a scandal. Flappers rattle boxes under your nose in the streets without having an earthly notion of the object for which they disturb your peace and lighten your pockets. It may be "Blind Day" or "Lifeboat Day" or "Italian Day," or some other equally frivolous name, under the cloak of which people are permitted to beg in our streets. The poor devil who, without a money-box and a pin-cushion stuck with coloured pieces of ribbon and paper, asks for a penny to get a drink with and tells you he wants the price of a lodging, may get a month in jail.

We are being asked to save half our incomes and invest the savings in War Loan; we are told that the cost of living has

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increased by 44 per cent. since August, 1914; but we are, nevertheless, still fair game for the eminent ladies and gentlemen who have decided to be charitable by proxy. Perhaps the best we can do is to give Mr. Montague 50 per cent of our incomes, give the war profiteers that extra 44 per cent., and give the remaining 6 per cent to a "war charity." We could then retire gracefully to the workhouse and there live on the charity of the community, following the example of those who now organise war charities. No wonder that one of our most deserving charities rebukes us in its annual appeal for support by pointing out that we give our money to the flashy and fashionable "war charities" and neglect those at our own door.

The statement of accounts of one of these "war charities" lies before me as I write. It is an old-established institution to which war has given an opportunity for doing the work it said it could do. It is comparatively new to this country, however, and before the war was unknown outside Dublin and Belfast, and but little known even in those two cities. Up to this year the St. John Ambulance Brigade in Ireland was continually, as we say, pulling the devil by the tail, and, indeed, often losing its grip; its funds could always be counted in two figures. But war changed all that. A few highly coloured pictures with shells and bloody heads upon them excited the sentimental and the charitably disposed, and funds began to flow in. There is no doubt that the Brigade is, perhaps, the most useful of all the beggars that war has loosed upon a helpless community; but its Irish District Staff, and more particularly its Deputy Commissioner in Ireland, do not seem to be capable of working in the same way that the Brigade in Great Britain works.

The Brigade across Channel spent during the year ended October 20th, 1915, £1,642,271, but this money was spent with such care that the administration costs only came to 3½d. in the £. In Ireland it is very different. The expenditure of the Irish District for the eight months ended September 30th, 1915, amounted to £887, but included in this amount is a sum of over £300 for administration. It has cost over £300 to disburse £580. To do the same work that in England costs 3½d. in the £ the Irish District spends 10/6 in the £. The explanation is not far to seek. In England no head of a Department receives a salary, nor does the Deputy Commissioner of a district cost anything for the upkeep of an office; practically all the work is done voluntarily. But in Ireland, where more people can be got to do something without payment than in any other country, the only people in the Deputy Commissioner's office receive handsome, even lavishly generous, salaries, and are, at the same time, in contravention of regulations, members of the District Staff. From the statement of accounts we should say that money is being scattered without any thought as to its value; it comes in easily and goes out much more easily. And the people who get the handsome salaries are publicly thanked for their services, while those who have done voluntary work are ignored.

The charitable public who subscribe to this organisation ought to know how the money is being expended. Those members of the Brigade who don an army officer's khaki uniform without any sanction from the War Office, might, perhaps, be better occupied in keeping down the Brigade expenditure and in doing more useful work than in acknowledging the salutes of harassed soldiers. But that is, perhaps, to ask for too much. In the meantime perhaps the public might do well to tighten its purse-strings to the St. John Ambulance Brigade, Irish District; for its charity might be diverted into other channels where the money would be more usefully expended and more carefully watched.

S. J. A. B.

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## THE IRISH ECCLESIASTICAL RECORD.

### Contents for December.

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**THE SHORT FORM OF EXTREME UNCTION.** By Rev. T. Slater, S.J., Liverpool.  
**LANGUAGE, LITERATURE, AND LIFE.** By Rev. Gerald O'Nolan, M.A., Professor of Irish, Maynooth College.  
**THE MONASTIC LIFE** (Translated from the French of M. Ernest Daudet).  
**REV. JEREMIAH FRANCIS O'FLYNN, SECOND PREFECT-APOSTOLIC OF AUSTRALIA (1816-1819).** By W. H. Grattan Flood, Mus.D., K.S.G., Enniscorthy.  
**ST. AMBROSE AND RELIGIOUS TOLERATION.** By Rev. W. B. O'Dowd, Oxford.  
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**DOCUMENTS, REVIEWS, AND NOTES.**

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### The Irish Theatre.

The Irish Theatre will produce during the week beginning Monday, December 27th, four plays—"Bairbre Ruadh," by Padraic O Conaire; "The Phoenix on the Roof," by Eimar O'Duffy; "The Swan Song," by Anton Tchekoff, and a new play in one act, "Author! Author!" by John MacDonagh.

## JOHN.

JOHN was introduced into the house for reasons of sheer utility. He was not a cat with feline quarterings on his coat of arms, his pedigree was vague and his tail a mere whip of a thing, of no account to those who judge a cat by its fur. In fact John was a common cat, and boasted of no ancestors from the Persian Gulf; he looked just what we supposed him to be, a licensed murderer, and so, with buttered feet, John was set at liberty to range the bungalow. There was already a pet in the house; the Ideal Dog, who, in the largeness of his heart, appeared to find something attractive in the independent bearing of John the Cat. Before Master and Missis had discovered that John possessed a personality, the Best of Dogs had discerned this quality, and a strong friendship grew between them that was tested even to the sharing of meals off the same plate.

Dog stories and cat stories have little interest for any but the actual owners, and John's achievements in the destruction of rats, his dog habit of licking his owner's hands, his cheerful submission to tickling and teasing would be of very little interest to those who did not know him. It is the last phase of John's short life, the day when his complex little soul left his brindled body, that made a long and lasting impression on the minds of Master and Missis. One dark day in the middle of the rains, when Rangoon was veiled in mist wraiths and the palms in the compound tossed and beat upon one another, a day that turns the house into desolation and sends the spirits down to zero, John slid out into the little garden and lay hidden in the wet grass waiting to kill some unwary bird. He had long got past any idea of killing to sustain life—were there not three meals in the day, as well as *chota haziri* and afternoon tea when milk was



poured into saucers—but he could not outgrow the instincts of *shikar*. His Missis did not like it. A little dead bird is a very pitiful sight, and, though he had often tried, he had never brought down one of the noisy family of crows, who were his natural enemies, and who chaffed him like rude street urchins and flew about his head when he climbed to the top of his special tree. A crow—even a dead crow—fails to arouse sympathy, and it was one of the dreams of John's life to wipe out a few of the insults hurled daily at him, in crow's blood; meanwhile, he killed hopping, chipping birds with cold relentlessness.

Whether he was in pursuit of crows or in the pursuit of lesser game, who can tell? The excitement of the sport made him forget the driving rain and the sodden grass, and John came home as many a sportsman has done before him, with wet feet and a drenched coat. The end followed rapidly, and Master and Missis and the whole roll-call of servants were powerless to stand between John and the spirit world where cats may go. He gasped out his faithful little life and lay terribly stark and stiff on the bed of the Best Dog in the World, who, himself, regarded his late companion with unemotional reserve. John was dead, and there was no mending anything against that certainty. He who had been so cherished and so loved; never again would he answer from afar when his name was called or play mad games through the house, a house that would feel strangely lonely without the cat friend who had come there merely to be a living rat-trap. At least there were genuine tears shed over John's body, and orders were given that he was to receive burial in the garden.

It was Babu, the Boy, who came the following morning to see that funeral arrangements had been made, and to ask Missis for what was needed.

"The servants desire to bury John in a proper way," he explained. "For to Master and Missis John was as a butcha, and not a plain cat. Therefore we wish to give John the burial of a butcha."

Necessary to such a burial were several different things. The scally-wag in John's parentage appeared more strongly after death when the personality had fled, but that mattered nothing. He was wrapped in a fine white garment, willingly supplied by the Missis, and with him in the box that was made to do duty as a coffin were placed a cup of milk, a piece of money, a bunch of flowers and a ribbon bow. It was explained that this was John's outfit for the journey into the great perhaps. The milk was needed to sustain his wayfaring soul, the piece of money was to pay his entrance through the gates, the ribbon was a gift for him to bring, and the flowers were tokens of remembrance.

"With these things it may well be," said Babu, the Boy, hopefully, "that John will be permitted to enter into the

heaven of all butchas. Without most surely he would be hopeless."

He was borne through the verandah by the servants to where the mali had made a shallow grave, and the earth was solemnly piled over his remains. So John set forth, as perhaps no other cat has set forth, into the unknown, lacking nothing, not even the ferryman's farthing, to make his way by paths we reckon not of into the kingdom of shades. In life he began as a mere cat, and progressed to the higher grades that are the rewards of great natures, but in death John became sublime, and surely the guardian of the butcha's paradise could not have had the heart to turn him away—surely he opened the gates wide enough to let one little cat slip inside.

His Master and Missis are no longer there to see if the flowers blossom on his grave, but in a small compound in Signal Pagoda Road those flowers are blossoming and fading with the seasons, marking his place of rest. Perhaps in the great palace of many mansions John has sloughed his dream of killing crows, or perhaps there are no crows there to excite his earthly passions; at least, he is not forgotten, and at least he has never been replaced.

L. RICKARD.

### ΣΑΕΘΕΑΛΑΪΑΣ.

Cúpla bliadhain ó roimh bí Sae Feiripe ina fáir. Rinne Sae duine aca tairngiread. Dubhadar go mbeo i anuraid bliadhain na rairpe. I na bliadhain ir fearr tairngiread a déanam i gcóinnaróe. Labair na Feiripí roimh mé agus do bheadh na an aimir a gcainnt. Ní raib neart aca ar an aimir, i gcóinnaróe, ac oiread a bí aca ar Riagaltar Sapan, ac mar rin féin ir maic an rgealairóe an aimir—ir ina bliadhain a labhann pí i gcóinnaróe.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ir mó de'n ceart a beic aca "bliadhain na rairpe" a labhairt ar an bliadhain, acá caite na don aimir eile. Le linn na bliadhain roim rinnead príorúin o'Éirinn agus rinnead príorúiní de muintir na tíre reo. Tá ar gcainta dúnta go doct daingean i n-ár n-áir agus ní leigtear dúinn éirí o'fáil muna o'téirimí amac i n-ár raigóirí na rairpe Sapan. Ní bfuigead ógánac ticéad go Meiriceá anoir, ar ór ná airgead, ac geobhad ré ticéad i n-airge go o'tí páiric an áir. Saeóil as trois ar roim na rairpe agus a muintir féin ina gcóinnaróe agus a o'tir ina carcair!

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\* \* \* \* \*

Do deigleat rinn ó n-ár ngaoltaib atá éar páile. Gac uicir a cuirtear éar raiirre forglann luét an púir i asurirgrúuigir i go mion asur go géar. Ní leigtear na páiréir éugainn ó 'Meireacá ar eagla go mbeaó an fíunne ró-rearb uúinn. An fíunne ir eol uúinn ní leigtear uúinn i a noéatá gan craiceann Sapanac a éur uiréi. Ac tá a fíor againn nac féirir iomlán na fíunne do éur irteat i n-aon craiceann nac ual dí. Asur an rgeat nac bfuil fíor ó éur deireat ir bréas é. Ir binn beal ina éort na laeéannca ro.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ir mó an trioblóir an fíunne do éur againn. Cuir-eann pí ualgar orainn asur ir minic a feolann cóim-lionaó an ualgar i mbealac na conntabairte rinn. Tá mbainpimír capat ar an bfiunne asur tá bpanpamair rocar gan an ualgar do cóimlionaó leigirde uúinn beagán. Leigirde uúinn armail do éleatáó, asur uol go uiréi an fíunne, asur muna mbeaó ciall ar noóiréi againn leigirde uúinn ciall a éannac, ir tá a fíor as an raióal gur i an éall éannuigé an éall ir rearb.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ac an fíunne bpaóac ní leigreáó pí uúinn ciall a éannac ar an mbealac poin. Cé'n maic ciall éannuigé, aóeir pí, do'n feap atá ar leat-fuil nó ina uall, nó ar leat-éoir, nó gan coirceim ar bí? Nó cé'n tairbe an éall éannuigé do'n feap atá as tabairt an féir fan Tuircéir nó na pionamna ra bfiunne? Tugann Cipling rreagra ar an bfiunne. Nac cuma an báp, aóeir ré, má maireann Sapan asur an raiorre. Ac ní féirir an fíunne do éur ina éort. Tá ceir eile aice.

\* \* \* \* \*

Céapó ir raiorre ann? aóeir pí. An puó ir le Sapan ní le héirunn é, asur an puó ir raiorre do Sapan ir raiorre uúinn-ne é. Sin i an raióar cainnte a cuireann amú rinn. U'feap uúinn éirteat leir an bfeirre fáir. Tá an Oiománac nimeac bréagac brocac éugainn, aóeir an feirre. Bainpíó ré an raiorre uúinn. Déanpáir ré cíp éuacail de'n tír. Ní fáspáir ré ceat cainnte againn. Leaspáir ré na teampuill asur epocpáir ré na raióir.

\* \* \* \* \*

O'érirde leir an bfeirre fáir tá mbeaó an fíunne raió glar. Da éoir do'n Capair i a éur i bpióirín, asur gan leigint dí beir as coéugáó miorcar imear na noóine. Níl lá ra treacáin nac ndéanann ré coir i gcoinnib déit Copanta na Ríogáca, asur tá cogar aice do gac éluar a éirigéann léite. Bí An Oiolúnac as cur i gceill an treacáin reo caicte gur don náirín amáin an tír reo asur Sapan nuair a labair ré ar "ár n-áim" ir ar "ár gcablac." Da uiréi an cainnt uó i, ac tá an fíunne as uol éar a ráó gur bréagadóir an Oiolúnac asur epierpíó na uoíne i.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tá gcuiréi ina luigé ar an bpobul gur don náirín amáin—ní heaó, ac gur don tír amáin—éirre asur Sapan beir deacraí an Ríagaltair péirigéte uóib. Da

móir an gar an méat poin. Ir éirre rin a tógaó oiróceat éar an Muir Meann ó éirinn go Sapan. Sin é an oiróceat a éirigéann na feirir. Oiróceat éir 'reáó é. Ir píú ceirre céat púnt gac éloc de asur tá trí éloc asur céat ann. Ceanglann an oiróceat éir éirre le Sapan, ac tá an fíunne as uol éar as uéanam uirre raió éalam asur a ráó gur oiróceat éiróbreac an oiróceat rin.

miceál ruad.

## WANTED A POLICY.

THE urgency of an actual policy upon vital issues in Ireland becomes more evident according as the possibility of a General Election draws near, and that is not far off to-day. For Ireland such a policy could not be dispensed with, as otherwise the party which has been created and maintained for the sole purpose of obtaining Home Rule for Ireland would lose immensely in strength and prestige, if some policy making the Home Rule issue a very actual one is not supplied. If the Irish Leaders do not put forth a constructive policy one of two evils or both, perhaps, may soon be upon us, either private interests and ambitions will get the upper hand in many constituencies—this has already occurred in a few—or else several constituencies will be carried against the party by a more vehement and extreme form of Nationalism which while supporting Home Rule, will not be in the ranks of the Irish Party. If there were an election to-morrow, probably both these possibilities would in part materialise.

There is at present no question on its own merits before the Irish Public. Conscription, Recruiting, the War are all English questions, and in Ireland are viewed merely from the angle of Irish hopes of National Freedom. Vigorous arguments are put forward as to whether or not an English or a German Victory will aid or injure Ireland, and the majority in a mild way have a belief, which I share, that at least the Allies ought not to be beaten. But there is no universal conviction in Ireland as to her position in the War. The great outstanding fact which is not even an "Open Secret" now, so far has it been forgotten, is that Ireland is not England, and that England's domestic politics are foreign politics to Ireland. It may be regretted, but it is equally true, that the vast mass of England is wholly ignorant of and indifferent to Irish domestic politics. An English paper recently asserted, very justly, that Ireland must be treated as an ally. It will not do to treat our country as a county or a province of inferiors dosed with perversity.

It is true that the cry of the "Rights of Smaller Nations" carried conviction for a time, but somehow that issue has become confused and forgotten, and its protagonists have been unfortunate in Belgium and Servia, and one prefers not to be "defended" as they were.

In Ireland we judge all questions from our own standpoint. Hence when we face an issue in English politics we ask *who is on the other side and why* A B is against or for X policy because he wants to oust C D who has always been more or less on Ireland's side, and A B is now for or against policy X because he wants policy Y after the war—so the astute politician plays forever at the "game." Of course at least three great democratic measures are at stake upon this gamble. It is said that the great scholastic school of thought becoming super-intellectualised—lost its grip on man and ended by debating whether the angels could balance on the point of a pin. Our politicians to-day have evolved such a scheme of contingent victories for



democracy. Such a superstructure of forecasts as to make the angels giddy and the ordinary Irishman merely angry by its irrealties. The smash must come. It is forever the same. The people is the force destroying and creating politics and politicians, and the statesmen who survives is he who can supply the policy which will concentrate that force upon one creative policy—a policy at once simple and direct, firing the imagination of the people, and passionate with an irresistible sincerity.

The Home Rule movement supplied all the elements of a satisfactory policy for half a century. But during that period just in so far as it became involved and submerged in English politics, in so much did the Irish party lose influence. Never has the purely Irish policy become more involved in England's domestic affairs than to-day, and accordingly the estrangement between party and people grows, and will grow until in some way Home Rule is made a vital and actual issue in the politics as in fact it is in the life of the Irish people.

So great is the difference between the mental atmosphere of England and Ireland to-day that Irishmen who have been living in England, even strong Nationalists such as Robert Lynd, slip into the trick of regarding fellow-Nationalists at home as slightly perverse because they are not carried off their feet by England's domestic troubles. There must be a limit even to sympathy, and I would remind Mr. Lynd of his own words in the "New Republic" several months back where he draws the picture of John Bull embracing John Redmond in a spirit of reconciliation, whilst at the same time he picks the pocket of the latter. This has become literally true. Sir Matthew Nathan is the hand. No sympathy is possible under the circumstances. To obtain a true perspective of Irish issues it is becoming more and more urgent for Irishmen to live in Ireland among Nationalists and to concentrate with all one's energy upon the National view-point. We hear from time to time criticisms of the Irish Party because it is out of touch with the country, and they are too often true; from living in London, in the degrading atmosphere of the House of Commons and the National Liberal Club, or else from becoming so much attached to English issues, whether radical or democratic, as to lose the vision of Irish aspirations, there is a tendency to regard

English as more important than Irish issues, and to imagine in some way that the latter are dependent on and subordinate to the former. Parnell and his first Irish Party was wholly impervious to English atmosphere and rejected any English judgment of his conduct. On more than one occasion he professed to look only to Ireland. He actually subordinated English politics to Irish. So too in the main the Irish Party has very largely escaped the corrupting influences of English political life. But the tendency remains and requires to be watched with the keenest scrutiny. But mere watching and waiting will not suffice now. Never was there such need for a forward Irish policy, Ireland has subordinated her most vital interests to those of another country for eighteen months, there can be no question of unfriendliness. But Ireland cannot wait any longer.

P. J. L.

Little  
with

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## SHAVIANISM MINUS SHAW.\*

MR. ST. JOHN ERVINE has just published a book about Ireland which is certain to meet with such overwhelming praise among the "intellectuals" for whose delectation it is written that I cannot refrain from attacking it. As a young Irishman, belonging to the class to whom Mr. Ervine specially appeals, I challenge his whole outlook upon Ireland, and I wish to impress upon him—for I who have lived in Ireland have at least as good a claim as he to put forward my ideas dogmatically as those of "the Young Irishmen"—that he knows absolutely nothing about the country of which he writes.

Mr. Ervine's first quality is insolence; he thrusts himself forward in a truculent and insulting way, deliberately, for that is what he conceives to be the duty of a young man. We did not need his continual references in this latest book to "my friend Bernard Shaw," to know where he had learned his philosophy. *Sir Edward Carson* is in reality nothing more than a clever parody of G.B.S. A shrewd critic said of Mr. Ervine's recent tragedy that it reminded him continually of "Fanny's First Play." He has the same conscientious irreverence towards old age, something of the same exuberant youthfulness as his master, and a degree of callousness that Shaw even in his most wilful moments never approaches. Mr. Shaw is capable of using many devices to surprise and grip the memory of his public. He will spell cigarettes as cigarets and perform numerous little antics of that sort. But I cannot at all imagine Bernard Shaw so callous to the ghastly realities of the present time as to coin the phrase "The European Disaster" and employ it on every other page as an assistance to his theorising on the war. Mr. Ervine has produced little work up to the present, and one is at a disadvantage in judging of his philosophy. When he writes in his present book that "the Young Irishmen will waste no tears on the Old Irishmen as they shovel them into the grave," he either has his tongue in his cheek or else is taking himself quite damnably seriously. Bernard Shaw might have written that sentence anywhere. But he would never have spelt young and old with capital letters.

Shaw is so typically Irish that any Irishman who reads him knows at once what he is driving at. We understand the tricks of his trade and make allowances for them naturally. He is cutting capers all the time in order to make an English public pay heed to him. He discovered early in life that the Englishman could only be made to listen when he was amused. But never for one moment does Shaw mistake his pose for the reality. I cannot help feeling that his disciple Mr. Ervine has adopted the pose without himself seeing through it; and while he may even in those circumstances obtain a successful hearing in England, he will be laughed out of court in Ireland. In any case, the Shaw pose of rebellion is a very worthless thing if it has not the clear sanity and the deep humanity behind it which are the most priceless possessions of Bernard Shaw. I hope that I am wrong in my estimate of Mr. Ervine, for he has so many admirable qualities that it will be something of a calamity if he spoils his chances of ever obtaining a following among the young Irishmen by an entire lack of understanding of their traditions and ideals.

The man who applies blindly in Ireland his abstract doctrine of revolt against traditions has simply not taken the trouble to think. I may be misjudging Mr. Ervine's real opinions, for his *Carson* is apparently written with no thought of any but an English public. Whereas the traditions of England have led her along the straight road to a materialist civilisation devoid of any spiritual impulse, and to a capitalistic social system, the national traditions of this country have proved themselves worth centuries of sacrifice. Their triumph has resulted in the establishment in Ireland of a peasant proprietary system which is

already the envy of other nations; and they have led us up to the attainment of the beginning at least of national self-government, which must in the nature of things create a new Irish public life by bringing back the political and social centre of the nation to Ireland, and focus upon Ireland the attention that is now necessarily diverted towards external affairs.

Those who have ever taken the trouble to understand Ireland are not likely to be imposed upon by Mr. Ervine's tall talk. Irish Unionism has inevitably been a negative thing; the only intellectual case that can be made in its favour is that Irish nationalism is only provincial—that Irishmen are worthy of a bigger destiny than to confine their attentions to Irish affairs. The theories of Irish Unionism could never aspire much higher than to the repression of any tendency to alter the existing state. But the triumph of Irish nationalism, Mr. Ervine should know perfectly well, has been an immensely long and laborious process. When he suggests, as he does all through his little book, that the now elderly politicians on the nationalist as well as the unionist side have done nothing for Ireland, he is simply ignorant of the most glaring facts. When he invites the Young men (with a capital Y) to shovel the old men into the grave, it is not merely because they are old and that the time has arrived (as every sensible person will admit) for the younger men to step forth into Irish public life, but he is quite emphatic that no one of the old men has ever done anything. He accuses them, with a ready and flashy phrase, of having made "a poor twisted thing of the Ireland they have inherited." He says that Mr. T. M. Healy, for instance, with "an enlarged store of venom" will be more useless than he ever has been before; but in spite of all Mr. Healy's savage and venomous egotism, I ask Mr. Ervine to show me any political career in Ireland or elsewhere that has been more full of fruitful results.

In nothing does Mr. Ervine show his utter ignorance of Ireland more plainly than in his placing Sir Horace Plunkett on a pedestal as the only man in Ireland who has ever done a single useful thing for his country. It is exactly what one would expect of a man who writes so unmistakably from the point of view of the London Fabian. Everyone knows what the I.A.O.S. has done; and we are never allowed to forget that Sir Horace Plunkett founded the Department of Agriculture. It is no news to be told of the 100,000 farmers in the co-operative movement, and the new rural community that is said to have sprung into existence all over the country. But I have the misfortune of having seen enough of the country to realise that the co-operative movement, for all its magnificent possibilities, still represents only an almost negligible fraction of the trade of the country, and that co-operation in Ireland has not at present gripped the imagination of the country in the least. Every young Irishman passes through a phase of unbounded enthusiasm for Sir Horace Plunkett; for his movement almost alone can show us tangible results, can give us the sense of immediate and concrete creation. The Plunkett party will come into their own under Home Rule for that very season, and because they are the only coherent school of political thinkers in Ireland.

It is perfectly obvious that Mr. Ervine derives his whole information about Ireland—apart from what he may know of one small corner of Ulster—from four sources: the *Irish Homestead*, the writings of Sir Horace Plunkett, the novels of the soured and disappointed Gerald O'Donovan, and whatever blue books or white papers he may have "made up" as a member of the Fabian Society in London. (Mr. Ervine's references to the Irish Poor Law are the most useful pages in his book.) By each of these he has been taught that Horace Plunkett is the only Irish statesman. Five minutes of clear thinking would have shown him that Plunkett has only begun to build on the ground which Davitt and Dillon had cleared by the relentless revolution of the Land League.

Mr. Ervine is amazingly wide of the mark when he assures his English public that Sir Horace is the leader of the Young Irishmen. The young men are still without a leader of their own. But it may interest Mr. Ervine to know that the young

\* *Sir Edward Carson*. By St. John Ervine. Dublin, Maunsell. 2/6.



men all over the country, who have not learned their nationalism from books, whose patriotism burns in their blood, *have* found a leader whom they follow with a devotion that has not been known in Ireland for many years. His name is Eoin MacNeill.

Mr. Ervine has written many things in his book which are praiseworthy; and if he has expressed his impatience more freely than the rest of us, it is simply that he has never understood the necessities of Irish politics—that he does not know Ireland. I sat down to write this article, not to whitewash the old men, but to write of old men and young men in Ireland. Mr. Ervine has prevented me from writing what I really wished to say; and I must now defer to another time a consideration of how the young men do actually regard the old men to whom they feel it is still necessary to accord the loyalty of the old party discipline.

JAMES MARTIN.

## BOOK REVIEW.

### THE STAGE IRISHMAN AND COMMON SENSE.

Mr. Ervine's book on Ulster\* is excellent, because in it we have lucidly set down the attitude of the intelligent and unprejudiced Nationalist—or perhaps I should say Irishman—towards the affairs of his own country. I have called it a book on Ulster because of its title and the fact that, since its author is himself an Ulsterman, rather more attention is devoted to that province than the others; but there is not a vital matter of importance to Ireland as a whole that he does not discuss. Sir Edward Carson is merely the hook on which the picture is hung. Those who expect a lurid picture of hero or villain must be prepared to find him dismissed in one chapter dealing with stage Irishmen, classed with Lord Charles Beresford and Mr. Swift MacNeill in that role, and described as the last of the Broths of a Boy, and one, moreover, who plays his part extraordinarily well. Mr. Ervine records even his birthplace with obvious reluctance, and sketches his career in a couple of lines. This cannot fail to annoy all admirers of the grim and determined loyalist, and it is perhaps hardly fair to the seeker after biographical facts who buys the book on its face value; but it is certain that Mr. Ervine has given us a vastly more interesting and instructive book than we should have had if he had done the obvious thing.

The whole book is the antithesis of its nominal subject.\* Sir Edward Carson is the apostle of resistance to change; he has nothing to offer us but the *status quo*. Mr. Ervine, in spite of a Chestertonian wealth of smart similes and generalisations, and an occasional bubbling over of youthful spirits which we would associate rather with a tyro than with the author of "Mrs. Martin's Man" and "Mixed Marriage," is analytical and constructive. He analyses the value of the co-operative movement and the evils of spoon-feeding from England, the futility of the inevitable spirit of comparison which seems to be bred in us in Ireland, and the questions of racial and religious differences on which we are prone to dogmatise without much thought. But he does not stop there. He comes forward with a definite statement of some of the steps we will have to take if we are to revivify our country and re-establish its entity. Indeed, I wish the book were not so short; I would gladly read as much again if he would go more fully into these things. I would like to see him

\*Sir Edward Carson and the Ulster Movement. By St. John Ervine. Irishmen of To-day Series. Maunsell and Co., Ltd., Dublin. 2s. 6d.

formulate, even more definitely, a programme for the "Young Irishmen," for, as he rightly says, the Parliamentary Party have shown little signs of constructive statesmanship. And I would like to see him devote a chapter to the industrial movement, too.

No doubt many good Nationalists who can see far beyond the parish pump will not like everything he has to say about the priests. I cannot say I agree with all he says, for his conclusions are sweeping, almost melodramatic. Yet I would remind those who would fly into a sectarian passion and discard all his teaching because they disagree with him on one point, that if ever a man wrote, denominationally speaking, from a detached and unbiased standpoint it is palpably Mr. Ervine. If he says more about priests than parsons it is because Catholics are far more numerous in Ireland than Protestants. Often he makes it clear, as when he discusses the managerial system in primary schools, that he refers to clerics of all denominations. He is not to be attacked by hot-headed Protestants for what he says on the subject of Belfast pauperism, or, indeed, of the "Orangemen" in general, as for any evil results he may point out from the increase of convents and monastic orders.

I have praised this book as the beginning of constructive criticism in Ireland, the first sign of the new spirit which fills a country after a long period of lassitude, when it feels that the time has come to be up and doing on its own account, no longer dependent on the guidance and authority of outsiders, but responsible—the spirit of which Sir Horace Plunkett has long seen the need, but which required the complement of impending self-government to galvanise it into a conscious and living reality. Yet it is an idea rather than a programme which Mr. Ervine has endeavoured, with considerable success to my mind, to show us, for, as he says in his closing chapter:—

I have tried less to show you plans than to show you a spirit, and if I have done that I have fulfilled my task. The future of Ireland is in the hands of the Young Irishmen. The Old Men have had their time, and a poor, twisted thing they have made of the Ireland that they inherited. The Young Irishmen will waste no tears on the Old Irishmen as they shovel them into the grave.

Or again:—

I wrote this book for the express purpose of telling my readers that such men as Mr. Redmond and Sir Edward Carson are of very little importance in Ireland. It is not these persons who are moulding the shape of Irish affairs, but other men whose names are hardly known.

I hope Mr. Ervine will now assume that we have grasped the idea, and give us in a further book the "Young Irishmen's" plans for the future.

EDWARD E. LYSAGHT.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

## The Irish Intellectuals and the War.

To the Editor, NEW IRELAND.

Dear Sir—It was worth while writing the article in your Christmas Number, which seems to have been the occasion of the able and highly interesting contribution in your issue of December 18. Your contributor, however, allows himself several assumptions which call for a word or two of protest.

One is that the Great Powers participating in the present war are enjoying themselves hugely, as at a "sport." This is certainly not true even of the Germans, at all events since they were checked at the Marne. And as to the British Empire, which has been drawn together by the war in a way which must directly affect the whole future of Ireland, most of its members are fighting grimly, and in places perhaps even despairingly, simply out of a repugnance to being taken over by a foreign Power.

Secondly, the position of Ireland in regard to the war is neither geographically nor politically in the least like the position of small nations such as Denmark, Holland, etc., for which it would probably be suicide to break their neutrality; while such countries as the United States and Sweden remain neutral for the excellent reason that no interest of theirs is immediately threatened. Also your contributor almost ignores the irrevocable fact that "we"—meaning the Irish nation—have already shown that we in some way feel ourselves concerned in this war by sending out an army nearly as large as Serbia's.

Thirdly, even supposing that these Irish soldiers have been cajoled into entering the British Army, and that for the Irish nation—meaning by the term that portion of the Irish population for which the maintenance of the Gaelic language and traditions is the paramount consideration—it is really a matter of no concern whether the Allies or the Imperials come out victorious, ought it not to weigh with the Irish nation that it has got to live with a very considerable population in this country, to say the least of it, which feels that this is a war in which Ireland is concerned as much as England? Your contributor rather free-and-easily disposes of these people by saying that they do not appear to see that Ireland after the war would "find itself only the poorer." Here again we have the assumption that the nations are out for "sport," instead of the recognition that a defensive war may be a present sacrifice for a future material or spiritual good. As to the risk of Ireland's losing its soul in making common cause with England, it seems at least as likely that Ireland might find a new and desirably larger soul in realising for the first time its own political unity.

Lastly, it is very doubtful whether it is altogether true to say that after the war Ireland will not have a voice in framing the terms of settlement. So far as these may affect Ireland, is it any more unlikely that Mr. Redmond will be consulted than that General Botha will be consulted in all that relates to South Africa?

The theme of the article in your Christmas Number, which compared the ambiguous attitude of the Irish Intellectuals to that of King Constantine in Greece, is not directly alluded to by "A. Z." so perhaps after all it is a mistake to suppose that his article was suggested by it. He expresses clearly, however, what the Intellectuals probably have in their minds, and, as the name by which he signs himself includes the initials of all the Irish Intellectuals, it is perhaps permissible to write as if the original article had been unexpectedly successful in "drawing" them.

JOHN EGLINTON.

P.S.—I regret that this letter did not reach you in time to appear in your last issue. I think it meets some of the points raised in the article by "A.J.R.," which is mainly an assertion of the difficulty of making up one's mind on a matter so complicated as the question of right and wrong in the present war. Your correspondent's plea makes one wonder how the principles of the Union of Democratic Control would work out in case of the necessity of coming to an immediate decision about some international deadlock, even supposing the democracies had had a share in bringing it about. At the end of July, 1914, the Foreign Offices of the Allies were given about forty-eight hours to make up their minds, yet "A.J.R." after sixteen months of war (in which

Ireland has played a gallant part!) seems to think it would be too precipitate for the Irish democracy to come to a decision "at once."

Our Irish Intellectuals might surely help greatly here! For the whole affair, so far as Ireland is concerned, promises to be even more complicated in the near future. As a result of the war the British Empire—so at least many are anticipating—will probably be drawn more closely together under an Imperial Parliament, and in this new Empire England, as the twentieth century runs on, may very easily in time become quite a subordinate member. In this new world what will become of the old Irish Nationalism, with its watchwords "England's difficulty, Ireland's opportunity," etc.? Its heroes—Robert Emmet and Wolfe Tone—will soon appear to belong to an old "dispensation," and it will rapidly become too absurd to make such statements as that Irishmen who have lived all their lives in Ireland and know only Irish people, yet "know no more about the real Ireland than they know of Greece and Spain," simply because they have not much of a taste for Irish politics on the old lines, or may not feel all that they ought to feel about the ancient Irish language or about the ancient Irish religion. We shall soon have to re-cast all our ideas here in Ireland! Here, then, surely is work for our Idealists and Intellectualists. Ulster, certainly not out of any great love of England, has made up its mind, for business reasons chiefly, that it would be well to help to end the war as soon as possible. The decision of the "real Ireland" will, I admit, be more interesting and important.

## LOVE POEMS FROM IRISH MSS.

(Continued from last week.)

## IX.

(In praise of women. "Hate them who will, I love them. No matter what evils they may have caused, they deserve forgiveness. What could we do without them?")

Céad slán iomráidh do na mnáibh,  
cuideachta chroidhe is sámh méin;  
maithim féin a luighe rúin,  
ionnta is mó mo dhúil fán ngréin.

Céad slán iomráidh dhóibh anocht,  
guth ar mhnáibh is olc an chiall;  
gibé ler ab fuath an dream,  
atáimse i ngeall ortha riamh.

Ní dhearnsadh aon-olc dá mhéad,  
bliothe go dtuitfeadh mór gcéad ann,  
nár bh' fhiú iad a léigean léo,—  
beannacht dá mbeó is dá marbh.

Tar a ráidhid ris an druing  
ní thuigim, ar tuinn nó ar tír,  
dá mbeinnse dá mheas go brách,  
créad do ghéanadh cách dá ndíth.

Dá mbeith nach biadh an dream suaire  
nach léig inn fá ghruaim do ghnáth,  
i bhfad uainne nó dár gcois,  
is beag liom dóibh mo chéad slán.

[Céad slán iomráidh etc., i. gurab slán cáil na mban, ná bíodh éinne ag tromaidheacht ortha. luighe, i. móid (?). guth ar mhnáibh etc., i. is olc an chiall bheith ag cáineadh na mban. i ngeall ortha, i. ceanamhail ortha. mór gcéad, i. na céadta. tar a ráidhid etc., i. is cuma cad deir cách i gcoinne na mban. ar tuinn nó ar tír, i. ó thalamh an domhain. nach léig, i. ná leigeann. is beag liom dóibh etc. (?).]



X.

("A fond farewell to last night's happiness. To-night we must remain apart, and in silence; only with our eyes may we converse.")

NIALL MAC MUIREADHAIGH CCT.

Soraidh slán don oidhche aréir,  
fada géar (?) ag dul ar gcúl;  
dá ndáiltí mo chur i geroich,  
is truagh nach í anocht a tús.

Atáid dias san teach so anocht  
ar nach ceileann rosg a rún;  
gion go bhfuilid béal re béal,  
is géar géar silleadh a súl.

'S truagh an cuibhreach do-ní an chiall  
ar shilleadh díochra (?) na súl;  
cá feirrde an tocht do-ní an béal  
sgéal do-ní an rosg ar a rún?

Uch, ní léigid lucht na mbréag  
smid tar mo bhéal, a rosg mall;  
Tuig an ní adeir mo shúil,  
agus tú insan chúil úd thall.

"Congaibh dhúinn an oidhche anocht,  
truagh gan sinn mar so go brách;  
ná léig an mhaidean isteach,  
éirigh 's cuir amach an lá!"

Uch, a Mhuire, a bhuime sheang,  
ós tú is ceann ar gach cléir,  
go ngabha mo lámh ad láimh,—  
soraidh slán don oidhche aréir!

[*soraidh slán* etc., i. slán leis an oidhche aréir. *fada géar* etc., i. is fada linn rud searbh ag imeacht (?). *dá ndáiltí* etc., i. bíodh go ndaorfaoi chun mo chrochta me. *ar nach ceileann* etc., i. cuirid a ngrádh i n-iúil dá chéile le n-a súile. *gion go*, i. cé ná. *silleadh*, i. féachaint. *'s truagh* etc., i. is ole mar chuireann an chiall smacht ar na súile. *díochra*, i. díograiseach. *cá feirrde* etc., i. cá tairbhthe don mbéal éisteacht má sgéidheann na súile an grádh air?. *smid*, i. puth anáile, gíog, focal. *a bhuime sheang*, i. a bhanartla mhaiseamhail Chríost. *go ngabha*, i. go nglaca tú.]

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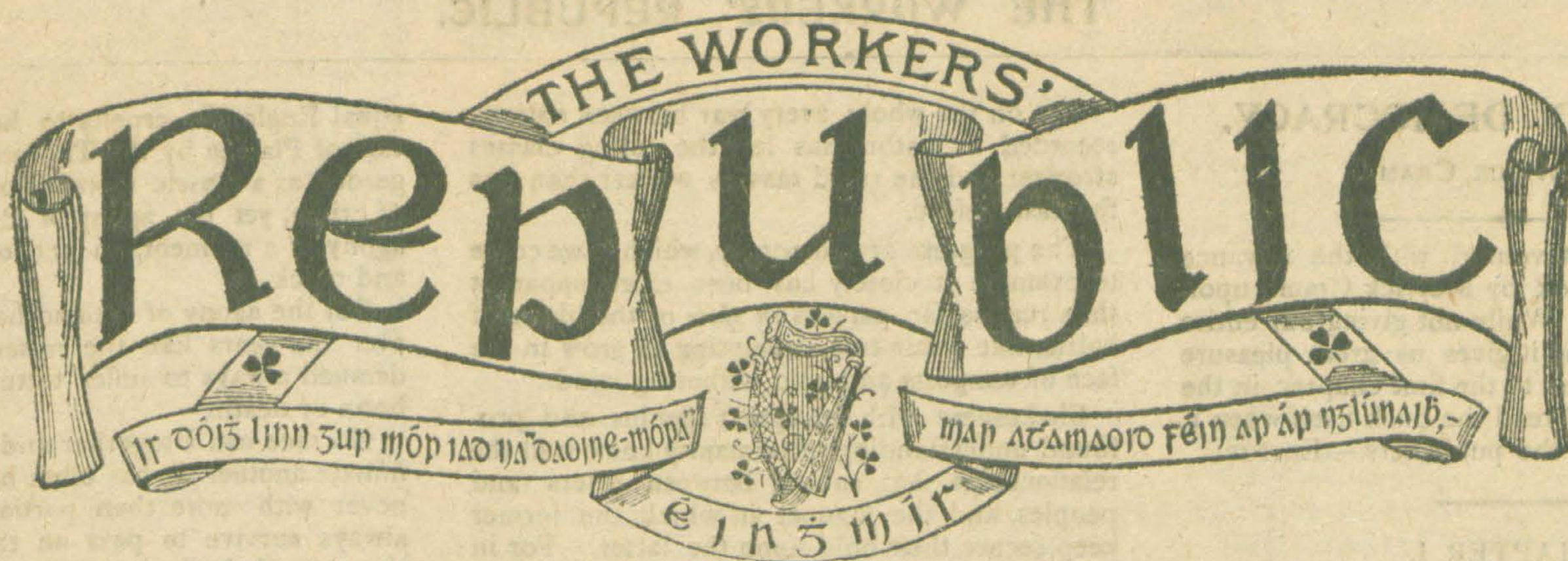
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FOR LATE NOTES SEE PAGE TWO.

PRICE ONE PENNY.



"The great only appear great because we are on our knees: let us rise."

Vol. I., No. 32.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1916.

[Weekly.]

## CLEARING THE DECKS.

[The following article from the pen of James Fintan Lalor appeared in the *Irish Felon* of July 22nd, 1848. Immediately after its publication the paper was suppressed by the British Government. We offer it this week instead of our Notes on the Front:—ED.]

It is never the mass of a people that forms its real and efficient might. It is the men by whom that mass is moved and managed. All the great acts of history have been done by a very few men. Take half a dozen names out of any revolution upon record, and what would have been the result?

Not Scotland, but Wallace, barred and baffled Edward. Not England, but Cromwell, struck a king from his seat. Not America, but six or eight American men, put the stripes and stars on the banner of a nation. To quote examples, however, is needless; they must strike at once on every mind.

If Ireland be conquered now—or what would be worse—if she fails to fight—it will certainly not be the fault of the people at large—of those who form the rank and file of the nation. The failure and fault will be that of those who have assumed to take the office of commanding and conducting the march of a people for liberty, without, perhaps, having any commission from nature to do so, or natural right, or acquired requisite. The general population of this island are ready to find and furnish everything which can be demanded from the mass of a people—the numbers, the physical strength, the animal daring, the health, hardihood, and endurance. No population on earth of equal amount would furnish a more effective military conscription. We want only competent leaders—men of courage and capacity—men whom nature meant and made for leaders, not the praters and pretenders, and hustling botherbys of the old agitation. Those leaders are yet to be found. Can Ireland furnish them? It would be sheer and absurd blasphemy against nature to doubt it. The first blow will bring them out.

But very many of our present prominent leaders must first retire or be dismissed. These men must at once be got rid of utterly. They must. There is nothing else for it. They are stopping our way, clinging round our arms, giving us up to our enemies. Many of them came into this business from the mere desire of gaining little personal distinctions on safe terms and at a cheap and easy rate, of obtaining petty honours and offices, of making a small Dublin reputation, of creating a parish fame, or a tea-table fame. They will never suffer the National Movement to swell beyond the petty dimensions

which they are able, themselves, to manage and command; and are, therefore, a source, not of strength, but of weakness, and the source of all our weakness. But for them we could walk down the utmost force of England in one month.

In a movement of the nature which has been going on for years in this country, it was impossible to prevent the intrusion into offices of command of that class of men who mar success instead of making it. Indeed, it was into their hands those offices have been almost exclusively confided up to the present hour. This can hardly be called a mistake, for it was unavoidable. The movement, naturally and of necessity, belonged to them. It was of the mock heroic order, the machinery of which none but mean hands could undertake or be competent to manage. The class of men who make Revolutions, and who doubtless exist here as elsewhere, have been altogether disgusted and driven away from the service of their country by the peculiar character of that sort of "struggle for freedom," the system of "moral agitation," which Ireland thought fit to adopt; and from which their pride of manhood and pride of country revolted. The staff of leaders which that system created, and has left behind it, is composed of men utterly unfit and unwilling to take charge of a military struggle, and who ought at once to be superseded and replaced. For two generations (may history forget to mention them) those men have been working to do this—the best work that ever yet was done for tyranny—to take from the people the terror of their name and make popular movement a mockery. And what now are they working to do? To hold Ireland down, hand and foot, while her chains are being locked and double locked; and her four noble prisoners\* sent fettered and handcuffed to a penal colony of England—hear it, O Earth, and hear it, O God!—for saying that Ireland should suffer famine no more. Oh! worse for us than the foreign tyrant is the native traitor; and worse than the open traitor in the enemy's ranks is the vile trickster and the base craven in our own. Away with them! They must quit at once or be quashed. One man, and every man, of those now in the prison of Newgate, is worth a host of the dastards and drivellers who are bidding you stand by and "bide your time," while your best and bravest are being transported as felons in the face of your city, in the sight of two islands and in view of all earth.

But how are you to know them, those menials of England in the green livery of their country? By this shall ye know them. Any man who objects to every plan of armed resistance that is

\* Smith O'Brien, Meagher, M'Manus, and O'Donoghue, had just been sentenced to transportation.

proposed, while he produces none, or no better one, of his own. Or any man who tells you that an act of armed resistance—even if made so soon as to-morrow—even if offered by ten men only—even if offered by men armed only with stones—any man who tells you that such an act of resistance would be premature, imprudent, or dangerous—any and every such man should at once be spurned and spit at. For, remark you this and recollect it, that *somewhere and somehow*, and by *somebody*, a *beginning must be made*; and that the *first* act of resistance is always, and must be ever, premature, imprudent, and dangerous. Lexington was premature, Bunker's Hill was imprudent, and even Trenton was dangerous.

There are men who speak much to you of prudence and caution, and very little of any virtue beside. But every vice may call itself by the name of some one virtue or other; and of prudence there are many sorts. Cowardice may call itself, and readily pass for, caution; and of those who preach prudence, it behoves to enquire what kind of prudence they speak of, and to what class of prudent persons they belong themselves.

There is a prudence the virtue of the wisest and bravest, there is a prudence the virtue of beggars and slaves. Which class do those belong to who are prating now for prudence, and against premature insurrection, while rejecting every proceeding and plan for preparation?

Against the advice of those men, and all men such as they, I declare my own.

In the case of Ireland now there is but *one fact* to deal with, and *one question* to be considered. *The fact* is this, that there are at present in occupation of our country some 40,000 armed men, in the livery and service of England; and *the question* is: how best and soonest to kill or capture those 40,000 men.

If required to state my own individual opinion and allowed to choose my own time, I certainly would take the time when the full harvest of Ireland shall be stacked in the haggards. But not infrequently God selects and sends his own season and occasions, and oftentimes, too, an enemy is able to force the necessity of either fighting or failing. In the one case, we ought not, and in the other we surely cannot, attempt waiting for our harvest-home. If opportunity offers, we must dash at that opportunity; if driven to the wall, we must wheel for resistance. Wherefore, let us fight in September if we may, but sooner, if we must.

Meanwhile, however, remember this, that somewhere, and somehow, and by somebody, a beginning must be made. Who strikes the first blow for Ireland? Who draws first blood for Ireland? Who wins a wreath that will be green forever?

J. F. L.



## WAR AND DEMOCRACY.

BY MEYRICK CRAMB.

We have been favoured with the advance manuscript of a book by Meyrick Cramb upon the above subject. While not giving our entire assent to its teaching it gives us great pleasure to treat our readers to the first chapter, in the hopes that they will read the book itself when it leaves the hands of the publishers.—EDITOR.

## CHAPTER I.

## PEOPLES AND STATES.

From the earliest ages of man's history it has been the object of the cunning and intelligent few to keep the masses of the people in a condition of servitude and subjection. The old Pagan religions were all more or less designed to inspire fear and terror in the minds of the ignorant so that the Priests and so-called "Seers" or "medicine men" might rule over them and live in comparative idleness themselves, taking tribute of food and clothing from the herdsmen and the hunters who produced these things by hard toil or at the risk of their lives.

When the ancient faiths died out and men refused any longer to worship stone images or to offer their bodies as willing sacrifices upon blood-stained altars, it became expedient for the ruling caste to invent some new device by means of which it could maintain its power, and that device was *Organised Warfare*.

There always must have been fighting among men from the very beginnings of the human race; we do not differ from the other animals in our rancours and our lust for blood. But war as such belongs essentially to the tribal period of our development, to a world divided into separate nations, cities, or states, each with its chief, or ruler, or society or caste of rulers.

For it is obvious that in any community of people where there are, say, ten thousand slaves or hired workers existing under conditions little better than that of beasts, and creating by their labour all the wealth of the said community, and about five hundred aristocrats and merchants and Priests living in luxury upon that wealth and doing nothing useful or productive in return for the clothes which they wear and the food which they consume, there must be at all times a danger of revolution, a possibility that the slaves or hirelings may one day arise and kill or drive away their masters and start living in moderate comfort and decency and enjoyment upon the fruits of their own work.

For a period it is possible, doubtless, to keep the mass of the populace under control by means of the rigour of laws, and the fear of the anger of the gods: but sooner or later there comes a moment when these methods fail, and then it becomes necessary to make war upon some other state, so that the passions and animosities of the common people may find vent in the slaughtering of others like themselves, instead of being directed against the aristocracy or the Priesthood of the mercantile class.

From the days when the cities of Greece fought amongst themselves until Hellenic culture went down in a cataclysm of blood and ruin right up to the world conflict of the present hour, governments and kings have never scrupled to employ this remedy for popular unrest. And nearly always it has succeeded only too well, though in a few instances the fiery and mad rage of war have engulfed the men who let them loose as well as those whom they were intended to destroy.

But on the whole, every war between nations recorded in history has left the ruling classes stronger and the ruled masses weaker than was the case before.

The progress of democracy, which if we come to examine it closely has been more apparent than real so far, persists *in spite* of the blasts of battle, like a fair tree attempting to grow in the face of tempests and cold withering winds.

Shakespeare with his great genius and profound understanding of humanity knew well the relationships that subsist between rulers and peoples, and the manner in which the former keep secure their hold upon the latter. For in the second part of Henry VI. does he not show us a vivid picture of Jack Cade's rebellion and tell us how when the Kentish rebel was separated from his followers by the king's men the lords who were in command of these latter turned to the people, telling them that Henry would pardon them and pay them well if they would join his army to fight against the French?

And is it not indeed pitiable to think of these poor English peasants who had at last, after generations of oppression, found courage to march on London and declare their wrongs before their lordly masters, being headed off like a flock of sheep and sent to France, there to kill and maim at the word of command other peasants equally oppressed like themselves by the French king and his nobles, whose system of tyranny resembled that of their English prototypes like two acorns off the same oak.

And it has ever been thus: Once it was the slave who fought the slave, later it was the yeoman who fought the yeoman, and now it is the proletariat who fights the proletariat.

It should be noted well that in this especial matter of war there is no essential or material difference between an absolute monarchy, a constitutional monarchy, or a republic. For in all countries cursed with the possession of an army or a navy there is a clique of individuals who hold the power of war and peace in their hands. It matters not whether the nominal executive is vested in a sultan, a tsar, a president, or an elected assembly; in no case have the people any power to stay the tide of carnage when once the mandate has gone forth. No General Election, no referendum or plebiscite of those possessing votes is ever held or taken to decide this, the greatest, the most dread issue in a nation's life.

When the United States Government declared war upon Spain in 1898 the individual citizen of Maine or Virginia, Texas, or Illinois, had no more constitutional ability to interfere than the most downtrodden Finnish or Siberian peasant had when Nicholas I. of Russia embarked upon the Crimean campaign, for during war time the part of the ordinary man, whether he be citizen, subject, or serf, is to pay, to suffer, and die, and be abused as a traitor to his country if he dares to make the least appeal to justice or common sense, to the teachings of Christ or to the higher dictates of humanity.

When the rulers of a nation have enclosed all the land and exploited all the available resources of that country and find themselves still eager for more wealth they set about the conquest and acquisition of such of their neighbours' territory as is nearest at hand or most easy to attack.

Wars of this kind show the landowners and capitalists in their most brutal aspect; the people at their stupidest and most inept.

Centuries ago the hinds of England, themselves ill-clothed, half starved and housed like swine, allowed themselves to be marshalled under the banners of the despots and led forth to kill the men and women of an adjacent island and to destroy for all time whatever freedom or beauty, or human grandeur might exist or lie nascent in that land. In all the tormented, blood-stained records of the human race there is no tragedy to surpass that of Ireland, and no cruelty to

equal England's cruelty to her. The destruction of Plataea by the Thebans is generally regarded as a classic instance of the *ne plus ultra* of crime, yet the agony of Plataea was but the agony of a moment, an act of murder, sudden and quick.

But the agony of Ireland has been drawn out over the years like the misery of a man condemned always to suffer torture but denied the boon of death.

No race can altogether and completely exterminate another; it has often been attempted but never with more than partial success. Some always survive to pass on the memory of the shame and futile cry for vengeance from one generation to the next. And the very strength or the very weakness of that cry provokes fresh atrocities and new forms of oppression. As an Irish patriot once said to me, "Your country and mine are united by seven centuries of blood-relationship." Nothing more bitingly or hideously true was ever uttered.

It is customary for patriotic British writers to fling taunts at Germany for not having "absorbed" or reconciled to German rule the peoples of Poland, Schleswig-Holstein and Alsace-Lorraine. Yet it is only 150 years since the partition of Poland and but half a century, more or less, since the conquest of Germany's Danish and French provinces, and in 600 years and more England has not succeeded in "absorbing" Ireland nor in reconciling the mass of the Irish people to her rule!

Even Wales has not yet been absorbed to anything like the extent which Germany ought, according to professed English ideas, to have "absorbed" her subject populations in the comparatively short time in which she has ruled over them.

Anyone who doubts this assertion will be swiftly disillusioned if he troubles to find out for himself the true sentiments of the Welsh towards the "dominant race."

"There is no chivalry in war, save that which forbears to spare: no morality save that which ends quickly."

"Might has taken the place of right, and should the destruction of homes and farms 'not prove sufficient, whole towns must be destroyed and the inhabitants must hang; but all costs the subjugation of the enemy must be achieved."

These lines the reader will say, were of course written by a German: if not by the infamous Bernhardt himself, then by someone else of the same hunnish type of mind. They represent exactly, do they not, the brutal autocratic spirit of German militarism which is so different from anything to be found in our own country and which we are determined, at all costs, to crush for ever? They just typify the ideals of the Kaiser and his "barbarian hordes" against which the British and, according to some accounts, the angels also have fought so valiantly and so well; and yet they were not written by a German at all, but by an English officer† who is now a member of the Imperial General Staff,—the body which holds direct or indirect control over all of our armies both at home and on active service. The truth being, in the words of Norman Angell, that "Prussianism is not a geographical expression but a *state of mind*,"—a mania or condition that is to which all nations are liable, and which the classes who hope to gain through its prevalence are careful to foster by every means in their power.

\*The attitude of the South Wales colliers during the war, has indeed, made these sentiments clear to all save to those who are wilfully blind.

†Col. Charles Ross, D.S.O.,—"Representative Government and War," (Hutchinson. 1903.)



The present war and the present militarist agitation are the expression of the revenge of Capitalism for the progress made by democracy in the last few decades. It is by war alone and by military discipline alone that the employers as a body can hope to keep organised labour under subjection. In some countries this effort of desperation has succeeded—so far. Strikes are settled at the point of the bayonet or with ball cartridge; even from "free" America there comes the horror and shame of Ludlow and the blood of the innocent crying aloud for vengeance.

*"The only way to save our Empires from the encroachments of the people is to engage in war and thus substitute national passions for social aspirations."*

So said Catherine the Great of Russia and the sentiment of her words is echoed in the minds of the financiers and concessionaires and railway—and industrial—magnates of London and Paris, Berlin, Petrograd and New York to-day.

War is the trump card of the reactionaries. Whenever democracy puts down an ace they play it. The French revolution was followed by the imperialism of Bonaparte who, entering in the guise of a demagogue, adroitly turned the energies of the newly enfranchised citizens of the Republic against England, Austria and Prussia, whilst he quietly restored most of the old class distinctions and religious forms which the Revolution had abolished.

The year 1848, in which Freedom surged upwards like a rising tide in almost every country in Europe, was the forerunner of a whole series of wars—the Crimea, Louis Napoleon's Italian campaign, and Germany's successive attacks upon Denmark, Austria, and France—all within the space of less than twenty years. And modern Trades Unionism and international socialism have, as I said just now, brought down upon themselves the sanguinary vengeance of 1914.

The general strike, as advocated by the late Keir Hardie of honourable memory, is the one great remedy which the people have in their hands against war. This time they did not use it, being not as yet fully conscious of their own power. But the day will come when they will use it, and then the Kaisers and Kings and Tsars and chancellors and foreign secretaries will be left stranded high and dry with no soldiers to fight for them and no subjects to do them honour. The socialists were fooled this time—or most of them—by the terror of invasion and the bogey of foreign rule. The people in each country were told that they would be conquered and tyrannised over by the people of some other country unless they were ready to lay aside their grievances and set out to kill their brothers of other lands. The Germans and Austrians fought because they were afraid of Russia, while the Russians, French, and English fought because they were afraid of Germany and Austria.

Until the working classes realise that it is governments and not peoples who conquer and tyrannise and impose their rule where it is, not wanted the exploitation of fear will be continued by those whom it profits.

The peoples must learn not to fear each other if they ever wish to be free.

The opinion held by many socialists and by some pacifists that resistance is justifiable in case of actual, unprovoked invasion of territory is a highly dangerous one, and leaves a crack in the armour of democracy which an astute capitalist government, working in secret collusion with another government of a neighbouring state, would not be slow to make use of for its own ends. The manner in which it could do this is illustrated by the following fable, which although farcical and somewhat crude yet contains a germ of truth and possibility worthy of consideration by those

who hold that defensive warfare is necessary or justifiable.

"The Wise Foreign Minister."

In a country which I will designate as A—the socialist and labour movement was on the eve of success. At the end of a long strike affecting all the chief industries of the nation, the capitalists were forced to give in on almost every point. They were feeling desperate. The game was up and they knew it. But the king of that country's foreign minister was an astute and wily man who, besides being the real power behind the throne, was largely interested in many commercial undertakings which would lose by the new order of things. He was also opposed to democracy by class-training and hereditary instinct.

On the day before the new concessions to the people were to be signed he called a special meeting of all heads of the great financial and business houses and communicated something to them which made the more enterprising and least scrupulous amongst them chuckle with delight, though there were a few who went away from the meeting shaking their heads and saying that the foreign minister, clever as he was, would over-reach himself for once.

That evening the following message, written of course in secret code, was sent over the wires to the King of B—, a country whose boundaries marched with those of A—:

"Send army across frontier at once with instructions to burn villages and terrorise civil population. Will explain everything and settle up expenses later."

The signature to this strange telegram was that of the King of A—. "Our cousin must have taken leave of his senses!" exclaimed the King of B— when he read the message, which was delivered by the high goldstick-in-waiting in the midst of the royal dessert.

"Tell the Lord Chancellor that we require his presence immediately," said the King, knitting his brows in perplexity, for the King of A— was his cousin in fact as well as by royal courtesy, and there were not many days upon which they did not either lunch or dine together at one another's palaces or play golf on one or other of the royal links, the two capitals of A— and B— being but a short 30 miles apart. Indeed, there was little else for them to do save amuse themselves thus, for in both kingdoms constitutional government had been brought to such perfection that the duties of royalty consisted merely in the occasional signing of a proclamation with a rubber stamp.

The King of B— received his Lord Chancellor in the royal audience chamber, the walls of which were constructed so that no sound could escape.

When the Lord Chancellor read the King of A's— telegram he said "Ha!" and when he recalled to his mind the news in that day's newspapers regarding the great strike in A— he said "Hum," and when he further recalled the threat made a week before by a socialist deputy in the B— Parliament to the effect that when once the workers of A— had gained their emancipation the workers of B— would not be long in following suit, he said "Ha!" again.

"I can see the hand of my friend, the foreign minister of A— in this telegram," he thought, and aloud to the King he said:

"I advise your Majesty to do as your royal cousin suggests without delay!"

And when the King still hesitated he continued:

"The very existence of the throne may depend upon prompt action, sire!" ("And the dividends on my industrial investments certainly do," he added under his breath.)

"We are disposed to be guided by your advice," said the King with great dignity; he always gave in for the sake of a quiet life when the Lord Chancellor took that tone with him.

CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVEN.

## AN ANTI-CONSCRIPTION BALLAD.

Air: "The Irish Jaunting Car."

The Lion's teeth were getting frayed  
The Lion's day was done,  
He heard the Eagle screaming for  
"A place beneath the Sun."  
The noble Eagle soared aloft  
On steady, silent wing,  
The Lion roaring left his food  
And to his slaves did sing.

"That Eagle's getting out of hand,  
He wants to make us slaves;  
And if we don't soon clip his wings  
We'll cease to Rule the Waves."

The Lion then asked into tea  
His olden Gallic foe  
The Russian Bear he'd slandered once,  
The Yellow Jap also.  
And many an Irish slave as well,  
Like Redmond and Tay Pay—  
Whom he had kept to clean his sewers,  
And make his house look gay.

Said he—"My friends, this Eagle is  
Your foe as well as mine.  
So just surround him ere I go  
To cross the bloomin' Rhine."  
And when the Lion thought he had  
The Eagle netted well,  
He turned his face to those he'd sent  
To Connaught or to Hell.

"Ye gallant boys, I've loved ye long  
(My lads must stop at home),  
And though I've lads go-leor to fight  
For me from o'er the foam.

"You wouldn't see your dear old dad,  
The German Eagle's prey,  
You wouldn't see your dear green isle  
Beneath the German's sway?"

Some fools in Ireland heeded him  
And started off to kill  
Brave men who never did them wrong,  
More stayed in Ireland still.  
The Eagle bold put up a fight  
That made the Lion pale.  
"If somebody don't stop him soon,  
It's over here he'll sail."

His Zeppelins already fly  
Across with every breeze.  
The while his submarines—O my,  
Does Britain rule the seas?

Meantime the men of Ireland stood  
Well armed for Ireland's weal,  
"Tis not for my behest," he snarled,  
They mean that lead and steel.  
Ho, ho, you cowards, come and fight,  
And help me beat the Hun.  
In former days I laughed, "The Celts  
Are with a vengeance gone.

"But now you are not to emigrate  
To far Amerikkee;  
For Flanders and the Dardanelles  
Is just the place for ye."

Up spake the men of Ireland,  
"For Ireland's sake alone—  
We'll fight to place Dark Rosaleen  
Again upon her throne.  
Not Flanders or the Dardanelles;  
Nor yet Columbia's shore,  
Will be our home while England's rag  
Flies hopless Ireland o'er.

"We'll stand or fall with Ireland  
Despite of foes and slaves,  
We'll stand redeemed on Irish soil,  
Or lie in Irish graves."

RORY OF THE HILL.



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EDITED BY JAMES CONNOLLY.

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All communications relating to matter for publication should be addressed to the Editor; all business matter to the Manager.

All communications intended for publication must be delivered here on Tuesday morning. This rule will be strictly adhered to.

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**Office, LIBERTY HALL, DUBLIN.***"An injury to one is the concern of all."***DUBLIN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1916.****A Happy New Year.**

We should in this issue wish all our readers a "Happy New Year." We do so wish them. But such a wish rings better when it is accompanied by a belief that the wish may be realised, and at the present moment the signs of a Happy New Year are none too plentiful.

Over all the world the shadow of war lies heavy on the hearts of every lover of human-kind. Over a great part of the world war itself is daily taking its toll, and the gashed and mangled limbs of many thousands are daily scattered abroad, an affront to the sight of God and man. In the British Empire, of which we are unluckily a part, the ruling class has taken the opportunity provided by the war to make a deadly onslaught upon all the rights and liberties acquired by labour in a century of struggling; and found the leaders of labour only too ready as a rule to yield to the attack and surrender the position they ought to have given their lives to hold. Were the war to end tomorrow the working class of these islands would be immediately launched into a bitter fight to resist the attempt of the capitalist class to make permanent all the concessions the too pliant trade union leaders have been swindled into conceding upon the plea of war emergencies. In addition, the whole system of industry has been moulded anew in many of its most important branches. Division of labour has been pushed to an extent hitherto undreamed of.

Women have been harnessed to the wheels of production in places and at operations hitherto performed solely by men—and so harnessed with none of the rights with which men safeguarded their positions—and the whole industrial population has been made accustomed to browbeating and driving from those set in authority.

The civil rights of the people have gone, and the ruling class has succeeded in so familiarising the multitude with thoughts of slaughter and bloodshed that the killing of workers on strike will no longer send even a thrill through the nation.

Peace will send home millions of men; will dislocate all industry so that those millions will find little employment and will thus be compelled to compete fiercely for work at any price. The terrible taxation caused by the war will send up and keep up the price of everything, whilst the misery of the returned soldier looking for work will hammer down wages.

Nationally Ireland has seen herself betrayed by one set of politicians, her children bartered for sale as hired assassins in the service of her ancient and present enemy. The coming year may see her still linked to that enemy once more at peace with the world, and the "Irish Nation" finally relegated to the mere status of a gallant tradition, as little useful politically as the Jacobite tradition is to Scotland. With England at peace that country will possess an army of at least one million men, veteran soldiers of the greatest war of all the ages, and when that time arrives the Irish question will trouble England as little as the rivalries of Lancashire and Yorkshire.

With an army of two veteran soldiers for every adult male in Ireland there will no longer be an Irish cause for any uneasiness to the rulers of the British Empire.

A happy new year! Ah, well! Our readers are, we hope, rebels in heart, and hence may rebel even at our own picture of the future. If that is so let us remind them that opportunities are for those who seize them, and that the coming year may be as bright as we choose to make it. We have sketched out the future as it awaits the slave who fears death more than slavery. For those who choose to advance to meet Fate determined to mould it to their purpose that future may be as bright as our picture is dark.

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THREEPENCE.



## TRANSPORT UNION IN KERRY.

### KILLARNEY WORKERS EXHORTED TO JOIN THE RANKS OF ORGANISED LABOUR.

#### SUCCESSFUL MEETING HELD.

KILLARNEY, Saturday.

A public meeting under the auspices of the local Trade and Labour bodies was held in the town of Killarney on December 17.

Mr. Thomas O'Gorman, President of the Tralee Trades and Labour Council was, on the proposition of the President of the Bakers' Society, moved to the chair.

Mr. O'Gorman received an enthusiastic reception from an immense crowd outside the Town Hall. He said he came over this evening from Tralee to offer a few words of encouragement to the workers of Killarney to organise and protect themselves against starvation which was staring them in the face at the present time. They were also threatened with conscription and he was sure that anyone who realised what conscription meant to the workers of this country, would agree with him that every effort should be made to resist it. (Cheers.) They were going to start a branch of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, and with the assistance of the few unions already in the town they could organise the skilled trades who have no unions there and form a trades council in Killarney (hear, hear). Another matter which I wish to bring under your notice as an example of the great power of organization is the fight which the Drapers' Assistants in Tralee have put up against the Munster Warehouse Company for the past eight months. They are fighting against pig-headedness and when the directors took up that stand little they thought that we would continue to fight so long, but all our efforts would be worth nothing without the organization at our backs. With those few remarks he hoped they would have the Union in a flourishing condition in Killarney. (Cheers.)

Mr. O'Connell, Secretary of the Tralee Trades Council, who received a hearty welcome, said:—In the past Trades Unionism has meant in the main the organisation of the skilled mechanic. He takes the credit for first perceiving and diligently cultivating its growth and usefulness, and he has indeed succeeded in building up a mighty engine for his own defence and assistance. It has required tremendous effort, enormous sacrifice, and great determination together with a full measure of sound commonsense and ability to achieve the success of to-day.

In all this he has set an example to all that what can be achieved for the mechanic can also be secured by and for the labourer (hear, hear.)

The past twenty five years have seen the rise of the Labourers' Trade Unions, and to-day with all this experience, with better methods, and with better education, it is rapidly becoming possible for the labourer by complete organisation, by unity and solidarity to exercise a greater and more effective power than was ever dreamt of in the past. Trade Unionism is in the air; on all hands and sides; thousands of men and women are joining forces with the view of wiping out long hours, low wages and sweating conditions of labour. There never was such a glorious chance to spread Trade Unionism as now. In the past men and women have been timid, and afraid mostly of their own shadows, but to-day a new hope and a new dawn confronts us if we have the courage and the business ability to grapple with the question. The principle element in the further

wide extension of Trade Unionism is that each worker should realise that it is his duty, his mission in life to take a quick grip of every chance that comes along, start with every worker you know and persuade them to join; of course we cannot forget that in a thousand newspapers, which are owned and controlled by the employing classes day after day, the Trade Unions are belittled and misrepresented. It is your duty to counteract this, as there are plenty of people who believe religiously what the newspapers print. Cheap wages mean poor living for you—they mean affluence and motor cars for your employers. Now how can you help yourself? Well, your plan has already been discovered. If you are to insure your wages against attack, you must put yourself in such a position of strength that your employer will regard it as a hopeless thing to attack your wages (cheers.) In conclusion, he exhorted the workers of Killarney that if they wanted to improve their lot they must educate, organise, co operate and agitate.

Councillor Partridge upon being introduced by the chairman, said although a stranger in Killarney he felt that he was not unknown to many in that great crowd. Any of them who read the public papers—particularly the *Independent*, would recollect that he was labelled as one of Larkin's ruffians—(cheers.) Well it was evident the people before him were sufficiently intelligent to recognise that that paper would not refuse ink, and that his opponents were free to print in their Press whatever they pleased regarding him and those associated with him in an effort to secure a living wage for the non-tradesmen of this country. At the present time the workers of England were in receipt of a doubleweekly wage for a week's work—the shopkeepers of England were making larger profits than they ever made in their existence before, while in Ireland employment was diminishing—unemployment rapidly increasing—and shops were being closed up because their proprietors deem it impossible to extract payment from men in receipt of no wages. The trade of this country was being slowly but surely transferred to England whose policy now—as in the past seemed to be, promise everything but perform nothing. And all the time there was not a single protest from our great Press—because that Press had sold itself at the conference in the Viceregal Lodge. Still, thank God, they had individual papers not afraid to proclaim the truth—the *Liberator* of Tralee (Cheers) the *Workers' Republic* of Dublin, and others did their best to save the people in the present crisis. They had it, on the authority of Mr. Redmond himself, that Home Rule was on the Statute Book, and they had it on the authority of another eminent member, if not Leader, of the Irish Party that no power on earth could remove Home Rule from the Statute Book; and he (the speaker) supposed that was the reason they might never expect to see Home Rule in Ireland (laughter and cheers). Well, he and those associated with him stood for something more than Home Rule. They stood for a free nation and a free people (cheers). The speaker then dealt with the Labour situation in Ireland and appealed to the Trades of the town of Killarney to form a local Trades Council, and get into touch with the other Trades bodies in Ireland for their own protection and their country's welfare. He made a vigorous protest against conscription, saying that it should be resisted to the last.

He pointed out that Ireland contributed in proportion to its present population, more than England, and perhaps as much as all the other three countries put together. The speaker again appealed to the organised workers in Killarney to form a local Trades Council and to assist in organising the new tradesmen (commonly called) labourers of the town. He thanked the audience for their kind attendance and attention. He

thanked the local Pipers' Band for the great assistance rendered in making that meeting a success. And he hoped when he next had the pleasure of speaking to them in Killarney (and he hoped for that pleasure in the near future) it would be his privilege to address them at a meeting held under the auspices of the Killarney Trades and Labour Council (loud cheers.)

The Chairman having thanked the people for their attendance and appreciation of the remarks of the various speakers, declared the meeting closed.

Large crowds assembled at the Railway Station as the train steamed out bearing the speakers back to Tralee. Loud cheers were given for O'Gorman, O'Connell, and Partridge and for "Ireland a Nation."

### LABOUR'S SHORT MEMORY

"Our memories were short: otherwise the democracy of this country would never allow itself to be threatened. Even democracy's leaders were saying that if the Government declared conscription to be necessary they would accept conscription. What was the Government? Had it suddenly become perfect because war was declared? Did it not still represent, despite its Labour members, the same type of Government which mobilised the military forces of this country when the railwaymen were out on strike—(hear, hear)—which shot men down on strike at Llanelly, Liverpool, and Dublin? (Voices: "Featherstone.") Did it not represent the type of person that, when the workers of South Africa declared a general strike, mobilised the forces of the Crown and shot down the people in the streets?

Mr. Fenner Brockway, editor of the *Labour Leader*.

### IRISH WOMEN'S FRANCHISE LEAGUE

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## CORK NOTES.

Christmas 1915 is passed, and judging by the effects one would imagine that nowhere in the world were men engaged in the terrible work of death and destruction. It is sad to think that in the allotted span of man's existence a few individuals should have the power to steep the world in blood and tears, and for what purpose? Is it to make the world any better? Is it to improve the lot of the vast majority of the people of the earth? No; the world is, has been, and will continue to be, run, as long as the people permit it, by a class who, having monopolised the wealth and power and influence of the world, seeks now to use those weapons to tighten their grip on the throats of their fellow creatures. Of what use then is your education. Of what use is your twentieth century civilization? Were those people to treat all mankind outside their own circle alike it would mean the end of their existence in a short time; but with the serpent's wisdom they permit a small number to come dangerously near their circle. The latter in turn do likewise, so we have class after class, until we come to the vast majority who live on the border line of starvation, victims of a cruel and relentless system.

Even amongst the latter class are to be found those who, because of a little concession or some little monetary or other advantage, are prepared not to destroy the system, not to help in its abolition, but to actually encourage it, by denouncing those who make an effort to end it. If we look back at the wonderful discoveries and inventions that have now become part of our every day life we find in nearly every case those responsible for them, and to whom we owe so much, were at first regarded as dreamers and impossibilists.

The same thing is said to-day about those who endeavour to get people to think of changing the social system, but change it must, sooner or later. Why not start in 1916? Rebel Cork rebels against everything except the bad and awful conditions under which the people live, conditions which no legal enactments can cure, or charity alleviate.

The working classes of Cork and of Ireland are one with the working classes of every country on the face of the earth in their fight with the capitalists. Look around and you will see the real enemy, the enemy for whom you are shedding one another's blood, and whilst so engaged he is reaping a rich harvest in increased rents, rates, taxes, high prices and high freights, and the Government of the day assures you half the profits must go for the benefit of the nation, whilst the other half will go into the pockets of the gang, members of the Government and their families included, but who is to make up the returns.

The duty of the working classes is clear. If a man thinks his fellow workman not good enough for him let him go amongst the people who despise him, but are willing to tolerate him because they find him useful. In your efforts to try and reform those who never got a chance remember—

That if at first you don't succeed,  
Then try, try again.

Equal opportunities must be given to all in the matter of education and the pursuit of knowledge. Competitive examinations are only a farce till that is done.

Workers of the world, this war will mean the end of the aristocrat if you are prepared to take advantage of it. If not, you might yet live to envy those who died in battle. Cork is very far behind in the working class movement. Would it be too much to hope that as the leaders cannot or will not settle the differences existing at present the rank and file of the various organisations will take the matter in hands.

Now is the time to prepare. The employers are building their hopes on a plentiful supply of cheap and female labour after the war, and many an employers' pet to-day may get the cold shoulder when the time is ripe for action. Is there a working man who does not know to his own knowledge of at least one victim of the tyranny of the employers of every shade of political and religious thought.

Now is the time to organise. There must be no room for snobs in the Labour movement. Idlers and wastrels are not wanted unless they are prepared to reform, and for 1916 and henceforth let your motto be:

"An Injury to One is the Concern of All."

## NORTHERN NOTES.

## DAVITT.

On Sunday night, 2nd inst., Donnchadh MacAteachlan will lecture in the Ard-Chraobh of the Gaelic League, 9 College Square, North, on Michael Davitt. The lecture will, of course, be in Irish, as are all lectures given in the Ard-Chraobh.

## DERRY STRIKE.

The strike of shirt-cutters in Tillie and Henderson's, Derry, appears to have been settled. At all events, it has finished. Many of the cutters found employment in other factories, and for this reason the employers claimed that there was no strike at all. Last week those who still remained unemployed returned to work on condition that their claim for a bonus of 3/- a week would be considered. So far, the "consideration" has not amounted to anything in cash.

## CALM.

Christmas in Belfast passed even more quietly than usual. There was little doing anywhere. Congratulations to the Belfast folk who won prizes in the Transport Union Ballot.

CROBH-DEARG.

## TRALEE NOTES.

[BY ROBAL.]

Councillor Partridge's visit to Dingle on Monday night week was entirely successful. A magnificent open air meeting was held; the large crowd was most enthusiastic, and loud cheers greeted the remarks of the speakers when they drove home their points. Mr. T. J. Baker, M.C.C., Dingle, presided, and opened the meeting with a practical address. He was followed by Messrs. T. O'Gorman and M. J. O'Connor, President and Vice-President, respectively, of Tralee Trades Council. It is a long time since such a fine meeting was held in Dingle, and the interest displayed in the labour movement bodes well for the furtherance of labour principles and objects in the Western Capital. The meeting was a striking contrast to the half-hearted Recruiting "Rally" held there a week previous at which no recruits were got, and at which the only Dingle resident to go on the recruiting platform was Canon O'Leary, P.P. Dingle people are anxious to have another gathering such as Monday night week's, and we understand a big meeting is being organised for a Sunday in the very near future.

## MILITARY MATTERS.

A Soldiers' and Sailors' Club has been opened at Hill 7, Castle Street. We hope it will have the effect of keeping off the streets those drunken "warriors" who jostle pedestrians of the fair sex and use vile, coarse language in public. The Edward Street Garage, once the home of the now defunct Redmondite Italian Rifles, has been shorn of its recruiting posters. Rumour hath it that when the Garage lately came under new management the new proprietor ordered the posters to be taken down, stating the place was a Garage, not a Recruiting Office.

## ANOTHER VICTORY.

The members of Fenit Branch, having decided to apply for an increase of 1/- per day

for the daily men discharging corn at Fenit Pier, the application was made per Mr. Partridge, and after some discussion was granted. We congratulate the Branch on their victory, and are glad to know that the membership is increasing day by day.

## SLATTERY'S ONCE AGAIN.

The Lord Lieutenant's Private Secretary, in reply to a letter from Mr. Partridge, denied that the dismissal of seven of Slattery's men was part of the Lord Lieutenant's recruiting campaign. We understand the Slattery's dismissed another batch of men on Christmas Eve. From all of which we conclude that the dismissals, not being part of the Lord Lieutenant's Recruiting Campaign, must be part of J. M. Slattery and Sons' Recruiting Campaign. Slattery's have also dismissed some of their female staff, having first taken on daughters of men of their own way of thinking. The only remedy for this tyrannical, un-Christian action is that all eligible for membership should join the Tralee Workers' Union, and then Slattery's and those of their ilk will be made feel that:

"An Injury to One is the Concern of All."

## THE HOLIDAYS.

Quite a number of Khaki-clad "braves" were home for Christmas. Some of them made themselves heard in no unmistakeable manner, while the R.I.C. (when they happened to be about) looked on in silence. But, then, you know the soldier's coat covers a multitude of crimes, and entitles the wearer to act as he pleases, regardless of the public peace.

## F. SHEEHY-SKEFFINGTON.

F. Sheehy-Skeffington's first public appearance will be at a meeting to be held under the auspices of the Irish Women's Franchise League on Tuesday, January 4th, at 8 p.m., in the Foresters' Hall, 41 Parnell Square. He will speak on "Impressions of America," and as he has visited ten States, spoken in the four largest towns of the United States (New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and Philadelphia), and come into touch with all the professional elements of Suffrage, Labour, the Irish in America, and the Peace Party, his lecture promises to be of special interest. Mr. James Connolly will preside.

## THE BODENSTOWN SERIES.

Nos. One and Two of the Bodensdown Series have just been reprinted. They are P. H. Pearse's "How Does She Stand?" and his "From a Hermitage." The former is issued at a Penny, the latter at Two Pence. Both are to be had wholesale from Whelan and Son, 17 Upper Ormond Quay, Dublin.

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Any reader who cannot obtain their copy regularly should send us the address of the nearest newsagent in their district.



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Mr. M. Connolly	1	0	0
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R. Killeen	0	0	6
M. Donnelly	0	0	6
Thomas Lambert	0	1	0
Patrick Stafford	0	1	0
Per M. Cunningham	1	9	8
W. O'Toole	0	0	6
National Union of Life Assurance Agents	1	0	0
23 Bankmen of Dublin Gen. S.S.C.	1	3	0
Edward O'Keeffe	0	0	6
Tedcastle Cargo Men per William Vickers	2	13	6
Employees of Wallis and Son per J. O'Brien	0	9	0
Patrick O'Toole	0	1	0
Patrick Tuohy	0	2	0
Richardson and Fletcher's Employees per E. M'Farlane	0	10	6
Matthew Byrne	0	2	0
C. Murphy	0	1	0
M. Lucitt	0	1	0
Gas Company Employees per William Darby	1	18	0
A Limerick Sympathiser	0	3	0
A Friend	0	2	6
Per M. Keogh	0	10	0
Hibernian Bottle Company Employees per J. Flanagan	1	12	0
Gas Co. Employees per M'Kenna	0	14	6
Mr. O'Rourke, Battersea	0	1	0
Fish Market per Joseph O'Neill	0	5	6
Men of S.S. Sard	0	10	0
John Nolan, Corp	0	1	0
Mrs. Fegan, 32 East Arran Street	0	8	6
Employees Artane Industrial School per J. E. Nolan	1	0	0
Employees Iron Boat per C. Reilly	0	3	6
A Friend	0	1	0
Prize Winners	0	6	0
Employees of Pickford's per M. M'Carthy	0	11	0
Collected by Miss K. Costelloe	0	14	0
Fillers of S.S. Zillah	0	8	0
Wheelers of S.S. Mayflower	0	2	6
C. Mooney	0	0	6
Dublin Fire Brigade Men's Union, Tara Street	2	0	6
S.S. Mayflower's Fillers, Winchman and Carter	0	9	0
A Friend	0	2	6
Patrick Merriman	0	2	0
Employees Morgan Mooney per W. Buckley	0	12	0
S. S. Kerry per J. J. Nolan	0	10	0
Ludo, per J. J. Nolan	0	10	0
Per J. Connolly	0	7	6
S. S. Watford per Flanagan	0	9	6
P. Williams	0	5	0
Miss A. Eakins	0	1	0
Mrs. Eakins	0	1	0
Kennedy's, Bakers, Patrick Street, per Mr. Bird	1	4	0
Mr. A. Clarkin	0	5	0
Printing Staff Workers' Republic per J. J. Nolan	0	16	6
Kennedy's Bakers, Parnell Street, per Mr. Swansey	2	13	0
Downes' Bakers, Earl Street, per Mr. Evans	1	15	0

D.B.C. Bakers	1	0	0
Ted's Goods (2nd instalment) per W. Vickers	1	16	6
J. Molloy, Baldoyie	0	5	0
Employees Ringsend Bottle Company per M. Penston	1	9	0
M. Tallon	0	2	0
Leask's Employees	0	6	6
Irish Glass Bottle Co. Employees per P. Kavanagh	1	16	6
F. Robbins	0	0	6
P. Williams	0	2	3
Cullen and Allen's Employees per A. Cullen	0	15	9
Employees of M'Carthy's Coal	0	6	0
S.S. Sarah Brough, W. W. Robinson's, per P. O'Toole	0	9	0
C. Murphy	0	1	0
Thomas Duff	0	1	0
W. W. Robinson's Employees per L. Redmond	0	2	6
The Kilmalley, per L. Redmond	1	7	0
Sale of Unclaimed Prizes	2	12	6

THE IRON HEEL.

By G. D. H. COLE.

In our "democratic" days, the strong, silent man of history is played out. But our bastard political democracy is the opportunity of the strong talkative man. It is the role that Lloyd George has assumed in his dealings with labour during the present war. Every inroad upon trade union rights, every attempt upon the liberties of the workers, has been artfully covered up by a flow of talk. The worst of it is, that Lloyd George's blather has been completely successful. Not only has he convinced the general public that he is the saviour of society, he has also inspired the trade union leaders with the idea that, in giving him a free hand, they are helping him in his glorious task. Consequently they have fallen over one another in their anxiety to surrender every trade union safeguard against exploitation. Their one aim seems to have been the scrapping of trade unionism, and the substitution for it of the Ministry of Munitions. With few exceptions they offered no opposition to the passage of the iniquitous Munitions Act, nor have they shown any signs of awakening, even when the Act is being used, in the most bare-faced fashion, to tyrannise over labour in the interests of the employers.

If the Fates were just, they would not give the leaders another chance of restoring their prestige. But Fate has been generous indeed; time after time, the leaders have had a chance of retrieving their mistakes, and of securing for labour a greater freedom. Every opportunity has been ignored; but now yet another opportunity has been given them. The Munitions Act has so obviously broken down, that the Government itself has been compelled to announce an Amending Bill. Naturally, this Bill fails to meet most of the charges that have been levelled against the Act. As it stands, it is utterly inadequate; but the Trade Unions have a chance of amending it. With its introduction, the whole question of munitions organisation is again opened to discussion; and it is possible for the workers to demand the abrogation of the "slavery" clauses of the Munitions Act. Probably the Government will again adopt the rushing tactics that were so successful with the original Act; and very likely by the time these words appear, a new Act will have become law. If so, it is to be hoped that the rank and file will scrutinise the new Act very carefully, to see whether their representatives have, in fact, secured the repeal of the "slavery" clauses. If they have not, and if there is any spirit left in the Trade Union movement, not only the Act, but also many of the present leaders will have to go.

Labour must make a stand now, if it is to make a stand at all. The conditions created by the Munitions Act are intolerable: either the Act must be drastically amended, or the rank and file must take matters into their own hands. The ridiculously unrepresentative Munitions Tribunals must be replaced by bodies which the workers can trust, the servile provision with regard to leaving certificates must be swept away, and the practice by which firms are enabled to prosecute workers for breach of workshop rules, posted without the consent of the unions, must be rendered impossible. Instead of scrapping trade unionism, the Government must be compelled to concede to the workers a share in the control of the munitions industry.

Neither the Government nor the trade union leaders seem yet to realise that they are sitting on a volcano. Slowly, but surely, the rank and file are gathering force for a rebellion against the tyranny under which they are living. Either the policy of terrorism, so far adopted by the Government, will have to be abandoned, or the Government may find the terrorism not all on the one side. We may still hope that they will see reason; but the workers had best be prepared. There is a limit to endurance, even for the British workers: we would warn the Government that the limit has been almost reached.

Trade Unionist.

WAR AND DEMOCRACY—CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE.

And so it happened that next day the armies of B— invaded the territory of A— without the formality of the declaration of war— "a proceeding contrary to all the accepted usages of civilised nations" as the leader-writers of the A— daily papers phrased it,—and then conducted themselves in a "manner unheard of in the annals of civilised warfare," (to quote once more—the leader-writers, who were evidently great authorities on such matters.)

The soldiers of B— set fire to cottages which had long been condemned by the sanitary inspectors but which the landlords had been too kind-hearted to pull down, and got drunk without paying for their liquor and even kissed and embraced young women who,—according to indignant leader-writers,—who did not want to be kissed and embraced just then.

And the capitalists of A— were so horror-stricken by all this that they quite forgot about signing the promised concessions to the working-class; indeed, so nobly unselfish were they that they declared their willingness to put aside all labour disputes and disagreements and make common cause with the people against the barbarous foe.

And the foreign minister of A— was raised to the highest degree of nobility, and at the conclusion of Peace—which was not until the ranks of democratic progress in both countries had been completely routed—he received from the King of B— (who acted as ever on the advice of his Lord Chancellor) the ancient order and ensignia of the Wise and Crafty Serpent.

But this fact was not made known to the general public.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IRISH TRANSPORT AND GENERAL WORKERS' UNION. (No. 1 Branch.)

Annual General Meeting will be held in Liberty Hall, January 9th. Particulars next week.

JAMES CONNOLLY, Acting General Secretary.



## Irish Citizen Army

Headquarters: LIBERTY HALL, DUBLIN.

COMMANDANT: CHIEF OF STAFF:  
JAMES CONNOLLY. M. MALLIN.

### "YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU."

At a meeting of the Council of Agriculture held recently in Dublin, and at which an English feudal landlord was "the speaker," he made the statements that "We must have 10,000 men, and that he farmed 12,000 acres in Dorset, that 'the old men and women in France and Flanders were doing all the work on the land,' fine work for them, and that the women of Ireland should do likewise.

The noble speaker did not inform his audience that he "owns" over 80,000 acres in England, or how he came to possess such a large slice of "Merrie England."

Now the part of Dorsetshire; the village of Wimborne, from which the Guest family comes; is a country laid out in huge grass farms and game preserves; where a yokel gets three months hard labour for killing a rabbit; and a farmer would be evicted, if he shot the fox that was making off with his best goose; or his prize turkey. And his lordship lectures Irish farmers on "increased food production."

The village of Wimborne, like all other rural districts in England, is divided into classes viz.

- (1) The Squire and "his family."
- (2) The large farmer, with about 200 to 450 acres (mainly grass.)
- (3) And Hodge, with his wife and family on a wage of 16/- per week.

Poor "Mick" the Irish peasant, has got his share of the landlord's lash; but "Hodge" the English "chawbacon," at the mercy of the Squire, the farmer, and the sporting Parson, is an object for universal pity.

Before game preserves can be attained, the people must be cleared from the land; and when you clear the people, cultivation and food production ceases; this is the exact position of England to-day.

The recruiting sergeant has no business in the Highland Glens; they are desolate: The Sutherlands and McIntoshes made sure of that part of "their country," just as the Irish landlords swept this, from Connemara to Meath.

With their "stately homes" in England, and their demesne walls tottering in Ireland, the landlords with blanched faces, are now appealing to the sons of their victims to save them the vengeance which is about to fall upon their heads.

At the time the emergency men and bailiffs (under the protection of soldiers, and the R.I.C.) were busily engaged in levelling houses, and generally turning the country into a desert. The "Huns" were building cottages in Germany with plots of land attached that are to-day the principal support of that great Empire.

So the Saxon lord, and the descendant of the Norman freebooter, whose father "sold his land" for the last half-penny he could squeeze from his Wexford tenants, can attend agricultural meetings, coursing matches, etc. with the object of obtaining recruits amongst the remnants of the Irish race, with the cry "Your Country Needs You."

It does, Ireland needs every man in Ireland—and for Ireland alone. "OWL."

## NOTES FROM THE BACK.

The *Independent* a few days back announced: "Bulgarians Wiped out by the Connaught Rangers."

And some people were under the impression the "Connaughts" were wiped out years ago by a heavy division known as Balfour's Battering Rams.

Who always advanced to the attack on the mud cabins under a heavy load of whiskey and a cloud of R.I.C. skirmishers.

They were also protected on "all fronts" by English Acts of Parliament with the Riot Act as trump card, and buckshot for the "slackers" (i.e., men who fought for their homes.)

All lines of communications were carefully cut off from the "evicted," except the Poor House and the emigrant ship, and for important "strategic" reasons that line is now blockaded.

The same paper on the 23rd December tells us there is a "Forced Fast in Vienna" on account of the high price of meat.

And General "Famine" and "Recruiting Sergeant" went stalking naked and unashamed through the length and breadth of Ireland.

## IN THE IRISH ARMY.

In an assault case tried in Tralee on Monday, December 20th, a man named Slattery was summoned as a witness for the defense. The prosecuting solicitor, Mr. Downing, apparently tried to score a point by making the witness tell of his Labour and National affiliations, and the following colloquy ensued:

Mr. Downing: Where do you come from?  
Witness: County Clare.

Dr. O'Connell: A good county.

Mr. Downing: Were you twelve years in the army?

Witness: Yes; in the British Army.

What were you in the army? A drummer.

Mr. Downing: What army are you in now?

Witness: That has nothing to do with the case; but if you want to know I belong to the Irish Volunteers and to the Irish Transport Workers' Union.

Mr. Downing: You were ashamed at first.

Witness: I am not ashamed of them.

You were a drummer in the British Army; what are you now?

I am a Captain.

When did you join the army? At the outset.

You did not like a recruiting sergeant? I expect not.

Hanafin is a private in your army? He might be.

What army is he in? In the Irish Army.

The attempt of the solicitor to prejudice the case by arousing the political bias of the judge thus only succeeded in exhibiting the manly character of the witness for the defense.

A small fine was imposed.

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## THE POPE AND PEACE.

The *Cambridge Magazine*, a magazine published for the students at Cambridge University, England, quotes from *Germania*, the organ of the Catholic (or Centre) Party of Germany, the following appreciation of German Protestant opinions with respect to the Pope's peace efforts:—

The *Wartburg* is quoted as saying (August 6) "At the bottom it (i.e., the papal manifesto) is not so much a real and earnest attempt to make a way for peace, which at present would be quite hopeless, as a manifestation of the Christian conscience, which must express itself in the face of the present appalling events."

In the *Sud-deutsche Zeitung* [No. 223, 1915] the Protestant Professor Pfaff (Freiburg) speaks in very strong terms of the Pope's manful stand for impartiality, truth and Christian principle in the midst of the immense difficulties of his position. But the time is not yet come for us Germans to speak of peace." We do not reject the papal words, "We can and shall follow them when the time comes."

"But as yet our people's fight for existence is not at an end, the welfare of the Fatherland still depends on the result of arms." Prof. W. Kohler (Zurich) has also spoken most highly of the Pope's work (*Christliche Welt*—July), comparing his voice to the voice of God raised above the clash of weapons, and pointing out that Protestants now realise more clearly the deep meaning of the international and super-national function of the Vicar of Christ. Pastor T. Zockler, of the Evangelical Institution in Galicia, has published an "Exhortation to the Christians of all Nations" (see the *Monatschrift Deutsch-Evangelisch*, April, 1915); he complains of the division of Christians, of the absence of brotherliness. The one person who has publicly raised his voice as a representative of the fundamental privileges of the Gospel is the Pope. A body of determined Christians in the neutral and belligerent countries should issue a strong proclamation declaring for peace, protesting against all inhuman treatment of prisoners, and in general taking up a thoroughly earnest position with respect to the principle that in Christ there is neither Jew nor Greek, neither German nor English, but that in Him all are one—"All hesitation to do this seems to me to be a sin against the Holy Ghost."

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No. 9.

**Why the Martyrs of  
Manchester Died.**

BY

**A. NEWMAN.**



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# Why the Martyrs of Manchester Died.

BY A. NEWMAN.

I HAVE met people sometimes who complain about the decay of Irish Nationality. But to me, one of the greatest historical miracles is that there should be left to us any national spirit at all; that Ireland should still be a country of gracefully-minded and gentle people; and that there should remain among us even half-a-dozen men who would care to put their duty to their country, which is, after all, a religious duty, before every other consideration. We are indeed a strange people. As a great lady once said to me:—"The Irish have one remarkable characteristic: all their peasants are ladies and gentlemen." She was an observant woman. Her people had held estates in Ireland for three centuries. She herself had resided in various parts of Europe; and though one of the Ascendancy, she looked with contempt upon the plebeians of her own Anglican or Anglicised political division. When she spoke to me on this matter, I knew nothing of Ireland, save what knowledge a residence for a brief period in Belfast could give me. I have since had reason to prove that she spoke the literal truth.

Saint Patrick obtained great graces for Ireland from God; and I am confident that bound up with the permanence of Religion in Ireland there is this absence of vulgarity, this inbred gentility. If Ireland became denationalised to-morrow, Ireland would become apostate. But, as I believe in the providence of God, I



say that Ireland is going to become neither the one nor the other.

When Saint Patrick judges the people of Ireland he will judge a number of the most degenerate and debased specimens of humanity which this world has ever produced; he will judge the scum which England has been able to bring to the surface by her unholy arts; but before him will stand the great multitude of our people, that great multitude in whom his promise has been kept, who have been faithful to their Religion and to their Native Land.

But the truth is that had it not been for the fidelity of a few men, displayed at intervals in the history of the attempted subjection of this country, Irish nationality, as we know it, would be a thing long forgotten. The Garrison is wise, therefore, when it strikes at individuals.

In my study of Robert Emmet I have pointed out that he was no mere enthusiast, but a deep thinker who leaned over the years, and who sacrificed himself to keep alive the national spirit.

O'Connell, after having burned incense at the shrine of English politics, harvested that ruin which has been the reward of all those who profess to lead Ireland only when she is disarmed, and only according to the programme which Pitt determined that Irish constitutional leaders must follow. But with O'Connell there was Smith O'Brien, who was one of those well-bred men that, having promised, never go back upon a promise. O'Connell, Smith O'Brien, and the rest, as you will remember, pledged themselves to abstain from attendance at the House of Commons. Then England began to threaten. Smith O'Brien, having given his word, kept it; but the rest yielded to England's muttered threats. O'Brien was imprisoned for keeping his promise; and O'Brien was one of the leaders of '48. John Mitchel, whom we have recently honoured, was another. They might properly be



called the Fathers of the Fenians. There were young men associated with them, who, when England struck at the men of '48, proved indeed to be their spiritual offspring. One of these young men was James Stephens, who, almost twenty years later, when Ireland lay stricken, and when England came forward boldly to give the final stroke and end the life of Irish Nationality, planted himself in the path of John the Bully, and said in so many words:—"My immense and terrible-looking scoundrel, before you kill my Lady of Distress, you must face the Fenians!"

And Stephens, as the master mind of the Fenians of '67, struck the Western Carthage blow upon blow, until a great wave of fury and fear passed over the Mistress of the Seas. And men said among themselves:—"That which we thought to be dead has this day risen refreshed and vigorous from the grave."

The Fenian movement preserved Irish Nationality, and did more for Ireland in five years than a century of constitutional procedure had accomplished. And indeed, it was the Fenian spirit which made the Land League an effective weapon in the hand of Parnell. Aye, indeed, it is the Fenian spirit which has set Irishmen on fire within the past few months, and made the country more national than it ever was before. Let Ireland produce now another Parnell, and I snap my fingers in the face of those who try any longer to keep us in slavery. Parnell said:—"No man can set bounds to the onward march of a nation." Let us extend that thought, and say something which is quite as true:—"Nothing can withstand a nation which is determined to be free."

England struck at James Stephens; but the spirit which James Stephens had infused into the men with whom he was associated made it impossible for even England, at the height of her power, to hold him; and he escaped from the dungeon in which she had confined him.



One of those who assisted Stephens to escape was a Fenian named Colonel Kelly, who afterwards became virtual leader of the Fenians in America; but his views were found hardly to coincide with those of the Dublin men. Colonel Kelly crossed to Manchester, where he was arrested in company with Captain Deasey, through one of those strokes of good luck which England so long enjoyed, but which she enjoys no longer. And now occurred one of those events which fix men securely and honourably in the history of their country, one of those events which transform the sordid and unlovely features of England's police and jail machinery, and make them the properties in a drama of martyrdom.

The two prisoners were formally recognised in the dock of the Manchester police office, and were removed in the ordinary prison van, that dark and ill-ventilated box on four wheels, in which I have twice had the honour to drive. This box is protected by two policemen, one beside the driver, and the other in a small seat outside the door.

England on this occasion was determined to take no risks; and a special guard of police accompanied the van, twelve men in all, one of whom, a man called Brett, was for some reason best known to magisterial intelligence, locked inside.

No person in his senses could suppose that anything might be gained by locking a policeman inside a prison van; and no sane man could suspect, or could have suspected on the occasion which we are considering, that a policeman was locked inside the van which contained our good and true Fenians, Kelly and Deasey. In view of what I shall say later on about the forces behind the scenes, which were responsible for the murder of Allan, Larkin and O'Brien, I shall remark here that it is by no means improbable that Brett was locked inside the van in order that he might be killed during the confined struggle in the interior of the van, which in the event of a successful



liberation of the prisoners, the Government considered would be inevitable. Brett's presence inside the van is a matter of great importance, when we consider the events which followed. And I propose to you that the absolute improbability of a policeman being inside that prison van settles the question of the valid claim which the Martyrs of Manchester have to being the innocent victims of England's lust for blood. And I put it to you that, even had it been the custom for a policeman to ride inside a prison van, no one could have suspected that he would apply his head to the lock. Had he desired to see out, the lock was a useless place to which to apply his eye. You can only see out of a prison van by putting your eye to the tiny ventilation holes at the top of the door. And I put it to you that the men who undertook the task of liberating Kelly and Deasey were brave and honourable men, if we merely consider them as undertaking to liberate two individuals from the grasp of a tyrant. And I wish that **Allan, Larkin and O'Brien** had been among their number; though there is no proof that more than one was present at the liberation. They were assumed to have been present; but we know, at any rate, that they were snatched by England simply as specimens of Irish manhood, in order that they might be deliberately murdered. And I say that the Irish instinct is right when it raises these men above even the virtues of honour and bravery, and when it claims that their virtues partake of the heroic. I claim that these men are martyrs

- (1) because they died for the principle of patriotism;
- (2) because they died in defence of the Fourth Commandment;
- (3) because their warfare was against tyranny, bigotry, deceit, oppression, and evil in its most abominable forms;



- (4) because they came to grips with the nation which framed the penal laws, and which would put those same laws into force against us to-day if it dared;
- (5) because they fought against the nation which produced the Orangeman, and which has used him as its ignorant, and almost innocent, tool on countless occasions to perpetrate atrocities which it would have perpetrated openly itself if it had dared;
- (6) because they were the innocent victims of a pagan mob, whose desire was to kill them because they were Catholics and Irishmen;
- (7) and because they were pious and humble men, who lived admirably, and died a holy death.

Will any dare to tell me that the Catholic Martyrs who suffered at the hands of the Circumcellians in the days of Saint Augustine were not martyrs, on the plea that the Circumcellians were only the misguided and deluded tools of plotters in high places? The Orangemen, and for that matter the pagan Manchester mob, resemble the Circumcellians in every particular, even to the beating of drums and the crying of "To Hell with the Pope."

I might give you examples of martyrdoms performed by England in this country by means of its almost entirely blameless tool, the deluded and demented Orangeman. England is in one sense right when she allows the Orangeman to escape the consequences of a crime against a Catholic Irishman. But this refusal to punish her innocent tool is not with her a question of ethics, I am sorry to say, but merely a question of policy. She takes care to punish the Nationalist for those attacks upon the Orangeman which he has been foolish enough to make, and by means of which he has played England's game.

But I shall not accuse a fellow Irishman of doing



unmentionable deeds. I shall take this chance of condemning the sinful folly of carrying tales about Orange atrocities or Nationalist atrocities to England, and condemning our people in a foreign land, to the men who are solely to blame.

Attacks upon Catholics in Ireland were the deliberate work of that unholy company of statesmen who were determined to destroy Irish independence by forcing a rebellion upon the country, by means of which they could wipe out what remained of the Volunteers, take control of Ireland, and destroy her parliament.

I am going to ask you a question, the answer to which will prove that England's attitude towards Ireland has not changed one whit in a century. Are you aware what broke up the Buckingham Palace Conference on Home Rule? If you are not, I can tell you. It was the sentence uttered by an ex-Cabinet Minister:—"On the day that you put Home Rule into operation there won't be a Catholic left alive in the four counties of Ulster."

I claim that the men who have fought against the evil power which contrives these evil things were noble and heroic, and as worthy of recognition by their Church as the Crusaders.

But I claim that Allan, Larkin and O'Brien were martyrs because, as innocent men, they died to satisfy the lust of a people who cried out for the blood of Irish Catholics, just as the Roman or Donatist mobs yelled for the early Christians, whom their rulers described as a danger to the State, and plotters in secret against the Empire.

The story of that splendid rescue, effected by the Fenians, in the heart of a foreign city swarming with their enemies, is by itself something which would add splendour to the noblest history. It was a fine piece of work, perfectly planned, and carried through without a mistake. The police were overpowered; the mob was



stupidified; the prisoners were released; and England, with all her resources, was unable to catch them.

There is a curious law which I am sure you have observed in your personal dealings with individuals. It is that the evil-hearted man hates the innocent man whom he has injured. You find a man who has done you harm, and whom you have never treated unkindly or regarded with animosity, regarding you as his enemy, and hating you. He hates you because he has a bad conscience on account of having injured you. A nation can have a bad conscience, and feel compelled to hate its victim. The English aristocrat, the English commoner, and the English democrat were aware in varying degrees that they had committed a series of foul, indescribable wrongs against the people of Ireland. They felt, in addition to this, by instinct, that the Irish were as far removed from them spiritually, and considered as a national entity, as any race on the face of the earth. And for these two reasons, but more especially on account of the former, they hated the Irish.

You can imagine for yourself the unrestrained fury to which the English, assisted by their newspapers, abandoned themselves, when it became known that their victim was not dead; that she had committed the offence of defending herself when attacked; and that she had actually carried this business of defending herself into England's holy city of cotton and Whiggery. And when it became known that one of her sacred policemen had, by the most patent of mischances, been killed by putting his head to a lock when it was being blown open, England bawled and roared for the blood of Irishmen; and England's rulers, desiring that blood for reasons of policy, selected five Irishmen, and proceeded to conduct a mock trial, in which, to make injustice appear justice, three out of the five only were to be murdered.

The trial was so grotesque, and the evidence so prepos-



terous, that the army of reporters who were at work in the court forwarded a petition to the Home Secretary declaring that an act of gross injustice was taking place before them, and that the spirit of vengeance which seemed to have possessed everyone interested in the prosecution would result in the murder of innocent men. How cynically the Home Secretary must have smiled.

Out of sixty persons indiscriminately arrested, five Irishmen were brought before the Manchester Assizes, the immortal Allan, Larkin, and O'Brien, together with O'Meager Condon and a soldier called Maguire.

It is impossible to go over the evidence offered on this occasion without experiencing scorn and righteous indignation. But as the Bible has it: Men do not gather grapes from thorns nor figs from thistles. And one does not expect impartiality or genuine evidence from the Carthaginian atrocity-monger. Irish atrocities had their day, and may have their day again. Who knows? And for my part, I say—Who cares? There is a hackneyed story of a boy who cried **wolf** when there was no wolf, but who was eventually devoured by a wolf, though he yelled the truth for once. Nations who cry wolf may eventually howl unhelpt when a real wolf is upon them!

I have pointed out to you that for various reasons England was overcome by a rage and thirst for blood, and that Allan, Larkin, and O'Brien were murdered to satisfy that thirst. But I ask you to come with me behind the mere surface facts, and consider those Englishmen of the day, in whose hands had been placed the power to control and misrule Ireland. These men had the machinery of the State at their command; they had the Press of England and the helot Press of Ireland under their control. When you have the ruling of a country you do not get excited: you rule calmly, according to a certain system which is recognised by those who have the government of nations in their hands. And the main business of such



men is to keep the people's eyes fixed upon certain events, in the belief that these events have a certain meaning; while, as a matter of fact, these events have, for those whose business it is to rule, quite another meaning.

The Martyrdoms of Manchester offer an excellent example of this process. For some time the Chief Secretary and his friends had been working up public opinion against the Fenians, whom they hoped to wipe out by methods which a normal public opinion might not be supposed to tolerate. This scheme succeeded; but the Fenian cause also succeeded in accomplishing perhaps more than the Fenians themselves had hoped to accomplish. The Chief Secretary and his swarm were faced with a Fenian success, and the release and escape of two prisoners. Now I assure you this is what happened:—Quite solemnly, the Chief Secretary, in consultation with his colleagues, reviewed the situation. They found that, acting mechanically, the Manchester police had made some sixty arrests. That simplified matters. The Chief Secretary and his colleagues decided that what had to be done was something which would prove to the Irish people in general, and the Fenians in particular, that, if some of their braver men should choose to release prisoners from England's grasp, they would be putting more men than they released to death.

The Chief Secretary's message to the Fenians was:—“You have released two Irishmen quite cleverly. Very well: we shall murder *three* Irishmen. If you care to release twenty Irish prisoners, we shall murder thirty Irishmen!”

That is the true and behind-the-scenes meaning of the Martyrdoms at Manchester. To make this murder of policy possible, the press and every subordinate agency of the State were employed to whip up the public into a condition of blind fury and lust for blood.

I am glad to say that some people stood out bravely



against this diabolical performance. It is to her honour that the Dowager Marchioness of Queensbury, grandmother of the poet, Lord Alfred Douglas, wrote a letter which proves that she realised that a martyrdom was in progress. I shall read an extract or two from this letter which she addressed to the prisoners, and which was accompanied by the sum of one hundred pounds.

"It will be a comfort to your precious souls to know that we remember you here at the altar of God, where the daily remembrance of that all-glorious sacrifice on Calvary, for you all, is not neglected. We have daily mass for you here; and if it be so that it pleases the good God to permit you thus to be called to Himself on Saturday morning, the precious body and blood of our Lord and Saviour and our Friend will be presented for you before God, at eight o'clock on that day—that blood so precious that cleanses from all sin. May your last words and thought be Jesus.

. . . Rest on Him and on His sacrifice on that cross for you, instead of you, and hear him say, 'To-day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise.'"

It is an honour to preach the panegyric of such men. When we celebrate their anniversary their spirits are surely nigh unto us; and their prayers shall make us stronger in our battle against evil and shame. You ask me why the Martyrs of Manchester died. They died for Religion, for Justice, and for Irish Nationality.





BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

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**"The Irish Rosary" says:—**

"Courage is written all over *The Pessimist*. Courage is shown in the selection of the subject; the conversion of a man, the hero, the autobiographical hero, from an aggressive and volitioned pessimism to the gentle optimism of Christianity. Courage is shown in the treatment of the subject. The writer pursues the mind of the hero through all the laneways of its journey to peace. Courage is shown in the selection of the pivotal incident: the discovery by a scientist of a form of life by which at a stroke he can kill all mankind, which is sufficiently sensational for the most sated fiction-slave. . . . It is a hard thing to make a pessimist convincing. It is a hard thing to imagine that an out and out pessimist ever existed. But this *Pessimist* has veins in his body, timbre in the thunder of his talk. There is not much dullness of direct descriptions, the nuances of his temperament, and the facets of his *nons* are driven home by suggestion, and suggested by the remarks of the other actors in the classic way. The conversation is alive, rich, though a tiny bit bookish. What one is inclined to object to in this book is that the hero's pessimism is infectious. . . . The test, I think, of a novel or a play is the beauty of its female characters. Tried by this test this book emerges triumphant. Marjory, the heroine, is a lovely thing. You can see the bow of her lips, hear the treble of her laugh. . . . A word more. The passage running: 'The schoolmaster with his cane uplifted above the hand of some unhappy child,' etc., is an indescribably felicitous modernisation of the pictures we have dug up out of Pompeii."

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