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S.  
1809  
D.M.P.

DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE.

Detective Department,

*Secret*

Dublin, 15th. October, 1915

Subject, MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 14th. Inst.,  
the undermentioned extremists were observed  
moving about and associating with each other  
as follows :-

*The Under Secretary  
Submitted*

With Thomas J. Clarke, 75, Parnell St.  
Thomas Byrne for half an hour between 11 &  
12 a. m. Dr. P. McCartan from 6. 30 p. m.  
to 7. 30 p. m. Arthur Griffith for a quar-  
ter of an hour between 9 & 10 p. m. James  
Whelan from 9. 15 p. m. to 9. 35 p. m.

*W. J. Whelan*

*Comm. 15*

*Under Secretary  
Submitted*

Herbert M. Pim, arrived at Amiens Street  
from Belfast at 10. 30 a. m. and proceeded to  
the residence of Mr John McNeill, 19, Herbert  
Park, having in the meantime called on M. J.  
O'Rahilly who lives close by.

*Jan 15/10*

*Jan 15/10*

*C. J. Gump  
with  
16/10/15*

John T. Kelly, T. C., and C. Collins to-  
gether

The Chief Commr.

9612

gether in Sackville Street between 11 & 12

a. m.

H. Mellows and M. O'Hanrahan in Volun-

teer Office, 2, Dawson St. between 12 & 1

p. m.

John McDermott left Amiens St. by 3

p. m. train for Enniskillen.

R. I. C.

informed.

Pierce McCann arrived at Kingsbridge

from Thurles at 4. 30 p; m.

Attached is a Copy of this week's iss-

ue of The Workers Republic which, with the

exception of a few paragraphs, does not ap-

pear to contain anything deserving special

attention.

*Owen'Brien*

Superintendent.

CSO/TD/2/111(3)

PRICE ONE PENNY.



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

Vol. I., No. 21.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1915.

Weekly.

## Notes on the Front

This week we give first place to an extract from an American writer, William Randolph Hearst. This newspaper man is proprietor of a great number of American daily papers which cover the entire American continent, and whose combined circulation runs into the millions. Yet we quote him not so much for what he is, as for the truth of what he says. He is speaking of the billion dollar loan from America to finance the war of the All Lies, and he warns the American money lenders that the people of Europe may repudiate the loan, and hang the kings and financiers who borrowed it. Read this warning:—

"If any reader, accustomed to the sound and stable government of this country, believes that revolution is not now possible in any European State, let him ask himself frankly how long he believes the strong-bodied, stern-minded, plain people of Europe are going to endure the immeasurable misery of this unnatural war into the hellish depths of which they have been precipitated by the vanities and inanities, the enmities and jealousies of their arrogant and ambitious rulers.

"Revolutions are not respectful of royalty, nor of constituted authority, nor of the established order. Revolutions are not regardful of the financial obligations of a deposed and discarded system. Revolutions exhibit no such soft and suave consideration for money and the money power as calm and conservative governments do.

"The heads of plutocrats and aristocrats dropped side by side into the baskets on the Place de la Concord from the impartial edge of the revolutionary guillotine. And so it may be that the tongues of the European statesmen and financiers, which so glibly guarantee this loan to-day, may loll mute in months eternally silent when the day of repayment arrives."

Strong language that, dear reader, but who shall say it is too strong.

Let us consider our case—the case of Ireland. Consider it, not impartially, but with hearts beating fiercely with anger against all the organised injustice that threatens our existence.

Impartiality in the face of injustice is the virtue of a slave, or of well-fed beneficiaries of the fruits of injustice. Thank God, we are not impartial.

What is our case. England is at war, because England is at war we as a subject nation are dragged into the conflict also. No, that is wrong! To be dragged into anything means that the person who drags goes in front. That is not our case. England does not go in front. No, we are pushed into war by people who stay behind in safety, or only pass on when the dead bodies of Irishmen have paved the way.

We are pushed into War. Consider what that means. For over 68 years the population of Ireland has been declining, the lifeblood of Ireland has been draining away. Whilst every European state has increased in population despite war and turmoil Ireland has gone steadily down the hill.

We have the most beautiful climate in the world, a climate which a wise national government could even improve by restoring the forests that once covered the island and broke the rainfall that comes in from the Atlantic ocean. We have a lively, quick minded, intelligent people, rich in soft kindness, and graced with womanly beauty and manly vigour.

For centuries this people have been treated as outcasts in their own land, shut out from every chance of developing its resources, and ruled by an insolent class of land thieves and its followers.

A social system the worst in Europe held the people in its grasp, and punished as a crime every improvement their industry added to the soil. A political system based upon this landlordism governed the country, and under its rule every man of a free spirit became a suspect, every hater of slavery walked a path hemmed in by prison cells and dominated by a gibbet.

Continued revolutionary action of the people upon the land destroyed the power of the evil social system, but it left behind it the system of government based upon hatred and fear of the Irish people. Forty-two Boards under the control of the British Government control every elected body in Ireland, and make a farce of free government.

Heartbroken in such a land where the amenities and gifts of life are reserved for those most sordid in soul, where the possession of public spirit damns the careers of the possessor, the young men and women of Ireland have been deserting her as life deserts the things of this world upon whom Death has set its seal.

But still the nation persisted in claiming its right to existence, in determinedly planning a future built upon those young people who remained. But suddenly like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky England rushes into war, and all the unclean things bred by seven centuries of corruption call upon Ireland from behind to rush to England's side.

But what is the price of war—the price as it must be paid by a nation? That all the young and vigorous men go out to be killed, and all the unfit and diseased stay at home to be fathers of the next generation. All those splendidly developed young Irish men whose bones now lie mouldering beneath the soil in Flanders or upon the shores of the Dardanelles—all those physically perfect Irish men would in due course have been the husbands of young Irish women, the fathers of Irish children inheriting the vigour and virility of their parents.

But now those young Irish women are doomed to go husbandless through life, or to mate with the diseased and unfit who stayed at home, or the diseased and crippled who will return.

The perfect Irish children of perfect Irish parents will never be born. They who would have been their fathers lie dead in far off countries. Think of the colossal nature of this crime. The children of Ireland are being killed before they are born, the Irish race of the future denied an existence.

A competent English authority says that among the upper class of England there is not left one man of marriageable age for every twelve women of the same class, and that all the chances are against any girl between the ages of 19 and 22 ever getting married if she is not already engaged to some one in civil life.

It is safe to say that in Ireland amongst that section of the community who have yielded to the seductions of the recruiting sergeant the same is true. There are streets in Dublin, in its poorer quarters where every family has lost a man, there are sections in the country where the toll of death has been so heavy that every man has gone.

Ever and anon we read in the press the gloating remark that out of such and such a village with a small population three-fourths or four-fifths of the men are at the front. It reads to us as the triumph yells of the old time pirates must have sounded as they exulted in the number of the slaves captured in a piratical raid, such as the historic Sack of Baltimore.

Upon the top of this sacrifice of the living comes the borrowing of money to continue the work of hell, and this borrowing means pawning the labour and genius of the future to the financial leeches and usurious money-lenders of Europe and America.

Generations yet unborn are to be taxed to pay for the blood madness of the rulers of this; our children and our children's children are to be compelled to pay in sweat and blood and tears for our weakness in submitting to the criminal ambitions of our rulers.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO]

We did not all submit, a fact for which such of the Irish as exist in the future will bless us. Every Irish man or woman who helped to persuade a young Irish man to abandon Ireland and go to Flanders or the Dardanelles helped at the same time to assassinate Ireland, to rob her of her future children, to stifle the coming generation before it was born.

And every man who kept such a man at home helped by doing so to preserve the race, to keep for Ireland and for humanity the fathers of the future generation. That generation, these children yet unborn are the heritors of our hopes, the heirs of all those holy things for which our poets sung, our soldiers fought, our martyrs died.

Who then can doubt the truth of the words of that American whose eloquent sentences are at the beginning of these Notes? Who can believe that the peoples of Europe in general, of Ireland in particular, will consent to pay the leeches whose money has made this war possible after having made it inevitable, will consent to pay in sweated labour after having paid in the blood of their bravest and best.

It is unthinkable! The people of Europe have held back from violence because bloodshed and armed strife had grown repulsive as a result of years of Socialist propaganda. The war madness has swept away that humanitarian feeling, and revealed our rulers as what they are—Monsters, red in tooth and claw.

Yes, Revolution is no longer unthinkable in Europe, its shadow already looms upon the horizon.

## OUR NEW ALLY—ENGLAND!

By "J. J. B."

*This is Ireland's War*, but the DAILY MAIL, with that innate love for the down-trodden which is peculiar—*very peculiar!*—to all Britishers, is now appealing to its readers to help us.

On Saturday last, in the leading article of our ever-faithful and brave Ally, we found the following startling bit of news:—

There are in London alone over 750,000 young men of military age whose enlistment would not stop the making of one shell and whose work in a good many cases could be done by women.

We take it that this is a direct appeal to the manhood of Britain to help "poor little Ireland," as the *Daily Mail* no doubt would have called us if the *Freeman's Journal* had not secured the sole rights to use this expression in connection with Belgium—a small portion of land "somewhere" in Europe! The "750,000 young men" is more than Ireland could muster even at the beginning of hostilities, and yet how magnificently we knocked Hell out of the Angels of Bachelor's Walk! These 750,000 patriotic Britishers are clamouring to be allowed to help Ireland in our War against the *huncivilised, hunwashed, and hunholy* 'Uns, and the hearts of the Irish people, at home and abroad, will throb with a thrill of pride when they know that England is on our side.

Yesterday it might have been unwise to admit how badly we were feeling the strain of the struggle, but to-day, with England's promised help, we can tell the Irish people that we were on our last legs, crippled, in fact, and were about to hand in our guns when the DAILY MAIL came to the rescue. We must also admit that at the early stages of the War our Commander-in-Chief, Sir John, did not know how to make use of all the Irish Volunteers at his disposal. There was not enough room in Flanders, he thought, for them to show the world how Irishmen can die for their country in a foreign land. But the brilliant genius of our Chief found a way out! The Dardanelles was discovered, and served as a suitable dump-

ing-ground for our superfluous population! We are now in sore straits, however, and gladly welcome England's advocacy of our cause, which, if it does nothing else, will prove to the world that we are in the right, as *England never did, and never will, soil her hands in an unjust quarrel!*

If the worst had come to the worst before England intervened we would have had to call out the famous "Pink Hun" Warriors (known in Military and Castle Circles as the "Printer's Devils"), who are now busy "rounding-up" the renegades, who, disguised as Sinn Feiners, will not fight for Ireland in Flanders, Gallipoli, India, or Mesopotamia!

All Irishmen know, of course, that while we are bound, by the blood-ties of seven hundred years, to help England in her trouble, she need not do anything for us. We all trust her to do for us as she has done for others! The Sinn Feiners say that the only way to trust England is with the bayonet! But then the Sinn Feiners are a wild tribe, whose favourite pastime is stabbing in the back, because they are afraid to go to the front! They are the remnants of the Celts that were sent to Hell or Connacht, and are now nearly as extinct as the Red Indians on the Manhattan.

It is hardly necessary to say that we were rather put about at having to go to war with a blood-relation of our own gracious Georgie! You will all remember that there was a split in the Home Rule Bill over the matter, when some soreheads suggested that we should allow ourselves to be peacefully exterminated, as usual, rather than take up arms against the *Cousin of our King*, as our other Ally, the French, say! The Sinn Feiners here again displayed their ignorance, by saying that Hunnishness must be in the family, that it was bred in the bone, etc. As we said before, the Sinn Feiners are *no class*, or creed!

What astonishes us is that England, even to help Ireland, would stoop so low as to fight along with us against such a blood-thirsty creature as the Kaiser! However as she has taken up the cudgels for us we have no doubt we will soon finish off the life-long enemy of Ireland.

England's first move, we suppose, there is no harm in supposing, we suppose, will be to send the Ulster Division to force the Dardanelles off the Statute Book, and transplant some of the Orange Lillies to Mesopotamia—the Garden of Eden. This would be a good way of settling or *doing away with* the Ulster question!

The news of England's entry into the War against the despoiler of Small Nationalities will tickle the Germans to death, and make the Defence of the Realm Actors smile. Some of our enemy Press will say that England came in for her own ends; while others will use the singular!

In any case, we all know that England will fight FOR Ireland to the last Irishman!

## TWINEM BROTHERS'

MINERAL WATERS  
The Workingman's Beverage.

## TWINEM BROTHERS'

DOLPHIN SAUCE  
The Workingman's Relish.

Factory—66 S. C. ROAD, and 31 LOWER CLANBRASSIL STREET. 'PHONE 2658.

## SHOULD GREEN OF THE LAND COMMISSION BE PROSECUTED?

We have learned that at the last meeting of the Old Age Pensions Committee—the body that has to do with the revision of the allocation of the allowances to the dependents of soldiers—the following illuminating document was read:—

COPY OF STATEMENT WRITTEN BY  
T. GEO. H. GREEN,  
THE SECRETARY IRISH LAND COMMISSION

"Mr. J. Caprani was a boy clerk who attained 18 years of age on the 2nd Sept. when in the ordinary course the power to employ him ceased.

"He presented himself for the last examination for Assistant Clerks but was 3rd last unsuccessful candidate, and consequently has been discharged under the Service Rules on this date. Were there no war this boy would have to look for employment, and judging from his service here he could not command his present rate of wages (16/-) in the open market. He has been given civil pay, less 1/- a day, during his period of enlistment up to date of discharge, his Father being his nominee.

"T. GEO. H. GREEN.

"2/10/15."

We will pass over the meagreness of the pay of the young man, which is fairly indicative that the huge outlay on the Land Commission in Ireland does not occur on Junior Clerks at any rate. Young Caprani joined the colours while employed in the Land Commission; the last payment of his "munificent" wage was paid to him whilst he was wearing the Khaki. Why then does Green write in the above strain unless this gentleman desires to put a stop to recruiting? Remember the above "testimonial" was written after Caprani had enlisted! We are informed that Green is a supercilious, superior sort of person—we had almost written ass. May we ask, Is the Defence of the Realm Act only to be put in operation against Irish Volunteers and persons of that sort?

## CRUMLIN CONFLICT.

Laurence Mooney, Stanway, dismissed his agricultural labourers when asked to pay £1 per week. Little John Mooney, the Publican, told Councillor Partridge that £1 per week was too much to pay a labouring man, and Henry Mooney did not pay the advance, and this is how the trouble started seven weeks ago.

These men who came out on strike received dispute pay from the Union and then betrayed the cause were:—

C. MORRIS, WILLIAM YOUNG, F. FURLONG,  
F. SLATTERY, and L. O'NEIL.

Some of those men are said to figure in football circles, and the attention of the Fintan Lalor Football Club is directed to the above List.

The "Kaiser" nearly had a case last week. A child of twelve working for Henry Mooney, instead of going to school, complained of a dispute with another young lad in the ranks of the strikers, and immediately the Sergeant's hair was on an end. After prowling about all the week seeking evidence, he arrested the young striker on Sunday on his way from the Chapel, whom he afterwards liberated with instructions to surrender himself at one o'clock. By that hour a contingent of the Irish Citizen Army Scouts' Corps arrived to act as escort to the Sergeant's ex-prisoner, who, needless to say, did not surrender himself and was not re-arrested.

Larry Flanagan is supplying scabs to the Mooneys. If Larry wants trouble he can have it, but it will come in our own time. In the meantime the strike in Mooneys is on, and as far as the Irish Transport Workers is concerned, will remain on until it is won.

BY "A MEMBER OF THE WOMEN WORKERS' UNION." "THE O'MAHONY'S" IMPUDENCE!

"The O'Mahony" stood for election in the Harbour Division, asking for support on three grounds:—(1.) As a follower of Parnell. (2) As a supporter of the War. (3.) As a sympathiser with organised labour, whose requests he had always found moderate.

Let us look a little more closely at the provisions of this titled loyal labour man! Women of Dublin, what do you say to him? We are dirt beneath his feet! Approached by our good friends, the Irish Women's Franchise League, to know his views on Women's Suffrage, a question vitally affecting working women, "The O'Mahony flatly declined to give any reply."

What does "The O'Mahony" claim? In effect, he says he will see what Labour wants. If he agrees, he will support it. If not, he will decline even to discuss the matter, much less to carry out the unanimous wishes of the Workers.

It is up to the Irish Women Workers to see that any future attempt he makes to secure the seat will be equally unsuccessful. Not lightly will his insult to women in general, and to Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington in particular, be forgotten in Beresford Place.

A black man wearing the uniform of the Connaught Rangers is going around Dublin. He ought to have joined the Guards—the Black Guards.

Seachtmáin na Samhna.

- Lá Samhna (Día Luain)
Cruinniú—Aruar an Ábromaioir.
Día Mairt—Driamáí—An Mairtíir.
Día Céadaoin—Cuirim Ceoil—An Mairtíir.
Día SaDairn—Céilíde—Aruar an Ábromaioir.

CONCERT & DRAMA AT LIBERTY HALL, On Sunday Next at 8 p.m. ADMISSION - - THREEPENCE.

AN IRISH REPUBLIC.

Men have died for this—died to hasten forward the day when an Irish Republic would be officially recognised by the British and other Governments. Imagine then our surprise when one day last week we received a telegram which had been handed in at Glasgow addressed to the

IRISH REPUBLIC, Liberty Hall, Dublin.

It would thus appear that a department of the British Government officially recognises the existence of an Irish Republic, and also that its Chief Executive is at Liberty Hall. We are getting on!

DUBLIN TYPOGRAPHICAL AND HARBOUR DIVISION CONTEST.

It would appear that the action of the Secretary of the above Union in publicly supporting one of the candidates for the Harbour Division without obtaining the consent of his Trade Union is causing considerable dissatisfaction in the trade. One Chapel in the trade has already protested to the Council, and the answer of that body was so unsatisfactory that another and larger Chapel has taken the matter up and expressed strong dissatisfaction.

DEATH OF JOHNNIE KELLY. NATIONAL OPERATIVE PLUMBERS.

John Kelly, formerly Branch Secretary of the National Operative Plumbers, died on Tuesday last at his residence, Foley Street, Dublin. His death robs the labour movement of a loyal adherent and Ireland of a faithful son. During a half-century's connection with his Trades Union he held nearly every position of honour in the gift of his fellow-members.

BELFAST IRISH VOLUNTEERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WORKERS' REPUBLIC. Irish Volunteers, Belfast Regiment. 30 Divis Street, Belfast, October 10, 1915.

DEAR SIR,—I notice in the Northern Notes in this week's REPUBLIC that the Volunteer Committee here decided to hold a propagandist meeting instead of a protest meeting. Also that "it is a pity that Dublin's offer of a speaker was not accepted."

Yours Sincerely, S. HERON, Hon. Sec.

MURDER WILL OUT!

On Monday's Evening Mail placard we see the following:—"STIRRING STORIES OF DUBLINS AT SYLVA BAY SHOCKING IRISH TRAGEDY." Looks like sedition.

STRIKE OF ELECTRICAL WORKERS. THE "MUNITION ACT" AT WORK.

(By "NIL DESPERANDUM.")

After many months at negotiation between the officials of the Electrical Trade Union and the Employers' Association, the members of the former body ceased work on September 13th. It is hardly necessary for me to go into the cause or causes that led to this decision, suffice it to say that the enormous cost of food and material has left men in such a state that they cannot live—they merely exist.

Now-a-days such people are often heard to decry the existence of Russianism. The lip loyalty of some of these gentlemen is proof possible of the hypocrisy that is ever rampant in their racks. The workers are asked to take on the job and bring it to a successful conclusion in Flanders and other places.

Of course the Hide-the-Truth Press of Dublin came to the rescue, and in customary fashion bewailed the fact that the men were getting a higher rate of wages than any other district, save one, and further that the men left without notice. Now if Belfast is included in Ireland, we are aware that the rate of wages in contract shops is 10d. per hour, and in the ship yards the minimum weekly rate is 42/-.

W. CHASE,

Tobacconist, Stationer, Fancy Goods, Chandler, & General Hardware Stores, 115 PARNELL STREET, DUBLIN.

Don't Forget LARKIN'S

LITTLE SHOP OF GOOD VALUE in Chandlery, Tobacco, Cigarettes, &c., 36 WEXFORD ST., DUBLIN, IRISH GOOD A SPECIALITY.

If you have not the ready money convenient here is an Irish Establishment which supplies Goods on

### EASY PAYMENT SYSTEM.

IT IS THE

## DUBLIN WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION, LTD.,

10 SOUTH WILLIAM STREET

Office Hours—10.30 to 5.50 each day. Monday, Tuesday and Friday Evenings to 9. Saturday Evening, 7 to 10.30.

Manager—ALD. T. KELLY.

**N. J. Byrne's** TOBACCO STORE,

39 AUNGIER STREET,  
(Opposite Jacob's),

FOR IRISH ROLL & PLUG.

## THE WORKERS' REPUBLIC.

EDITED BY JAMES CONNOLLY.

The "WORKERS' REPUBLIC" will be published weekly, price one penny, and may be had of all respectable newsagents. **ASK FOR IT AND SEE THAT YOU GET IT.**

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.

Subscription 6/6 per year. Six months 3/3. Payable in advance.

Office, LIBERTY HALL, DUBLIN.

"An injury to one is the concern of all."

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1915

## TO HELL WITH CONTRACTS.

DUBLIN is face to face with another Labour War—a war forced upon us as needlessly and as calculatingly as ever was conflict. The docks is the scene of battle, and the ranks on both sides are marshalled for the fray.

As usual it begins with an act of perfidy on the part of the employers. Our readers are aware that since the great increase of prices following the declaration of war the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union has consistently stood by its original position that the Irish Working Class could not afford to lose any standard of comfort it had gained, and that therefore every increase of prices should be met by a demand for an increase of wages.

The capitalist class as a whole have reaped harvests of gold since the war started. Every single article has gone up in price. Even the ordinary agricultural products of our own country have increased, in many cases more than doubled their price in the shops. More and more the women find it impossible to keep

the table supplied, or to buy clothes for themselves and their children. A very large part of the increase is due to the excessive rates charged by shipowners, as well as to the grievous taxation laid upon us by the Budget. In view of all the foregoing circumstances the Union asked for an increase last February of One Shilling per day on the docks, and got it upon the Casual Boats, and on the Constant Boats obtained an increase of 8d. per day. Upon the introduction of the War Budget and the instant upward leap in prices the Union again made a similar demand, realising that large as it looked upon paper it was yet not large enough to overtake the increasing price of provisions and other necessities of life.

Negotiations were opened between the Union and the Shipping Companies, the time fixed for expiration of the notice being October 1.

The first meeting took place between the representatives of the Shipping Companies running Cross Channel steamers other than the daily boats. These Casual Boats as they are called agreed to pay Seven Shillings per day as the established wage, and the Union agreed that the question of Overtime should be adjourned till the ensuing week.

The next Conference was between the representatives of the Scotch Boats, Burns and Laird Lines, and the Union Officials. As in the previous settlement in March it was understood that whatever terms these Companies agreed upon would be accepted by their fellows in the trade. The employers after much higgling and discussion offered an increase of 2/-, which the Union declined to accept. Then the Conference broke up, with the understanding that the terms would be submitted to a meeting of the men on Sunday, October 10.

Before this date arrived things began to move, the Conspiracy of the Employers began to develop. A letter came, signed conjointly by the representatives of the Burns and Laird Companies definitely stating that if the 2/- offer was not accepted on Sunday it would be withdrawn, and the matter placed in the hands of the Board of Trade.

Then the Casual companies wrote in breaking their agreement with the Union, declining to pay more than they agreed to pay in March, and refusing to discuss the matter of overtime. These are the gentry who howl loudest about breach of contract, and yet are first to go back upon their solemnly pledged word whenever they imagine they can profit by doing so.

In face of this sudden treacherous conspiracy against them the men instantly closed up their ranks, and on Sunday at a General meeting of all concerned resolved to withdraw their labour rather than allow the treason of the employers to bear fruit. Again on Monday this was reaffirmed, and as a necessary preliminary to successful fighting full power was placed in our hands to fight or settle as we thought wise, to call out or leave in just as the circumstances in our opinion dictated.

As the matters stand at time of writing the Scotch boats are withdrawn, the men working casual boats are notified to refuse to commence work until assured that the company concerned will pay the rate of wages agreed upon by them

at the Conference of Friday, October 1st, and in view of possible eventualities all the men on strike are undergoing a daily course of military drill.

The Transport Union knows how to fight, and has a rank and file that any union might be proud to have. The War Clouds are hovering over Dublin, but we are not shrinking. Let the battle come; on whatever field it may be waged it will be met by men with stout hearts and fearless.

We have known all along that the war upon the German nation masked a conspiracy against the rights hard won by the democracy at home. We were not fooled by the war cries; we shall not shrink from meeting and defeating the conspiracy.

### BALLAD OF SAINT JUDAS.

Friend, if indeed ye needs must pray,  
Pray not to Patrick or Columkill;  
Ye will get little help from such as they  
If of worldly pelf thou wouldst have thy fill.  
If ye would grow rich by thy country's shame  
There's another shrine at which ye must bow,  
Thy lips must whisper another name—  
Saint Judas is thy patron now.  
At the shrine of Judas bow the knee,  
Upon his altar thine offerings lay;  
Patrick and Colum are saints of the free,  
What hast thou to do with such as they?  
Thine is the lot of the willing slave—  
(Thou shalt receive thine reward I trow)—  
Pocket the half, let the madmen rave:  
Saint Judas is thy patron now.  
Friend, that patron awaits thee in Hell;  
(Be sure he will not forget thy vow).  
Heed not of heaven, on earth all's well!  
Saint Judas is thy patron now.

RAPPAREE.

## PUBLIC MEETING

IN

Beresford Place

ON

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 17th,

AT 12.30.

To expose to the Dublin Public the Great Conspiracy against Labour that has brought about the present

### DISPUTE ON THE DOCKS.

COME IN YOUR THOUSANDS.

Irish Transport and General Workers' Union.

SIXTH ANNUAL

GRAND CHRISTMAS DRAWING,  
TICKETS NOW ON SALE 3d. EACH.

To be had at any of the Branches, or from Members of the Union.

ESTABLISHED 1852.

FOR RELIABLE PROVISIONS!  
**LEIGHS,** OF BISHOP'S STREET  
STILL LEADS.

**BELFAST VOLUNTEERS HOLD A MEETING**

[From a Belfast Correspondent.]

Clonard Street was the venue on Tuesday evening, 5th inst. of a largely attended and enthusiastic meeting organised by the Belfast Company of the Irish Volunteers. The speakers arrived in a brake shortly before nine o'clock, and by that time the spacious thoroughfare was thronged with friends of the National cause. The audience included a remarkably large force of police, together with official note-takers and other governmental appendages; but, however, as there was a strong armed guard of Irish Volunteers present, contented themselves with listening to the fearless vindication of Irish Nationalism given by the speakers.

The tenor of the whole meeting indicated above everything else that English Machiavellism is as futile as ever in Ireland, and more particularly that the Nationalists of Belfast are undismayed by the recent instances of British coercion. The meeting marked the inauguration of the Defence of Ireland Fund collection in Belfast, and also signalled the release of one of the four Irish "aliens," Mr. Ernest Blythe, from His gracious Majesty's jail in Crumlin Road. The proceedings throughout were characterised with spontaneous enthusiasm on the part of the huge audience, and showed that the "West" is still awake.

Mr. Thomas Wilson, who presided, said at the outset that he wished to apologise for the unavoidable absence of their chairman Mr. Denis McCullough, and Mr. Herbert Pim, for as they are honoured guests of His Majesty King George the fifth, it would not do, even though it were possible for them to override their host's desire, to leave his fair mansion on the Crumlin Road to address a meeting of Irish Nationalists. Therefore they must hold themselves in patience until the time specified by His Majesty had been spent. But though these men were absent from their midst, the work on which they were engaged still went on (applause) and in furtherance of that work, that meeting had been convened so that they might publicly inaugurate a collection for the Defence of Ireland Fund. Mr. Ernest Blythe, who had also resided at Crumlin Road Mansion for the past few months, had been released on Saturday. He had been presented with another document, which "that should your conduct anytime in the future give grounds for suspicion that you are again endeavouring to prejudice recruiting or the public safety, the original order will become effective, and if necessary, be enforced summarily by powers recently given." That document was not the cause of Mr. Blythe's absence that night, for he did not obey the order of the "competent Military authorities" in Ireland (cheers.) Mr. Blythe took his orders from the governing committee of the Irish Volunteers, and had gone to the headquarters in Dublin to again place his services at their disposal (prolonged cheers.) He (the speaker) hoped that the orders Mr. Blythe would receive would be to throw the document into the fire (cheers.) They were not to be in the least disturbed by anything that had happened up to the present, and they would face the future in the same spirit, for when three of their most prominent men were arrested, it was not one man who craved to fill their places—there were dozens ready to do it. If their friends were absent in a corporal sense, they were not absent in another sense, for their spirits were with them to buoy them on, to make them redouble their efforts on behalf of the Irish Volunteer organisation (applause.) Continuing the speaker explained the object of

the Defence of Ireland Fund, and said: Any man who claims to be a Nationalist and who is not making an effort to possess a rifle and abundant ammunition for that rifle is living in a fool's paradise; and furthermore he is untrue to the faith he professes. Do not be under any illusion about the change of feeling that has taken place, and all things shall be settled in a friendly way when the war is over. You have only to read the Ulster Unionist press to see that such a belief is merely an illusion. What is going to happen? Carson will come back at the end of the war at the bidding of his masters. He will make a tour of the Orange Lodges, and Lo, and behold, the old ascendancy spirit will be set going again, and English Statesmen will play one party off against the other to the ruin of Ireland. That is the standing policy of the English government in Ireland (hear, hear). Under cloak of this war a plot is afoot to exterminate once and for all the flame of Irish Nationalism. It is visible in every part of Ireland, and has the connivance of men of their own race—shameless and unprincipled corrupters. Are you so dense, my fellow countrymen, that you do not see that Ireland can only depend upon her own sons—men like McCullough, Blythe and Pim (cheers). These are the Irishmen you can depend on, and these only, for in them you have the continuation of the line that never wavers—that line which different men and different movements held at different times. At one time it is Tone and the United Irishmen (prolonged cheers). At another time it is Stephens and the Fenlans (cheers). And to-day it is Eoin MacNeill and the Irish Volunteers (loud cheers). Throughout this long line the ideal has never changed, because it is of the great God's making. This is the ideal of Ireland a free and independent nation (prolonged cheers) and what holier ideal could an Irishman believe in? I think I am speaking words of well-nigh eternal truth when I say: Damned for ever shall you be, ye people of Ireland, if you forsake your Nationality (applause) and, fellow countrymen, that is well-nigh what has come to pass. For to-day voices are heard in the land that were wont to speak to us of our Nationality, but are now calling upon us to forsake the faith of our fathers. But I for one refuse to listen, and there are still thousands of young Irishmen who refuse to listen (cheers). In the name of the men who have died and suffered for Ireland, I ask you not to desert the Green Flag in this hour of trial for the nations. Rather, stand fast so that when this terrible war is over, the envoys of Ireland shall knock at the portals of the Council of the Nations, and in the name of a Nation re-born again, seek admittance to its deliberations (prolonged cheers.)

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**RECRUITING**

**UNPOPULAR IN CANADA.**

The open hostility of a section of the French-Canadian public to Canada's active participation in the war, finding expression during the last few days in attacks on recruiting officers, is giving the military authorities considerable worry. It is now becoming evident that the *anti-war crusade* preached by Henri Bourassa in his paper, *Le Devoir*, and from various Quebec platforms has had a wider effect than at first supposed, and the recent *attack on a Montreal recruiting meeting by a crowd of about 1,500* shows that the movement is not without organization.

At the beginning of the war Bourassa, whose Nationalist teachings have made his name one to conjure with in Quebec, boldly took the stand that *Canada has no business in the war*. For this attitude his name was erased from the membership lists of several Canadian organizations, he was bitterly assailed by the press and was nearly mobbed in Ottawa. But he persistently hammered away at the Dominion authorities, avowed his belief that *British navalism was as much responsible for the war as Prussian militarism*, scored Sir Edward Grey for insincerity in his negotiations with Germany, declared that the *French language in Alsace was better safeguarded by the Germans than it is respected by the English in Ontario*, and advised his compatriots to remain at home.

Analysis of the recruiting figures for the various provinces of the Dominion shows that his propaganda has not been in vain. Although the French population of Quebec is nearly 2,000,000, recruiting figures compiled at the Department of Militia and Defence show that not more than 5,000 have thus far volunteered, and more than half of this number enlisted during the early months of the war. This, despite appeals on behalf of France and the strong British attitude of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the French Canadian members of the Borden Cabinet.

The situation was forcibly brought to the attention of the authorities when Major Ranger, a French-Canadian officer back from the front, was refused a hearing in Montreal. A crowd estimated at 1,500 rushed the platform shouting "No conscription," eggs and stones were hurled at the speakers, the meeting was broken up and the police had to charge the crowd to prevent further disorder. A few days ago witnessed unpatriotic demonstrations of a hardly less pronounced character. *A recruiting officer wearing khaki and carrying a banner with the inscription "300 Men Wanted" was attacked by a crowd, thrown to the sidewalk and after rough treatment had to be rescued by the police.*

These anti-war demonstrations have incited bitter feeling among English speaking Canadians, and the breach already opened by the bilingual controversy has been considerably widened. The Ottawa *Evening Journal*, the Government organ in the capital, whose proprietor, P. D. Ross, is a personal friend of Sir Robert Borden, blames the hostile demonstrations on Bourassa, and calls the participants "white livered cowards." *New York Sun.*

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## CORK NOTES.

"To expiate those German Crimes we would want a second Christ."

The above remark fell from the lips of a gentleman on reading the latest German Atrocity. We fancy we heard it before; somehow it sounds familiar. Perhaps the Editor would kindly let us know the nature of its origin, or pass it on to "John Bull."

At the last meeting of the United Trades and Labour Council a vote of sympathy was passed to the President on the death of his brother, who was killed in action, also to Mrs. Walsh and family on their great loss. "Say, is there a power of hope to heal the sorrows of those bereft?"

A vote of sympathy was also passed to Mrs. Keir Hardie on the death of her husband, Labour's fearless champion; the friend of the weak and lowly; the avowed enemy of the War Mongers who would steep the world in blood to destroy a trade rival they feared to meet in open competition, and above all and before all to kill the growing power of the democracy, for be it known to the workers, that is the primary object of the war.

The Secretary proposed a resolution drawing attention to the action of the Admiralty in withdrawing the repair work for patrol boats and trawlers from Passage Docks and taking it to England where they cannot meet the demand for labour at present. What will it be when the war is over?

Mr. Lynch drew attention to the prices charged for flour and bread, and condemned the action of the master bakers. Perhaps those gentlemen will share the profits with the local charitable institutions as they did when they abolished the Christmas Boxes to the poor. Some nasty people say they only did it one year, and forgot it after.

We notice the District Trades complained about the printing of the Recruiting Posters not being done in Cork, and justly, but why not call attention to others? We have before us Messrs. Sutton's, Limited, 1 South Mall, Bulb Catalogue for 1915, printed by Blake and Mackenzie, Liverpool, and we have no hesitation in saying it could be done as well and as cheaply in Cork. Messrs. Sutton's are not the only ones. Are the Typos. and I.D.A. asleep?

We would like to draw attention to the treatment meted out to the prison officers in Ireland generally, and especially those in Cork. Those men are prevented from joining any organisation, and are not permitted to air their grievances. All of them are human, and many of them sympathise with their fellow-workers in their efforts to uplift and better their class.

We know some of them, and that knowledge induces us to say a word on their behalf. What we would like to know is, why a prison warder in England gets £15 a year more than his brother in this country? We don't want to say the former is overpaid, but why the distinction? The man in England can also get the necessities of life and other things at cost price. It appears the Prisons Board are inquiring into the matter. We all know what official inquiries are, "Live horse and you'll get grass." Let us hope the time is not far distant when those men can stand on the same footing as their fellow-workers and demand their rights.

Some few weeks ago we referred to the treatment an Irishman received after spending close on eighteen years in the army. Physically fit and an excellent character, in the midst of a great war he has been dismissed to prevent the possibility of paying him a pension for life, in the event of being able to dodge the Germans. When he was discharged he received the handsome sum of 12/-, the balance of 8/- being deducted for missing articles, such as towels, &c. He filled in the form seeking employment, but up to the present the Dis-

charged Soldiers' Employment people have not done anything for him. If they find it so hard now we pity those who are looking forward to a good job when they return to civil life. And yet they cry "Conscription!"

The Church Door Collections for the Irish Volunteers has come as a surprise to everybody, including the Volunteers themselves. A straw shows how the wind blows.

There has been a few outbreaks among the Dockers here. As these poor men are not organised, we might advise them to be cautious. Victories easily won might tempt men to fall into a trap. It would not be the first time the employers yielded to first demands, hoping to lure the men to destruction. Now is the time to organise, as we believe from what is happening nothing short of revolution will teach some people to be honest. It is up to every man and woman, too, to make it plain. There is to be no starvation this time. It is better to die for the right to live than "king or country."

## WHAT DO YE THINK OF THE "COVENANT" NOW?

## I.

The English Papers told us, just a few short months ago,  
That a hundred thousand Orangemen would make the red blood flow.  
The Empire is in danger now, what will those heroes do?  
Perhaps the German blood like theirs is just a trifle blue.  
Or maybe what is keeping them from going across the seas  
Is that the *German Army* will not give them Guarantees.

For there must be some strong reason—  
Either German Gold or treason—  
That keeps those troops from crossing o'er the say, sir.  
Maybe 'tis the square and compass  
That withholds them from the rumpus,  
Or that Carson signed a Treaty with the Kaiser!

## II.

Those Grim Ulster Volunteers have been drilling hard for years,  
Whilst the Tory papers daily sang their praises.  
Then what keeps them from the fighting, they should know it is the right thing.  
Are they waiting 'till the Empire goes to blazes.  
They just keep their powder dry, saying they'll want it bye and bye.  
They're not fools to go to fight where General French is.  
And begor, be the same token, since the weather became broken,  
'Tis unhealthy to be dying in the trenches.

'Tis a valid Orange reason—  
Neither German Gold nor treason—  
That keeps those troops from crossing o'er the say, sir.  
Their war system isn't thorough,  
It won't work beyond the Curragn,  
And Ould Carson wouldn't care to kill the Kaiser!

## WEXFORD NOTES.

John D. Nugent, M.P., made his debut in Wexford on Thursday night last, and even the elements resented his coming, as from the arrival of the train which brought him amongst us, up to the time of his departure the town was drenched with a downpour of rain.

He held his meeting in a back room in Anne Street with the utmost privacy, but of course this is characteristic and one of the principal rules of his order, holding secret meetings, to try and ruin everybody who differs with him and his gang in politics. We have not yet heard what he had to impart to the members, but we hope to have something in a few days,

as some of the lukewarm members went there more for curiosity than to show their loyalty to the Order.

Is it not a wonder that they did not secure the Town Hall for such (as they would have you believe) an important personage as Nugent, who, along with the great T. P. O'Connor, the Free Mason, presented an address to the man who boasted that he had succeeded in putting out the lights of heaven in France. Why even the much abused Jim Larkin can have the Town Hall full to overflowing when he comes here to speak.

Is it because they were ashamed of the small master they were able to whip in, as everybody knows that there were only about forty present when the great J. D. arose to deliver his address, and that Hibernianism is on its last legs in Wexford. All last week the inner circle were beseeching old members to come down and impress the alleged representative of Catholicity in Ireland. They even had to send to Enniscorthy for members to fill the vacant seats, and (if rumour be true) their local finances are not in a very flourishing condition.

On the whole Hibernianism in Wexford is not progressing as favourably as it was before the people found out what its members here are out for. The members who are outside the circle are sick of the doings of those inside, and it won't be long until the Hall in Anne Street is the only vestige of Hibernianism left.

The prosecution of the vaccination defaulters has been put back for another fortnight in consequence of Doctor O'Connor, of Crossabeg, refusing to pick out a few men to make examples of in order to terrorise the rest. We admire and appreciate his action in the matter, and hope he will stick to it. Doctor Pierce reports that only 14 children were vaccinated in Wexford district for the last three months in spite of the Guardians' threat. This is good news, as it shows that the people are no longer going to allow their children to become the victims of this infamous practice.

The Harbour Board here are in a very bad position financially, and have asked the Corporation to take over the lighting and maintenance of the quays, which we think is a very reasonable request, as the Corporation collect all the rates in that vicinity, while the Harbour Board derive no benefit at all outside the port dues, which are little enough to defray their legitimate expenses.

We hope that the Corporation will see the thing from the proper point of view, as if something is not done the port will be ruined. The necessities of life, owing to round about methods of transit, will be raised to such an extent that the poor will find it very hard to live. There will be no work on the quays, and Wexford, which was always a town noted for its commerce, will be reduced almost to a village. If that happened the Corporation would have to take over the quays, as there would be no Harbour Board, so that we think if they (the Corporation) are sensible men they will do all they can to facilitate the Board in this matter, and thereby improve the position of the town, the ratepayers, and the general public.

## TRALEE NOTES.

[BY ROBAL.]

## ARMY CHAPLAINS.

The *Irish Catholic* announces that Catholic Chaplains are wanted at the front. We recommend the appeal to Rev. E. O'Riordan, C.C. He could turn his services to the Empire to better account by becoming an Army Chaplain at the front than by following Charlie Chaplin antics at home in trying to get young men to extinguish themselves in Flanders side by side with the conscript priests of France. When Father O'Riordan decides to have the courage of his convictions he might induce Father

Lyne, who presided at a Recruiting Meeting, to do likewise. Example is better than precept.

Arrangements are being completed for next Sunday's great public meeting under Trades Council auspices. Besides James Connolly, M. J. O'Lehane and Councillor R. O'Carroll, Dublin, have promised to attend. Other prominent labour men have also been invited, so it looks as if the gathering will be a big and successful one. When the workers fully realise their unenviable position then, and only till then, can concerted action be expected and steps taken towards their emancipation.

The totally defunct U. I. L. in Kerry is being resurrected. Recruiting Sergeant Tom O'Donnell, M. P., is fast becoming a modern Hercules in his strenuous efforts to get a big reception for Redmond's Circus when it visits Tralee on the 31st. With a crowd of eighteen and a big speech he started the "National Organisation" in Tralee. Under the watchful care of its medical and legal sponsors, Doctors Harrington and O'Connell, it is reported to be progressing favourably. O'Donnell also visited Castlegregory and in a speech, remarkable more for its abuse than its sense, totally annihilated (to his own satisfaction) those who called him a Recruiting Sergeant, and whom he described as Sinn Feiners. It comes badly from you Tom; you who took shares in the Sinn Fein daily and proposed at a meeting of the Irish Party that the Party withdraw from Westminster. Yes and we have not forgotten that you supported and spoke for Wm. O'Brien at that memorable "Convention" at which the Mollies' batons were used with such effect. A word in your ear, Tom: Be practical and get into khaki for your paymasters; your wife will be proud of you and in years to come, provided you survive, you can bravely answer your children's query when they ask you: "What did you do in the great war, father?"

When the Trades Council letter about the Munster Warehouse Boxes came before the U. D. Council, Mr. Tom Slattery, J. P., Butcher, said the assistants on strike were a greater obstruction than the barricade of boxes erected by the firm. We know what kind of justice the assistants may expect if they come before this Butcher, who murders the King's English as frequently as he kills cows. There was a time when the Sub-Sanitary Officer was very busy prosecuting traders for infinitely smaller obstructions, but he quietly ignores such obstructions now; the Munster Warehouse one is so big that not to see it would be an impossibility. We suppose this portly Officer is too busy attending to his numerous jobs that he cannot find time to look after glaring obstructions. The police, too, even though one of them is constantly in front of the Warehouse, are suffering from bad sight. The chance of a Xmas Box from Black Dan has put the other boxes in the shade.

The Defence of Ireland Fund Collection at both Church gates was a complete success, even though, through some reason or other, no previous announcement of it was made by poster. The release of Ernest Blythe, who is well-known here as a Volunteer organizer, was hailed with much pleasure. Strong hopes are expressed that Tralee will fall into line and follow Dublin's example by holding a meeting of protest against the attempted deportation and subsequent imprisonment of Irishmen against whom no charge was preferred and who did not receive a fair trial. From what we know, it would be an enthusiastic and influential affair.

LIMERICK NOTES.

[BY THE WANDERING JEW.]

RECRUITING.

There is a great slump in the recruiting trade in Limerick. The military authorities are now turning their attention towards Clare and

Galway. The kopjes of both place will be scaled by invincible Tommies who will hold their ground (behind pewters) like columns of granite, and charge like very demons when the bugle sounds for dinner. The writer happened to meet a respectable young chap who was fortunate enough to secure leave before he took his departure for the "Darling Nellies." He told me that his associates and surroundings were simply a vortex of practised sin. He was plunged into an atmosphere he said where the mouths was red with blasphemy, and the heart would black with lustful and criminal plottings. Morning and night prayers were simply forgotten, and many of them to a certain extent were ashamed to say them, and he predicted that the majority of them would become brutalised. Mental and moral degradation will be looked upon as an accomplishment and you are bound to evade your duty towards your God. Your Maker will be spoken of in blasphemy. Insults, he said, were also hurled at him because he was an Irishman.

Our readers can form their own opinions as to the life in store for the unfortunate Irish.

THE LORD LIEUTENANT'S VISIT.

The Lord Lieutenant's visit has not left many things behind that were not here before now. Limerick Industries were in existence before Lord Wimborne knew what part of the map we occupied, and I hope they will be here when his name is forgotten in Ireland. But the resultant favours are a long time in the pot. We ought to have them served up by now. I would suggest the names of Councillor Downey, (Member of Limerick Corporation); Patrick Lane, (No. 2 District Council), for special favours. Both those gentlemen deserve to be knighted.

TRALEE AND LIMERICK.

I was sorry to learn from the *Republic* last week that the unfortunate dispute in the Munster Warehouse, Tralee, still continues. It is hard to write with patience on this matter, when the masters of the situation show such cowardice, stupidity, and vindictiveness. I trust that the force of public opinion will not be confined to Tralee alone. Tralee always stood well to Limerick, and the Members of the Drapers' Club here should keep the pressure on. The Grocers' Assistants should be up and doing here also.

NORTHERN NOTES.

THE FELONS.

Herbert Pim was released unexpectedly on the evening of Thursday, 7th inst. He, too, was served with General Friend's new order threatening to kidnap and forcibly deport him if his conduct in the future should give any Tom, Dick or Harry of a peeler or a civilian cause to suspect him of prejudicing recruiting. The early release came as a pleasant surprise as it was not expected until the 14th. The released felon is doing well. Denis Mac Cullough is still imprisoned: it will be remembered that his sentence was longer than that of the others.

THE LAW OF SUSPICION.

General Friend's latest communique is worth more than passing notice. For the first time the gallant General who is fighting the enemy in Ireland condescends to explain that the deportation orders were issued because the organisers of the Irish Volunteers by their propaganda were suspected of prejudicing recruiting. In other words they were to be deported on suspicion of committing an offence for which others are fined or imprisoned for a short period after a regular trial. For disobeying that order they are imprisoned. Having served their sentences, not for prejudicing but for disobeying General Friend, they get another order suspending the deportations until it pleases some imaginative busybody to suspect that they are again prejudicing recruiting. Now what exactly does that mean? It means that

it is within the power of any single individual to have these men deported by simply stating they are prejudicing recruiting. No trial, sworn information, or proceedings of any kind will be necessary. All that is needed is a private and secret suspicion. *In fact, the released men are already suspected, for from the moment they left the jail they have been shadowed by ghouls whose one and only duty is to keep suspects under observation.*

Is that state of affairs good enough for the Irish people?

FOR THE WAR CHEST.

There was a large attendance at the Volunteer meeting at Clonard Street on Tuesday night. The speakers were Tom Wilson (in the chair) Sam Heron and Giolla Easpuigh and the burden of the speeches was the Defence of Ireland Fund and the Volunteer movement. The audience gave vigorous expression to their strong feelings when some references were made to the imprisoned Volunteers. On the whole the body of the people were more than sympathetic. A small group which sees in every independent effort an attack on Devlin attempted to sing "Rule Britannia." Poor deluded devils they know no better. And even this discordant note was drowned in the mass singing of "A Nation Once Again."

FIGHTING THE BUDGET.

The M. E. A. has secured for Corporation workers a half-penny an hour "dirty money." In Lisburn the workers for the council have won an increase of a shilling in the week. Other classes of Labour in Belfast are waking up and it is expected that within a few weeks there will be an increase in the membership of the unions. The Derry dockers have not yet won their demands but Belfast workers who follow the progress of the Dublin movement in the WORKERS' REPUBLIC feel that it is their turn next.

A WORD TO CLERKS.

Of all classes of labour none is worse off than those employed in clerical work. The clerks are unorganised, over-worked and underpaid. Old prejudices die hard with them and some of them prefer to slave on starvation wages rather than take their place in the fighting ranks of Labour. All of them indeed are not so blind. The railway and shipping clerks, for instance, are organised and in Belfast they have a large and live organisation that is adding to its numbers month by month. Others who can find no organisation to join are willing but lack initiative. This state of affairs must be remedied and at once. But it will not be remedied in a week or a month. Clerks are extremely difficult to organise and with the flooding of the city with boys and girls who can typewrite and calculate the task is made delicate and tedious. There are risks to be run but nothing is gained without risk and sacrifice. A few Belfast clerks have been talking the matter over and they have decided to take action. A great deal of spade work will be necessary and this may mean that nothing in the way of formal organising will be done for some time. In the meanwhile readers of the REPUBLIC who are clerks are requested to call or write our Belfast Office, 122 Corporation Street, and other readers might draw their friends' attention to this paragraph. We should be glad, to hear from the Secretary or any member of the Irish Clerks' Union formed in Dublin some time ago.

THE TENANTS' WIN.

The tenants in the Windsor area who struck against the increase in rents have won their first battle. In most cases the notices have been withdrawn, the landlord's agent acknowledging himself beaten. To those who have not yet won the Association stands bound to give its support. Its appeal has now been extended to include the whole city. If your agent is raising your rent join the Association.

CROBH-DEARG.

# Irish Citizen Army

Headquarters: LIBERTY HALL, DUBLIN.

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

1898.

## SAMANA RANGE.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

The troops, after the night's rest, and thinking they had the tribesmen on the run, moved forward as they thought to a victory, but in this they made a very great mistake. Evidently the people in the first two villages fought a delaying fight with of course the possible chance of a victory. The whole tribe were now mobilised and ready to give the invader a warm reception. Every nook and cranny as it were had a rifleman who, by the way, did not indulge in a lot of wild firing, but on the contrary took his time in aiming, and who had particular spots marked where, as soon as a man or baggage animal or ammunition mule put his or its body (Ping) and down went one or the other. The tribesmen appeared to be fighting just here without any regular system. It looked as if it was every man for himself, and they occupied a considerable amount of ground, each man retiring on his own as soon as the troops got too near, but all retiring towards the village. Up to this the machine guns with the force got no opportunity of playing on any considerable body of the enemy. In fact for all the good they were up to this particular period of the fighting they might as well have been at home. The officer commanding the force had the overpowering fear of losing them, and as a consequence tied up a very large escort looking after them. In the village fighting they could not be worked at all, but on approaching this village when still about 500 yards from it bodies of tribesmen were observed collecting as if for a rush, and they offered a fine mark for the guns. On the right flank of the troops appeared a ridge or stretch of rising ground which offered a fine position for the guns as well. It appeared to command the village. The officer in charge was ordered to take up a position there as quickly as possible, an escort of about one hundred men being posted to him. This ridge, as I have before mentioned, appeared to be a very suitable position. In fact an admirable one in every way, but it turned out to be a veritable death trap. Running parallel with it on the opposite side and out of view was a very large nullah capable of holding hundreds of men which led right into the village. The tribesmen, seeing the machine guns moving forward, a considerable number of them placed themselves in it, and waited patiently for the guns and escort to fall into their hands. A drummer boy reported that he saw figures moving just over the crest. The officer cut him short by saying it was a case of nerves, but the boy appeared so positive that one of the sergeants advised the officer to take precautions. The officer then ordered some men to scout to the front, and it was well he did. They came flying back for their very lives with hundreds of swordsmen racing like deers after them. The officer in charge got his guns into action as quickly as possible. The swordsmen were only 250 yards or less away. One of the guns after firing two or three rounds jammed, the other only fifty or sixty rounds when the order was given to take them out of action. The timely arrival of supports saved the whole detachment from annihilation.

Having to send reinforcements to save the guns weakened the other parts of the line. One party of tribesmen got on the left flank and were causing considerable confusion, the General Officer began to fear for the safety of his force, gave the order to retire. At this particular point I want to draw your attention to the usefulness of the training the boys had received, part of it, as I pointed out, was to keep watch in the hills for any possible enemy, man or beast, and evidently destruction at the proper moment was also an object in view. At the time of the year when this expedition was planned, the country was as dry as tinder, being just before the Monsoon Rains came on, as a consequence a spark as it were, would set the whole country ablaze. The boys seemingly cleared well away as the troops pushed forward, and getting behind the main body on the line of communication, lay in wait well concealed, biding their time for possible chances, which on this occasion came their way. As soon as the troops were well on the retreat and fighting for their very lives, the boys set fire to every growing thing that would burn, with the result that the troops found themselves in an exceedingly dangerous position, the fire spread very rapidly and soon cut them off from communication, no assistance could come to the force from any troops on that line. The Commander saw that his only chance was to cut a way through on one of the flanks. He accordingly selected the flank on which the tribesmen appeared weakest and fought his way out of a veritable blazing hell. Brave, persistent, resourceful tribesmen on front and flanks, and a burning country behind, was not a very enviable position for any Commander to find himself in. After hard fighting he was able to reach the hills and get back to the starting point of the Expedition, but with very heavy losses. One body of native troops was practically burned to death, few escaped the fire only to fall into the hands of the enemy who killed them. Only for the steady, cool manner in which this Commanding Officer handled his force in the face of the terrible situation which those boys brought about by firing the grass, etc., he would have lost every man without question, as it was he suffered very heavy losses and as a result the tribe had to be very severely left alone. The consequence being that to carry on war with the "Afridis" the British Indian Government had to organise a huge force of baggage animals handled by about twenty-six thousand camp followers, so that enough food, etc. could be brought for the men when they had entered the unknown country of Tirah. With no line of communication possible to send back sick or wounded, you can imagine the situation. No one in this country knows anything about the horrors that column went through, there was no such thing as surrender. The tribesmen of Tirah asked for no quarter and gave none. The General Officer Commanding (General Lockhart) became insane shortly after we got back to India.

### REMARKS.

1. Our Commander has constantly brought to your notice some of the situations which turn up in this little "scrap," not of paper, in the Revolutionary Movement in any country. Delaying fights are one of the first things aimed at. The Revolutionaries may and will have to take up positions in parts of a city to delay troops for the necessary length of time required for the Leaders to formulate their plans. The resourceful under officer will here shine out at his best. The delay of one half hour may mean the winning for his side.
2. The tribesmen never came to close quarters with the troops until the moment appeared favourable to themselves, and then they made the most of their opportunities.
3. The boys were made practical use of, and their setting fire to the fields was the real

winning of [the fight for the tribesmen. Boy Scouts should take particular notice of their opportunities.

4. Remember the advice as to fire control. Don't waste ammunition. Carefully husband it. One hit in five shots is ever so much better than ten in fifty. The tribesmen had certain places marked out, and God help anyone or anything who came there. At play or war take the ground line, no matter what the distance of the object when firing.

5. Even machine guns were and are useless in this class of fighting. One jammed somehow or other. They always do with the British. A Major O'Keeffe, of the Scots Fusiliers, on field manoeuvres, always ruled the other side out of action until his machine gun was settled. It had jammed, which it did most consistently, about three times an hour.

## GREAT MOBILISATION of the IRISH CITIZEN ARMY on

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 17th.

All Sections attend under arms at Liberty Hall. Fall in at 12 noon. Route March after Meeting.

JAMES CONNOLLY,  
COMMANDANT.

### DRILL FOR RESERVES

The Army Council have set aside Monday evenings for Drill for our newly enrolled reserves. All members of same are urged to attend on that evening, and help forward the work of preparing for the efficient performance of their special duties. Members of No. 1 Company are notified to leave the Drill Room on that night free to the members of the Reserve Force.

### UNIFORMS.

The Army Council of the Citizen Army desire to place an order for a New Batch of Uniforms. Any Member desiring to secure a Uniform and willing to pay a Substantial Deposit is invited to leave his name with the Secretary.

### IRISH CITIZEN ARMY BOYS' CORPS.

All Members of A Company, Liberty Hall, to attend as follows:—Tuesday Nights—First Aid Class. Thursday Nights—Drill in Liberty Hall. Saturday at 4 o'clock—Rifle Practice.

By Order,  
COMMANDANT.

A Company has been formed in the District of Church Road. Recruits wishing to join may do so by applying to Lieutenant Williams at No. 19 Sydney Terrace, West Road. Come and help us to win Ireland for the Irish.

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