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

DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE.

Detective Department,

Dublin, 27th. October, 1915

Subject, MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 26th. Inst.,
the undermentioned extremists were observed
moving about and associating with each other
as follows :-

With Thomas J. Clarke, 75, Parnell St.,

C. Colbert from 12. 30 p. m. to 1 p. m.

John T. Kelly, T. C., for a quarter of an

hour between 1 & 2 p. m. Wm. J. Ryan for

half an hour between 3 & 4 p. m. Edward

Daly, for twenty minutes from 4 p. m. Thos.

McDonagh for half an hour between 8 & 9 p. m.

C. J. Kickham from 8. 30 p. m. to 9 p. m.

Thomas Byrne and M. W. O'Reilly for half an

hour from 9 p. m. William O'Leary Curtis

and Pierce Beasley for a quarter of an hour

between

The Chief Commissioner.

9726

S.

1854

D.M.P.

S

Crime Special.

*The under mentioned
Submitted.*

W.R. - 15 minutes

Comm 27

Under Secretary

Submitted

W.D.M.

27.10.15

Ch.

*I want a
complete set of this
week's Sinn Féin papers
to send to W.E.*

Wm.

27/10

Under Secretary

*but with today's report
W.R. 29/10/15.*

between 10 & 11 p. m.

Bulmer Hobson, M. J. O'Rahilly, M. O'Han-
rahan, and John Fitzgibbon, in Volunteer Off-
ice, 2, Dawson Street, at 11. 30 a. m.

Countess Markievicz left Amiens St. at 3
p. m. for Belfast. R. I. C. informed.

C. Collins, Pierce Beasley, and Ed. Daly
in Ship Hotel, Abbey St., together at 10 p. m.

Attached are Copies of this week's issue
of The Hibernian and Honesty, both of which
contain notes of an anti-British character.

Owen'Brien

Superintendent.

The Hibernian

Incorporated
National with the
Hibernian

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE PARENT BODY OF
ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS IN IRELAND
IN ALLIANCE WITH THE A.O.H. IN AMERICA.

Vol. I. No. 22. New Series

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30th, 1915

One Penny

The HIBERNIAN

[With which is incorporated The National Hibernian]
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

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Hibernian Hall, 28 North Frederick Street, Dublin.
All literary communications must reach the Editor
not later than the first post on Monday morning.

JUDAS REDMOND!

That the leader of a so-called Nationalist Party in Ireland should deliver himself of the amazing statement that because he and his henchmen had given "honest support to a Government whose constitution, it is well known, we dislike and distrust," should be also adduced as a reason why the men of Ireland should spill their blood for the same Government on the plains of Flanders or in the valleys of Gallipoli passes comprehension. Yet Mr. Redmond, at a make-believe Convention of the moribund U.I.L. of Dublin county, brazenly asserted that, in face of the "dislike and distrust" of our alien Government, "they (that is, we Irishmen) were bound in honour to send the gallant men who had gone into danger the necessary reservists to support them." And he ventured to say "they would do it if proper business-like methods were adopted!" Hot-foot from the secret recruiting conclave held at the Viceregal Lodge, he was fully armed with an array of figures with which to impress his auditors—a record of the number of fighting men that the sorely denuded population of Ireland has sent to wage England's battles, the red blood of a vast number of whom will yet make harvests grow.

With what voice Mr. Redmond spoke at the time of the Boer struggle for liberty there are many amongst us who still remember the utterances not alone of himself but of his following. But then the greed of gold had not possessed them; they claimed some pretensions to independence. How different to-day! They have sold themselves body and soul to Mammon, the only god of the British Empire, thereby forfeiting every claim to be considered sons of Dark Rosaleen. By right-thinking men are they condemned as pariahs and outcasts, and none more so than the arch-traitor to his motherland, Judas Redmond!

In the statement referred to Mr. Redmond—full, evidently, of the martial prowess displayed by his son and brother, respectively, on the gory field of battle—deprecated compulsion. "It should be understood," he said, "that it would not do to attempt to bully or drive people into recruiting." That is perfectly understood, Mr. Redmond. Neither bullying nor driving will we in Ireland stand. We won't have Conscription—whatever shape it comes in. But as Mr. Redmond is so

anxious to keep up the supply of fighting men, why does he not requisition the services of the B.O.E. and the U.I.L.? As faithful followers of his, believing in his protestations of unbounded loyalty and imbued with deep regard for the glory of the Empire, at the same time secure in the knowledge that the "end of the war would mean the inauguration of an autonomy in Ireland"—though Home Rule is at present on the Statute Book—why, oh, why, do not these ardent West Britons hasten to join the fray and thus conserve the rights of Small Nationalities? Why does not Wee Joe give a lead? He is an hon. colonel of Mr. Redmond's Volunteers. Can it be that that force is all officers? Well, even so, why does not the Bishop-baiter apply for a commission? There would be a valuable adjunct to either the A.S.C. or the R.A.M.C. Preferably the latter, for at bottle rinsing he is without a compeer. And he would, moreover, draw two allowances! Think of that, dear Joe, in these hard times when even strawberries are unprocurable on the Terrace. And why not Jean D.? If an elementary examination proved too "obstructory" for that gentleman, is there not his leader's paramount influence? Taking the "Pawty" at random there are quite a number thereof eligible for service—even excepting Colonel Lynch and Captain Donellan and the others who have donned the khaki. For instance, there is Dicky Hazleton, a very "honourable" young man, who is only 35. Then there are the Messrs. Lundon and Cosgrove, who are so interested in steeplechasing in England this winter. And young Mr. Meehan, of Maryboro', not to speak of the siren-voiced Tom O'Donnell, the member for West Kerry, who is but 43. And the unobtrusive Mr. J. Mooney—a name well-known in Dublin, and even on the Strand—as also Mr. Donovan, Mr. Lardner, Mr. F. G. Meehan, Mr. P. J. O'Shaughnessy, Mr. T. F. Smyth, Mr. Boland, and, indeed, many others who would gladly do their bit if approached in the right manner. Even joining as rankers—they are all young men—promotion would be swift. Vide Lieut. Stephen Gwynn. Has he not set an example to his younger confreres?

And we assure the eligibles that in the event of their "taking the shilling" they would not be missed. In the words of Father Phelan, S.J., the Irish democracy would become organised and educated. And the one thing required, as Father Phelan says, to give it permanence is to Gaelicise it. That Judas Redmond and his associates can never do. "So long as the canker worm of Anglicisation is permitted to burrow in the body social it is not safe. Let the Gaelic salt penetrate and it will quickly eat out every tainted spot that threatens corruption. When the social body is vitalised by the Gaelic soul you have an organism that will bid defiance to the wildest assaults from without and the more

treacherous, corrosive influences within. Without a Gaelicised democracy, the keystone in the arch of its security is wanting." Verily, the writing is on the wall. Let Judas Redmond take the side of our oppressor; we stand for Ireland. Will you?

The Curse and Its Cause

The Rev. Father McHugh, Army Chaplain, home from the front, delivered a sermon in Ballinasloe recently. He is reported as saying that he "saw two soldiers, who were between the lines trying to get back to their comrades. They were lying on the ground, and just gave a turn over every half-hour or so. The Germans saw them and directed their liquid fire on them, and when it struck they automatically went on fire and were burned to ashes. He saw the poor fellows in their awful agony, being consumed by fire and nothing could be done for them. . . They did not die a hero's death. . . It was awful to witness such sights, but such occurred every day." Then Father McHugh referred to the drinking by soldiers' wives. "It was horrible," he said, "to think that any woman could become so depraved as to get dead drunk on the money sent home by her husband or son. 'That is blood-money,' he declared, 'and the woman who is guilty of it will have an awful reckoning with her maker on the last day.'"

Here is the swift and terrible punishment that Father McHugh tells us he has seen meted out to the unfortunate Irishmen who fight for Ireland's enemy; and here is the curse that follows the families of those Irishmen:—

The Irishmen join their country's enemy and they go forth to foreign lands to kill people that never injured them or theirs. Death, most horrible and terrifying, is their end. They are burned alive. As well as what Father McHugh relates he saw with his own eyes, we know that on the Gallipoli peninsula the furze took fire and the Irish wounded, who could not escape, were burned to death. In the meantime, at home, a curse has come down upon the families of these unfortunate Irishmen. The wives and daughters and mothers have given themselves up to debauchery, reveling with the "blood-money," as they call it.

Father McHugh has come home in good time. He has seen with his own eyes the appalling pictures showing the curse at home and the punishment abroad. May his words spread into every town, village, hamlet, and homestead in Ireland, and serve as a warning to the wavering, so that if patriotism will falter, fear may harden men against the arts, dissimulations, promises, cajolery, lies, bribery, and corruption of the Redmond-Wimborne enemy.

F. O'C.

A TERRIBLE UNDERTAKING

FORCING THE DARDANELLES

On March 15, 1915 (says Norman Draper in "Collier's") the British cruiser Amethyst detached itself from a fleet of no fewer than thirty-two other warships engaged in the stupendous undertaking of opening the Dardanelles, and steamed toward the Asiatic shore. By a series of skilful manoeuvres the vessel finally managed to reach a position of the utmost strategical importance in the arm of a lofty peninsula jutting out well towards the European side of the Straits. On the very tip of this peninsula was a formidable Turkish battery, which shells from the fleet nine miles away had been unable to silence. It was the Amethyst's task to rout the Turkish gunners by dropping explosive projectiles upon the battery from the rear.

Incidentally, the commander of the cruiser was also under orders to cut a near-by Turkish cable if an opportunity to do so presented itself.

The cable was found and severed, and then the cruiser came to a stop about 200 yards off a wooded shore. Her guns were all pointed at the proper elevation to carry the shells overland to the desired point. On the bridge stood the commander watching through binoculars the masthead of the distant flagship for the signal to open fire.

Even as he waited, a sheet of flame burst from the shore. There was a roar; the scream of shells; the crash of steel against steel, and the whistle of thousands of metallic splinters whirling through the air in all directions. In less time than it takes to tell the Amethyst's gun decks were littered with the bodies of men and parts of men; and the first ship ambuscade of modern naval warfare had been effected.

When the Amethyst reached the fleet again it was found that nineteen of her complement had been killed outright, and that half a hundred more were badly wounded. At the same time it was determined that the projectiles which had wrought the havoc had been fired from 4.1-inch and 5.9-inch naval guns. Where had the Turks secured such weapons? And, having secured them, how had they been transported to that lonely peninsula? The final answers to these questions were as follows:

The guns were originally part of the former cruisers, Goeben and Breslau. They were taken to the peninsula on railway tracks set along the shores of the Dardanelles under cover of darkness!

Why, you who are uninitiated in the science of making war will ask, would the Turks remove the ordnance from the cruisers which Germany had turned over to them, and use it for land operations? The answer is simple. Ordnance experts are unanimous in agreeing that one gun being operated from land is as effective as five guns of the same calibre being operated from shipboard. And there are numerous good reasons for this conclusion, among them being the better protection afforded the gunners on land, and the possibility of hiding the weapons behind earth or trees and bushes. Also, gun pointers on shipboard are likely to be severely hindered at their work by the rolling of the ship. Even in placid waters, each broadside will cause vessels of the lighter class to heel well over on their sides. In the particular case of the ordnance from the Goeben and Breslau, the gunners were able so effectively to mask the battery that men on the warship 200 yards away did not know of their presence till projectiles were sent crashing into their midst.

It was the Germans who taught the Turks these things. I have every reason to believe that German officers themselves superintended the removal of the guns from the

Goeben and Breslau, just as it was the German army and navy officers on duty in Turkey who instructed the Turks how to put into operation countless other methods of repelling the attack upon the Dardanelles. And the combination of German methods, coupled with the natural formation of the Straits, has caused the most eminent neutral naval strategist I know to express the conviction that, providing the supplies of the Ottoman troops hold out, the Allied fleet can never force its way into Constantinople without the co-operation of a large land force. One hundred thousand men, says this man—whose name it would be unwise to give—would be needed for the operation. Field Marshal Baron von der Goltz, creator of Turkey's modern war machine, and now Commander-in-Chief of the First Turkish Army, says that nearly twice that number would be needed. He admits that the feat would be possible with a large landing force, but queries:

"Where can the Allies bring such a force from without weakening seriously themselves elsewhere?"

Just now consider this. After the guns of the Allied fleet for more than three months had been hurling thousands of tons of steel shells at the Turkish fortifications, it was admitted in London that practically all, with the exception of those guarding the southwestern entrance, were intact. Yet that fleet is the most powerful that has ever been in action!

In order that you may secure a thorough understanding of the operations in the Dardanelles and what is to follow in this narrative, it is necessary to sketch the formation of the waterway from the Aegean Sea to Constantinople.

The entrance to the Dardanelles is about two miles and a half in width. Guarding it on both sides are four fortifications. They are the Cape Helles Battery, Fort Sedul Bahr, Fort Orkanieh Tobia, and Fort Kum Kaless Tabla. In these forts the principal guns are, or rather were, of either 9.2-inch, or 10.2-inch calibre. They were manufactured by Krupps, and were presented to Sultan Abdul Hamid by Germany thirteen years ago.

Inside the entrance the roadstead branches out to a general width of four miles. On each shore there are countless forts and fortifications. Some of them are built of earth. Although it is not generally known, others are constructed of steel, stone and concrete, after the manner of those forts at Leige and Namur, which, during the early days of the war, were smashed by the German 42-centimetre siege guns. Earth or stone or concrete, these fortifications one and all were either constructed or reconstructed under the personal direction and supervision of German army engineers!

At the centre of the Dardanelles there lie the Narrows, the width of which at one point is about 5,400 feet. Guarding the entrance to the Narrows at Kepez are two strong forts, supported by four rows of smaller earthen fortifications, and farther in towards the Marmora Sea end of the straits are the most formidable defences of all—Forts Chanak, Kalessi and Kilid Bahr. Remember those names. When these forts are silenced, if ever, the work of the Allied fleet is nearly completed.

Should Chanak Kalessi and Kilid Bahr fall, it may be that rock-laden merchant ships sunk in the narrow channel will have to be removed before the fleet can proceed farther. There are, it is reliably stated, several of these ships all loaded and waiting.

A failure on the part of the fleet to perform its mission (if there is a failure) will

be caused primarily by just three things. The three are Krupp guns, railroad tracks, and mines. The part of the guns needs no explanation. They are scattered from Cape Helles Battery to Chanak Kalessi and beyond on every commanding position. Even the historic tomb of Achilles offers shelter for a few.

The railroad tracks aid in making the guns more effective. During the course of a terrific bombardment, shortly after the inauguration of the attempt to open the way to Constantinople, the fortress of Kum Kale was effectively silenced. The British battleship, Queen Elizabeth, the most powerful war vessel afloat, dropped a 15-inch shell weighing more than a ton into the magazine of the fortress. The resultant explosion wrecked the place, and made a shambles of it. Then the bombardiers forgot that there ever was such a place as Kum Kale. Its guns were useless to any enemy gunners who might be sent to take the place of their dead comrades. Further, the magazine had vanished; there were great gaping breaches in the parapets and gun pits. So the ships of the Allies turned their attention elsewhere.

Nearly three months later the ships of the Allies were engaged in shelling the forts farther up the Dardanelles. As is the custom, they were steaming in a great circle, engaging the Asiatic and European shores alternately. So great was the number of ships and fortifications in action that the whole firmament seemed to be rocking to and fro under the tremendous roar and crash of the cannonade. Great clouds of smoke were floating up from the land and water. Europe, said observers, seemed to be belching fire at Asia; and Asia was replying in kind. The water was pitted and churned where great projectiles pitched. Every minute or so a gigantic column of water heaved up by the explosion of a submerged mine would lift itself towards the heavens.

As a breeze sprung up a hydroplane, a British flag flying from its rudder, was seen through the smoke of the battle. The air craft circled once over the entire fleet, and then struck out for shore. On that tangent its pilot made a most remarkable discovery. Flames were spurting from the muzzles of guns in the silenced fortress of Kum Kale.

Also a cloud of thick yellow smoke arose from out of the decks of the British battleship Inflexible, which was the nearest ship to Kum Kale.

The aviator quickly descended, and soon after he had reported his discovery to the aeroplane ship, Ark Royal, the fleet ceased its operations for the day and withdrew. The Inflexible had received a shell in the forward control position. The captain was killed, and, if the German report of the matter is to be believed, the greater part of the crew was drowned.

The following day special attention was paid to Kum Kale before the fleet resumed its attack upon the other fortifications. And when the guns of the fortress had for the second time been silenced, a landing party was sent ashore. Then it was found that railroad tracks had been run right into the rear of the place. The flat cars upon which were brought the new guns to replace those destroyed were still there! Ammunition for the guns had come the same way.

Since that time there have been several instances where the Turks have moved the guns from inactive fortifications into fortifications silenced. In this manner they have more than once been able to subject the Allied fleet to a damaging cross-fire, that most dreaded of all offensive operations.

Now for the mines. A steady current of four knots an hour runs from the Sea of Marmora down through the Dardanelles to the Aegean Sea. The mines are launched far up in the Narrows and float where they will. Once in the water, they may be depended upon to float along unseen and unheralded, and needing only the shock of contact with a ship's bottom to cause the fulminate of mercury detonators to detonate a mass of 500 pounds of gun-cotton. Such

mines have the destructive power of a torpedo fired by a submarine. They are generally weighted down to keep submerged at a distance of 15 feet below the surface, and a drag is attached to the up and down chain connecting the mine itself with the weight. This drag has a tendency to keep the mine in the current, and prevents it from going shoreward.

No warship has ever been built which can withstand the effect of 500 pounds of gun-cotton detonated alongside its underwater hull and bulkheads, and there is an even chance that the magazine of the ship will explode sympathetically. The Bouvet, a French battleship of 12,000 tons displacement, was a victim of a floating mine. The Bouvet was aiding in an attempt to force the passage of Chanak Kalessi. Five miles away from the entrance to the Narrows the warship dodged two floating mines, later exploded by an English destroyer. The third mine encountered, however, exploded near the magazines of the Bouvet, and she went to the bottom in three minutes.

The floating mine is the direct descendant of the old-time raft used so effectively during the American Civil War. The Confederates placed fire rafts in the Mississippi at Vicksburg, and in the Cape Fear River before Wilmington. But if fire rafts were at all effective against wooden ships, the modern floating mine is ten times as effective against modern steel ships of war. And their effectiveness is doubled when they are set loose in pairs and connected with corked ropes. If a ship strikes the rope, one or both of the mines is sure to be carried back against the hull and exploded.

AS WE GO DREAMING ON.

Between old "Pax Britannia"
And our City Hall,
We're taxed to death in Dublin
If we dare to breathe at all;
The only chance that's left us
Is to closer hug the wall
As we go dreaming on.

Chorus:

Oh! we are a minus Home Rule Nation,
Thanks to our wastrel Corporation
Cowards in our social degradation,
As we go dreaming on.

There's a tax upon your 'baccy
And a tax upon your tea,
A tax upon your income
And what it ought to be;
A tax on Charlie Chaplin
When his pranks you wish to see,
As we go screaming on.

Chorus.

There's a tax upon the sunshine
And a tax upon fresh air,
As city rates will show you
If you overcome the scare;
A special tax for critics,
If to criticise they dare,
Still we go dreaming on.

Chorus.

There's State-aid for the criminal
And honours for the knave,
And gratis board and lodging
For the pauper and the slave;
While honest men are taxed to death
And even in the grave
As we go dreaming on.

Chorus.

Now, here is my suggestion,
To escape each kind of tax,
Let's all become town's Councillors
Or Corporation hacks,
Or towards the various Unions, all,
At once direct out tracks,
As we go dreaming on.

Chorus.

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Women Doctors.

Dr. M. Lipinska gave a lecture some time ago on "Women Doctors in Poland." From the most ancient times, she said, the women of Poland have been remarkable for their domestic pharmacies and skill in the care of wounded. Moreover, the practice of medicine by women as a profession was, even in the Middle Ages, not unusual in Poland, and at the beginning of the 18th century Madame Halpin was one of the most noted women doctors of Europe, who successfully practised medicine in Poland and Turkey. It would be interesting to learn if this gifted woman was of Irish birth or married to an Irishman. Her good work in the East was continued by Madame Krajawska, who devoted her energies also to the care of the Mussulman population. She not only practised medicine, but taught the people the principle of hygiene.

* * *

Electrical Battleship.

In all probability the United States will possess the first battleship driven by electric motors—the super-Dreadnought California, which has been laid down at Brooklyn. There will be boilers and coal bunkers in the California and turbine engines, but these will be used solely to work the giant electric generators which will supply the current to electric motors in the vessel's stern. The California will be bigger than the Queen Elizabeth, her length being 624 feet, as against 620 feet; her beam 97 feet, against 92 feet; and her displacement 32,000 tons, against 27,500 tons. But whereas the Elizabeth mounts 15-inch guns, the American ship's armament includes nothing bigger than 14-inch guns, though of these she is to carry no fewer than 12, as against eight 15-inch of the Queen Elizabeth.

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SOME NEW IMPERIALISTS

Mr. William Fitzgerald, Town Councillor and Captain in the Waterford City "Battalion" of the National Volunteers, has given notice that at the next meeting of the Waterford Corporation he will propose that the resolution, condemning the imprisonment of Irishmen without any charge being made against them, which was passed unanimously at the September meeting, be rescinded. The attitude taken up by Mr. Fitzgerald has given rise to some surprise in the city, and various explanations have been advanced as to the reason for his being in favour of the imprisonment of Irishmen without trial.

The first explanation given is that he is a man of colossal ignorance, and that his ignorance is only equalled by his impudence. In support of this theory, reference is made to a belief which is very prevalent, that the eloquent speeches and magnificent letters of which he appears to be the author are not of his own composition. Others have gone so far as to say that he believes all he reads in the "Freeman"; but this is improbable, for it must be admitted that the gallant Captain is possessed of some intelligence, little though it may be. It has been said that it is his opinion that all men who differ from Mr. Redmond should be put in jail. This is an excellent idea, but rather impracticable; for in addition to the Sinn Feiners, Labour men, Republicans, and other Nationalists, John Redmond's son-in-law would have to find accommodation for Sir Edward Carson, Dr. O'Hara, all the Ulster Volunteers, Lord Charles Beresford, ten Cabinet Ministers, some millions of other Englishmen, who have expressed themselves violently opposed to Mr. Redmond's policy. Great as is our admiration at the ability of John Redmond's son-in-law, for we freely acknowledge that it was merit alone and the influence of his father-in-law that got him the position, yet we think it would be expecting too much of him to take care of over two million prisoners. No civilised race has ever been able to take care of such a number. It was left to a race of "savage murderers and pirates" to show that it could be done, and done more to the satisfaction of the prisoners than at Mr. Max Green's establishment.

As Mr. Fitzgerald wishes to set the Corporation right, he may have some special sources of information. He may sit up at night with blue books, white books, and other books of all the colours of the rainbow. He may have the German reports before him as to the relations between the Kaiser and the "pro-Germans." But, as far as I have been able to gather, he has no knowledge of the German language, and has to trust the "Freeman" and Mr. Redmond. After all, it is a fine policy to trust Mr. Redmond in all things. Mr. Redmond told the Irish in America that his object was the destruction of British power in Ireland. He told us that we would have Home Rule in 1914. He has told the world that the Irish are prosperous after thirty years of kind British Government, and can bear £9,000,000 extra annual war taxation, and supply as many more recruits as are wanted. He told us that the Germans murdered archbishops and bishops. He was educated at Trinity College and the English Bar. He has lived for thirty years in England, mixed in the "best society," and married a British wife. And there are several other reasons why we should trust Mr. Redmond.

Some have suggested that Mr. Fitzgerald supports General Friend for trade reasons. According to General Friend, the Irishmen in the British Army are getting disposed of

at the rate of 1,100 a week. This means about 500 deaths a week; but the situation is such that while deaths were never so numerous, the trade in sepulchral monuments was never so bad. If Mr. Fitzgerald had to depend on his own industry for his living, he would probably have had to offer his services to Lord Kitchener, like many a better man has had to do. We have heard that Mr. Fitzgerald, in order to get some pocket money, is willing to undertake a contract for the supply of tombstones for Redmond's Irish Brigade. It is estimated that 7,000 will be required within the next twelve months. (It is a mournful prospect, but we must remember that Ireland's loss is Mr. Redmond's gain).

Some other suggestions have also been put forward. One is that Captain Fitzgerald, being a military man, understands the feelings of General Friend in regard to "slackers." No one accuses Captain Fitzgerald of being a "slacker." He is like Major Ivan Price, doing useful work in keeping "our Irish" in order. Another is that Captain Fitzgerald is ambitious, and wishes, when John Redmond is suitably rewarded for his services to the Empire, to get a position among the four hundred pounders.

Whatever may be his motive, his admirers are determined that if his efforts to have Irishmen imprisoned without trial are successful, the great event will be commemorated in a suitable manner. It is projected to erect a stone monument outside the Council Chamber, showing a few groups in bas-relief. The principal group shows Erin, bound on the table with the shackles of the Defence of the Realm Act. Captain Fitzgerald appears clad in his green uniform; but the men he commands are not to be seen. He has drawn his trusty sword, and poises the weapon to strike a blow at the prostrate and bleeding form of Erin. An inscription under the group reads: "I, William Fitzgerald, in the interests of the Small Nationalities, have willingly sacrificed Irish Liberty. I add my name to the list of those who have striven for the last 750 years to destroy the Irish nation."

A few smaller groups depict interesting local events. Mr. Maddock, P.L.G., is seen milking a cow, but an alleged Sinn Feiner appears and the milk (of human kindness) suddenly dries up. Alderman Thomas Whittle is seen turning a somersault. An observant onlooker will remark that on his coat there is a tag from the dye works, which reads: "Dyed green on the visit of King Edward, the War-Maker; dyed khaki on the visit of Mr. Hedley Le Bas, Champion Illusionist." Councillor Edward Walsh is seen nonplussed on a recruiting tour, as a common man points to the Councillor's son of military age not in khaki, and takes refuge behind a (recruiting) sheet, from which (as he himself says) he "hurls defiance in the teeth of his critics." A clergyman is seen suddenly stopping his imperialist propaganda, and rushing to the river-side to rescue some local woman from the clutches of some of Viviani's fellow-countrymen. Another clergyman is administering doses of anti-German mixture prepared by Asquith-Grey and Co. He considers it good medicine, but experience has now shown that, in the case of young men who have swallowed it, death or serious bodily injury almost inevitably follows. Analysts have examined the mixture, and declare that it consists mostly of lies, suppression of the truth, and false reasoning.

The last group shows a large number of sensible young Protestants, viewing with the utmost satisfaction, mingled with some

amazement, the departure of some hundreds of green Irish for the front, the band playing "A Nation Once Again." Those who march out to die for England raise cheers for Mr. Redmond, which are responded to enthusiastically by the Unionists, for is he not their best friend since Cromwell?

Captain Fitzgerald is not a Waterford man, and does not seem to know that the spirit of Meagher still lives in Waterford. There are cowards and job-hunters in Waterford as in other places, but the majority of the people believe that their country is Ireland, and that it is their duty to strive to gain freedom for their country, and not to crawl to foreign governors. For the sake of the city's good name, it is to be hoped that Captain Fitzgerald will not succeed in his effort to make the Corporation appear ridiculous, anti-Irish, and cowardly. Captain Fitzgerald is introducing the manners of the barrack-yard into the Council Chamber, and the members of the Corporation should show him that they are not to be ordered about like a squad of raw recruits.

On a former occasion he succeeded in browbeating them about the anti-conscription resolution. The Corporation should pass that resolution, and let the citizens see that it refuses to be bullied or side-tracked on a question of vital importance.

URBS INTACTA.

WAR ECONOMY

Generally speaking economy is a blessed thing; sometimes even it is a duty we owe to ourselves and others; but when embarked upon in one direction in order that we may have more money to lavish in other and more undesirable directions, it is nothing less than a fraud and a misnomer. These reflections have been suggested to me by a perusal of the pamphlet, "Why We Should Save and How," issued by a body calling itself the "Irish War Savings Committee," and distributed among "the natives" by those hard working fellows of military age, the Constabulary, Royal Irish and Metropolitan.

It is incumbent upon us to save, according to the pamphlet, in order to provide the money and the men whereby to enable our beloved step-mother country, England, to prolong the war against the Austro-Germans, and thereby disregard the wishes, nay, the appeals, of our Holy Father the Pope for peace! Does this object commend itself to the people of Ireland as distinguished from the Placeholder and Placeholder's who now masquerade as the representatives of Ireland?

Broadly speaking the War Savings Committee suggests four ways—(1.) It provides more money to meet war taxation; (2.) It enables us to invest more cash in War Loan; (3.) It liberates more men for John Bull's army; (4.) It provides more, and consequently cheaper, food for John Bull's stomach.

At page 5 of the pamphlet, paragraph 4, we read:—"It is plain that new taxes have to be imposed. The farmer, the shopkeeper, the artisan, and even the labourer will all have to pay their share. The cost of the war will have to be provided for, and Ireland will have to contribute." I wonder now must we stint and starve ourselves to meet war taxation. Is there any moral obligation on us, the people of Ireland, to pay for this war at all, even though the "Leader of the Irish Race at home and abroad" and the "Irish" War Savings Committee tell us that we must contribute? I don't think there is; in fact I'm quite sure that there is not. We Irish did not "call the tune"—the tune even is not to our liking—therefore why should we "pay the piper?" And if we have the will to resist taxation there is a way ready to our hands, and one, too, whereby we can take the advice of the precious Committee and practise economy of the right kind. Let

all of us reduce our consumption of taxable commodities, such as beer, wines, spirits, tea, sugar, coffee, cocoa, tobacco, etc.; let us send less letters through the post, and make less use of the telegraph and telephones, and we shall be going a long way towards baulking John Bull of his prey. Even those of us who are hit by the Income Tax can equalise matters in this way by the exercise of a little salutary self-denial. Behold a wide field for economy. Are we going to neglect it?

On the same page, paragraph 3, we are told:—"It is therefore better for us to save our money and so free the Government from the necessity of borrowing abroad. We shall benefit Ireland and ourselves if we lend it to the Government for the War Loan at 4½ per cent., or if we employ our savings usefully at home or deposit them in the Post Office Savings Banks or the ordinary banks." Personally, I believe the only way to "benefit Ireland and ourselves" by our savings, is to employ them usefully at home in some way that will keep a bit in the poor man's mouth. We can thereby get a larger return than from War Loan, the Post Office, or the ordinary banks; we shall be keeping some poor fellow from emigrating; and, at the very least, our capital will be as safe as if entrusted to the British Government, either directly or indirectly, for the crushing of Germany. The times are very unsettled just now; a new map of Europe is in the making; and who knows what the future, even the near future, may bring forth?

On page 7, paragraph 9, we are informed:—"If we all travel by train and omnibus and tram as little as possible, we set free the labour of those that have to run the trains, etc." And again on page 8, paragraph 2:—"No one should build a house for himself at this time." And page 9, paragraph 2:—"In particular male servants should not be employed." Exactly. These poor fellows will then be compelled to join the army, or let themselves, their wives, and their little ones starve! Now, why don't we all start to save right away for this very desirable object? Of course, it makes no matter at all that if the poor fellows thus cashiered, and in consequence netted, get a fee simple of a plot of earth abroad, or return home maimed for life, their dependants may have either to go upon the rates or starve. Why then we can save again to help pay the extra rates and taxes necessarily incurred as a result of our present "savings"; and so our "savings" will go on and on for our lives, and those of our children's children! I wonder what an economist would say to this class of "saving?"

The precious Committee tell us on page 4, paragraph 2:—"The more goods we can sell to foreign countries the more money we get to buy in these countries food and goods for ourselves and our armies." But on page 14, paragraph 5, we are informed:—"We should also be sparing in our use of articles of home consumption. The scarcity caused by the war has much increased their value; the markets of Great Britain . . . are ready to offer high prices for the surplus food stuffs of Ireland." And again, referring to our potential trade in butter, eggs, and potatoes:—"We have now an excellent opportunity of capturing much of this trade (with Great Britain) . . . both by saving in our consumption and by growing and producing more." And again on page 15, paragraph 6, referring to the shortage of meat:—"If we use less this shortage would disappear, while we would have a greater surplus supply to sell profitably to Great Britain." Let us take all these quotations together and see what we can make out of them. The first quotation would seem to contradict the assertion that one of the objects aimed at by the Committee in advising economy was to provide more—and consequently cheaper—food for John Bull's armies, for her we are told that by selling more goods to foreigners we can buy more food at home. The contradiction vanishes,

however, when we consider what is meant by "we" in this quotation. Obviously it does not refer to the Irish, because, unfortunately, for reasons that ought to endear the Empire to all of us, Ireland's trade in goods with foreigners other than the British is a negligible quantity. The "we" who, by selling more goods abroad are enabled to buy more food and goods at home, is the British "we." Here the Imperialist Committee forgets it is "Irish" for a moment, though indeed it is plain enough all through that what they have in mind is the benefit of the Empire, not Ireland. In the quotations that follow the "we" refers to "the mere Irish," who are advised to eat less meat, butter, eggs, and potatoes, in order that we may have more of these commodities to "sell profitably to Great Britain." To be sure the British, whom our Imperialists wish to supply with Irish food economised by us for them and "their armies," "are ready to offer high prices" therefor, but we must also remember that the more food stuffs we send them the less will be the price that we shall receive. So that we shall be depriving ourselves of our own healthy food for the benefit of John Bull only. Moreover, as is evident from the precious pamphlet under consideration, even if we get more money for our food stuffs, it is the intention of John Bull to take it out of us again by taxation, or War Loan, or some other device, "for the benefit of Ireland," of course!

The pamphlet is a splendid illustration of the methods adopted by England, and so carefully worked out in the operations of the various Boards with which this unfortunate country is cursed, to exploit Ireland and the Irish in the interests of the Empire. But there is a spirit of criticism abroad in the land that bodes ill for the success of such methods. The people are getting wide awake, though the purchased demagogue is abroad trying to lull them back into somnolent security; and I rather think that the efforts of the Imperialists composing this "Irish" Committee will meet with the success they deserve. Save we shall and save we ought, but if we save we will save for Ireland, not for the Empire. That must be the firm resolve of us all, and our resolve.

B. M. G.

THE "BOARD OF ERIN."

To the Editor, "The Hibernian."

A Chama—For several years prior to the Glasgow Convention the divisions in the West of Scotland regulated their financial affairs through an executive elected and controlled by themselves, but by arrangement received the "merchandise" from the Board of Erin. This arrangement to my mind was a mistake, as it recognised a usurped authority (just as Ireland does by sending representatives to the Westminster Parliament). This recognition of the "Board of Erin" was, I was told, given in the interests of unity. Now, I am, and always was, prepared to go as far as any man on behalf of unity amongst Irishmen, but I would prefer a thousand times to have Irishmen divided into a thousand sections sooner than recognise a usurped authority. Such was the position the divisions in the West of Scotland found themselves in in 1903. Unity, to my mind, that ignores national principle is nothing short of national disaster. This was demonstratively proven by such recognition of the B.O.E. (and, also, if I might be permitted to mention here, by the so-called Judas-unity of the Volunteer movement). This unfortunate recognition of the B.O.E. was a bar to all progress here, as the executive in Glasgow admitted.

The Order in Scotland at the time was under the ban of the Church, and this was one of the principal questions that exercised the attention of the Executive. Every honourable effort that could be thought of was tried so as to meet the Church

authorities, and owing to our efforts in this direction, a large number of divisions in the Counties Derry, Antrim, Down, Tyrone, and Armagh became affiliated with the Glasgow Executive; also several divisions in the Tyne and Manchester district. With this strengthened position the Executive drafted a complete set of rules for the governing of the divisions under its control, and as a result their first success was obtained by Cardinal Logue giving his approval to the organisation under our rules submitted to him.

Having succeeded so far, greater efforts were put forward to meet the Church authorities in Scotland, but no progress could be made until all connection with the Board of Erin was broken, and the first step to break the connection was taken in the form of a manifesto to the divisions and published in the Press. I think that was in 1901. Among the signatories to the manifesto was one who played the part of Judas, and who now holds an important position on the "Board of Erin"—I will deal with this person and a few others later on—with the result that the good intentions of the manifesto never came to maturity. The Executive jogged along in its old way, only that the poisonous fangs of the B.O.E. were being thrust into its heart more deeper than ever, until the month of September, 1902, when, with the influx of young blood to the district, we forced the holding of the famous Convention of 1903. If the result from same had been faithfully carried out, it would have been the first step towards the formation of the greatest Irish organisation ever established in these islands. In addition, it spelt disaster for the job-hunter and the West Briton. I will, as time and permission permit, deal with the Convention and after incidents. Meantime, I wish to point out that Wee Joe had not at this time had courage to join the B.O.E., nor did he for a considerable time after he was elected its National President. During this period he was fully occupied slandering and defaming the late Bishop Henry of Down and Connor in the columns of his then only controlled paper, the "Northern Star." I do not remember if J. D. had joined the B.O.E. at this time either. I am of opinion he was considering whether his Dublin job, or the Castle's ally, the B.O.E., would pay him best. Anyhow, about this time he joined the latter.

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MEMORIES OF MOUNTJOY

By SEAN MILROY

VI.

"Some of you people are trying to dub yourselves political prisoners. But let me tell you there is no such thing."

It was the voice of the genial Governor Monroe which uttered these words, and they were, as far as appearances could indicate, addressed to the desk behind which he stood, and upon which his gaze seemed intently fixed, but in reality they were intended for the benefit of the present writer, on the morning of June 17th. I had been brought before his Governorship to hear judgment passed upon my misconduct on the previous evening when I had declined to don prison clothes.

This way of talking at, instead of to, a prisoner was one of Governor Monroe's pretty little peculiarities. He seemed to have a rooted objection to looking one straight in the face, but usually when speaking would concentrate his eyes downward on the nearest inanimate object, and let his words fall upon it, possibly with the idea that somehow or other they would rebound and strike the ear-drums of the party whose edification they were intended for. Well, I listened intently and with some curiosity to his remarks as he proceeded.

"I understand that when you were told to put on prison clothes last night you refused. Now, I wish to make it clear that you cannot do this because you belong to any particular class of prisoners, but every prisoner here has the privilege of applying to wear his own clothes, no matter what his offence may have been, and if I deem it proper he may, not as a right, remember, but as a privilege, retain his own clothes."

Now, now, Governor, there is a screw loose somewhere. Did you not tell Sheehy Skeffington that a "prisoner doing hard labour could not wear his own clothes?" Surely it is not possible that you were at the time ignorant of what the actual regulation was, and had to look it up between your interview with him and this little chat with me. Surely a soul such as yours, which seems to live, move, and have its being within the refining atmosphere of bars, bolts, and cast-iron rules could not have been so remiss! And yet I cannot but come to that conclusion, unless I decide that you told my friend, Skeffington, a thundering fib. Perish the base thought! Governor Monroe a liar! Good Heavens! Impossible!

The net outcome of our interview was that I had no further trouble about my clothes, and that I became conscious of the peculiar fact that a police court has the marvellous power of eliminating any element of politics from a political offence—that a man who enters the dock to answer for his "crime" of having expressed his view of current politics, leaves it, not as a penalised politician, but as a low down scamp of the same grade as a wife-beater, a thief, or a drunkard. This was a truth which became further impressed on my mind by subsequent happenings. Like the King of England, the Dublin Police Court is above politics.

This interview being ended, I was sent out to begin my work as a hard labour felon, in the prison grounds somewhere in the rear of the hospital, where I made one of a gang who were variously engaged in stimulating and coaxing the prison vegetables to raise their innocent heads above mother earth.

This Arcadian occupation lasted for the space of a couple of hours, when we were formed into a line and marched back to our cells. Upon reaching my cell in the Basement, I received orders to transfer myself now to the ward where the first offenders spend the term of their sentence. This was what is known as D. Ward, or the Star

Division. Prisoners in this ward wearing prison clothes are decorated with two red stars, one on the front of the cap, and the other on one of their shoulders, to indicate that they are first offenders. So I was now one of the Mountjoy company of all star artistes. Having reached this part of the prison I was sent up to the top part of the ward. There are three tiers of cells in each ward, one above the other, and up, up, I climbed my way, until I reached the giddy elevation where I was to dwell.

The cell I entered was an exact replica of the one I had left. In fact, all the cells in the jail are the same, so far as I could learn. It may interest the reader to know exactly how these cells are furnished. There is a small square table, a stool, a plank bed, a pewter can for holding water, another vessel for washing oneself, and another for holding slops. In one corner of the cell there are two small shelves fastened into the walls, upon which are the following articles: on lower shelf, two enamelled pint tins, a plate of same material, and a horn spoon. These are the requisites for meals. On the upper shelf are a Bible, a prayer-book, a hymn-book, a slate and pencil, a comb and a piece of soap (on the wondrous virtues of this latter article I have already discarded). Adorning the wall above the table are four cards bearing printed matter relative to the conduct, treatment, and diet of prisoners, all of which are read with growing interest day after day. That, I think, exhausts the articles with which my cell was furnished, and each of the others is practically identical in this respect.

It was dinner time shortly after I was marched up here, and I got another instalment of skilly. This was my diet for the first seven days, after which a change took place in this regard, which I will explain later. The warder in charge of this part of the ward was a young man, who had, as I discovered later, two all-devouring obsessions. One an extremely high opinion of his own personal appearance, and the other an extremely low estimate of my capacities as a charwoman. The latter was, I fear, only too well grounded, for I could never quite feel that washing floors was exactly what Nature had intended me for, and my miserable efforts to wash out my cell, which I was supposed to do twice a week, seemed to fill the poor warder's soul with a quivering of raw anguish, equal only to that which the task inflicted upon myself. However, we did not get on too badly together, and parted on good terms, though I fear he must have often shaken his head in sad reflection over my lamentable failure to make that cell floor the one bright spot in Mountjoy, an ideal which he repeatedly set before me as something to aspire to.

I was provided with some additional work in my cell in the sewing of mail-bags, but here again I have to avow my short-comings. Neither the scrubbing-brush nor the mail-bag needle seemed to touch any responsive chord in my bosom, and I fear I was guilty of many sins of omission in regard to these mail-bags.

I was given that morning what was termed a book of secular instruction. It was Grenville Cole's "Changeful Earth," and I read its pages with an zest far in excess of the interest I displayed while caressing those mail-bags. This volume of Cole's served a second need. If I found the food supplied at meals rough, unpalatable, and insufficient, I had always the chance of digesting a few chunks of basalt rocks or a ration of carboniferous limestone with the assistance of this geological author. I presently discovered that I was locked up now until the following morning, and that I

would have to keep my mind occupied somehow if I intended to preserve its balance during the dull monotony of the days and nights that lay before me. But I found ways and means to do that, and to make the lonesome hours pass not wholly unprofitable. I had about ten days of this sort of confinement when, upon application to the Governor, I was sent out to the stick-yard, where I had the advantage of the open-air for the greater part of the day, and what was equally welcome, the chance of an odd word or two from a fellow creature not in a warder's uniform. Solitude behind a doubly locked door, with only a few feet of space to walk backward or forward in, has a powerful tendency to make one a philosopher. Happy the mortal thus situated who has a clear conscience, but woe to him whose conscience is of the kind which tortures, lashes, and upbraids with guilty reckonings. For it does seem to me that never does man and his conscience come into closer intimacy, more delicate relationship—never does it seem to whisper into his ear or array itself before his mental vision more than when he is thus shut off from humanity, and stripped of all the expedients for time-killing so prolific in social intercourse, save those which his inner nature can devise. And many a conclave with this intimate confidant of mine did I hold in cell 15, D.3. We discussed, scanned, and passed judgment on many persons, subjects, and institutions. We searched assiduously through all the ramifications of what the Realm Defenders would have it were monstrous peccadillos of mine. We heard all the evidence, analysed it, submitted it to the jury of ourselves, and unanimously, upon each count, returned a verdict of not guilty." I emerged from the Court of my own mind without a stain upon my character. Some of my readers may suggest that this tribunal was biased, and that the verdict was a foregone conclusion, but I, who am perhaps best acquainted with its constitution, can vouch for its absolute impartiality, its careful weighing-up of the facts of evidence before that verdict of acquittal was delivered. Let me briefly sketch the line of argument which was thus set forth as I sat a prisoner in cell 15.

I was charged with some misdemeanour under some section of the Act to secure the Defence of the Realm. So far as it affected Ireland, the net result of the operation of this Act, this wonderfully comprehensive Act, seemed to be to plunge Ireland, quite against Irish interests, into a war with peoples and States with whom Ireland had never had an angry word. I had suggested that lacking a legislative assembly in Ireland, there was no one competent to commit Ireland to participation in this war. That Ireland was in the position of a State where the question was still being argued, Should Ireland participate in this war or remain neutral? I had urged what I conceived to be rational arguments why I thought Ireland's interest would best be served by Ireland holding aloof from this awful carnage which was desolating Europe. For urging this aspect of current politics, three months' hard labour was the result.

Now, as I have already said, the Court of my own mind and conscience refused to find me guilty of any crime for such conduct, and had a jury of Irishmen sat and heard the case, I do not doubt that their verdict would in no wise have differed from that at which I had arrived, and this brings me back again to the exigencies and perplexities which beset our English Governors of Ireland, and which I was endeavouring impartially to consider in my last chapter.

I want to offer a few further observations thereon which will emphasise the fact that the nature of their office, the source and security of their authority, are such that, from their point of view, actions such as mine should not be submitted to the judgment of twelve honest men—that, in such circumstances, trial by jury involved a risk

of the acquittal of the accused which would be detrimental to the prestige of the Prosecutors in Dublin Castle—that the main consideration with them—and from their standpoint rightly so—was a conviction, and a conviction by such a tribunal as would enable the prosecutors to rank Irishmen such as I with the lowest and most vicious of the rascals of the community. This latter was quite as essential as the conviction; for, of course, it was highly imperative that those ideas for which we stood and propounded should be associated in the public mind with the lowest grade of degradation possible. Hence the logic of this determination to abolish trial by jury, to submit our case to the judicial (?) will of a stipendiary magistrate, and place us, after sentence, in the same category as the vilest scamps that could be collected within their Bastille. Now let no one infer that I am endeavouring to pile up an indictment of the rule of England in this connection. I am merely endeavouring to point out a certain fundamental fact. That, assuming the rule of England to be the incarnation and embodiment of all the blessings and virtues that civilisation has produced, its existence in Ireland and its security there necessitate certain conditions. One of these conditions is, that those who question England's right to rule in Ireland at a time when such questions may be effective should not be allowed to be at liberty, that they must be found guilty of some grave crime, and treated with a degree of degradation commensurate with the offence. That there is no guarantee that such an end would be secured through the medium of trial by jury, but that end being all essential, therefore trial by jury must go by the board, and trial by Castle Hack substituted.

Do you perceive now, gentle reader, how clear is truth that trial by jury and rule of England cannot co-exist when the credentials of the latter to rule here form the issue to be tried? Surely you would not expect British rule to commit suicide!

Fifty-five years ago another felon, one John Mitchel, had occasion to speculate upon the requirements of the British Empire in this regard, and his words, written more than half-a-century ago, will serve to emphasise how little institutions have changed in Ireland—how compelling the reasons which rendered it necessary to manipulate the *modus operandi* of judicial tribunals so that the result would coincide with the permanence and the morale of those institutions which the British Providence has erected here to civilise the Celtic fringe.

Thus Felon Mitchel wrote:

"It is granted, I suppose—at least, I have taken it for granted—that the British Empire must be preserved, and that the subjection of Ireland is essential to that end. Very well; then it is necessary, when occasion arises, to vindicate the 'Law' (that is, the London Law) against those who set themselves up against it. If nine-tenths of the people manifestly hate the said London law, and are believed, with but too good reason, to be ready on the first occasion to deny and defy its authority, then it is manifest that the theory and practice of juries, as understood in England and expounded in the law books, must be materially modified in Ireland. A jury is supposed to be composed of twelve good and lawful men, indifferently selected out of the vicinage or neighbourhood—which is very fair, and in England works well enough. But it is plain that it will never do for Ireland—at least, not until several more generations of us have been bred up in national schools. At present the 'good and lawful men' are few—our 'vicinage' is restricted. In fact, a few Orangemen and the tradesmen to the Castle may be said to furnish our 'vicinage' and our good and lawful men ever since I can remember. Indeed, since Irish clan territories were first made into counties, the case has been the same. Edmund Spenser, the poet of the Faerie Queen, having lived some years in Ireland, where he appeared

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as an English undertaker; and having duly studied this matter of governing Ireland by English laws, sets forth the difficulties of it very clearly in his famous 'View of the State of Ireland.' The bard, being of course wholly in the British interest, and the guarantee of states 'forfeited' by (or plundered from) Irish chiefs, may be trusted in this matter as a faithful exponent of British policy. His work is in the form of a dialogue, wherein Irenaeus says to Endoxus: 'Yet is the law of itself good, and the first institution thereof being given to all Englishmen very rightfully; but now that the Irish have stepped into the very rooms of our English, we are now to become heedful and provident in juries.'

"Spenser, of course, as becomes a true Briton, attributes this to a natural turn for perjury amongst the Irish—'They make no conscience to perjure themselves in their verdicts, and damme their soules.' Be this as it may, the English Sovereign could never, in Spenser's time, and for long after, obtain a single verdict, either on inquisition, about forfeited estates, or on criminal trials, without selecting the juries most carefully—generally from amongst the soldiers.

"Now, after three hundred years, it is still true that the British Government is seeking to obtain a verdict of guilty against any person whomsoever, in a prosecution by the State, is obliged to proceed in the very manner recommended by Spenser—namely, 'to choose either most Englishmen, or such Irishmen as be of the soundest judgment and discretion'—which means such Irishmen as are for the British Government and against the Irish people. In truth, about nine-tenths of the people, as I said, do not conscientiously believe that the Queen or her laws have any business in that Island, or that any Irishman can by possibility commit, in Ireland, any crime against an English Sovereign. The consequence is, that in all State prosecutions they will find all persons not guilty, and would perjure themselves and stultify themselves if they did not so find.

"What, then, is the British Government to do? Empanel a real jury indifferently from the vicinage, and so lose the Queen's cause, and show to all the world that London law does not in reality govern Ireland?

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—or establish a permanent martial-law and drum-head court, and so injure the British reputation for 'constitutional liberty?' or give up the island at once and confine themselves to their own country. The very propounding of these questions brings their own answers."

Singular, most singular, is it not, gentle reader, that the reflections of Felon Mitchel in exile, in 1860, should so harmonise with those of Felon Milroy in cell 15, Mountjoy Jail, in 1915?

(To be continued).

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HONESTY

An Outspoken Scrap of Paper.

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A CHANGE OF LEADERS

CARSON FOR REDMOND?

"Change Kings, and we'll fight the battle over again."

The Jacobite Irish flung back the above defiance to their conquerors on a memorable occasion. Their forces had just been disastrously routed by William of Orange in the Battle of the Boyne. The cowardly James II., for whom, in their misplaced loyalty, they had staked their whole fortunes on a single cast, had deserted them in the thick of the fight, leaving them leaderless and unorganised, and without even waiting to make sure whether they were beaten or not.

It is curious how history repeats itself. Once more have we Jacobites and Williamites in Ireland. Once more have we the Orange and the Green entangled in desperate conflict. Once more have the Nationalists been sold by a spiritless leader, and the Williamites in possession of the pass, through their superior generalship. Well might the Nationalists of to-day, both those

who conscientiously believe in Parliamentary agitation, and those of the more extreme school who were prepared to co-operate with Parliamentary action as a means to an end, echo the bitter words of the Jacobites! In tones of despair well might they exclaim "Change leaders and we'll fight the fight over again. Change Carson for Redmond, and we'll abide by the issue."

In practically every crisis of his bitter fight with Redmond, Carson has displayed all the qualities of a successful leader, and has scored heavily at the expense of the Nationalist. Every Carsonite move has shown strength of character, intrepidity, and a boldness of resource which offers a strong contrast to the timid and halting policy of the Irish "leader," who has flung away, time and again, the greatest opportunities ever given to an Irishman who desired his country's emancipation. Though ever so much better placed, and apparently all-powerful with the English Government, Redmond has been out-generalled by Carson all along the line, and made to look very small indeed in the contrast created. "Ulster won't have Home Rule," shouted Carson in the teeth of the British Government, and after some feeble shuffling the Government and Redmond bowed acquiescence. Carson has fulfilled his threat to kill the Home Rule "bogie." The Home Rule Cabinet is gone, its successor is also breaking up. On whom can the Irish Parliamentary Party now fix the responsibility for enforcing the Bill on the Statute Book?

When Eoin MacNeil, the Irish Volunteer leader, called for cheers for Sir Edward Carson

on the occasion of the inauguration of the Irish Volunteers at Cork, there was a serious riot. Yet to Sir Edward Carson's initiative is due the foundation of the military movement which is now the only bulwark between Irishmen and any fresh transgression of their liberties. Irish Nationalism had not had time to realise how much they owed to Carson's daring, and they smashed the furniture in token of protest. In fact, it is a debatable point whether a recurrence of the rioting would not take place in similar circumstances—because, for the most part, the Parliamentarians are quite unable to dissociate this particular man from his policy, and consider him on his merits as a leader and a political fighter. No man since Parnell has so brow-beaten, insulted and lashed with his scorn the British Government and the British people. Is this not something in his favour? Time and again he has threatened to contravene their most respected laws, has outraged their dearest sensibilities, has consigned them to perdition, with all their works and pomps. "What are we doing here?" he shouted to them in Westminster, when they went through the farce of passing the Home Rule Bill over his head. "Our place is over there" (pointing in the direction of Ulster), and straight back to Ulster he stalked in god-like fury. Everybody knew what he meant. Ulster was going to keep her threat. Ulster would fight. Is there not a world of inspiration in the deeds of this man? Has he not taught us that if Ulster may not be overborne, neither may Ireland be overborne?

In all his political battles, Carson has fought with the desperate courage of conviction. He is scrupulously honest in declaring what he wants, and gloriously unscrupulous in seeing that he gets it. If Nationalist Ireland had a leader like Carson, whom it could trust not to be turned aside from the cherished pursuit of centuries, and one who would not be bought off by baubles, or offices, or promises, then National unity in Ireland was already an accomplished fact. And we all know what that would mean.

In the greatest crisis of the greatest war in history, Carson has once more shown us a picture of unflinching adherence to his convictions, which the most grudging of his political opponents cannot but praise. He cares as little for England, and for what the English think now, as when he left them in scorn to arouse Ulster. In his position what can we picture Redmond doing? He would temporise, compromise, and generally be prevailed upon to make an even greater political fool of himself than he was before. Oh! that Nationalist Ireland could swap leaders with "Ulster"!

CHEERS FOR CONSCRIPTION

We hope that the Irish Parliamentary Party will vote for Conscription when it comes.

That, in times of stress, there should be universal military service is, after all, a very primitive and self-evident social need. The able and efficient units in every community should all be available for the defence of the Commonwealth, or for the territorial extension of the Commonwealth, if it so desired. Otherwise, in the days of battle, those unoccupied in the War are only so much wastage. Moreover, the call of the Motherland should inspire everyone to take the most expedient means of doing his "bit." In a nutshell, it is at once a social desideratum and a military necessity that, when War comes, all should share the perils of the conflict and the glory of the conquest. Therefore, by all means let us have Conscription—for England.

Sir Edward Carson's resignation from the Cabinet has proved one thing, and proved it conclusively. Conscription is coming, and it is not to apply to Ireland—just yet, at any rate. Attempts have been made to advance different reasons for his resignation, but we, in Ireland, who know Carson, know that it is only an Irish question, and not an Imperial one, which would cause him to take the course of action he did. It has at last been driven into the thick skulls of the majority of the Cabinet that Ireland is a **separate** country from England, and that in this matter of Conscription she will require **separate** treatment. Apart from Carson's resignation, other public announcements and public actions point to the same fact. We have here, in effect, a tacit admission that Ireland cannot be expected to take the same interest in the war as England does. In fact, it goes quite close to implying that this is not **quite** Ireland's war, and that the Irish people are not **quite** obliged to take the same part in it. There can be no other reading to any Conscription measure that does not apply to Ireland, since it is inconceivable that England is afraid to enforce Conscription in Ireland. What are we to think now of those professional orators who are going around proclaiming how vitally Ireland is concerned in this war, when the Cabinet and English public opinion gives them the lie direct? What are we to think of those who have solemnly declared that Ireland is **not** a separate country from England, and does **not** stand on a different footing either for recruiting or Conscription purposes?

For over one hundred years, the English, Scotch and Welsh have taken an uninvited part in Irish legislation, through the machinery provided by the despicable Act of Union. They have governed Ireland not for the Irish, but in

spite of the Irish, and rammed their alien legislation down Ireland's throat, whether she wished it or not. It is time that Ireland made these foreigners realise what it feels like to be over-ruled by outsiders in the conduct of even their most intimate National affairs. It can be done, and done very simply. When Conscription comes, let the Irish Party vote solid for its application to Great Britain. No one can conceive Parnell taking any other course. He would not miss such a glorious opportunity of lashing the Saxon into a sense of his own shortcomings. We firmly believe that the solid vote of the Irish party will turn a Conscriptionist minority into a Conscriptionist majority, and it will be ample reward to hear the Saxon Press howling at the uncalled for interference of the Irish in English legislation. With Ireland left outside the scope of the measure, the Party can have no motive for fearing Conscription. In fact, its enforcement in England would create a huge trade boom in this country through the industrial displacement caused across the Channel. Above all, we hope the Irish Party will have the grace not to "abstain" from taking part in the Parliamentary division. Let them show England, as they are constitutionally entitled to do, that her policy of interfering in Irish affairs can have awkward results when applied in the reverse direction. Drive home the moral, lads, and do something for that £400 a year!

ALLIES FOREIGN POLICY

The Allied foreign policy is rapidly developing on farcical lines. In the Balkan imbroglio they stand badly in need of Greece's assistance, though Greece has already declared she does not consider herself called on to interfere. The woes of the Small Nationalities left her cold and unmoved. Then the British and French Foreign Offices inspired threatening articles in the newspapers pointing out the superiority of sea-power over land-power, and the relevance of that superiority to a maritime country like Greece. We remember the same threat being held over the head of Italy in the early days of the world war, but it did not produce any marked effect upon Greece's decision.

Threats having failed, we now find the protectors of the Small Nationalities lowering themselves so far as to bribe Greece, whose co-operation is, apparently, of material consequence in the Balkan campaign. The island of Cyprus, a past possession of Turkey, is to be offered to Greece as the price of her interference. No mention is made as to how the change of government is likely to be appreciated by the

natives of Cyprus. They constitute too small of a Nationality to matter much.

Let us see where we are. Greece does not believe herself justified in going to war, and she has said so in unmistakable terms. But the Allies are seeking to force her into the war, despite her National convictions that it is unnecessary. In other words, an effort is made to force her into a war which Greece herself deems an **unjust** war. Who would have believed it of Christian England and Christian France!

WHO HOLDS HILL 70?

In the British Parliament, on Thursday last, Mr. Tennant answered the above question. The text of his reply runs:

"The military position known as Hill 70 was captured by our troops, and was still in our hands; but, geographically, the position known as Hill 70 remained in the possession of the enemy."

We are sure the information was gratefully received by a thankful and enlightened nation. It easily beats Mr. Birrell answering an Irish question.

THE DUBLIN SIX

Dublin has six members, and Ireland has over one hundred in the British Imperial Parliament. What they are doing there, Heaven only knows. Whenever Dublin or Ireland is concerned, it is now the usual thing to find representatives of Great Britain interesting themselves rather than those who might be reasonably supposed to feel most anxious about such matters.

To the above there is one honourable exception, Mr. Laurence Ginnell, and, by a curious perversity in their outlook upon public affairs, many people, on both sides of the Channel, are dubious as to whether Mr. Ginnell is quite sane!

Last week a question cropped up in which we would expect to find the Parliamentary representatives of Dublin deeply and seriously interesting themselves. As we pointed out in our last issue, the English people and the English Press are giving gradual expression to their belief that the Dardanelles campaign has, in part at least, been bungled by somebody. The new landing effected at Suvla Bay, at such a terrible cost to the Irish regiments, and the "Dublins" in particular, was also a source of much public uneasiness. But the Dublin Six didn't worry, and it was left to a British representative to put the necessary Parliamentary question to elicit an explanation of the official bungling.

The answer returned was very significant, if

not enlightening, as to the details of the landing. Mr. Tennant stated that the officer in command of the troops at Suvla Bay was no longer in any command. Reading through the lines, it is quite clear that the said officer has been guilty of some blunder, and that all was not as it should have been at Suvla Bay. But the "Dublins," who were unfortunate enough to suffer through the officer's blunder, are no longer on active service either. Blunders like these are usually buried.

"I should worry" is an American slang equivalent to "I don't care." It would look nice on the escutcheons of the Dublin Six. At least it would have the merit of being appropriate.

THE COWARDLY IRISH AGAIN!

The "London Times" says:—Official inquiries are being made into the substantial increase in the applications for passports by men within the last few days. The foreign Office has been in communication with the War Office on the matter, and the Home Office is making inquiries at the ports. Many of the applicants are seeking passports for America, and it is thought an attempt is being made to emigrate in advance of the application of the national service.

OPEN LETTER TO THE POPE

MOST HOLY FATHER,

Like inextinguishable signal fires, the loyalty of Ireland to Mother Church has blazed resplendently through all the dark ages of her troubled history. Since her redemption from Paganism, she has never wavered in her adherence to its religious tenets, despite the fiercest of persecution and harassing laws designed to stamp out the Faith. In blood and tears she has sealed her covenant with the See of Rome, through weal and woe she will remain steadfast to the Church of Peter.

But Ireland is again rolling in the slough of a tempestuous outburst of infidelity, which threatens to loosen her grip on the Faith. She asks you to have no fear, most Holy Father, but that she will cling on. She only appeals for the comfort of your prayers.

A barbarous war has broken out in distant climes, and the Foreigner who enslaved and persecuted your Irish children is embroiled. Once more he attempts to undermine Ireland's faith, but insidiously and not openly, as before. He seeks to implicate your Irish children in this destructive war, and seeks the violation of their Faith by enmeshing them in its unholy toils. The Foreigner is notoriously a man of no faith. Of Christian morality his public life knows little

or nothing. He makes war and spills blood, just as he eats, and drinks, and sleeps—regardless of its moral aspects and the Christian principles involved.

But, true to the teaching of Holy Church, your Irish Children may not take life in this simple fashion, regardless of the consequences. Holy Church teaches them that they cannot, without incurring deadly sin, partake in an **unjust** war. Oh! how sorely they need your guidance as to whether this War the Foreigner would have them make is or is not an **unjust** war.

The Foreigner has decreed that the Quaker may forbear, but the Catholic he has not absolved. For the Catholic, then, the crisis is fast approaching. The Foreigner now speaks of **compelling** the Catholic Irish to join in this war. What shall they do? In what manner shall they act, so that their consciences may be clear, and that the Church's ordinances may be obeyed? Their counsels are sadly divided, and many of their wisest and most pure-souled counsellors conscientiously think that this is not (for them) a **just** war, and that they may not take part in it without danger to their immortal souls.

Rack and torture-chamber, hanging and burning, suffering and death have been the portion of that Catholic Ireland which clung to the imperishable Faith in the days of the Foreigner's oppression. All these means have proved impotent when arrayed against her religious convictions. Be assured, Holy Father, that if the voice of conscience tells her that she may not make war and remain sinless, then neither will these means now prevail against her determination to obey the Church's teachings. In her hour of need, and in her moments of irresolution, she asks you to pray that she may receive spiritual assistance to chose the right from the wrong.

Her priests and the chiefs of her Churches in Ireland are powerless to direct her actions. They dare not openly say that which the Foreigner would not have them say; and, lest their children should be left untended, they are, perforce, silent. Though expressly invited to speak for the cause of the Foreigner, the big majority of them have held their peace—and some of us have dared to guess at their motives and the unspoken advice thus given. A few of them have sided with the Foreigner, but only to throw into relief the significant and disquieting silence of their confreres. What does it all point to?

Ireland is again at the cross-roads, most Holy Father. She asks for your prayers. What shall she do?

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