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D.M.P.

DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE.

Secret

Superintendent's Office, **G** Division,

5th. August 15

190

Subject:—

MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 4th Inst.

the undermentioned extremists were observed moving about and associating with each other as follows:—

Visitors to the shop of T. J. Clarke, included M. J. O'Rahilly, John T. Kelly, T. Byrne, J. J. Buggy, Mrs O'Donovan Rossa and James Murray. Clarke has not yet returned from Limerick.

Dr. Mark Ryan, London, called on H. Dixon, 25 Westmoreland St. between 12 & 1 p. m. The Doctor afterwards proceeded to the Gresham Hotel, where he met Dr. McBride, Castlebar.

P. Ryan, J. O'Connor, P. Beasley, Thos. McDonagh, C. Colbert, and T. J. Sheehan, together

The Chief Commr.

The Under Secretary

Submitted

W. E. Johnston

Commr. 7/8.

Under Secretary

Submitted

W. E. Johnston

5/8/15

Ch. Sec.

7/8

Seen by Chief Sec.

W. E. B.

6. VIII. 15

together in Volunteer Office, 2 Dawson St.

for close on an hour from 7. 30 p. m.

About 30 members of the Sinn Fein Volunteers assembled at 25 Parnell Sq. at 8. 30 p. m., and afterwards without rifles in command of M. O'Hanrahan, went route marching towards Fairview. They returned at 10 p.m. and disbanded without further parade.

Attached are Copies of this weeks issue of The Irish Volunteer, Nationality, and The Hibernian, all of which appear to contain notes of an anti-British character.

Owen Brien
Superintendent.

THE IRISH VOLUNTEER

EDITED BY EOIN MAC NEILL.

Vol. 2. No. 35 (New Series).

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1915.

Price One Penny.

The British Liberals and Ireland.

A Chapter in Modern History.

The pamphlet, "Ascendancy While You Wait," by one of England's criminals or enemies—to the chivalrous and virtuous mind of the Predominant Partner, whoever is believed to be an enemy is necessarily a criminal, for only wickedness incarnate could be the enemy of virtue incarnate, and thus it becomes a pious duty to attack, and if possible destroy, the character of those who are the enemies of so much holiness—the pamphlet is a study of the mental life history of the British Oligarchy. The British Oligarchy professes a high code of honour, and takes great care to let the world know about it. When the hypocrisy of the thing is laid bare—for example, by George Bernard Shaw—the British Oligarchy neither winces nor blushes, but goes its way unchanged. It gives its Shaws and its Chestertons what we call in Ulster "a fool's pardon." They are its licensed jesters. Their duty and office is like that of the charioteer in the old Irish stories, who stimulated his master the hero by taunting and reviling him. Superb virtue can afford to keep such amusing critics on its staff, and to pay them well. Does not virtue become superb in the very act of paying hard cash for the vilification it undergoes?

The most wonderful thing about the British Oligarchy's code of honour is its geographical or tribal boundary. It does not extend to aliens. The same is said to be true of savage heathen tribes. We read that the tribesmen hold themselves bound by no law of honour, honesty, or any sort of morality towards any but those of their own tribe. That this is true of heathen savages I am not at all convinced. There is a universal law in the conscience of men, though the law may be obscured by enmities and prejudices; but so far as it resembles truth, it is a case of extremes meeting. The British Oligarchy is the cream and champion of civilisation, and I can undertake to fill a volume with incontestable proofs showing that its code of honour is bounded by the tribe, and that, beyond the tribal boundary, as the Imperial eulogist has sung, "there ain't no Ten Commandments"; that "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not bear

false witness," "Thou shalt not covet," are wholly null and void.

Ireland is outside of the tribal boundary. The most honourable members of the British Oligarchy will do things in Ireland and in what concerns Ireland that they would shrink with horror from doing within their bounds. What British Minister would employ thieves and prostitutes in England on special service against British political opponents? We remember the "Marconi Scandal." It was thought even a scandal to bring it forward, to suggest that British Ministers and their friends could stoop to make money out of Cabinet secrets used as Stock Exchange tips. We have seen how the largest part of the British Press counted confidently on horrifying the British Public by harping on Lloyd George's denunciations of mere aristocratic rapacity. Throughout all Ireland, Unionist as well as Nationalist, these delicate degrees of British virtue excite amusement and derision, for all Ireland knows that both sides of the British Oligarchy, the horrific and the horrified, are equally prepared to further their political objects in Ireland by packed juries, corrupt officials, perjury, forgery, bribery, intimidation, oppression, violence, sectarian fury, extermination, murder and bloodshed on any scale. There are honest Englishmen who will admit that such arts of government have been employed in Ireland on behalf of England in the bad old past. Let the dead bury their dead! But what has to be made clear is that every one of these arts of government is still a living thing in Ireland, kept living by the living representatives of the government of Ireland by England.

Within the tribe, the code of honour is doubtless powerful, well-nigh omnipotent. We behold a group of honourable men, men of gentle breeding, University men, men of high position and trust. Though they take different sides in British domestic politics, they honour one another, and each of them also receives from the others by reflection a share of the honour which he sheds upon them. They permit themselves to reproach each other with reactionary or revolutionary tendencies, with rashness, with muddling, with improvidence—but with disgraceful and dishonourable conduct never, or if ever, only in the last resort. Consider the long roll of British Ministers during the last two hundred years, and recall, if you can, an instance of one of them who, in a dictionary of biographies, is plainly described as a dishonourable man. Almost to a man they

have been faithful to the tribal code. Ask honest Englishmen to believe that such men, many of them, have behaved dishonourably and disgracefully in Ireland and towards Ireland, and you will ask in vain. Things went wrong, no doubt, but—well, Ireland is a strange country, and there must be some other explanation.

The present Minister "for" Ireland, the Chief Secretary, is an honourable man. Mr. Arthur Balfour, a former Chief Secretary, is an honourable man. They have ruled Ireland under honourable Prime Ministers. The late Mr. W. E. Forster, Chief Secretary "for" Ireland, was an honourable man, and his chief, Mr. Gladstone, was a very Bayard of honour, without fear and without reproach. These honourable men, when their sphere of action passes over the Irish Sea, become afflicted with a pitiable calamity—

"Nothing of them
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

Not many years ago a gentleman of high station was sent over here by the British Government on a special mission of great importance to the Government. A friend of mine, who knew this gentleman well and knew that his mission had a particular interest for me, assured me in conversation that he was a most honourable man and incapable of being used as a mere tool of policy. "Wait one moment," I replied, "and you will see what use is made of your honourable men when the ends of Irish Government are to be served." I produced the evidence, which was incontestable. My friend could only exclaim, "Well, is not that abominable!"

In a recent number of "America," Mr. Cecil Chesterton shows from documents how Gladstone tried to use Cardinal Newman as his tool for a particular expedient in the government of Ireland. Mr. Chesterton's conclusion from the evidence is "that Gladstone stands, to use his own energetic expression, a disgraced man." Mr. Chesterton may learn by degrees that Gladstone's disgrace was merely normal and typical, and that every English Minister who governs Ireland must be disgraced—whether the truth comes out or not—disgraced either by what he does or by what he conceals. There never was a moment in which British Government in Ireland was not disgraceful.

Mr. W. E. Forster was an honourable man, as honourable as Mr. Birrell. The "Irish Volunteer" has arranged to publish in succes-

sive numbers the history of "something rich and strange" in the Irish administration of Mr. Forster, under the Premiership of Mr. Gladstone. The other day I happened to stand among a group of educated Irishmen and Irishwomen looking out from the top of the castle that crowns Cuchulainn's fortress, near Dundalk. The castle is now a museum, and the keeper of the museum was pointing out to us the places visible around the wide horizon. North-westward, he said, you can see the tower of the Catholic Church of Crossmaglen. "Crossmaglen!" I said; "that is interesting. The day before yesterday a friend told me from memory two quatrains written by a young man from Crossmaglen. I wrote them down, and have them here." I read out the verses, and gave their history in brief. One quatrain was this:—

A scaffold on the Crumlin Road,
Or prison cell for ever—
But perjurer, before my God—
Informer—never! never!

The other is quite distinct in theme:—

In all this world I've one true love,
She's dressed in emerald green;
My life, my love, my liberty,
I pledge to Rosaleen.

The writer of these verses was a young National teacher, Michael Watters, of Crossmaglen. The first quatrain was written in his Majesty's prison, Crumlin Road, Belfast; the second, I think, in his Majesty's prison of Mountjoy, Dublin. For the benefit of any foreigner who may read these words I may explain that Dark Rosaleen is James Clarence Mangan's version of Roisin Dubh, "the dark little Rose," which is a poet's name for Ireland.

Michael Watters, under twenty years of age, was arraigned by the Government of Gladstone and Forster for conspiracy to murder landlords and overthrow the Queen's Government. Eleven men from the Crossmaglen district were arraigned with him. All twelve were entirely innocent. The evidence against them, as will appear, was a mass of perjuries and forgeries, paid for by the Government. The character of the evidence was well known to those who conducted the case for the Government. The case was so rotten that these officials were forced, by the necessities of British Government in Ireland, to seek to better it by bribing and intimidating some of the accused to do additional perjury. The hand of God, in a wonderful way, revealed the abominable secrets of their plot. "More of the old bad past!" your honest Englishman may say. Not so long past, however. When Michael Watters lay in Belfast Gaol, I was a student in St. Malachy's College, separated from the gaol by a high wall. Not even so far past as that. Some of those who took a prominent part in the ghastly plot are still alive *and are still engaged in the government of Ireland*.

The character of the young teacher, Michael Watters, needs no testimony beyond his own simple lines, almost miraculously preserved. Michael Watters was tortured by the British Government to make him become a perjured informer, and withstood the torture. That is the subject of his first quatrain. Then the allurements of an attractive young woman were

brought to bear upon him. The second quatrain is his answer. Then Michael Watters was murdered in prison, so that he might never reveal these infamies. And yet after his death God enabled him to reveal them.

"Surely," said a lady to me that day on Cuchulainn's fortress; "surely you will make these things known!" "Yes," I said, "they shall be made known, with the help of God, and I hope to live to see a monument to Michael Watters in Crossmaglen with his verses inscribed on it."

The history of the Crossmaglen Conspiracy will be published now in full for the first time, written by one who knew the men, who knows the facts, and is intimate with every item of the perjuries, forgeries, subornments, bribes, intimidations, corruptions of government and of justice that made up the case for the Crown. This history will be continued from week to week in the columns of the "Irish Volunteer."

The Government had a special reason for selecting Crossmaglen as the scene of its conspiracy. The Protestant farmers in that district were becoming Land Leaguers. The "continuity" of the government of Ireland—it was the Viceroy of that time, Lord Cowper, who laid down the maxim that "the government of Ireland is a continuity"—this continuity, since Castlereagh's time, has depended on "hallooing Protestant against Catholic and Catholic against Protestant." The history will show how, while Gladstone was trying to use the Pope and Cardinal Newman against Catholics, his subordinates were appealing to the most extreme Protestant feelings to keep Ireland divided.

Riflemen or Cannon Fodder.

Modern warfare consists for the most part in feeding that voracious monster, the Big Gun. Men are his food, and he will swallow a Company of them with ease, and leave very little of a Battalion behind. The modern soldier going out to die for his country becomes a grain in a bundle of cannon fodder. Many of us will perhaps think that our country asks too much of us in requiring us to sink our individuality to such an extent in making the great sacrifice. We would like to have a fight—a genuine fight—before we die, and as modern warfare appears to give us little chance of that we hesitate to become soldiers.

But a civilian is out of place to-day when the bulk of the male population of Europe is out in arms. Under existing conditions who knows what will happen to the unarmed and untrained? Who knows when his life and the lives of all who depend on him may not require the defence of his strong right arm and the weapon in it? There will soon be no room for civilians. Let him who would survive be a soldier.

Now, a man can train himself to be a soldier without necessarily becoming a grain of cannon fodder. Let us consider the principal characteristics of a soldier, and think how we can acquire them.

First, there is the ability to kill without being killed. Some of us, being sportsmen, are already gifted that way. We are well able to track and shoot game. This is a great step

on the way to becoming a soldier. Indeed it was the sole military attainment of the Boers, and we know what use they made of it. Those of us who are not shots can easily make ourselves so with a certain amount of trouble and at small expense. We can buy an air-rifle for fifteen shillings, and a thousand rounds of ammunition for sixpence; we can ask a well-informed friend to show us where is the foresight and where the backsight, and to tell us their respective use; we can retire to a secluded spot and set up a bottle to shoot at; and there we are. By the time we have expended 500 rounds we ought to be able to hit the bottle every time at 50 yards. We ought then to be able to declare war on those destructive Huns the sparrows, and this will practise us in the art of not being killed; not that this type of Hun is likely to defend itself when attacked, but because the better we hide ourselves the more of them can we kill. The man who can hit a sparrow three times out of five at thirty yards is beginning to be some use to his country.

Perhaps our aspiring soldier is more ambitious or more wealthy than I have yet hinted. Perhaps he is prepared to pay a couple of pounds for a miniature rifle, and ten shillings a thousand for cartridges. If so, all the better. He will smell powder early, and I am sure he will want to go on smelling it. When an obliging friend, or a penny booklet on musketry, has given him a fair idea of the workings of his infernal machine he can start practising on target cards (which are cheap) at 25 yards. When he can score 50 per cent. he is beginning to be a useful member of society; when he can score 75 he is a shot. He can now make an assault on the trenches of those Huns the rabbits. When he can stalk one of these so as to put a bullet in him at 30 yards he may take it from me that he is on the road to becoming a good citizen.

One word of warning. If you want to find out whether your rifle is loaded it is better not to look down the barrel while your toe is resting on the trigger.

The first step towards becoming a soldier is now accomplished. The rifleman's second necessity is a sound body, a body that is capable of standing the maximum of fatigue with the minimum of rest. For, if he is ever to stand up against cannon fodder, he must be able to go twice as fast and twice as far with half as much sleep. To begin with, he should curtail his tobacco expenditure, if he has not already done so to pay for his rifle, and he should smoke a pipe in preference to cigarettes. He can then easily train himself for marching by walking distances he would otherwise travel by carriage, tram, or train.

The third necessity is discipline, *i.e.*, the habit of obeying orders promptly and cheerfully. Any man can attain this by carrying on his own work, whatever it may be, in this spirit. A soldier often has to obey unquestioningly what appear to be unreasonable orders.

Finally, the elements of drill are necessary for the rifleman in order that the other three attainments may be properly used. If he cannot join any corps of Volunteers he can at least watch them, or any of the other armies that occupy Ireland, at drill. Then, when his marching orders come, he will be ready to fall in, and he will have a satisfactory answer to

give on that future day when he is asked the question we see on the recruiting posters: "Father, what did you do when Ireland fought for Freedom?"

O'Donovan Rossa's Last Days

"Conciliation" Rumour Denied

Interview with Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa.

When I called on Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa at her hotel the other day I was specially anxious to find out if there was any truth in the English "Daily Telegraph's" statement that Rossa became reconciled to England in his last hour, and hoped that Ireland would assist in crushing "the common enemy of civilisation." I therefore introduced the matter into the conversation as soon as possible. Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa indignantly denied that her husband had ever wavered in his opinions. She had been married to him for fifty years, she said, and during all that time he had consistently maintained that absolute separation from England was Ireland's only hope, and that this could be obtained only by fighting. Moreover, she added, Rossa spent the last two years of his life in a semi-comatose condition, and was incapable of forming a new impression during that time. He could hardly be made to understand that the Irish Volunteers had been formed, and only dimly realised that a European war was raging. The news that the Home Rule Bill was on the Statute Book merely elicited the exclamation "Humph!"

During his last days Rossa became, if possible, more purely Irish than before. His wife and daughters addressing him in English could get no answer; but if anyone spoke to him in Irish his face would light up, and he would keep up the conversation in that language till he was exhausted.

"Once," said Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa, "a young student came to visit him and tried to talk to him, but Rossa took no notice of him. The young man was on the point of going away in great disappointment when I suggested he should try to speak to him in Irish. Rossa at once appeared to wake up, and they talked together in Irish for half an hour."

She went on to tell me that during his last years Rossa was possessed of a ceaseless longing to return to Ireland. "Take me home," was his continual moan. They then took him away from hospital to his house. But he still continued to implore them to take him "home." Then they knew that it was Ireland he meant, but it would have been impossible for him to travel such a distance.

"What did Rossa think of Home Rule?" I asked.

"He always said that England would never give Ireland Home Rule, but, supposing that by some chance she did, Ireland should only take it as a step to complete separation. 'But,' he said, 'England will never give it, or if she gives it she'll make it useless. I have always preached this to the people, but they wouldn't listen to me.'"

Thus O'Donovan Rossa died as he had lived.

E. O'DUFFY.

A Lesson in Close Fighting from Hooge.

The following detailed description of the method followed in pushing a small local attack at Hooge some weeks ago should prove very useful for the guidance of the Irish Volunteers. On the occasion in question the attack, as is usual now in the Flanders area, followed on the explosion of a mine under a section of the German trenches.

"The assaulting party was quickly followed by the bombers, who immediately set about extending our gain. The crater was soon put into a state of defence, with suitable breast-works, and the bombers split up into three parties, and started working down three different German trenches, driving the enemy before them.

"Bombing is hazardous work. Every trench is protected at frequent intervals by traverses, and behind these, of course, the enemy endeavoured to seek shelter. Accompanied by a comrade with fixed bayonet, the bomber

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advances down the trench dropping a bomb into every dug-out he passes on the chance that a German is hiding within, till he reaches a traverse. Here a halt is made, and then the bomber gently lobs one of his missiles over the top of the traverse. Immediately the bomb has exploded, the man with the bayonet advances round the traverse, and deals with any enemy he may find there. By this method considerable progress is made, and such an advance is very hard to check as long as the supply of bombs is kept up."

The lesson conveyed by incidents of this kind is that considerable advantages can be gained by even very small bodies of men if they only are brave and determined and keep their wits about them. The cautious advance along the narrow space of a trench is exactly similar to that of men creeping in single file along a hedge ready for a desperate encounter at every angle and gap.

In such cases everything depends on getting your blow in first. Even if the enemy is in greater force than yourself it may be quite

possible to effect a surprise and throw him into confusion. If that is done he becomes at once an easy prey. It does not signify very much whether you are attacking or defending—in either case the enemy may be upon you from any direction with practically no warning whatever. The things that bring you salvation are quickness of thought and action: ability to bring your piece to bear on the instant, superior skill in hand-to-hand combat, &c. Above and beyond all it is in this kind of work that thorough scouting and protection of the neighbourhood tells most. The best informed force will get sudden chances of attack that may give it the decision—and in addition is far the less likely to be surprised.

THANKS!

It is impossible to thank individually all those who have sent me messages of comfort and congratulation. And I hope that this acknowledgment will suffice until I am liberated.

A. NEWMAN.

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The Irish Volunteer

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7th, 1915

Prosecution of Irish Volunteer Organisers.

In the Belfast Custody Court, July 29th, before Mr. John Gray, R.M., the prosecutions by the Crown under the Defence of the Realm Act of certain members of the Irish Volunteers came on for hearing. The court was crowded.

Herbert W. Pim, otherwise "A. Newman," was first put forward. The charges against him were of having failed to comply with an order dated 10th July, made by Major-General L. B. Friend, C.B., Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland, under the Defence of the Realm (Consolidation) Regulations, 1914, directing him to leave Ireland before 10 p.m. on the 17th ult., and he was also charged with having made statements likely to cause disaffection to his Majesty and to prejudice recruiting at Belfast on the 16th ult.

Mr. Moorhead, in stating the case for the Crown, said the prosecution was brought under the 14th section of the Defence of the Realm Regulations (Consolidated), for failing to comply with the terms of a notice served upon him at the instance of a competent military authority for Ireland requiring him to leave the area stated in the notice, namely Ireland, and not to return to Ireland unless upon the written permission from himself or some other competent military or naval authority. The 14th section of the Regulations read:—"Where

a person is suspected of acting, or of having acted, or of being about to act in a manner prejudicial to the public safety or the defence of the realm, and it appears to the competent naval or military authority that it is desirable that such person should be prohibited from residing in or entering any locality, the competent naval or military authority may by order prohibit him from residing in or entering any area or areas which may be specified in the order, and upon the making of such an order the person to whom the order relates shall, if he resides in any specified area, leave the area within such time as may be specified by the order, and shall not subsequently reside in or enter any area specified in the order, and if he does so he shall be guilty of an offence against these Regulations.

Major Ivan H. Price, intelligence officer, Irish command, gave evidence to the effect that the prosecution had been brought under the notice of Major-General Friend.

Mr. Moorhead asked if the terms of the Defence of the Realm Regulations had been complied with.

Mr. Hanna objected to the question on the ground that the regulations imposed upon General Friend the obligation of exercising his judgment upon the question. Whether he had exercised that judgment or not could not be proved by another gentleman. It must be proved in a regular way.

The Resident Magistrate—It would be better to have General Friend here.

Mr. Hanna—I expect the law of evidence to be regarded in this case as in every other. The liberty of the subject is as important as the convenience of General Friend.

Witness produced the expulsion order against the prisoner, which was signed by General Friend.

Mr. Moorhead said he would prove the service of the order upon the prisoner, and that Pim had not complied with it.

Cross-examined by Mr. Hanna, witness declined to state who had set General Friend in motion.

Mr. Hanna—Who was it brought the names of Pim and two others before Major-General Friend?

Witness—I decline to give any information as to what guided Major-General Friend in making the order.

COUNSEL AND PRIVILEGES UNDER THE ACT.

Mr. Hanna, addressing the Resident Magistrate, submitted that that was not a Star Chamber in which a military officer could refuse to answer a reasonable question which might affect the magistrate's judgment in determining the case.

Witness—I object to answer the question on the ground that it would be prejudicial to the safety of the realm.

Continuing, witness said he was acting on War Office instructions issued in regard to all those cases. He had not got any instructions *ad hoc* in that case.

Mr. Hanna—Did you bring the case before Major-General Friend?

Witness—No.

Then it was not the intelligence officer of the army in Ireland who brought it before him?—I am not going to answer any questions of that kind.

Mr. Hanna—But you have answered it.

I want to make it clear that it was not the active mind of the intelligence officer of the army in Ireland that brought it before Major-General Friend.

To witness—Did you make any investigations?

Witness—Certainly.

Did you make those investigations through the ordinary channels—the police?—I am not going to answer that.

Did you receive any reports in writing in reference to this?—I am not going to answer that.

Later there was an outburst of applause from a number of people seated in the public gallery and standing in the passages, and the Magistrate peremptorily ordered the court to be cleared.

Resuming his cross-examination, Mr. Hanna said—I take it your attitude is that you will give no information, even though it may assist the prisoner, if in your opinion it prejudices the safety of the realm?

Witness—My attitude is this: General Friend has made the order. I am not entitled to give any reason for the order.

Constable James Leavy said the prisoner was one of the speakers at a public meeting held at Clonard Street on the night of the 16th ult. Pim stated that he would not comply with the notice that had been served upon him, and that he had received messages of sympathy from all parts of the country.

Head-Constable Baird, recalled, gave evidence to the effect that the notice served on the accused expired at 10 p.m. on Saturday, the 17th ult. On the following day witness arrested the prisoner.

Mr. Hanna—You are the most experienced detective in this city. Did you ever hear of a notice being served on any man ordering his expatriation from his own country for a minor offence?

Witness—I never did.

Mr. Hanna—Or nobody else.

Mr. Hanna, addressing the Court, said he would like to emphasise that suspicion was something more than acting upon mere rumour, and the reason he asked Major Price what he considered to be relevant questions in the interest of the liberty and freedom of the subject was to show that the military authorities were acting, not on well-grounded facts such as reasonable men would take as a basis of suspicion, but on rumour set going by political opponents. He had been endeavouring to find out what Mr. Pim had done prior to the 12th July that might justify the suspicion that his conduct was likely to prejudice the safety of the realm, but there was absolutely nothing to justify the suspicion. If he (Mr. Hanna) was not entitled to investigate the grounds of the suspicions on which the order was made, if he was not entitled to ask what he had done, what was the use of him appearing there at all. Why did not the military authorities court-martial the accused? Instead of that, however, they came there to that court with a pretence of fairness and said for reasons of State they would not disclose what was in their minds. Where, asked counsel, was the evidence of prejudice to the realm? Major-General Friend had made an order—

Mr. Moorhead—That is conclusive.

Mr. Hanna said if that was conclusive—and he would accept the words for the purposes of his argument—was not the Defence of the Realm Act a travesty of justice? What was the meaning of it? If Major-General Friend said "So-and-so," was the magistrate to say "Cuckoo?" Was that law; was that justice?

Mr. Gray said the order made against the accused had been disobeyed, and he would direct Pim to be imprisoned for three calendar months.

Mr. Moorhead said he did not propose to give any evidence in regard to the second charge, and he would consequently withdraw it.

The accused was then removed in custody, his sympathisers cheering as the prisoner was being conveyed across the courtyard from the Custody Court to the cells in the Central Police Office.

CASE AGAINST D. McCULLOUGH.

Subsequently Denis McCullough, who carries on a piano and organ business at 8 Howard Street, Belfast, and who is also a member of the Irish Volunteer organisation, was charged with having failed to obey a similar military order, requiring him to leave Ireland.

Mr. J. R. Moorhead prosecuted, and Mr. Charles Power (instructed by Mr. James O'Connor, Dublin) appeared for the accused.

District-Inspector Dunlop gave evidence as to having arrested the accused at 9.20 p.m. on the 21st ult. This was twenty minutes after the extension of time that had been granted conditionally.

Major Price said the question of the prosecution was brought under the notice of General Friend, who ordered that the accused was to be proceeded against by summary jurisdiction.

Mr. Power said in view of his Worship's decision in the case against Mr. Pim there was really little left for him to do except to protest on behalf of his client against the methods now being employed to govern the country. They were faced with a new state of affairs in Ireland. If Mr. McCullough had done anything against the Defence of the Realm Act why wasn't he prosecuted in the ordinary way. They were living absolutely under a regime of martial law. It was always one party that was being harried by the Dublin Castle authorities. He did not know whether the Castle authorities were behind that prosecution or not, but he had a very good idea. The men whose leaders were being sent to gaol would carry on the movement, for martyrdom of that kind only strengthened it. All through the country there were armed followers of these men, and he asked the Government if they were going on harrying this one political party whose followers were armed. If the Government were prepared to drench the country in blood then on their own heads be it.

FOUR MONTHS' IMPRISONMENT.

Mr. Gray said that case differed from the previous one, because the accused was granted an extension of the time limit upon certain conditions which he failed to keep. The sentence was four months' imprisonment.

As he was being escorted from the dock McCullough shook hands with several friends in court.

NOTES.

The war in Ireland is progressing. Four Irish Volunteer leaders have been made prisoners of war by the Coalition, after an unsuccessful effort to make them leave Ireland. For some unexplained reason, there has not been a single word of jubilation in the Coalition press over this achievement.

The Irish war policy of the Coalition, like the Coalition itself, is a bit mixed. Having first arraigned Herbert Pim—in docking him of the meaningless English "mister," I follow the example of the Coalition Under Secretary for War—for refusing to be banished, the Coalition mended its hand, and decided to prosecute him for the speech in which he announced his refusal at a public meeting in Belfast. Then the Coalition discovered that its cue in Parliament was to deny the fact that the Irish campaign had a political aspect, and it once more mended its hand and withdrew the charge based on Herbert Pim's speech. Also, for some unexplained reason, the Coalition came to dislike the notion of taking prisoners, and appealed to its prisoner to accept banishment. The prisoner rejected the appeal and affirmed his own decision.

Denis McCullough has the honour of receiving a sentence of a month's longer imprisonment than his fellow-prisoners. As the same charge was made against him and them, and the same offence and no other proved against all, it is to be presumed that the aggravation lay in the fact that Denis McCullough, having been president of the Belfast Irish Volunteer Committee since its formation, continued in that office after Mr. Birrell had pronounced his decision that the Irish Volunteers did not come up to his standard of "loyalty."

The Coalition, naturally enough, began its banishment campaign with three Ulstermen. This Friendly act was duly interpreted by the poor exuberant fellows who declared war on the Christian Brothers at Ballycastle. I don't agree at all with the journalists who throw the chief blame on the local offenders. The attack on the Christian Brothers was a natural and intended consequence of the British Government of Ireland, and those who vent their indignation on the tools and let the Burglar go scot free are fools that play the Burglar's game.

Leaving my house the other day, I found myself under the observation of three of Mr. Birrell's employes stationed at different posts. One of them was able to signal to the other two that I had boarded the Dalkey tramcar at Ballsbridge. The discovery and report of this event was not a bad day's work for three well-fed able-bodied men. Further on, I bought an

evening paper and read in it that an old man and his wife had been battered to death in the next county and their savings stolen. This is not to be wondered at while Mr. Birrell is compelled to keep his forces at full strength watching and reporting the movements of dangerous criminals like me.

Commenting on the letter in which Mr. Redmond announced that it would be "bad faith on our part" to demand Home Rule in September and adopted the sanctimonious Asquith-Crewe formula that "the coercion of Ulster is unthinkable," the Liberal Imperialist "Westminster Gazette" shows an intelligent appreciation of the situation by testifying that Mr. Redmond has "relinquished a victory." Those traitorous Welsh miners did not relinquish a victory. Like the four Irishmen, they disobeyed the Government's war orders, and the whole 290,000 will no doubt be sent to prison.

Why would it be "bad faith on our part" to demand Home Rule in September? What agreement have "we" made that would be broken by the demand? These are very plain questions.

Sitting beside Cardinal Logue at the Oireachtas, I could not help wondering whether, in the still protracted process of the searching of souls, the coercion of Armagh was thinkable.

The Pope has addressed a letter to the heads of the belligerent states. The Pope adjures the Empires to "put away the mutual desire for destruction and reflect that nations do not die. If humiliated and oppressed, they prepare to retaliate by transmitting from generation to generation hatred and the desire for revenge." Those whose part it is to keep the Pope informed regarding this nation will be able to make clear to His Holiness that we Irish, though humiliated and oppressed, do not wish to perpetuate hatred but to be rid of the systematic perpetuation of hatred, and that we do not desire revenge but only the recovery of our national rights and liberties.

Our Christian forefathers looked upon "the perpetuation of hatred" as a characteristic mark of paganism. The very words of the Pope are found in the Book of Armagh, where the writer tells how King Laoghaire refused to abandon his pagan principles: "[Patrick] journeyed once more to the city of Tara, to Laoghaire son of Niall. But Laoghaire could not accept Christianity, saying: 'For my father Niall did not allow me to become a Christian, but [ordained] that I should be buried, [after my death], on the heights of Tara, as men stand face to face in battle, I the son of Niall, and Dunlaing's son [the King of Leinster] in Mullaghmast in the plain of Liffey, for the perpetuation of hatred (*pro duritate odii*).'" But Ireland is now a Christian

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nation, and the perpetuation of hatred is the special business of Empire and its adherents in Ireland.

* * *

According to the same Liberal Imperialist organ that praises Mr. Redmond for relinquishing victory, the Pope's statement that the desire of the Empires for destruction is mutual "must be disallowed." The "Pall Mall Gazette" says: "Unfortunately it does not seem to be recognised at the Vatican that we of the Quadruple Alliance *do not admit* that we share in the responsibility and guilt of the war."

EOIN MAC NEILL.

O'Donovan Rossa's Funeral

The public funeral of Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa took place on Sunday afternoon from the City Hall, Dublin, to Glasnevin Cemetery. During the three days when they lay in the vestibule of the City Hall the remains, which were encased in a coffin with a plate glass lid, exposing the features to view, were visited by thousands of citizens. The public funeral yesterday, as a pageant, was remarkably well organised, and was carried through without a hitch.

This duty devolved on the officers of the Irish Volunteers. Thomas MacDonagh acted as Commandant-General; Mr. Daly was in charge of the military bodies, which included the Irish Volunteers, the National Volunteers, and the Dublin "Citizen Army." This was the first occasion in which these three bodies have united in one public procession. The Nationalist societies of Dublin, which were well represented, were in charge of O'Rahilly, and Mr. Joseph Plunkett was in charge of the delegations.

THE STREET PROCESSION.

The coffin was conveyed from the City Hall to the four-horse bier in waiting at 2.25 p.m., and fifteen minutes later the *cortège* started, headed by a guard of honour of the Irish Volunteers with rifles, a mounted guard being supplied by the same body. The coffin was thickly covered with wreaths, and an open carriage behind was also filled with floral tokens, whilst many of the contingents carried wreaths to be placed on the grave. Immediately following the bier were a number of old friends of the deceased, including some from America, Liverpool, Cork, and representatives of the Urban Council of his native town of Skibbereen. Following were carriages containing the widow and daughter, some clergymen, and representatives of various public bodies. Immediately following these came Irish Volunteers with arms reversed; the National Volunteers, who were allotted a position about the middle of the procession, did not carry any arms. Contingents of Volunteers, as well as the representatives of the several trade societies and branches of the G.A.A., I.N.F., etc., were headed by their own bands, who played the "Dead March" when the signal for starting was given, but subsequently marching airs were played through the streets. The procession, marching four deep at a slow pace, took a little

over fifty minutes to pass the corner of Dame Street into George's Street, and there was no delay in marshalling any of the contingents. A conservative estimate of those who actually took part in the procession gives the numbers as exceeding ten thousand, and there must have been at least ten times this number lining the streets.

The funeral came into College Green about 3 o'clock, headed by a body of Volunteers, with the St. James's Band. To describe its passing this historic point is to describe the even tenour of its way to Glasnevin Cemetery. There was no rise or fall of grief in the procession. The slow music of the bands sounded forth. The Volunteers, with arms reversed, paced slowly to its strains, company after company. Apart from the great number of Volunteers, the procession was remarkably long, taking an hour to pass any point.

AT GLASNEVIN.

It was nearing 6 o'clock when the hearse passed through the main gates of Glasnevin Cemetery. The avenue leading to the mortuary chapel was lined by detachments of Volunteers. The prayers in the chapel were said by the Rev. D. Byrne, Chaplain. Several priests then accompanied the coffin to the grave, which is situate just beyond the eastern fringe of the O'Connell circle, close to the graves of two other prominent Fenians, John O'Leary and James Stephens. The Burial Service was recited in Irish by the Rev. Father O'Flanagan, Sligo.

Mr. P. H. Pearse delivered a panegyric on O'Donovan Rossa. He said that he spoke on behalf of a new generation, that had been baptised in the Fenian faith, and had accepted the responsibility of carrying out the Fenian programme. He proposed that by the grave of that unrepentant Fenian they should renew their baptismal vows. Deliberately they avowed themselves, as O'Donovan avowed himself in the dock, Irishmen of one allegiance only. The Irish Volunteers and others associated with them in the day's task and duty, were bound together henceforth in brotherly union for the achievement of the freedom of Ireland. They knew only one definition of freedom; it was the definition of Tone, Mitchel, and Rossa. In a closer spiritual communion with Rossa, and with those who suffered with him in English prisons, and with their own comrades of the present day who were now suffering in English prisons, they around Rossa's grave pledged to Ireland their love and to English rule in Ireland their hate. Their foes were strong, wise, and wary, but still they could not undo the miracles of God, who ripened in the hearts of young men the seeds sown by the young men of a former generation. The seeds sown by the young men of '65 and '67 were coming to their miraculous ripening to-day. Rulers and defenders of realms had need to be wary if they would guard against such processes. The defenders of this realm had worked well in secret and in the open. They thought that they had pacified Ireland, and purchased half of them and intimidated the other half. They thought that they had foreseen everything, but the fools had left to them their Fenian dead, and while Ireland held those graves Ireland unfree would never be at peace.

A firing party then fired a volley, the "Last Post" was sounded, and wreaths were laid on the grave.

It is estimated that at least five thousand rifles were carried in the procession.

Banishment Order.

CASE OF MR. MELLOWS.

A sentence of 3 months' imprisonment was, on Friday last, imposed by Mr. Swift, in the Southern Police Court, on Wm. Mellows, 21 Mount Shannon Road, Kilmainham, Dublin (an organiser of the Irish Volunteers) on a charge of having, on the 22nd inst., resided in Ireland contrary to an order made on the 10th by Major-General Friend, the competent military authority, under the Defence of the Realm Regulations, prohibiting defendant from residing in, or entering, Ireland, and requiring him to leave the country by the 17th ult.

A copy of the military order was served on the defendant in Athenry, on the 11th, but the period mentioned in the order having expired, and defendant being still in the country, he was arrested at Courtown Harbour, Co. Wexford. Evidence was given by Major Price, who said that Major-General Friend, on the facts having been submitted to him in writing, decided the case should be tried summarily, but the witness declined to produce the written statement on the ground that it would prejudice the defence of the realm. Neither would he say by whom oral facts were submitted, nor give any reason as to why the order was issued. The facts, Mr. Swift remarked, might be of a highly confidential character.

NO REASONS GIVEN.

Witness admitted, in cross-examination, that he heard Mr. Birrell's statement quoted in Belfast the previous day to the effect that those who had come under the lash of the military authorities had been ordered to leave Ireland for what they had done and not for what they said. When he was asked, however, if the present defendant had been banished from Ireland for what he had done or said, he replied, "Better ask the General that. I can't give you any reasons." "Something like what is popularly considered Prussian methods?"—"I don't know; we have to defend the realm anyway."

Disposition of a Small Force on the Defensive.

In the present article it is proposed to suggest a few general rules for the guidance of a small force of Volunteers—say a strong company or a weak battalion. This would be the normal strength of a Volunteer force on active service; and we will assume that the style of country in which the force is acting is normal Irish country. If any of the suggestions put forth are opposed to the text-books, the reason is that they are based on the more recent experience of the present European war. These lessons can be added to by carefully studying the more detailed accounts of the

fighting which appear in the papers from time to time.

"The first requirement of a defensive position should be concealment, and not a field of fire at long distances. Sacrifice the field of fire, as long as you get cover from view. . . . *Trenches are very effective if you get a field of fire of about 100 yards.*" Such are the words of Capt. Levey in a very instructive little book, entitled "Five Instructional Lectures to Regimental Officers on the Western Campaign," which can be recommended to Volunteer Officers. In another passage Capt. Levey says: "At the beginning of this campaign, from a tactical point of view, we always advocated a field of fire being the first consideration for a fire trench. *A field of fire is no longer the first consideration. Concealment is more important.*"

This is of particular interest in Ireland, where it would never have been possible to obtain the extended field of fire laid down in former text-books. It is also of interest for the further reason that it does away with the need for great range in the fire-arms of the infantry engaged. There is no fire-arm that will not kill a man 100 yards away, if only he is hit. The upshot of the whole matter is that *a force of men with fire-arms well hidden behind a fence, with a level field of ordinary size in front, is formidably posted.* In Ireland these conditions could be reproduced times without number.

In the matter of concealment hedges are of the very highest value. *Troops lying close under hedges are invisible* to any scouting—even well-handled aeroplanes. All that is needed to prepare a hedge is to thin out the growth between the stumps of the bushes, and also such branches as prevent the men working in close under the hedge. The bank on which hedges usually stand can be strengthened, if necessary, by cutting down to a required thickness, by building up with extra earth, or by backing with stones. The greatest care should always be taken to *make no changes in the appearance of the hedge on the enemy's side.*

We will suppose, then, that the firing line of the Volunteer force is posted somewhat as described. All that remains for it to do is to open a sudden and well-directed fire when the attacking enemy comes into sight. It will frequently be possible to overwhelm him in this way without further trouble. The one essential factor is that the men keep their guns flat and take steady aim: if they do this, every shot should tell, and the assault must fail.

PIKEMEN FOR THE COUNTER-ATTACK.

There remains to be considered the question of supports. It may happen that the fire of the firing-line is not by itself sufficient to repel the attack, and that a counter-attack may prove necessary. For this, the dependence must be upon the supports, who should be held in a distinct body. Experience in Flanders has proved that the best method of action by the supports is as follows:—They are posted as near the firing-line as circumstances allow, and when advancing *do not fire at all, but rely on the bayonet.*

This again is a point of special interest to the Volunteers. From the nature of the case it has been found advisable to arm a certain proportion of the men with pikes; and these,

evidently, are the men to form the supports. They are posted within easy rushing distance—say 50 yards or less: they are fresh, and have the advantage of surprise in their attack. In such a case their action should be instantly and speedily effective. All that is needed is proper foresight in deciding on the direction of the attack. *It should always be delivered against a flank if possible.*

This will often be decided by the following circumstance. Frequently in a combat of this nature the assailant will expose a flank: in fact, *for every separate field he advances across he exposes two flanks*—and he is powerless to avoid this. Hedges and fences running parallel to the direction of the advance and perpendicular to the line of the defender's position inevitably split up his front into fragments. Consequently it will often be possible to select the point of counter-attack well ahead and take suitable measures for the disposal of the supports accordingly.

It will form a very instructive exercise for the commanders of Volunteer corps to carry out a defence on lines like those indicated—the attacking force being imaginary. Half the corps with rifles form the firing-line, and the other half with pikes the supports. The point is that if proper use is made of the enclosed nature of the country a force half armed with pikes can be considered as fully armed. At all events, that is the experience of the French and German armies.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1915.

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Notes.

Among the numerous British Associations which have sprung up since the war and invited membership (accompanied by a subscription), none interests us more than the Anti-German League, because we read that amongst others it is under "the distinguished patronage of the Hon. Cecil Atkinson, K.C.," and because "The Lord Mayor of Dublin," who is the comic relief of Irish politics, figures on its committee. The Hon. Treasurer, we wish to say at once, is Lieutenant-Colonel F. B. B. Love, who apparently has no engagement at the front, and subscriptions—not less than one shilling, "together with the sum of £....., being a voluntary donation," may be sent to that warrior at 25 Victoria Street, Westminster, London, or to the Secretary at the same address.

In Dublin the Lord Mayor is a retail tobacconist, who owing to the conflict between the various sections of the Corporation when the Lord Mayor-elect suddenly died, was chosen to prevent a serious candidate being elected. On the committee of the Anti-German League, together with "the Countess Eleanor Murphy" and other aristocratically-titled personages, Mr. Gallagher blossoms into a kind of world-power in Trade and Commerce. In an address, entitled "An Appeal to the Nation," which appears as an advertisement in the Belfast Unionist papers, Mr. Gallagher declares that England is his nation, and never before has his nation been faced by problems so grave and complex. Hence Mr. Gallagher has jumped across his counter, even as he might to catch a little boy who offered him a French penny for a packet of woodbines, and come to England's assistance.

Mr. Gallagher informs the readers of the "Belfast News-Letter" and the Belfast "Northern Whig" that—

Thirty years ago we were miles ahead of all our competitors in manufacturing, in trade, in finance, and in labour, but what have we done to maintain that premier position among the great Nations? We have, alas! permitted Foreigners, particularly Germans, to dump their goods at the very gates of our great works, while our own men have starved or emigrated. We have, to our lasting disgrace, readily purchased German products to the detriment of our own industries. We have driven our capital and labour abroad in enormous volumes, and have left our Ships to compete, unaided, against the subsidised vessels of other countries. We have seen the German merchant service grow within thirty years from less than 500,000 to more than

5,000,000 tons, and, relying on German manifestations of peaceful intent, we actually began, a few years ago, to cut down our Naval Expenditure; in fact, so reduced our Shipbuilding Programme that, in 1908, we launched only 49,000 tons of new Battle-ships against Germany's 87,000 tons!!

It is regrettable to think of how Mr. Gallagher has suffered in his ships (his shop adjoins the Grand Canal near Portobello Harbour), and we trust his wise if not timely hint that if he had had charge of the Shipbuilding Programme of Old England, the motherland of the Gallaghers, instead of being circumscribed to retailing Woodbines, Puck Matches, and Gallagher's Famous Sixpenny Briars, that this war might never have taken place, will be noted by those responsible for the neglect of the flower that blushed unseen on the Palmerston Park tram line.

Economic pronouncements by Mr. Gallagher will always attract great attention from the citizens who throng to see him when he wears his tall hat. Mr. Gallagher, Free Traders will be relieved to find, is not an out-and-out Tariff Reformer. He tells us:—

As Tariff Reform has been made a Party instead of a National question, and as the policy of the Anti-German League is strictly non-party, Tariff Reform does not enter into our programme, except in so far as German and Austrian goods are concerned, but we intend to legislate for a protective and, if necessary, a prohibitive tariff on these with all the strength at our command, and with every sinew and muscle in our composition.

Engraved in blood and tears, the war's grim lessons should last as long as our land endures. But will they? Germany is already jeering at and trading on our foolish forbearance, and it is time that a universal responsive resentment was aroused in England.

Mr. Gallagher has no patience with any persons whatever who will now or hereafter purchase goods made by Austro-Hungarians or Germans. Germans and Austrians are miscreants and savages, and Mr. Gallagher considers the time has gone for "fighting these savages with silk gloves on." Their commerce and industry must be destroyed, never to enter Mr. Gallagher's markets again. His vast commercial knowledge and experience has enabled him to detect the vital secrets of German economy. Germany, he reveals to us, "has her commercial spies scattered"—not only over the whole world but—"over the Universe." Certainly a people who have not scrupled to extend their operations to the Sun, Moon, and Stars are not to be trusted by

honest nations which confine their commercial activities to this earth.

Mr. Gallagher points out that the Germans have spies in "our factories, our workshops, our banks, and great financial institutions." We have even noticed ourselves a stout man with spectacles and a heavy pipe looking into Mr. Gallagher's shop-window. These "spies" are paid with German gold, and are sent over to steal the ideas of Mr. Gallagher, Mr. Cecil Atkinson and other brainy men. Sometimes, Mr. Gallagher adds, in the French language which he acquired on his recent visit to M. Viviani, the celebrated Extinguisher of the Lights of Heaven, these spies work without salary in manufacturing centres as "Volontaires." They have no respect for commercial morality.

Mr. Gallagher speaks feelingly of "the poor breastless women," "the little children torn to pieces," and "our brave soldiers with their faces beaten to a pulp." Mr. Gallagher rejoices that he has neither a Hymn of Hate nor Kultur, and he declares definitely that when the German commercial travellers, after the war, "come upon their bended knees" with goods he will have none of them.

Mr. Gallagher has his eye on the barbers. He announces that every German barber is a spy and every German waiter "a born eaves-dropper subsidised by Satan the Second." Therefore every German must be expelled from England, the land of the Gallaghers. The "silly sentimentalist" moves our commercial magnate to contempt. "Everything German Taboo" must be the battle-cry.

After this Mr. Gallagher comes down to business. He points out that we are out for a million subscribers, and announces with confidence that he will get them.

A Million Members at only 1s. would return £50,000 per annum—not a large income certainly to exploit the aims we have in view, but we feel sure that there are many people in sympathy with the objects of the League who will subscribe substantially far beyond the actual Membership fee, in which case our income will be materially augmented and our scope of operations considerably enlarged.

The main object at first, however, is to secure a Million Members who will preach the Anti-German doctrine all over the Country, conscientiously and sincerely carrying into effect the obligations of the Pledge they have given, introducing the while other Members, until, snowball-like, it becomes a great National Movement and our finances are placed on a solid foundation to fight the common enemy.

The "objects" of Mr. Gallagher's League include the return only of members to the British Parliament who support the Anti-German League. Mr. Gallagher, it is thus seen, has no use for Home Rule if it gets in the way of the League. Mr. Gallagher's pledge against villainous Teutonism is as follows:—

THE PLEDGE.

I hereby sincerely and conscientiously promise: (a) Not to knowingly purchase, use, or consume German or Austrian goods of any kind whatever. (b) Not to employ a German for either domestic or commercial purposes. (c) Not to place Contracts with any German-owned or controlled Company, Trust, or Corporation, or to send goods by or travel in German Ships, and (d) To boycott and assist in the boycotting of any trader who persists in stocking German or Austrian goods while British goods of equal quality and price are available.

It is the duty of every true-born British man and woman in the country to sign this Pledge.

Every true-born British Irishman has now his opportunity, and we have no doubt that a finer selection than usual of British goods will be exhibited in Mr. Gallagher's window for the edification of the Irish, who, if they do not purchase them, may be reasonably described by the True-Born Briton Gallagher as Pro-Germans.

How Ireland is Plundered.

DANIEL O'CONNELL AND SINN FEIN. By Eoin Mac Neill. Part II.—How Ireland is Plundered. (Tracts for the Times, No. 7. Price One Penny.)

"Sir," said that honest old Englishman, Dr. Samuel Johnson, to an Irish acquaintance, "do not unite with us or we shall rob you. We would have robbed the Scotch if they had had anything to rob."

In the year of the Act of Union Ireland had a small national debt and England a big one. The interest charged in that year on the Irish debt was roundly a million sterling, or less than four shillings per head of the population. The interest on Britain's debt at the same time was roundly 17 millions sterling, or some 38s. per head of its people. Thus the British owed nearly ten times more than the Irishmen, and the promoters of the Union, to lessen opposition to a measure which threatened to financially swindle Ireland, pledged themselves in the Irish Parliament that Ireland in respect of past expenditure would "have no concern whatsoever with the debt of Great Britain."

This, of course, did not relieve Ireland from an enforced responsibility, subsequent to the Union, for Great Britain's expenditure in the long English war to destroy the power of France. So long as that war continued, so long as Napoleon menaced England, England kept her pledge that Ireland would not be responsible for the interest on the *British* National Debt. In 1815 Napoleon fell, and England was again Dictator of Europe. She acted with promptness and despatch. Within twelve months of the chaining of Napoleon to

the Rock she broke her pledge, closed down the Irish Exchequer and made the Irish taxpayer jointly responsible for the *British* National Debt with the Briton himself. That is, she took the Englishman's pre-Union debt of 38 shillings and the Irishman's pre-Union debt of 4 shillings, totted them together, found they made 42 shillings, and declared that as the Irish and English were One People, with One Flag and One King, they should pay for the old Debt 21s. each. The English gained on this transaction 17s. per head per annum; the Irish lost 17s. per head per annum, and in addition paid their equal share of the cost of crushing Napoleon, which enabled England to reduce her taxation at Ireland's expense. It was quite Lawful and Equal. The Irishman had an Equal Right with the Englishman to pay 21s. into England's Treasury, and, of course, an Equal Duty, and the transaction was not called by any ugly name, but by the sonorous and respectable title of Amalgamation of the Exchequers.

It was on the basis of the Amalgamation of the Exchequers all the subsequent financial jugglery, which has made, as the English economist Nassau Senior declared, Ireland the most heavily and England the most lightly taxed countries in the world, was performed.

In this pamphlet Mr. Mac Neill deals with O'Connell's attitude towards the financial oppression of Ireland, and lucidly sketches how that oppression has worked out since and works out to-day, for indeed the financial plunder of Ireland in O'Connell's time and now was as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine. Even on the basis of the Amalgamation of the Exchequers Ireland has been admittedly mulcted in some 400 millions sterling over and above her unfair proportion, while Mr. Mac Neill estimates that a thousand million pounds in rents for Irish land have gone to England in the same period. That the Irish should not flourish—should not be prosperous and enterprising under the circumstances—is of course due to the Inferiority of the Celt. An Englishman would simply thrive under such a system.

Certain phenomena, once observed by Unionists like Mr. A. W. Samuels, K.C., but no longer visible to them, are still discernible by those whose principles cannot be laid up in lavender when expediency requires.

They are:—

That the Irishman is now paying in normal as distinguished from present war taxation five times more than he paid before the Union.

That the Englishman is paying less than he paid before the Union.

That taxation in Ireland increases as the population declines.

That Ireland yields in taxation yearly a revenue larger than the revenue of almost any other Small Nationality.

That unlike these Small Nationalities, she has not to support an army, a navy, a diplomatic and consular service, a king and court of her own, and other necessities and appurtenances.

That nevertheless she is *poorer* than any Small Nationality whatsoever, and is the only country in the world whose population steadily decreases.

That as the population of Ireland decreases, the population of England grows.

That as the wealth and industry of Ireland decrease, the wealth and industry of England grow.

That Ireland has the largest population of Commissioners, Sub-Commissioners, Inspectors, Judges, Policemen, Experts, and Officials of any country in the world, in proportion to the number of her people.

That these Commissioners, Sub-Commissioners, Inspectors, Judges, Policemen, Experts, and Officials are appointed one and all by the British Government.

That they are paid one and all by the Irish people, who have no choice in the matter.

That it requires the labour of one hundred Irishmen for 10 hours per day for one year to provide Annual Subsistence for one Commissioner.

That Irish commerce before the Union represented £22 in every £100 worth of overseas trade done by England, Scotland, and Ireland.

That Irish commerce represents Twenty-six shillings in every £100 worth of overseas trade done by England, Scotland, and Ireland.

We can recommend this pamphlet to all Irish readers. It is one that recalls to us as we read the shrewd French's remark—"England is wonderful and unique. She is not Rome, she is not all Carthage. She is old but she is new. She does not civilise, she does not develop. She exploits. Her genius is the genius supreme of Exploitation."

O'Donovan Rossa's Last Days.

"Conciliation" Rumour Denied

Interview with Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa.

When I called on Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa at her hotel the other day I was specially anxious to find out if there was any truth in the English "Daily Telegraph's" statement that Rossa became reconciled to England in his last hour, and hoped that Ireland would assist in crushing "the common enemy of civilisation." I therefore introduced the matter into the conversation as soon as possible. Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa indignantly denied that her husband had ever wavered in his opinions. She had been married to him for fifty years, she said, and during all that time he had consistently maintained that absolute separation from England was Ireland's only hope, and that this could be obtained only by fighting. Moreover, she added, Rossa spent the last two years of his life in a semi-comatose condition, and was incapable of forming a new impression during that time. He could hardly be made to understand that the Irish Volunteers had been formed, and only dimly realised that a European war was raging. The news that the Home Rule Bill was on the Statute Book merely elicited the exclamation "Humph!"

During his last days Rossa became, if possible, more purely Irish than before. His wife and daughters addressing him in English

could get no answer; but if anyone spoke to him in Irish his face would light up, and he would keep up the conversation in that language till he was exhausted.

"Once," said Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa, "a young student came to visit him and tried to talk to him, but Rossa took no notice of him. The young man was on the point of going away in great disappointment when I suggested he should try to speak to him in Irish. Rossa at once appeared to wake up, and they talked together in Irish for half an hour."

She went on to tell me that during his last years Rossa was possessed of a ceaseless longing to return to Ireland. "Take me home," was his continual moan. They then took him away from hospital to his house. But he still continued to implore them to take him "home." Then they knew that it was Ireland he meant, but it would have been impossible for him to travel such a distance.

"What did Rossa think of Home Rule?" I asked.

"He always said that England would never give Ireland Home Rule, but, supposing that by some chance she did, Ireland should only take it as a step to complete separation. 'But,' he said, 'England will never give it, or if she gives it she'll make it useless. I have always preached this to the people, but they wouldn't listen to me.'"

Thus O'Donovan Rossa died as he had lived.
E. O'DUFFY.

The Libel on O'Donovan Rossa.

THE EDITOR, "NATIONALITY."

Dear Sir,—The following is a copy of letter which I have addressed to the London "Daily Telegraph," and which I would thank you to insert in your next issue. Yours sincerely,

MARY J. O'DONOVAN ROSSA.

GRESHAM HOTEL, DUBLIN.

Editor, "Daily Telegraph," London, England.

Dear Sir,—Feeling distressed and aggrieved by a false statement, regarding my husband (O'Donovan Rossa), which appeared in your paper of July first, I hasten to call your attention to the same, and must strenuously demand your contradiction of it.

I quote the objectionable article of your New York Correspondent:—"The New York Correspondent of the 'Daily Telegraph,' after stating he knew Rossa well in recent years and talked to him daily for over a week," continues:—"When I die," he said to me, "you might tell the English people I have fought a good fight according to my views, and long ago lost all hatred, let alone prejudice, against the British Government. He hoped the Irish would stand united in helping to fight Germany, the common enemy of civilisation."

I want this Correspondent's name that I may compel him to retract.

Rossa was, as he said of himself in the dock, an Irishman ever since he was born; and I can testify that he was the same unconquerable Irishman, breathing the same unalterable desire for the absolute freedom of his country and its utter separation from England that he breathed in the dock.

Your New York Correspondent could have had no opportunity of interviewing Rossa, for

he was not for the last year in a condition to be interviewed, and his faithful attendants would not put him on exhibition to hostile strangers such as your Correspondent must surely be.

I want a retraction of this slander on my husband's National character, and an apology from the author of the slander.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed)

MARY J. O'DONOVAN ROSSA.

"The Prodigal Daughter."

THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER. By F. Sheehy-Skeffington. 1d.

This one-act comedy, by F. Sheehy-Skeffington, was produced a little over a year ago by the Irish Women's Franchise League, and has now been printed as a booklet, price one penny. The play deals with the return to her home of an Irish Suffragette from the prison where she has undergone a month's imprisonment, and the effect of her actions on public opinion in an Irish country town—public opinion being on this occasion represented by the heroine's father, who is a member of the R.D.C., her brother-in-law, the local doctor, and the parish priest. All the girl's relatives, while awaiting her arrival, speak of her in various shades of commiseration, but when they find her proud of her experiences, and determined to further by propaganda the cause in which she is interested, their attitude changes. Some of them, such as the doctor and his wife, become definitely hostile to the Suffragette, while the Parish Priest and District Councillor are well on the road to conversion, when the curtain falls.

All Irishmen and Irishwomen interested in the question of Votes for Women as it applies to Ireland would do well to read this playlet. In it we find the women's case put with the directness and cogency with which Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington urges any cause in which he has faith. He has recently come before the public by reason of his courageous defence of one of the causes which he holds dear—for he is one who fights for freedom in every sphere. In this play we have condensed his pleading for another cause, one to which he has devoted much energy.

Irish Suffragists when selecting plays for production have up to now usually got them over the water. They have now no further excuse for so doing, as "The Prodigal Daughter" supplies the want. N. P.

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TO IRELAND.

I tread the ground that felons tread,
And sleep within a house of thieves.
High is my window; hard my bed—
Yet whoso loves thee never grieves.

Men stole me from my liberty,
And swiftly—as a spider weaves—
They set their snares to compass me—
Yet whoso loves thee never grieves.

They came in scarlet and in gold,
And said: "The man is wise who
leaves

His native land when he is told"—
Yet whoso loves thee never grieves.

Thus felony and honour blend:
The weeds are garnered with the
sheaves.

Hell upon earth shall have its end—
So whoso loves thee never grieves.
A. N.

Swinburne's Famous Sonnet: The Moderates.

She stood before her traitors bound and bare,
Clothed with her wounds and with her naked
shame,
As with a weed of fury, tears and flame,
Their Motherland, their common weal and
care;
And they turned from her and denied and
swore
They did not know this woman nor her name,
And they took truth with tyrants and grew
tame,
And gathered up cast crowns and creeds to
wear,
And rags and shards regilded. Then she took
In her bruised hands their broken pledge,
and eyed
These men so late, so loud upon her side,
With one inevitable and tearless look,
That they might see her face whom they for-
sook;
And they beheld what they had left, and
died.

FIANNA EIREANN, FAIRVIEW.

RESULT OF DRAWING:—

1st, 426; 2nd, 18; 3rd, 340; 4th, 5761.

Winners please communicate with E. S. Mac
Ionraic, 5 Annadale Villas, Fairview.

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Saturday, August 7, 1915.

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THE END OF FELONY.

Fifty years ago O'Donovan Rossa was sentenced in the Criminal Court of Dublin as a felon. This week his body was borne through the streets of Dublin as the body of a saint might be borne by his people, and committed to the grave as the body of a hero might be committed. Since O'Donovan Rossa did most certainly commit the felony for which he was sent to penal servitude, it would appear that Ireland not only does not abhor felony but even glories in it, which would justify a less rigid moralist—if one exists—than Major-General Friend in signing his harmonious name to a compendious order for the Banishment of the whole population of this island in the view of a just and intelligent Foreigner, who had not learned that Felony in Ireland is of modern growth, that it was created not born, and that its creator was the late Prime Minister of England, Lord John Russell.

The Felon elsewhere is the vile type of criminal. So was the Felon in Ireland until the year 1848. In that year one, John Mitchel, a pro-German, having striven with some success to rouse the people of Ireland to a belief that Ireland belonged to them, it became necessary to punish the man. As he was a man of some character and reputation, it was also necessary to blast his character and reputation. This, Mr. Birch of "The World" was employed by the British Government to do, but unfortunately could not succeed in doing. Then the Government hit upon a brilliant plan. Felony stank in the nostrils of the Irish as of all other peoples. It resolved to call Mitchel a Felon and to indict Mitchel as a Felon. It therefore passed an Act of Parliament creating a new crime—the crime of "Treason-Felony," arraigned Mitchel as a Felon and sentenced him as a Felon—the first man in the History of Modern Europe condemned as a Felon because of political offences against an existing government.

Some admiration was excited in Russia by a proceeding which so neatly converted a political opponent into the lowest type of criminal; but it was thought that the Russian mind was not ripe for such a sweeping change, and so the crime of Treason-Felony remained unknown in Russia. It is of course also unknown in Germany, Austria-Hungary and Turkey, but that is natural since the inhabitants of those countries are Huns.

It is regrettable to add that the invention of Treason-Felony by the British Government in 1848 failed in its objective. Although the Government, the Judges, the Jury, and the Press assured the people that John Mitchel was a Felon, the people declined to abhor him.

Instead they perversely resolved that if John Mitchel's offence was Felony, then Felony was a thing to be admired. They supported Felon newspapers and read Felon ballads and "Felon's Track" narratives, until the British Government had to make new batches of Felons.

O'Donovan Rossa was one of the new batch. "He robbed no man, he spilt no blood," as the street-singers used to feloniously sing of him, but he was an undoubted Felon since he taught that the people of Ireland were the only lawful proprietors of Ireland, and that the English Government had no more right here than the Russian Government had in Poland. Fifty years after he was proved beyond all question to have committed this Felony, he was buried as a king in his own country. Few things could be more objectionable to a Great Power battling for Christianity, for Civilisation, and for the Small Nationalities.

"The parade," writes our Imperial "Daily Express," "assumed an appearance more in the nature of a triumphal march than a funeral procession."

Evidently it is high time for new measures. The effort to degrade Irish Nationalism into Felony—to make the Irish Nationalist appear a repulsive type of criminal to the eyes of his countrymen—has definitely failed. As it is impossible to banish the whole population, we can only suggest a Treason-Robbery Act. Robbery is as abhorrent to decent Irishmen as it is to decent people of other nations. If an Irishman proposing that Ireland should be as free as, say, Belgium or Servia, was indicted as a Robber, who knows but that it might make the Irish fondle their chains. At all events, it could but fail like the Felony effort, which began in May, 1848, with John Mitchel and ended on Sunday last when the Felon, O'Donovan Rossa, was buried as an Ard-Righ of Eireann might have been buried by his people.

NOTES

Messrs. Herbert Pim, Denis McCullough and William Mellows are in jail since they declined to admit themselves aliens in Ireland; and Mr. Joseph Devlin is not happy about it, and so he has written to his friend the British Chief Secretary for Ireland, to call his attention to the fact that Mr. Pim's counsel, Mr. Henry Hanna, K.C., having "obtained a licence from the office of the Chief Secretary in Ireland to appear in the case," did in addressing the Court for the defence say—

Since the prisoner (Mr. Pim) embraced the journalistic profession he identified himself—and this was a matter relevant for consideration—he identified himself with the official Irish Nationalist Party. He seceded from the Party when the Volunteer split took place, and since that time, in season and out of season, he has been persecuted by the leaders of that Party, and counsel had no hesitation in stating—for the prisoner was not entitled to give evidence in his own behalf—that these proceedings had been started and set agoing by those who had

persistently persecuted him for a considerable time past.

Mr. Devlin assures the British Chief Secretary that "so far as the Irish leaders are concerned" the inference that they instigated the prosecutions against political opponents under the Defence of the British Realm Act is "not only false but without a shadow of foundation," and furthermore, Mr. Devlin "demands" that there shall be a "re-trial" in justice [not to the Irish political prisoners] but the Irish allies of the British Chief Secretary.

There will not be "a re-trial," but we have no doubt the British Chief Secretary will give a public certificate of character to the injured "Irish leaders," showing that they in nowise instigated or connived at the methods of British Government in Ireland in dealing with those who offend that institution.

We note with much interest, that "the Irish Party" have "vigorously protested" against Defence of the Realm Act prosecutions in Ireland, and we cannot too much deprecate the action of the "Freeman's Journal" and the remainder of the "Irish leaders" press in keeping the momentous fact concealed from the public.

Mr. Devlin having pointed out that Mr. Hanna could not have appeared as counsel for Mr. Pim without licence from the British Government, the British Government may see to it that Mr. Hanna is not permitted to appear again. No K.C. can appear as counsel in a case between the Government and a person charged with a political offence by the Government without formal leave. Hitherto this has never been refused. Neither in 1798, in 1848, or in 1867. It has been regarded as a pure matter of form, but in times like these forms may be made, with profit, into realities.

Like Mr. Devlin, we do not know Mr. Hanna personally, but we accept Mr. Devlin's statement that he is "a supporter of Sir Edward Carson." As Mr. Devlin is a supporter of the Government in which Sir Edward Carson is one of the Ministers, this should lead to a happy *rapprochement*.

What most interests us in Mr. Devlin's letter to the British Chief Secretary is Mr. Devlin's implied confidence that the prosecutions of Messrs. Pim, McCullough, Blythe, and Mellows was initiated by that official, and that that official—his name is Birrell—has full power to have them tried a second time if he wishes. Certainly Mr. Devlin, who is one of "the Irish leaders" on "the Floor of the House," and knows Mr. Birrell intimately, is a better judge of these matters than mere Natives who survey the British Governmental machine from the outside. But we do recollect Mr. Birrell assuring the British House of Commons that he was not responsible for ordering four Irishmen of Nationalist convictions to banish themselves out of Ireland. It was, said Mr. Birrell, the British Military Authorities. As for himself, he (Mr. Birrell) did not care two straws for the political opinion of the men whom the B.M.A. imprisoned; and as Mr. Birrell draws £5,000 a year for consenting to bear the title of Chief Secretary for Ireland, it will be seen that two straws—which are not value for the tenth of a penny—would be of no consequence to him whatever, so that it is demonstrated by

British political logic that it is not Spenlow Birrell but Jorkins Friendly who orders, on behalf of the British Government in Ireland, Irishmen to banish themselves as Aliens.

We trust that Mr. Birrell will see that no further licence is issued to Mr. Hanna, K.C., to appear for persons whom it is impossible for the British Government to frame a legal charge against, and whom therefore it is obliged to order to banish themselves. Mr. Hanna, as Mr. Devlin points out, is a supporter of Mr. Birrell's colleague in the Cabinet, Sir Edward Carson; and if this were not enough yet, the reports of the proceedings in the Banishment Cases—which we regret to say the Belfast Unionist papers insisted on their right to print although the British Governmental Authorities strove to persuade them not to do so—state that Mr. Hanna described the proceedings as a Travesty of Justice. As a remark like that is painful to a Removable Magistrate, who only does what he is told to do by his employers—his not to reason why—his feelings should be protected.

* * *

The orange-white-and-green flags at the O'Donovan Rossa funeral are variously stated by the Dublin newspapers to have been "Republican" flags, "Fenian" flags, and other description of flags. The orange-white-and-green tricolour is neither a Republican, a Monarchist, or any other system of government flag. It is the Flag adopted in March, 1848, by the Young Irelanders, and first raised in public by Thomas Francis Meagher to symbolise an Ireland united in all its sections, and asserting its claim to full national and political independence—a Nation among the nations of the earth.

The Rat-Pit: An Atrocity.

By PATRICK M'GILL, PRIVATE, LONDON IRISH.

Patrick was a navvy from Donegal; he threw up navvying, started writing, and the English press unanimously agreed that the interesting peasant had genius of the highest order. T. P., and Douglas, of *London Opinion*, joined in welcoming the accession to their ranks, and soon a post was found for him as librarian in Windsor Castle. Patrick thrived some, and became daily more and more like a peasant from the Abbey Theatre.

When the Hun started on little Belgium, Patrick, with the blood of the fighting race hot within him, joined the London Irish to help his brother little nation. The *Daily Sketch* could find no words adequate enough to acclaim the action of the peasant navvy.

Patrick turned out "The Rat-Pit" this year. It is about the natives, by a native. Patrick writes for the democracy of the great Empire, the children of the great White Mother across the seas, as the dusky Indian songs say. The "Rat-Pit" is published by an English firm, printed possibly on German paper, and turned out by "comps." receiving, we hope, union pay. Readers of "The Rat-Pit" will not find their brains unduly taxed, a feature common to most books beloved by the children of the great White Mother. There is no plot or character

sketching, but Patrick never misses a chance of introducing the suggestive situation so popular in the *revue*, that keystone in the union between the two great champions of Christendom. Norah Ryan is the central figure. She leaves Donegal, goes a-harvesting, is betrayed, and sinks to the lowest depths, then dies. There are other marionettes who say things when Patrick thinks they ought. Norah is hurried to her end with the cataclysmic fatalism of the Greek tragedy. The novel is of the later Realist school. (These two sentences are worked into every proper review, and are not going to be left out of this.)

The author's intent seems to be to depict a scent of sordid misery, and he succeeds. If what he tells is true, and he says it is, it seems hard to understand how Frosses men and Tweedore men can appreciate the advantages Empire opens out to them. Lurking down in Patrick Mac's mind is a conviction that fat Father Devaney and pot-bellied Farley M'Keown, the gombeen man, make things go wrong. He is right about Farley, but as regards the saintly cleric he depicts, all that can be said is that his reasoning, if we may use the word, leads to a non-sequitur.

Certainly, there are Farley M'Keown's in Ireland. They lend out money at extortionate interest; they sell farmers' bad seeds; they sweat girls and women in their fields and home industry undertakings. They are also strong supporters of a united party, solidly opposed to back-stabbers, factionists, Dublin Jesuits of modernist, co-operative tendencies. Oddly enough, in some small nations, Denmark, Holland, ante-war Belgium, Norway, to wit, farmers can raise loans from the State at reasonable interest; the State helps them to buy seeds whose condition is guaranteed by a government determined to foster agriculture as an industry; the State helps them to sell their products at a good price through State-supervised co-operative agencies. But here Farley M'Keowns may live and fatten. Why, we don't know. A natural perversity in the people may be the cause; the laws under which they live are destined to help them to be a good little small nation.

Danes might think it strange to cross to Russia or Germany or to some small nation to harvest other people's lands. Donegal folk think it quite natural to go to a smaller country to harvest Scotch lands they don't own. From which it would appear that Danes do not look at things in the same way as Donegal people. Perhaps Danes are afraid to leave their own country; they have not a large, sea-ruling fleet to make the passage out of Denmark safe. Neither have they any social life worth speaking of. Indeed, all through the country a lack of good tone is painfully evident. Their Lord Chancellor grubs along on much less than £6,000 a year; their police and army do not cost so much as our Royal Irish Constabulary; their are few experts and officials. Farmers' sons are sent to schools which teach nothing about any empire, only commercial and agricultural subjects. The result is that professional life is closed to the bulk of the people, and a farmer's son is glad to work hard on his father's land instead of being a dispensary doctor with the brilliant future before all such

in this happy isle. Indeed, it is the exception to see the children of the middle class spending their youth preparing for a clerkship in the public service; instead, these have to work hard in industrial occupations.

In the first few pages of Patrick Mac's masterpiece we read how a squad of half-starved peasant women had to spend a winter's night in the rain by the seashore at Frosses. The tide had rendered an inlet unfordable. Later we are told an iron bridge has been erected across this inlet. Why later, the peasant navvy does not explain; but as these peasant women had contributed their little bit to the £300,000,000 taxes which the Childer's Commission declared went astray, we presume that the Great White Mother knew nothing of the inlet. Had she, something or somebody would have been done.

The Frosses fishermen could hardly make a living fishing from their wretched currachs. This seems to have been chiefly their own fault. English fishermen, Newfoundland fishermen, and other fishermen in the Empire have good boats; so have small-nation fishermen from Denmark and North Sea fishermen. Frosses fishermen must be of a crooked disposition; they are in the Empire; others in it can live comfortably; they cannot. Who is to blame?

Indeed, not alone do they find it hard to make a living, but they find it impossible to rear half the children their wives bear them—an unnecessarily large number they bear, Patrick Mack said—but that was before last August. He knows better now. Well, all these things have been changed, and to one alone be the credit, Lady Aberdeen. Her various guilds and associations have made it next to impossible for a right-minded baby to die of mal-nutrition. The State grants of milk have also done much to improve the race. In fact, consumption resulting from starvation is rapidly becoming a piece of past history.

The harvesters are housed in Scotland, men and women, in a byre, without any regard to decency. Manure had been shovelled out of the byre the day the Irish arrived so as to make things nice and comfortable. One old woman said, "The farmers think that we're pigs; that's why they treat us like pigs." This is hardly fair. The expression, "Irish pig," has seldom, if ever, been heard for the past nine months.

Towards the end we learn that thousands in Glasgow live in lairs that no pig-dealer could use for pigs, if he had an eye to profit. We also learn that 17,000 women lead lives of shame in that city, chiefly, the gallant Mac. says, through economic pressure.

What would it be under an Iron Militarism?
L.

Part II. of Eoin MacNeill's
Pamphlet:

**"Daniel O'Connell
and Sinn Fein."**

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Irish Atrocities.

BY JOHN MITCHEL.

In this age of atrocities the republication of the least known of John Mitchel's works is appropriate. England, having the ear of the world, poured into that delicate organ a harrowing tale of the barbarities of the Irish whom with infinite pains she kept from reverting to the primitive brutishness in which they wallowed before the call of duty reluctantly compelled her to the ungrateful task of attempting to civilise this island. The cornerstone of the imposing structure of Irish Barbarism reared before the eyes of the earth is the Great Massacre of 1641. In that year, so the Tale runs, the Irish rose upon their benefactors, pious men and saintly women who had left merrie England and bonnie Scotland and settled in this island that by example rather than precept they might wean the Irish from their savagery and plant among them the arts and decencies of civilised life. And one autumn night, when the pious men and saintly women were praising the Lord or slumbering in innocence of heart, the savage Irish treacherously stole upon them, and scenes of horror followed from which England, only that stern duty forces her to the recital, would avert her face. The homes of the virtuous were given to the flames, the father, the husband, the grandsire was done to death in a thousand fiendish ways; the wife, the mother was slain in the manner of a Nero; the little children had their hands cut off and their quivering bodies borne aloft on the pikes of the Irish butchers; the blood of the slaughtered rose to the knees of the slaughterers, and the wails of the victims pierced the hearts even of some of the murderers. This was the tale told to the world by England of the Irish uprising in 1641. To the world it was called "The Massacre by the Irish," to the Irish Protestants it was called, "The Great Popish Massacre," to warn him against putting any faith in his Catholic countrymen, and to teach him to rely on England and not on himself to maintain himself in his own country.

Nearly fifty years ago the British Government sent the most mendacious historian England has produced—James Anthony Froude—to the United States to undermine Irish reputation and Irish influence there by delivering, under the guise of historical lectures, an indictment of the Irish Race and Nation. Froude's lectures were exploited in the English and American Anglophile press exactly as Bowring was financed and his lectures exploited when the British Government sent that secret emissary to Germany thirty years before to undermine the reputation of Friedrich List and break down the economic barriers he was raising to protect his country against English exploitation. Froude's calumnies began to arouse or revive from the ashes of Know-Nothingism a bitter anti-Irish feeling in the United States. Father Burke, the eloquent Dominican, took the lists against him, but although the facts were on his side, the skilful and unscrupulous Froude could not be cornered by the honest priest. Then John Mitchel entered the lists, and in the series of

fierce and brilliant historical articles which we begin this week to reproduce demolished Froude's campaign, killed in its birth or renaissance the anti-Irish feeling in the United States, and drove the calumniator back to England convicted in every intelligent American's eyes as the deliberate libeller of a whole nation.

Of course, this occurred forty years ago, and it will be understood that the English Government now does not secretly hire Historians or Journalists to libel the Irish, the Germans, or any other people whatsoever:—

CHAPTER I.

FROUDE *versus* IRELAND.

THE "First of Living Historians," as several newspapers designate this gentleman, is only now really opening his batteries. He has by no means done with his victim, but presses on, with "blow on blow." Even since the termination of the lectures and counter lectures, by the Historian and by Father Burke, there has been published in this country and in England the first volume of a new and elaborate work—"The English in Ireland, in the Eighteenth Century;" by James Anthony Froude, M.A.; a work which sheds additional darkness on a subject which the author has already done much to overwhelm in obscurity. This darkness I shall endeavour presently to dispel in some degree. Meantime the pens not only of national writers in Ireland, but of many fair-minded journalists both in England and the United States are busily employed in making indignant exposures of the spirit and tone of the Historian, as well as of his alleged facts and authorities. The controversy, then, is only beginning.

THE MOCK TRIAL.

This grand plea, lately brought forward so gravely by the Historian, and as gravely tried before the imaginary tribunal of our American public—*this*, indeed, is finished, and got out of the way. Now that all those pleadings are before us, as well as the fresh and formidable indictment set forth in the new book, it may be expedient to review the whole matter. The lectures are carefully reported on either side, and the reports are, doubtless, generally correct; but still (at least so far as Mr. Froude's share in them is concerned) they do not seem to have been revised by the author and published as his very words, so that you cannot absolutely hold him to words, figures, dates, and citations of authorities. Here, in this book, we have him with his *litera scripta*, "inverted commas" and all. It may indeed be regretted that the eloquent Father Burke gave any countenance to the Sham Trial; that he innocently accepted the tribunal and pleaded the declaration, in the name of his country; thus materially helping the general plan of the crusade; also that, after bandying compliments with the learned gentleman on the other side, gratuitously affirming and proclaiming that person's honesty, and saying that he loved him, Father Burke ended by giving up the whole case, concurring in his adversary's practical conclusion, turning to his countrymen and telling them plainly that they can do nothing, *nothing*, at home or abroad, to relieve their native island of British domination; and in

short that they had better "wait for the *New Zealander*!"

"*Attendez sous l'orme*," is the ironical French proverb to this same effect. "Wait for the *New Zealander*" will become proverbial in Ireland, in the same derisive sense. When that predestined savage shall be seen squatting upon the broken arch and sketching the ruins of London, *then* Ireland will arise great, glorious and free, first flower, &c.! Also, when the sky falls, shan't we have larks?

And so, at the end of the sham "trial," the Historian comes forward with a kind of playful insolence, and seizes on his small triumph with a sneer; congratulates everybody that "for practical objects" he and his opponent are agreed, offers him his hand, and kindly says, "Any how, I hope we part in good humour." Oh! certainly; all the good humour in life, so far as he and Father Burke are concerned; and the sham court rises with a laugh—*solvuntur risu*.

But there are others concerned in this crusading mission of the Historian. And there is, and was, no tribunal at all; it was only the agreeable Englishman's device to flatter this great American people, by presenting a sort of mimicry of a Geneva Arbitration to settle international differences by the high and mighty award of American public opinion. I decline to plead at all before the American public; because Irishmen are themselves the best and sole judges of the rights and the wrongs of their own land. Neither can I be a client of the excellent and eloquent Father Burke in this cause; indeed he excludes me; for in his second lecture he accepts with thanks and effusion Froude's statement, that, after the "Reformation," "the cause of the Catholic religion and Irish independence became inseparably and irrevocably one." As a non-Catholic, then, I am ruled out of court, as well as Grattan, and Tone, and O'Brien, and Davis. We are not quite Irish, under this rule. Counsel on the other side, indeed, is willing to take us under his protection; he treats the Irish Protestants as his peculiar and favoured clients; but I repudiate his advocacy even more earnestly than the Dominicans. He has obliging things to say concerning Irish Protestants when they are useful slaves of British policy; and not being a slave to that policy, I cannot hope to profit by the author's advocacy. From my own point of view, then, I shall adventure to survey the whole field on which our Irish cause lately appeared to be debated so earnestly, but from which the two adversaries have walked off together almost hand-in-hand, with all the complacency in the world.

The truth is, and it may as well be said, that many of Father Burke's countrymen have felt disappointed at the soft and tender usage which he gave, throughout, to that loud and furious enemy of our native island. Surely the Dominican could have struck heavier blows, but that something held his hand. The two champions, somehow, were unwilling to hurt each other. Just so, the betting men of sporting tastes eagerly awaited the battle between Mr. Mace and Mr. O'Baldwin. Loud boasts and threats there were, and diplomatic correspondence in newspapers, to settle place and

preliminaries; men made their books, and thought full surely there was going to be a real mill: but the two buffers had no idea of getting hurt, of bruising one another's expressive mugs, or drawing claret from those aquiline conks: at last they walked off with their respective backers, and left the betting men in the lurch.

Yet it is not easy to understand what moved Father Burke to such rather fulsome tenderness of courtesy; for assuredly the First Living Historian prepared the campaign of this foray of his in a manner irritating enough to provoke a saint.

The Historian had written his book, and had sent it to the press, a book full charged with venomous loathing and contempt of the Irish name and nation; and seems to have judged it expedient, for some reason or another, to condense the substance of it into lectures, and to come over and discharge them in American cities, where he supposed he would be sure of a favourable hearing for any abuse of Irish and Catholics amongst the preponderating masses of American Protestants. I suppose he had been told so by some "Christian young men." At any rate, the thing would make a stir, and advertise his book. At the very moment when it was convenient for him he was invited by the "Literary Bureau." Whether this was a happy coincidence, or whether he invited the Bureau to invite him, cannot now be guessed; nor is it worth while. His subject was to be "The Relations Between England and Ireland;" and his coming was heralded by a pamphlet containing first a facsimile of his letter of acceptance, and then many pages presenting selected passages from his works, entitled "Gems from Froude." This pamphlet was largely circulated gratuitously. In the letter he considerably says—"I should like it to be understood by the Irish in New York generally that I am neither going to flatter them nor flatter England." Were "the Irish in New York generally" fondly soothing themselves with the idea that Froude was coming to flatter them? Who saw any sign of such pleasing anticipations? In truth, we are not much used to flattery, save from a politician now and then about election times. And those who know very much of the "First Historian's" previous writings could scarcely have looked for anything very fulsome in the way of sycophancy at his hands. Indeed, in these very "Gems," strung together on the thread of this pamphlet, there is but one passage referring to Ireland, which begins thus:—

"Sadder history in the compass of the world's great chronicle there is none than the history of the Irish; so courageous, yet so like cowards; so interesting, yet so resolute to forfeit all honourable claims to interest. In thinking of them, we can but shake our heads," &c.

I do not well know how courageous men contrive to be "like cowards;" yet, after all, it seems our people are "interesting;" he never denies this; "interesting," yet "resolute to forfeit honourable claims to interest!" Not only a dishonourable people, but resolutely and irrevocably determined that no honourable person can concern himself about any of them. Differ we Irish may on politics, on religion, on

many matters of human conduct and life, but at least on one point we are agreed—we are unanimously and irremediably resolved to be *dishonourable*! This is bad, indeed. Let me add to this "gem" another jewel of my own selection from the new volume just published—

"The sun never shone on a lovelier country, as nature made it. *They have pared its forests to the stump*, till it shivers in damp and desolation. The perceptions of taste which belong to the higher orders of understanding are as completely absent as truthfulness of spirit is absent, or cleanliness of person and habit."

No; assuredly the First Living Historian had no mission to flatter the Irish race. But let readers bear in mind the phrase, "They have pared its forests to the stump" until we have advanced a little further with this modest review.

England, the country of the Historian, is in these days disquieted once more by a revival of national spirit and national pretensions in Ireland. "Home Rule" has become a political test. "Irish ideas," even, which England has so often before felt it her duty to stifle in blood—these very Irish ideas are now again put forward as the only just basis on which the island should be governed; and, worse than all, many of the best of the Protestants are cordially uniting with their Catholic fellow-countrymen in demanding some approach to self-government. British policy had often been interfered with by such demonstrations before; and had usually, at least since the "Reformation," found its best safety in promoting religious animosities; the same course must be taken now again; hatred and spite of Protestant against Catholic must be kindled again and fed with fresh fuel, or all is lost. Prudent British statesmen look anxiously around and survey the situation; they see a considerable Protestant recrudescence in several parts of the world, provoked ostensibly by the late Council of the Vatican with its definition of the ancient doctrine of Papal Infallibility. They see prosperous and triumphant Germany girding up its loins to do battle with the dreadful Pope; and Prince Bismarck is prosecuting bishops and thundering against Jesuits. And so in the very latest Irish papers I read, without surprise—

"On Monday, criminal informations were filed in the Crown Office, Dublin, in the names of Mr. Christopher Palles and Mr. W. Lane Joynt, against his Lordship the Bishop of Clonfert, twenty-three Catholic clergymen of the County Galway, Captain Nolan, and Mr. Sebastian Nolan. All these gentlemen are charged with the use of undue influence, and the Court of Queen's Bench is asked to 'award due process of law' against them. The venue is laid in the County Galway, and it appears that, as the informations are equivalent to bills found by a Grand Jury on an indictment, the next step will be to put the Bishop of Clonfert and his fellow-defendants in the dock of the County Courthouse in Galway, and call on them to plead."

The "undue influence" was in representing to their flocks that it would be committing a sin to vote for Gladstone's candidate: and a crying sin it certainly would have been; and who could more properly warn them against it

than their clergy? However, the prosecution itself will excite spite and rage, unmanly exultation amongst the Orangemen, bitter and vindictive wrath amongst the Catholics, and thus a great point is gained to begin with. Next, it is at any time easy to create exasperation amongst the more ignorant Protestants, by pointing out the so-called presumption of the Catholic Church; and facilities are given to carry on the unholy work of lashing the two parties to fury by the agitation now existing on the question of public education. Shall the education of children be made carefully irreligious? or shall all the people be required to pay for an irreligious education, though they cannot use the article? Or shall parents be at liberty, if they choose, to give to their children a separate denominational education, without being compelled also to pay for the State education of other people's children? Easy enough to alarm the ignorant persons aforesaid, by a suggestion that this latter plan is nothing but a device of the Jesuits to bring back the Inquisition. Then, in turning their eyes anxiously around the horizon, those prudent English statesmen take careful note of the signs of the times in the United States. Here also the State and denominational school systems are eagerly debated. Here also the ignorant masses have been taught to believe that the Infallibility of the Pope, and especially the "Syllabus," are only an insidious machinery for troubling the peace of States and Governments, and making us all vassals to "the Woman who sitteth upon Seven Hills." The English know also (for they have both spies and agents busy here) that, ever since the close of the war, there has been gradually reviving a strong anti-Catholic and anti-Irish feeling which awaits only a good stirring example, set in England, to follow suit as usual. An excitement can always be stirred up in America on this principle. It was the "Ecclesiastical Titles Act" to restrain Papal Aggression that gave birth to our shabby Know-Nothing crusade; and a few bloody riots were duly enacted, a church or two wrecked, a good priest "ridden on a rail," and tarred and feathered by the principal inhabitants of a New England town. A renewal of all this would be invaluable for exasperating the so-desirable religious rage in Ireland.

And there is more in it. Certain millions of the Irish people, extirpated out of their own land, and escaped from the British famines, are now dwelling, they and their children, upon this continent; and everybody knows that they watch with keen interest every national movement of their kindred at home, with the stern determination to bear a hand in the final settlement of that question. Nothing could possibly be more serviceable to Gladstone's policy than the successful arousing of strong dislike and contempt on the part of the Protestant American people against their Catholic and Irish fellow-citizens. Now, no man in all England could be found so fitted for this dreadful office as the First Living Historian.

Froude's qualifications for this mission (besides a most fluent and sensational rhetoric) are twofold. First, he hates the Catholic Church, and has at his fingers' ends all the foulest imputations and all the diabolical

language of abuse usually employed these last three hundred years to cover that Church with a robe of blackest horror; second, he claims for his own country an absolute right to possess and govern Ireland at her own will and for her own profit. As I read these pages of the "First Historian," I confess that I warm towards him a little; he does not cant much, for an Englishman, but pours forth his insults upon the people and upon their religion with a rather honest kind of cynical brutality. He tells us in plain words that "superior strength is the equivalent of superior merit"; in other words, it is "superior merit"; and referring to Ireland and her rights, forsooth, he says:—

"There neither is nor can be an inherent privilege in any person or set of persons to live unworthily at their own wills, when they can be led or driven into more honourable courses; and the rights of man—if such rights there be—are not to liberty, but to wise direction and control"—that is, control by us English. There is another passage which I like even better—

"The consent of man was not asked when he was born into the world; his consent will not be asked when his time comes to die. As little has his consent to do with the laws which, while he lives, he is bound to obey. Let a nation be justly governed"—that is, by us English.

As for the Catholic Church in Ireland, the only defect he finds in the course of English policy is, that there was not persecution violent enough and constant enough exercised upon that Church. Here are his words:—

"No Government need keep terms with such a creed when there is power to abolish it. To call the repression of opinions which had issued so many times in blood and revolt by the name of religious persecution is mere abuse of words, while at the same time the best minds in England really believed that, besides its treasonable aspects, the Roman Catholic religion was intellectually degrading and spiritually poisonous."

These, you observe, were not the worst minds in England, but the best; and the Historian most heartily agrees with them. But the author is not altogether averse from "reconciling the loyal priests and the Government, and subsidising a power which had proved too strong to be violently overthrown." He also cites with approbation the words of a pamphlet which seems one of his favourite authorities—

"Possibly it might be a good plan to abolish the payment of dues, offerings, and fees from the poor Papists to the priests, and settle salaries for them. Their interests would then be closely tied to those of the State, and they might be managed like cannons, whose mouths

are still pointed as they please who fill their bellies."

The reader has now a clear enough idea of the high qualifications of this Historian to do the Queen's business in Ireland.

The adventurers under Henry II. came to "take charge" of the Irish, says this Historian in his preliminary chapter. "The Normans," he assures us, were a people "whose peculiar mission was to govern men"; and it seems they could not help it. Who can resist his fate?—

"They were born rulers of men, and were forced, by the same necessity which has brought the decrepit kingdoms of Asia under the authority of England and Russia, to take the management, eight centuries ago, of the anarchic nations of Western Europe."

It was hard on the Norman people! For these poor devoted rulers of men were forced "by the same necessity" to do much forgery, perjury, and murder, to carry out their missioned task. Neither will our rulers of men altogether give us up when we escape from under their clutch: their care and sympathy follow us round the world. Here, for example, the Irish-Americans who have been living on good enough terms with native American and other citizens, and who have been doing much honest work here, making themselves independent, marrying and giving in marriage, procreating a good breed, which is to have its full share in the labour and the thought and the honourable effort of every kind upon this Continent in the future—these Irish-Americans find themselves followed, even here, from time to time, by agents and emissaries of those blessed governors of men, whose task is to lower us in the eyes of our fellow-citizens, and to make them understand that we are not fit to be trusted as citizens of this or any other country. These English have taken direction of our people, once for all, and cannot without a pang give up the management of us. Though we take the wings of the morning and flee to the uttermost ends of the earth, even there will their hand lead us and their right hand guide us! Even here we find at every turn a vigilant English "ruler of men" cooling our friends, heating our enemies, carefully warning our neighbours that we are false, treacherous, cowardly, and cruel; that we never knew what to do with our own country, when we had one, and will surely do what in us lies to ruin America as we ruined Ireland.

(To be continued.)

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"B— FENIANS!"

The favourite epithet applied by the Orange bigots to all Catholics—male and female—is "b— Fenians." The gentlemen of the Constitutional Party designate their fellow-Irish who love their country above the King as "hill-siders"; their following use the language of the Orangemen, the sanguinary adjective included. Yet, strange paradox as it is, numbers of the same leading lights of Parliamentary agitation—burdened with the acceptance of £400 a year as reward for service—readily avail of any occasion to celebrate the memory of those who rose in dark and evil days—preferably the Martyred Three—by hypocritically singing their praises and indulging in sickening platitudes as well as solemnly assuring their auditors that they, the incorruptibles, are perpetuating the doctrines for which so many fought and died!

Having thus tickled the ears of the groundlings, and, incidentally, having prostituted the sacred name of patriotism, the campaign of calumny against those who believe in the claim of Ireland to freedom is continued with renewed vigour. Every channel is used to besmirch and blacken the characters of honest Irishmen. Nothing is too low to stoop to in the endeavour to pillory them before their fellow-countrymen; the columns of a subsidised Press teem with vile charges and loathsome insinuations writ by pens dipped in gall. And as reward for their felon-setting the anonymous scribes later receive lucrative appointments from the hands of a beneficent Government—for selling their countrymen as Judas sold his God!

Yet the politicians proceed gaily on their way trumpeting aloud their parrot cry of a free people in a free land. Yes; we know the freedom our people enjoyed in the past at the hands of the predominant partner—we need only read our country's history for that—and we experience the liberty of the subject with a vengeance to-day. Thirty upholders of England's might set upon two Christian Brothers in Ballycastle and attempted to murder them. Two of the attackers are apprehended and are sentenced—to two months. Justice, ye gods! What matter; in the words of the foul-mouthed Inniskilling Fusiliers the Brothers were only "b— Fenians." A short twelve months

ago, a craven, terror-stricken squad of Scottish Borderers, after scurrying from an unarmed contingent of Volunteers, deliberately murdered three harmless people in our city of Dublin. The usual farcical inquiry was held, but the culprits went free. In the officers' mess, no doubt, the victims were looked upon as being merely "b— Fenians."

And what happens to-day? Sean Milroy and Sean McDermott are languishing in Mountjoy Jail for having the courage of their convictions. Dinny M'Cullagh and Arthur Newman, and others, are peremptorily ordered to leave their native land at the behest of our military governors. And Home Rule is on the Statute Book; we are a free people in a free land, according to the politicians. The two gentlemen refuse to be expatriated. They are arrested and arraigned, yet their counsel vainly seeks the information as to what fault they have committed, what crime they have done. At best—even in the eyes of law's majesty—theirs is a minor offence. The Belfast Head-Constable never heard of an order being served for expatriation of a man from his own country for a minor offence. The keynote of the whole affair is in the following words uttered by Mr. Hanna, advocate for Mr. Newman:

The real reason of the action against the accused would not bear the light of day, because this man was being persecuted even to this moment not by the police, not by the military authority directly, but by the settled and undefined influence of his political opponents. Was he to be banished as a felon, to God knew where, outside the British Empire, on the mere ipse dixit of an officer in an office in Dublin? If that was the law, then the sooner the people knew it the better.

The eloquence of counsel availed naught. For three months Arthur Newman goes to jail.

In Dinny M'Cullough's case, who was sentenced to four months' imprisonment, a further sidelight was thrown on the felon-setting tactics of the politicians. Mr. Power put a direct question to the District-Inspector if he had heard of Messrs. Newman and M'Cullough being denounced by Joe Devlin, the M.P. for West Belfast, in Clonard Picture House on July 11th, and that they should be out of West Belfast. Of course, the officer had not heard it—but, the order was issued on the 10th and served on the 13th July! Verb. sap. We commend this portion of Mr. Power's address to our people at home and abroad:

Never before in Ireland under English law have people been transported without trial. . . . The Irish Volunteers are armed, and I would ask the Government are they prepared to take the responsi-

bility of continuing to harass this one particular party? If they are prepared to drench the country in blood, then on their heads be the responsibility.

Something sinister underlies all this direct attempt at brow-beating. It smacks of Russian methods of terrorism. Freedom of thought is sought to be stifled, a criminal stigma is to be imposed on honourable men. History is repeating itself. In the days of ancient Rome, the cry was: To the lions with the Christians; in the specious days of King George V. it is: To jail with the "b— Fenians"!

Mr. Tom Kettle, who masquerades as an army lieutenant, and who told the people of Dublin ten months ago that he was going to fight in Flanders, is still in Ireland. He was cheered, we are told, in the most Orange town in Ireland the other day. An orange sash, with the skull and crossbones of the Loyal Black Preceptory, would be his proper uniform!

Because England thought well to go to war on behalf of the small nationalities, Ireland is to be disfranchised for a year. The men of this country are not capable of voting correctly; they are only good as food for German powder. We have yet to learn of the Loyal National Party having entered any protest—are they afraid of elections?

The Editor of an English newspaper has, under the title, the words—"The editor of this paper was rejected as being unfit for Service!" We would suggest that the Irish people reject Mr. Redmond and the "Nathaniel" party for the same reason!

Our Holy Father the Pope has definitely disavowed an alleged interview with the correspondent of a Paris paper, in which that disciple of Ananias and the Grand Orient made the Pope responsible for saying he was in sympathy with the cause of the Allies. We notice that the subsidised Government gutter Press of Ireland gave the "interview" more prominence than the denial which they were reluctantly compelled to publish this week.

Mr. ex-Commissioner Harrell, of Howth Road and Bachelor's Walk fame, is not in the employ of the War Office, according to Mr. Tennant; nor in the employ of the Irish Government, if Mr. Birrell is to be believed. How, then, did he become appointed a Lord Justice in the absence of the Lord Lieutenant? Is the Grand Orient and Kildare Street Club again responsible for making this appointment? Who are the paymasters of this gentleman, and who is telling the untruth?

THE SOLDIERS OF AUSTRIA.

MEN WHO THRIVE ON BULLETS.

For generations the soldier of Austria has been the military martyr of Europe. Fate has made him the foil of glory in the past—the flint upon which the rival nations have struck their steel for battle spark. He has fought and fought, and will fight again; but the records show that he has suffered defeat much oftener than the fighting men of the other great states, and has profited far less from his lean list of victories.

And this defeat distinction is not deserving of gibe. To suffer overthrow one must engage in battle. Austria has never slipped out of a fight, and her soldier has ever marched forward and never murmured. His endurance and perseverance through decades of conflict, when not a single star of past victory gave a hope-gleam to guide or cheer, make him well worthy of epic. His martial optimism has made him the ever-rallying point and faith-centre of war.

If the Austrian soldier had not been a valiant fighter, then many of the battle results that have so puffed up the nations of Europe would be but tinkling cymbal chronicles. But the fact is, whenever any nation clashed with Austria it was kept fightingly busy. Foremen worthy of steel they always were. And whenever the Austrian soldier was trounced so that the victor's heel was hard on his neck, and he seemed battered and shattered into at least a decade of demoralisation, bing!—news came that he was in battle array a few miles off, and marching to take another drubbing.

What has sustained the patriotic inspiration of the Austrian soldier? A far search and a deep analysis might have to be made for adequate answer. He fights for a country in which reside at least ten different races or classes of people. There are Germans, Czechs, Slovaks, Ruthenians, Poles, Magyars, Slovenes, Croats, Italians, and Rumanians. Four nationalities unite for the fighting man to defend. Austria, Bohemia, Hungary, and Poland have each their separate histories, and have had their separate rulers. Such a polyglot blend is enough to puncture patriotism beyond repair. Still the Austrian soldier "is there with the fight." At home curbing outbreak, and abroad trying to uphold national prestige, he has been kept busy. And he has no pivotal conquest point from which to date an animating impetus. Austrian accessions come in a great measure from wedding bargains, marriage inheritances, and diplomatists' connivances, and not through the sword. There is connected with gaining them no material epoch around which shines the inviting light of battle incentive, no building up of a nation from nothing through brave deeds and sacrifices.

Instead, there is the constant slipping away, or dwindling, and a loss of the few fruits of valour. It has been so now for at least 176 years. Still the Austrian soldier has fought on. His defence against Turkish invasion is understandable, but his aggressive battling in the face of continued defeat is not. The fighting man of Austria rises to his knees at the bugle call, grips his musket, gets on his feet and mutters, "I'm ready!"

In turning the glass on the battling accomplishments of the Austrian soldier it must be borne in mind that he has done a great deal of fighting while blended with his German-speaking kinsman of the Holy Roman or German Empire, of which he was but a part. When the Empire waged war as a whole it was impossible to segregate his deeds from those of the other states. For this reason, although the fighting man of Austria has performed valiantly for centuries, it is only since 1741, or at the beginning of the War of the Austrian

Succession, that his national militancy has stood out to world notice.

During the period between 1741 and 1866 the soldier of Austria engaged in seven periods of conflict, and was whipped so often that it seemed a habit. In the War of the Austrian Succession, waged to decide whether or not Maria Theresa of Austria was to succeed her father on the throne of that country, he was well trounced at Molwitz, Hohenfriedberg, Sorr, and Kesselsdorf. He captured Munich and Prague from their defenders, but in the end all his Queen got for his fighting was an acknowledgement of the legality of her succession to her father's kingdom. Austria was obliged to relinquish the entire province of Silesia to Frederick the Great of Prussia as well as her temporary war conquests in Italy, and to yield the duchies of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla. But the Austrian soldier fought well through it all, especially at Molfitz, the victory won by the Prussians after Frederick had galloped from the field thinking the army beaten.

The Seven Years' War found the fighting man of Austria lined up against the great Frederick again. On October 1, 1756, the Austrian took his beating once more at Lowitz, near the Saxon frontier, although he fought valiantly. Then he was whipped again under the walls of Prague, but at Kolin, under Leopold, Count Daun, he made a memorable dent in the fighting record of the Great Frederick by beating him badly, with a loss of 14,000 killed, wounded, and prisoners, and forty-three pieces of artillery, twenty-two standards, and a great amount of small arms. Daun had two horses killed under him, was twice wounded, and showed himself a worthy antagonist of the celebrated war captain. This was the battle where the laconic Frederick cried to his cavalry after their sixth impulse:—"Charge again! Would you live forever?" But it was an Austrian day, and one of the "big" few of which her soldier was destined to be proud for many years. This was in June, 1757. At Leuthen shortly after Frederick beat the Austrian soldier again. But he came back at Frederick at Kunersdorf somewhat, being aided by a large Russian army. At Leignitz once more the Austrian soldier succumbed. The war ended with the Prussians keeping Silesia and Glatz, over which the conflict had been waged. Generals Count Daun, Count Lacy and Gideon Loudon were Frederick's famous opponents.

Count Lacy, an Austrian general of Irish ancestry, made himself famous during the Seven Years' War by his brilliant manipulation of his army in tight places. At Leignitz, where he formed a junction in record time with the armies of Daun and Loudon, had his plan been followed, the great battle would more than likely have gone against Frederick. He was famous for always wishing to make the opening attack. No Austrian general aroused the same enthusiasm with his men by his personal bravery. In the campaign about Torgau he escaped death by the merest chance many times. He was made a field marshal for his conspicuous ability.

The pre-Napoleonic or revolutionary fights with France, as well as the Napoleonic wars themselves, found the Austrian soldier steadily taking his beating. October 23, 1792, he was well trounced at Jammappes by the Convention army of France under Dumouriez. At Rouremonde, General Jourdan beat the Austrian again, October 5, 1794.

Napoleon's Italian campaign of 1796 brought the defeat of the Austrian soldier at Lodi, Brescia, Castiglione, Roveredo, and Bassano. Again he was beaten by the

conqueror at Arcole and completely routed at Rivoli. Mantua and twenty thousand Austrians fell into Napoleon's hands as a consequence. The treaty of peace stipulated that France acquire all the Austrian Netherlands.

In 1798 the combined armies of Russia and Austria won a number of minor successes on Italian battle grounds, the French Generals Moreau and Joubert being the losers. In 1800 Generals Soult and Massena were also defeated, and the tally for the Austrian soldier in these affairs raised his hopes. However, Napoleon, having settled the political situation after his return from Egypt, turned his attention to Italian conditions. June 14, 1800, after a surprising march across the Alps, he defeated the Austrian army in the famous battle of Marengo, regaining France all Italian territory lost during two years of piecemeal losses. And Napoleon's army was but little more than half that of Austria. General Moreau inflicted another crushing defeat on the Austrian soldier at Hohenlinden, December 2, 1800.

On October 26, 1805, the Austrian soldier was badly beaten at Ulm by Napoleon in a series of engagements that led to the surrender of the place with 30,000 men. Again on December 2, 1805, the Austro-Russian army was cut to pieces at Austerlitz, one of the most famous of famous battles, the allies losing 10,000 killed, 20,000 prisoners, and 120 pieces of cannon. April 22, 1809, the Austrian soldier put up a hard fight against Napoleon at Eckmühl, but was beaten, and again on his retreat at Ratisbon. But May 21 and 23 he came back under the Archduke Charles, and at Essling and Aspern caused the great Napoleon to retire. July 6, however, Bonaparte having being reinforced, the Austrian fighting man went down to defeat again at the celebrated battle of Wagram. At Leipzig the Austrian soldier joined with the Russian and the Prussian fighting man to defeat the wonderful Napoleon, which was accomplished in the three-day battle, October 16 to 19, 1813. It was the first real good whack the Austrian soldier had got in on Bonaparte, and the blow was administered with force in remembrance of past humiliations. Then came Waterloo, in which, through the vagary of fate, the fighting man of Austria was to have no part, the battling being done by an allied army of British, Dutch, German, and Belgian soldiers.

In 1849 the Austrian soldier was called upon to subdue rebel Hungary. He was beaten again and again, and Vienna was occupied by revolutionaries, who drove out the royal troops. Louis Kossuth was made head of the Hungarian republic proclaimed. Austria, unable to conquer Hungary, called on Russia for aid. Joined by Russian soldiers, the Austrian fighting man subdued Hungary. In 1859 the war of Italian liberation began, and Austria, possessing a good portion of Italy, sent her soldiers there to fight the combined armies of France and Italy. The Austrian fighting man was whipped at Magenta and again at Solferino. Prussia came to the aid of Austria in the way of a covert ultimatum, and peace was declared, with Austria retaining Venetia and the Quadrilatera.

R. G. CONOVER.

(To be continued).

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All communications regarding the formation of new Divisions, &c., should be addressed to JOHN J. SCOLLAN, National Secretary, 28 North Frederick Street, Dublin.

National Officers in the West

A flying visit to Mayo was made by the National President and National Secretary. They received a cordial welcome on arriving at Westport, and attended an enthusiastic meeting in the Hibernian Hall, where Bros. Pender and Scollan were made the recipients of an address of welcome, to which they suitably replied. The following is the text of the address:—

Address of Welcome to the National President and National Secretary of the A.O.H. (I.A.A.) from Division 26 and District:—

Worthy National President and National Secretary—We on behalf of the members of the A.O.H. (I.A.A.) of West Mayo beg to extend to you, on the occasion of your first visit to Westport, a sincere and hearty Cead Mile Failte.

Words of ours fail to adequately express our joy in having you, who hold the highest offices in our grand old Order in Ireland, amongst us here to-night.

We are glad to be in a position to inform you that the branches of our Order in gallant Mayo are in a flourishing condition and we pray that St. Patrick, to whom our Order is dedicated, may continue to look down with fatherly affection on us and bless our work in handing down to others the traditions and principles of our holy cause, which we love and cherish and to which we will be ever loyally devoted.

To-day, when Europe has lost its sanity, and is wallowing in the blood of its young manhood, Ireland, the neglected is happy in one thing at least—in its geographical position, well removed from the gaping muzzles of murderous gunnery. And when we, Erin's sons, meet in friendly counsel, we shake our brothers' hands and bid them join with us in renewing our vows of fidelity to the Motherland and to one another.

We trust the memories of this, your first visit to the West, may not fade away too soon, but that you will come again and let us have the happiness of welcoming you as cordially as we do now to:

Where grey Croagh Patrick soars aloft
And the broad Atlantic smiles
And sparkling waters circle round
Three hundred little isles;
And Nephin in the distance
Lifts its misty head to view
Where Grace O'Malley's castle stands
Beside the waters blue.

Signed: J. W. GIBBONS, Pres.
P. GILL, Treas.
J. W. KELLY, Sec.

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Let others weep the true man dead,
Let others preach—we work instead,
And proudly march with steel and lead,
Along the way.

Let others lag behind through fear—
The road he went is hard but clear,
But on the hilltops drawing near,
We'll meet the day.

The amber dawn has a tinge of red,
From a sun that drank what your fathers bled,
On the reeking plains as they onward led
With flashing steel.

And you who look on that dawn must know,
Where their fathers went shall the sons now go,
Through the toil and strife until Erin's foe
Our strength shall feel.

Then no funeral caoin o'er his coffin raise,
Let no faltering voice record his praise,
But the glint of steel on his coffin blaze,
Whilst the rifles flash.

When his watch is o'er let the soldier rest,
But mount you guard upon every crest,
For your courage soon shall find its test,
In battle's clash.

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:: A CURRENT CAUSERIE ::

The Glories of Ireland.

Such is the title of a 400 page volume edited by Drs. Joseph Dunn and P. J. Lennox, of the Catholic University of America. The work is based on facts rather than romance, and to these in every direction of life ample testimony is given by those well qualified to speak. Amongst the contributors is Sir Roger Casement, and the following is some of the subjects dealt with and their contributors:—Irish Men of Science, by Sir Bertram Windle, their albest living representative; Irish Nationality is discussed by Lord Ashbourne; Dr. Grattan Flood, on Music; Diarmid Coffey, on Metal-work; L. E. O'Carroll, on Manuscripts; and F. J. Bigger, on the Ruins which are "her proudest monuments." For religion we have Dom Columba Edmonds on Monks, Canon D'Alton on Saints and Scholars—we should have expected to find also an essay on the Church in Ireland. The Irish abroad—in the United States, in Canada, in South America, in Australasia, in South Africa—are treated respectively by Mr. J. O'Brien, Dr. J. J. Walsh, Mrs. Mulhall, Brother Leo, and A. H. Atteridge: literature is represented by Professor Georges Dolbin on Native Poetry, Eleanor Hull on Heroic Sagas, Sidney Bunn on Precursors of Dante: Irish Leaders, Irish Heroines, and Irish Journalists fall to the lot of Shane Leslie Milligan, and Michael MacDonagh. The Irish Theatre, by Joseph Holloway, and the Irish Literary Revival, by Dr. Horatio Kraus, deal with the latest manifestations of Irish genius.

Ignorance Refuted.

A correspondent sends "Catholic Book Notes" a copy of "The Gospel Trumpet," one of the Drummond Tract Depot's anti-Catholic publications. The only certain sound given forth by this particular trumpet is the certainty that it is among the quite lower-class organs of Protestant opinion. In the issue sent—that for January last—there is an article on Purgatory, in which malice and ignorance combine to the exclusion of everything else: the writer's definition of a Low Mass as a Mass at which "only six candles are used" is a specimen of the latter quality. In the ordinary way the article would not be worth noticing; but it may serve to call attention to two C.T.S. pamphlets, "Purgatory," by Father H. G. Graham, and "Masses for Money," by Father Thurston, S.J.: both of these should be distributed by way of antidote to such diatribes.

A Good Story.

Many there are who still remember the eloquent Dominican preacher and sterling Irishman, the late Father Tom Burke. A rather good story about him is as follows. It seems that he had a great partiality for riding on trams. Once when he was doing so after a long church ceremony in Dominick Street, he produced his breviary and proceeded to say his office. A well-known evangelical sitting near him took upon himself to comment upon the act. "The Lord tells us," he said, "that when we pray we should not be as the hypocrites, who love to pray in public, and at the corners of the streets that they may be seen by men. Now," he added, "when I pray I enter into my closet, and when I have shut the door I pray in secret." Without looking up, Father Burke replied aloud: "Yes; and then you get on the top of a tram car and tell everyone about it."

Orange Ruffians.

The prominence given in the daily Press, with the exception of those of a Unionist

tinge, to the proceedings at the Ballycastle Petty Sessions, when two blackguards of the 9th Inniskillings (Ulster Division) were sentenced to two months imprisonment with hard labour for a cowardly assault on two Christian Brothers, proves—if proof were necessary—that the proper place for these upholders of the Crown and Constitution to demonstrate their fighting spirit is facing the German lines in Flanders. A more dastardly attack it is hard to conceive, especially when it is taken into account that the inoffensive Brothers were unarmed, and that some thirty of these chivalrous stalwarts of the Ulster Division made the onslaught to the "battle-cry" of "Kill them, the b—— Fenians!" That the attacked gentlemen escaped with their lives is a miracle. Though some soldier witnesses gave evidence which implicated others of the gang, no attempt seems to have been made by the authorities to bring these to justice. At the inadequate sentence imposed on the two arraigned we can only marvel. It is quite evident that the presiding magistrates were influenced by the local Lodges! It is up to Col. Ricardo, D.S.O., to now hold his promised inquiry and bring the offenders to justice.

Outspoken.

We have come across a copy of "The Covenanters," with its bright orange-lined cover, and from an article entitled "Remember 1690" cull a few extracts which, were one told whence they emanated, might easily have been mistaken for extracts from the most advanced organ of National opinion. For instance: "William, with Burnet and Ferguson at his side, might find it convenient to pose as the champion of Protestant Europe, but the Vatican was on his side as well." The "Orange Standard" should repudiate the Prince of Orange for having accepted Papist gold from "the anti-Christ at Rome," as they politely dub the head of the Universal Church. Again, "Nor was the issue decided at the Boyne the future of Ireland. There were those, indeed, among the Irish leaders who looked upon the struggle as one for National Independence. Sarsfield voiced that theory when he said, as he lay a-dying at Landen, 'Would that this blood were shed for Ireland.' It was a belief that might easily be held by strong patriots, it was one which, doubtless, the astute advisers of James were at no pains to contradict." Hear, hear to that.

Clique v. Tyrant.

That poor Ireland was made the pawn in the game between James and William is indisputable. The poltroon ran away, the victor broke his solemn treaty ere the ink 'twas writ with was dry. As "The Covenanter" truly says: "It was not the fate of Ireland which interested Lauzaun or St. Ruth or the great French King whom they represented. Neither James nor William fought for the possession of Dublin, but for the Crown of England. The English and Scottish people prayed for the success of the Prince of Orange, not because they wanted to have a Dutch King, but because they wanted to get rid of a British tyrant." This we commend to certain interested politicians: "The tyranny of a clique is always less respectable and more dangerous, because more subtle, than the tyranny of a King. He at least holds a position which he can only lose by excess of misconduct, the clique holds a position which it seeks to make permanent by misconduct, hiding its ill-doing under the mask of democratic philanthropy. But it comes to the same thing in the end, and we are coming very near the end."

The Party!

The "Cork Free Press" is again scoring for Ireland against Ireland's "watch-dogs." Our contemporary says: "Members of the Irish Party are never tired of telling their constituents how scrupulously their interests are looked after and how admirably the taxation of Ireland is kept as low as possible. We had an example of this splendid unselfishness when nine Irish votes covering an expenditure for the coming year of £1,600,000 were passed by the House of Commons. This sum is, of course, largely made up of fat salaries for comfortably-placed Redmondites, and so that no awkward questions might be asked, Mr. Redmond evidently ordered the whole party to absent themselves while the vote was being piloted through under Mr. Birrell's friendly aegis. At a moment when the Irish Party must hold themselves in constant readiness to show their concern at England's success by economising on English votes, it was much the more strategically correct thing first to make sure of those subsidies which hold their disinterested supporters together. It was, of course, merely a minor consideration that the salaries of useless officials (such as that buttress of the Empire who draws a fat quarterly cheque for holding up the tail-ends of Lord Chancellor O'Brien's robes whenever he dignifies the Four Courts with his presence, an honour conferred on that institution almost twice a year) come out of your pockets and out of ours. But then, of course, we are merely Irishmen without password or intelligence, or honour, or anything. We be factionists, and as such deserve all we get, or rather all that is taken from us."

Government and Volunteers.

Our contemporary, the "Cork Free Press," says it feels bound to say a few plain words as to certain recent developments of official over-zeal in Ireland—namely, the orders for expulsion from the country which are being issued in increasing numbers against officers and organisers of the original "Irish Volunteers," while Mr. Redmond's Volunteers and Sir E. Carson's are left unscathed. The paper further says that it is in the highest degree dangerous to public liberty that men should be arbitrarily deported from their country by lettre-de-cachet, instead of being enabled to meet their accusers before a jury of their countrymen, or even before a court martial. The scandal is greatly aggravated by the growing suspicion in the public mind that the offence of the Irish Volunteers is not that they are plotting war upon England, but that they are inconvenient political opponents of Mr. Redmond. It also inveighs against an underhand crusade against any body of Irish Nationalists who are looked upon as dangerous to Mr. Redmond and his brother bunglers, and says it can scarcely fail but arouse an undesirable feeling of resentment among all liberty-loving Irishmen.

Against the Jews.

The London "Standard's" special correspondent at Amsterdam says that at a meeting held in Berlin, under the auspices of the German National Defence League, Herr von Bodelschwingh said in the course of an anti-Semitic speech:—"The world-war was arranged, incited, and started by the international Jews. D'Annunzio, who had as much as anyone to do with Italy's participation in the war, is a Polish Jew named Rappaport, and on his hands lie the bloodstains of guilt in urging his adopted country to fight against Germany. The Italian Foreign Minister, Sonnino, is also a Jew, and he was mainly responsible for the final act of treachery which Italy perpetrated by declaring war against Austria. Dernburg, who has been betraying Germany's cause in America, is a Jew, so that everywhere the Jews have been at work to destroy Germany and to aid Germany's foes."

ROSSA LAID TO REST.

Impressive Funeral in the Capital.

On Sunday afternoon, the public funeral of O'Donovan Rossa took place to Glasnevin. For three days the remains lay in state in the vestibule of the City Hall, where they were visited by thousands of people. During that time guards of honour of the Irish Volunteers, Hibernian Rifles, Citizen Army, and Boy Scouts (Fianna) relieved each other alternately. By night and day the guards did duty.

Numerous beautiful wreaths surrounded the bier, amongst them being a greatly admired one from the National Board of our Organization. The funeral cortege wended its way past headquarters, which were suitably draped for the occasion. In connection with same, the Unionist "Irish Times" says:—In North Frederick Street, the windows of the Hibernian Hall, the headquarters of the A.O.H. (Irish-American Alliance) was draped in black, and American and Irish flags were prominently displayed.

The A.O.H. occupied a section to themselves, forming up in Parliament Street and Capel Street, with the head of the column facing the City Hall. The Hibernian Rifles led, headed by the Father Mathew brass and reed band, there being a full turn-out of the Dublin members, including the auxiliary, strengthened by the delegations from various parts of the country.

As the coffin was borne to the hearse, the Hibernian Rifles rendered military honours, the ensign dipping the Stars and Stripes while the guard presented arms. The Hibernian section was under the command of Commandant The O'Rahilly, Irish Volunteers, with National President Pender, as his adjutant. The Hibernian Rifles were commanded by Captains Garrett and Breslin, respectively, National Secretary Scollan, and National Treasurer Boyle having charge of the Divisions.

In a special city edition, published last week, we gave a brief report of the visit paid by Mrs. Rossa and her daughter, Eileen, to headquarters, at which the widow of the deceased soldier of Ireland, in addressing the Ladies' Auxiliary, repudiated the slanderers of her dead husband, and bore testimony to the fact that to the very end Rossa never deviated a hair's breadth from the principles he held through life. The papers which spread the libel will soon be made to make a full retraction.

The thousands of Irishmen who honoured Rossa on Sunday honoured themselves. He sleeps now in Ireland's heart. May he rest in peace!

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SHAUN'S HEAD

(Scene—Before Dublin Castle—Night—a clansman of Shaun O'Neill's discovers his Chief's head on a pole).

By John Savage.

God's wrath upon the Saxon! may they never know
the pride
Of dying upon the battle-field, their broken spear
beside;
When victory gilds the gory shroud of every fallen
brave,
Or death no tales of conquered clans can whisper
to his grave.

May every light from Cross of Christ, that saves
the heart of man,
Be hid in clouds of blood before it reach the Saxon
clan;
For sure, O God!—and You know all, whose
thought for all sufficed—
To expiate these Saxon sins they'd want another
Christ.

Is it thus, O Shaun the haughty! Shaun the
valiant! that we meet—
Have my eyes been lit by heaven but to guide me
to defeat?
Have I no chief, or you no clan, to give us both
defence,
Or must I, too, be statued here with thy cold
eloquence?
Thy ghastly head grins scorn upon old Dublin's
Castle tower,
Thy shaggy hair is wind-tossed, and thy brow seems
rough with power;
Thy wrathful lips, like sentinels, by foulest treachery
stung,
Look rage upon the world of wrong, but chain thy
fiery tongue.

That tongue, whose Ulster accent woke the ghost
of Columkill,
Whose warrior words fenced round with spears the
oaks of Derry Hill;
Whose reckless tones gave life and death to vassals
and to knaves,
And hunted hordes of Saxons into holy Irish graves.
The Scotch marauders whitened when this war-cry
met their ears,
And the death-bird, like a vengeance, poised above
his stormy cheers;
Ay, Shaun, across the thundering sea, outchanting
it, your tongue
Flung wild un-Saxon war-whoopings the Saxon
Court among.

Just think, O Shaun! the same moon shines on
Liffey as on Foyle,
And lights the ruthless knaves on both, our kinsmen
to despoil;
And you the hope, voice, battle-axe, the shield of
us and ours,
A murdered, trunkless, blinding sight above these
Dublin towers.
Thy face is paler than the moon; my heart is paler
still—
My heart? I had no heart—'twas yours—'twas
yours! to keep or kill.
And you kept it safe for Ireland, Chief—your life,
your soul, your pride;
But they sought it in thy bosom, Shaun—with proud
O'Neill it died.
You were turbulent and haughty, proud, and keen
as Spanish steel—
But who had right of these, if not our Ulster's
Chief, O'Neill,
Who reared aloft the "Bloody Hand" until it paled
the sun,
And shed such glory on Tyrone as chief had never
done?

He was "turbulent" with traitors; he was
"haughty" with the foe;
He was "cruel," say ye, Saxons! Ay! he dealt
ye blow for blow!
He was "rough" and "wild"—and who's not
wild to see his hearth-stone razed?
He was "merciless as fire"—ah, ye kindled him—
he blazed!
He was "proud"—yes, proud of birthright, and
because he flung away
Your Saxon stars of princedom, as the rock does
mocking spray,
He was wild, insane for vengeance—ay! and preached
it till Tyrone
Was ruddy, ready, wild, too, with "Red hands"
to clutch their own.

"The Scots are on the border, Shaun!" Ye Saints,
he makes no breath;
"Remember when that cry would wake him up
almost from death.
Art truly dead and cold? O Chief! art thou to
Ulster lost?
"Dost hear, dost hear? By Randolph led, the
troops the Foyle have crossed!
He's truly dead! he must be dead! nor is his ghost
about—
And yet no tomb could hold his spirit tame to such
a shout;
The pale face droopeth northward—ah! his soul
must loom up there,
By old Armagh, or Antrim's glynns, Lough Foyle
or Bann the Fair!
I'll speed me Ulster-wards—your ghost must wander
there, proud Shane,
In search of some O'Neill, through whom to throb
its hate again.

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OUR BRAVE AND NOBLE HEROINES.

Though Ireland has not produced a Maid of Orleans, she has given birth to many brave and noble women who have attested their devotion to the holy cause of motherland all down and through the ages. In every struggle for home and altars, the women of Ireland have played an important part. With their vigorous right arms they have repelled the invader; their blood has dyed the green sward of their native land; with voice and pen they have urged their countrymen to deeds of daring in the patriotic effort to uplift the old land from the degradation of slavery to the proud dignity of nationhood.

Who has not heard of the heroism of the women of Limerick? When the Williamite forces, after hours of desperate fighting, were almost on the point of overcoming the brave defenders of the badly fortified city, and when the Irish cause seemed all but lost, the women rushed from the bedsides of their terrified children and flung stones, bottles, and every missile on which they could lay hands into the very faces of the enemy. Nothing seemed to daunt these brave women as they flung themselves fearlessly into the thick of the fight. By their daring example they infused new life into the almost exhausted garrison, with the result that William of Orange was compelled to raise the siege and acknowledge that his veteran troops were no match for the heroic women and hero-defenders of Limerick's walls.

When the '98 movement sought to overthrow English rule in Ireland, the leaders of the struggle were not without the sympathy and active co-operation of many a patriotic Irishwoman.

Betsy Grey, for instance, fought side by side with her lover, Willie Boal, and her brother in the battle of Ballinahinch. Teeling tells us that: "She was the pride of a widowed mother; the loved of the village, where to this hour the perfection of female beauty is described as it approximates in resemblance to the fair Elizabeth Grey. She carried a green flag as she entered the Irish ranks and inspired the national forces with hope." The battle, unfortunately, ended disastrously for the patriotic soldiers, and in the retreat Betsy Grey was brutally butchered with her lover and brother. The three, who were so united in life, were not separated in death.

A monument was erected over the grave of the young Irish heroine, but in the course of the '98 Centennial Celebration the Orangemen were guilty of the shocking vandalism of completely destroying the memorial which would serve to remind future generations of Irishmen and women of the heroism of a noble Irish girl. But it needs no stone to perpetuate the memory of Betsy Grey. Her deeds and sacrifices are deeply engraved in the hearts of her people.

Mary Doyle was another sturdy Irishwoman who did not hesitate to enter the field of battle when an opportunity offered to win Ireland's freedom in '98. She was in the thick of the fight at New Ross. She kept the muskets of the patriots supplied with ammunition taken from the slain English soldiers; and filled the canteens of the exhausted pikemen. She encouraged the brave to still greater deeds of daring, and stung the despondent and vacillating to action with her caustic tongue. On the retreat of the Irish soldiers, one of the howitzers was being left behind, but she insisted that it should not be allowed to fall into the hands of the enemy. She asked Colonel Clony could he, a soldier, leave the cannon behind him. The colonel told her that there were no men within reach to take it away,

whereupon she seated herself upon the gun and defiantly asserted: "Well, here I shall remain to be shot sooner than leave it behind; and eternal shame on them who do not procure me assistance to carry it away." Owing to her determined action, the gun was saved. The story of Betsy Grey and Mary Doyle is the story of hundreds of other Irishwomen who actively assisted and encouraged their menfolk to overthrow foreign domination in Ireland.

There were numbers of Irish women who though not openly identified with revolutionary movements were closely associated with the leaders of patriotic uprising in Ireland—Mrs. Tone, Sarah Curran, Anne Devlin, for instance; and others who though not brought into personal association with such leaders, have by voice and pen preached revolution as the sovereign remedy for Ireland's ills, such as "Mary," "Speranza," and "Eva" of the "Nation"—that a passing reference to them will not be entirely out of place in this article.

The wife of Wolfe Tone was in every respect a worthy partner for the greatest revolutionary leader that ever planned and plotted the overthrow of foreign rule in Ireland or any other country. A loyal and faithful wife, a dauntless spirit with great strength of character, and imbued with the liveliest sympathy with her husband's patriotic projects, she stands out as a really majestic and patriotic figure amongst the women of all nations who have not hesitated to sacrifice their dearest domestic ties in the hope of uplifting their native land. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Tone lived for some years in Paris on a small grant from the French Government, and a collection made in Ireland; and as a result of a personal interview with Napoleon she procured her son admission into the Imperial Lyceum, and afterwards into the army.

There are few characters in history whose birth and parentage are surrounded with greater mystery than Pamela, the beautiful and fascinating wife of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Her husband met her in Paris about the time he renounced his English title and was expelled from the British army. Pamela was probably the daughter of Madame de Genlis, gouvernante to the children of the Duc d'Orleans. In any case, Madame de Genlis brought her up and treated her as if she had been her own daughter or an adopted child. Richard Brinsley Sheridan was one of Pamela's numerous admirers; but once the young girl and Lord Edward met they seem to have been greatly attracted by each other, and three weeks after their first meeting they were husband and wife, one of the witnesses to the marriage ceremony being Louis Philippe, afterwards King of France. Until Lord Edward became involved in insurrectionary designs his married life was romantically happy, his wife lavishing on him all the love of her child-like nature, and he continuing to play the role of sweetheart. Pamela was not exactly the wife to whom a man would confide secrets of the vast importance of those of which Lord Edward was the custodian. Once when Madame de Genlis told her that she suspected that Lord Edward had some political secrets, Pamela replied that she had imposed upon herself a law never to ask her husband any questions on political affairs for two reasons—first, because she knew that she would have no power to change his determination; and, secondly, that if his plans turned out badly that she would be always able to take an oath that she knew nothing about them. Pamela was only 23 years of age when her husband died

in Newgate. Banished from the country by the Government, she went on the Continent, where she died.

Who has not heard of the pathetic love story of Robert Emmet and Sarah Curran, daughter of the famous Irish advocate, John Philpot Curran? Theirs was a love, beautiful as it was rare. With all the tenderness of his warm, ardent nature, Emmet loved Sarah Curran, and his love was fully returned, despite the frowns and active opposition of her parent. Her love, however, in Emmet's own sad words, had "fallen over a grave." Washington Irving, in his charming "Sketch Book," describes sympathetically the love story of Sarah Curran, and its tragic end; and all Irish readers are, of course, familiar with Moore's beautiful lines, "She is Far from the Land," dealing with the same romantic episode.

And does not Anne Devlin, Emmet's fearless and incorruptible servant, deserve honourable mention? She was the bearer of many a love letter from "Mr. Robert" to his sweetheart when the young Irish outlaw was in concealment in Harold's Cross, and of communications to his followers. She was offered the most tempting bribes and subjected to the most atrocious tortures by the authorities in the hope that she would betray her master; but she resisted every temptation and persecution. "I have nothing to tell," she repeated over and over again, when the soldiers urged her to disclose Emmet's whereabouts. She was placed against a wall, stabbed in the breast, but she remained true to her master. "You may murder me, you villains," she cried, "but not one word about him will you get from me." She was then half-hanged, cast into prison, where she was subjected to barbarous treatment for two years. She, however, survived the prosecution by many years. Her grave in Glasnevin bears the following inscription:

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THE AMERICAN IRISH

BY LADY WILDE.

VII.

The early portion of Irish history is passed over slightly, for there were no confiscations prior to the Norman Invasion. The land belonged to the Clan, and the goods of life were abundant and shared by all alike. The condition of the Irish people was better a thousand years ago than it is now; the progress of civilisation makes the rich richer, but the poor poorer. They seemed to have lived happily in those primitive days with music and song and cosherings and feasting, where they drank at their banquets of "the best seven sorts of wine," and never a care troubled them save an occasional brush with the Danes, or with each other, to keep their shields bright and their swords keen. Nor were they deficient in artistic culture; their golden diadems, torques, bracelets, and other personal ornaments were costly and splendid, and evinced a skill in workmanship rarely equalled in this day. Like the Greeks, they prized highly personal gifts and their kings were chosen for their stature, strength, and beauty. Courage they esteemed as one of the noblest virtues, and victory the highest glory. "What do you desire?" asked St. Brigid of a great chief. "Shall I pray that the crown may never depart from your race, and that your soul may find rest in heaven?" "I care not for heaven," he answered, "of which I know nothing, but for long life in this world, in which I greatly delight, and for victory over my enemies." And St. Patrick, having questioned the king on the eve of battle, "Which would you have—for my prayers are powerful—defeat to-day and heaven for ever, or victory and hell?" received the emphatic answer, "Hell to all eternity; so the victory is mine to-day in battle!"

When the Normans came, the Irish were no rude barbarians, as some English writers have endeavoured to represent them. They had a Christian civilisation of seven centuries; a learned priesthood, honoured throughout Europe; colleges for instruction, the resort of many Saxon princes; musicians eminent in their art above all others; and a code of wise, just laws, including evidences of much tender feeling towards the weak and helpless. Even in the pagan time a Queen of Ireland erected an hospital near her own royal residence for the sick and those wounded in battle, and called it "The House of Sorrow." The many stately abbeys, the sculptured crosses, the illuminated manuscripts (which to the Normans seemed the work of angels) attest their wonderful sense of symmetry and beauty, and their reverence for all things pertaining to religion; while evidences of a still older art and culture exist in those mystic towers which Giraldus Cambrensis gazed upon with awe and wonder above six centuries ago, and which, happily, though volumes have been written on the subject, still remain inscrutable, for nothing could be more revolting to the imaginative mind than the satisfactory solution of a world-old mystery.

Further back, even in the very night of time, are the sepulchres of the Boyne, and the Cyclopean Temple of New Grange, relics of the same mighty race that dwelt on the Argive plain, and were the Cyclopean builders of Mycenae. Rude in art, but powerful in strength, their tombs stand to this day in all their awful and majestic grandeur in Ireland as in Greece, memorials of the great, silent race, that had no literature and no alphabet, but whose colossal symbols of expression were temples and tombs.

The Celts in many things had a strong affinity with the Greeks, the highest honours were given to learning and poetry, and their music had the same subtle power ascribed to the Dorian measure which had "such strange influence over the human soul, that

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the bards were often summoned to heal feuds by their Divine harmony."

A people of this sensitive temperament, proud, passionate, and warlike, accustomed to think greatly of their race who had owned the soil for nearly two thousand years before the coming of the Normans, and had never endured the yoke of the Caesars, nor the presence of a foreign enemy, save the pirate Danes of the coasts, was ill-fitted to bear the hard, insulting tyranny of English rule. The stolid Saxons had a different temperament, they were rapidly crushed and humbled and made the serfs of their Norman masters; and after a while they patiently accepted their fate and became traders and toilers and factory hands of the Empire, no man pitying them. It was evident that nature meant them for a destiny of inferiority, for a servile race, and so they have remained ever since, emphatically "the lower classes" of England.

The Celts, on the contrary, with their Greek nature, love glory, and beauty, and distinction, but they hate toil and despise trade. They were made for warriors and orators, for a life of excitement and daring, lit by swift impulses, fast and fiery as electric flashes. They would do anything for love or fame. They adore a hero, but they will never tamely submit to coercion, injustice, and a position of inferiority, like the apathetic, dull-brained Saxon.

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SOME GREAT MEN'S CHILDHOOD.

"Childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day," says Milton, but certain men, even in their youth, have shown such a pronounced and manlike individuality that, in reviewing their entire life, one might well think they had never been boys.

Napoleon at once comes to mind; he never showed the natural, unrestrained disposition of joyous boyhood, a fact which explains his unpopularity among his classmates at the Brienne military school. He is described as rude, stubborn, self-willed, and discontented; and yet his teachers had to acknowledge that a strong and vigorous kernel was within him, and that the boy was animated by so great a will-power that if this were directed toward a noble ambition and guided by healthy ideas, it might accomplish extraordinary results. In speaking of Napoleon's temperament, which was so unlike that of a child, we must not, however, lose sight of the fact that he came of a race which had very little friendliness for the French, and that consequently the boy felt unhappy in the French military school, where he had to suffer much from the rough jokes and taunts of his comrades. He often begged his parents with touching appeals to take him from those hated surroundings.

Like Napoleon, Count Moltke was never really young. The seriousness of life and early deprivations interfered all too soon with his childish joys, and thus induced that reserved nature which history says the great German general possessed.

From his boyhood, Napoleon was a careful reader. Homer, Virgil, Tasso, Ossian, stories of the world's literature—historical, legal and mathematical works he perused with the same zeal and with equal receptiveness. On the Island of Elba he told his companion, Colin, that the memory of a passage in Milton won for him the victory of Austerlitz. The passage dealt with a trick of Satan in his war against Heaven.

The boy Schiller was deeply moved by Shakespeare, and looked upon this great dramatist as the guide of his life. Goethe declared that Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" had a decided influence on his years of development.

George Washington's schoolboy amusements all took a military turn, and he organised sham fights, reviews, and mimic parades, founded on his brother's reports of battles in the British West Indies. The youthful George was always the commander. When Washington was eleven years old he lost his father, and now his mother's influence is felt. Mary Washington was endowed with plain good sense, a firm conscience, and a religious spirit; she was strict and exacted deference, meanwhile teaching George to govern his will and control his temper. She instilled justice and equity into the future first President of the United States, and to the end of his life his unflinching devotion to her was a tacit acknowledgement of the great debt he owed her.

Lincoln's rugged simplicity and enduring patience were developed in him by his Spartan mother, Nancy Hanks, whose life of labour and self-sacrifice, in that era of heroic frontier days, furnishes a background of pathos for the life of her martyred son that makes both of them very dear to the hearts of Americans. Lincoln's career as a man was a sad one; with all his native wit and fund of humour there was in every line of his gaunt figure, in every lineament of his strong countenance, a something that told of the terrible weight of grief that nothing but his superior manhood could control. Brought up in the austere school of poverty, a rail-splitter when others of his

age were at school, his actions foreshadowed the sort of man he would be. After the long days of hardest labour this future saviour of the Union, his young face already marked by the lines of deep thought, would spend his evenings before the log fire reading in its fitful light the few books that he had borrowed from the far-distant neighbours; the Bible, Shakespeare, the "Life of Washington," and, later, Blackstone—these were the sum total of young Lincoln's library—and well was it so; for their precious pages helped to form the mind and heart of the man who has gone down in history as the embodiment of all that is best in American character.

A striking incident of the child foreshadowing the man is that of Gabriel Garcia Moreno, the martyred president of Ecuador. His native city, Guayaquil, was during his boyhood the scene of constant political troubles, which in these southern countries practically meant war. As a boy, he was timid and fearful, but his father developed in him that fearless courage and coolness that later in life enabled him to walk fearlessly at all times though beset by enemies who had sworn to take his life. As a boy, his education was placed in the hands of a holy and talented priest, and he it was who planted deep in the heart of the boy those seeds of Christian virtue and valour that grew into the splendour and beauty of the martyred patriot's death. After an eventful life, in which he retained his childish love for the Faith, this rare Christian soldier, scholar and statesman was beset by assassins while leaving the church in which he had made a long thanksgiving after receiving communion. His last words were: "God will live!" And his country, Ecuador, which he redeemed from anarchy and crime, and consecrated to the Sacred Heart, has since his death been one of the foremost of the Daughters of the Church.

The most important part of education rests in the hands of mothers. True is it that "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world," for mothers teach through example and precept. The influence of Lincoln's mother in developing a great man is but one among thousands. It is the mother alone who gives the child its great corner-stones of character and supports the child in its first gropings for moral strength. The lives of countless unfortunate men show what a pernicious effect a bad mother's influence may have. Lamartine was driven to sentimentality—a trait that originally was foreign to him—through the wrong education he received from his mother.

It is in the home circle that the mother's influence is felt most strongly; and domestic life is the best school for the child, because the home forms the basis of social life. In the home more than anywhere else the child's character is moulded; and if the traits here implanted change, later on, in the great struggle of life, they nevertheless will not wholly disappear. Indeed, the great man who from the world's maelstrom reaches some lofty height, will conserve these traits, and because of this evince his gratitude to his mother and be an object of her pride.

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