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CSO/JD/2/59 (1)

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1499/69
D.M.P.

Secret

DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE.

Superintendent's Office, G *Division,*
12th August 15
190

Subject :—

MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 11th Inst. the undermentioned extremists were observed moving about and associating with each other as follows:-

Thomas J. Clarke, 75 Parnell Street in conversation with John T. Kelly, T. C., for half an hour between 8 & 9 p. m. James Murray for a quarter of an hour between 9 & 10 p. m.

Joseph McGuinness with James Whelan in shop of the latter, 17, Upper Ormond Quay, at 12 noon. Arthur Griffith and William O'Leary Curtis together on O'Connell Bridge between 7 & 8 p. m.

Thomas McDonagh, H. Mellows, James O'Connor,

The Chief Commr.

The Under Secretary
Submitted.
W. E. Shelton
C. Comm. 12/8.

Under Secretary
Submitted
W. H.
12/8/15.

Tuk.
12/8

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CSO/JD/2/59 (2)

O'Connor, T. J. Sheehan and Joseph Plunkett at Volunteer Office 2, Dawson St. for close on 2 hours from 7 p. m.

Attached are Copies of this week's issue of The Irish Volunteer and Nationality neither of which appears to contain anything deserving particular attention.

Owen Bren
Superintendent.

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CSO/JD/2/59(3)

THE

IRISH VOLUNTEER

EDITED BY EOIN MAC NEILL.

Vol. 2. No. 36 (New Series). SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1915. Price One Penny.

NOTES.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor writes: "By England I mean, *of course*, all the British Isles which she symbolizes at this moment." This tit-bit, like Lord Mayor Gallagher's "Nation," is a sample of the Imperialist method of inoculation carried on under the Sharp Curve policy. It is marked, "Special to Reynold's" and "Copyright in Great Britain and the United States of America," so it can be published in Ireland without paying for it. The "Freeman" might print it, where it would have a chance of being read—on a placard.

* * *

Recently I printed Lord Lansdowne's forecast of the new taxation, indicating a permanent increase of £72,000,000 a year, nearly a fourth to be assessed on alcohol products. The London "Times" is not satisfied with Lord Lansdowne's figures, and, under the heading, "A Grave Warning," has set forth an estimated increase nearly three times the increase foreshadowed by the landlord of the four hundred unredeemed holdings in Mr. John P. Boland's constituency. According to the "Times'" specialist, the future permanent taxation of Great Britain and Ireland will amount to about £400,000,000 a year. The total revenue ten years ago was about £160,000,000, and twenty years ago about £100,000,000. What about "Ireland's share?" Our Imperial Unionists and Imperial Home Rulers have formed a Coalition of silence on this subject. Perhaps it is "bad faith on our part" to issue any "grave warning" to Ireland. Two or three years ago there were numerous eloquent champions of Ireland's financial rights. Among them were Mr. E. A. Aston, Mr. John J. Horgan, and Professor Kettle. Until the war came, the "Irish Daily Independent" posed as the fearless exponent of Ireland's financial interests. The war has increased, not diminished, the danger to Ireland from the imposition of Imperial burdens of taxation, but the chief recent anxiety of the "Independent" has been to induce Irish farmers to withdraw "£25,000,000 and much more" from the Irish banks and invest it in the Empire.

* * *

"Two Irish Volunteers" wrote to me a few weeks ago, but omitted to give names and addresses, beyond that they lived in Belfast. The letter came to me in an envelope bearing a County Cork postmark. They have now once more written to me from an address in Belfast, and the postmark this time is Gortahook, in County Donegal. There is something mysterious in the Belfast postal arrangements, but let it pass. "Two Irish Volunteers" now inform me that they "are both hindered by the respective considerations of sex and health from joining the Volunteers"—this in reply to my inquiry what company they belonged to. They supply names and an address in Belfast this time, but they still seem to be uncertain about themselves, for their initials, as first written, have been completely erased, and the initials "P. and D." written over the erasure. There is really no reason why any Irish Volunteers, or anybody friendly to the Irish Volunteers, should make any huggermugger about writing to me.

* * *

Their first letter enclosed a cutting from the "Irish News" of Belfast, denouncing me to Irish people in Scotland. The "Irish News" quoted a personal attack on me from a "Freeman's Journal" publication, which, I understand, has since then received orders to behave itself. The gist of the attack was that I had formerly been in the service of the British Government. To this my correspondents invite me to reply in the "Irish Volunteer," stating whether or not the accusation is true. I am not exactly a stranger to Belfast, and there are thousands in that city who could find out all about my employment since I was a schoolboy in Belfast by asking their neighbours about it.

* * *

What Mr. Devlin's organ in Belfast and Mr. Redmond's organ in Dublin wanted to convey was that I had spent a large part of my life living on the favour of the British Government. Suppose it to be true, what then? I am not now in favour with that holy and righteous power. I hold a certificate of disloyalty from the loyal pledge-keeper, Mr. Birrell, who accepted the support of Mr. Devlin and the Belfast Home Rulers on terms now on the Statute Book with King George's signature in witness. The Belfast Home Rulers were told that Home Rule would be in operation in 1914 and in Belfast. We are now far on in 1915, and Mr. Devlin's leader has just told his Belfast supporters that Home Rule in Belfast would be coercion, and that to insist on Home Rule in 1915 would be "bad faith." So Mr. Birrell, in good faith, certifies my disloyalty, and several of his heads of departments in Ireland have denounced me by name to their subordinates. What matter, then, if I had been in receipt of Government favours some years ago?

* * *

The Party organs which are so anxious to make out that I am discredited through having held employment by Government favour are well aware that Mr. John Redmond began his after-school career in an employment which he owed to Government patronage. If it is their view, it is not mine, that the fact is a discredit and a disqualification for Mr. Redmond. The attack on me is a specimen of their honesty. I have never held any appointment by Government favour or by Government patronage or through any influence exercised directly or indirectly with Government on my behalf. As a student in St. Malachy's College, Belfast, I earned such distinctions as in these more fortunate days would have assured for me an opportunity of successful advancement. In my twentieth year, those who had the direction of my education informed me definitely that the time had come when I must forego the advantages of college and university, and begin to earn my livelihood, and the manner was as plainly shown to me. I was directed to prepare myself for a clerkship in the "High Court of Justice."

* * *

I obtained that clerkship by open competitive examination, not by favour or influence or patronage or nomination. I was a clerk in the Four Courts for twenty-two years. The Party organ suggests that I got a salary for doing next to nothing. This may be true of the numerous Party journalists who have obtained legal jobs by favour of the Liberal Government. In my case, it is a lie. No firm of solicitors that had business in the Accountant General's Office from 1887 to 1909 could be induced to say that I was found slack or careless or inefficient in the service of the public. During those years I advanced my knowledge of the Irish Nation, its language and its history, and for a number of years I served the Gaelic League as secretary and editor without a penny of remuneration. I was happy in that work, and its success was an abundant reward, a reward enhanced in these days by the knowledge that the Gaelic League has proved itself the backbone of the growing rally for a free Ireland.

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I left the Government service in 1909, at a time when the newspaper offices that have been attacking me were the scenes of a scramble for Government appointments by favour and patronage. My annual salary had by that time risen by regular stages, without favour or patronage, to £500, with proportionate rights to pension. For several years I had been able to augment my earnings by holding the Professorship of Irish in St. Patrick's Training College. I left behind my salary and pension rights, and obtained the Professorship of Early Irish History in University College, Dublin, at a fixed salary of £600. There was no element of influence or patronage in that appointment. Now my two correspondents have the information for which I have been challenged, and there remains only to add that if I had been jobbed into a Government appointment, and had been content to swallow and swear by every turn and twist of the procurers and dispensers of Government patronage, the "Irish News" and its authority, the "Freeman" publication, would not have found a word to say against me.

* * *

I have just returned home from the funeral of O'Donovan Rossa. Beannacht Dé lena anam. "Felix opportunitate mortis," said one of the number of the clergy who walked in the great procession. The funeral was more than a commemoration of the man and of the past. It was a consecration of the future.

* * *

The fourth of our prisoners of war who refused to leave Ireland has been duly "tried" and sentenced. Four merry men! Each man of them has gone into his prison cell with confidence. Imperialism has forgotten to rejoice over the victory. On the contrary, Imperialism in all its branches has taken to bewailing "pessimism."

* * *

A certain proportion of the Irish people, especially among those who manage to thrive while their country is robbed and depopulated, "humiliated and oppressed," have attorned to the mighty and, "where hangs the harp of Brian," have raised the other symbol of which the poet sang. They have wearied of the wandering in the desert, and surrendered to their longing for the fleshpots of Egypt. Like the Empires, "they have forgotten that nations do not die." The Nation does not die, it has not wearied, it will not surrender.

* * *

That is what the Irish Volunteer prisoners of the Coalition feel and know, and that is why they go into prison with confidence. It is not for us a matter of what has happened around Warsaw or what may happen around Calais. It was not on such contingencies that the Irish Volunteers relied when the Liberal Home Rule Government declared war on them by its Proclamation of December, 1913. They believed then and they believe still that the tenacity of the Irish Nation is more than a match for all the power of its enemy. How often in history have we been "defeated!" Yet never at any previous time was there so large a proportion of the Irish people *fully convinced* of the supreme national need of national liberty.

* * *

Lord Lansdowne, Coalition Minister "without portfolio," has been over to Ireland, in the middle of all the stress and strain of the Imperial crisis. Ireland has not heard from Mr. Birrell lately except when he has disclaimed responsibility. Is Lord Lansdowne, without portfolio, coming to Ireland, fresh from a Cabinet meeting, on special duty? He has hardly come over to pay a friendly visit to his unransomed serfs, the constituents of Mr. Boland. Lord Lansdowne summed up the policy of the British Oligarchy in one terse sentence, speaking in the House of Lords against the Home Rule Bill: "We have Ireland and we mean to keep her." Mr. Dillon says Mr. Redmond is the Botha of Ireland, but Lord Lansdowne would not dare to say, "We have South Africa and we mean to keep her."

* * *

Yes, we have been often "defeated," but once too often the pitcher goes to the well. Nine times Pharaoh refused to let the people of Israel go forth from bondage. The tenth time he gave them a promise, and he recalled his promise, and pursued the children of Israel. Then there were many who remembered the power of Egypt, and they cried out in servility to Moses: "Is not this the word that we spoke to thee in Egypt, saying: Depart from us that we may serve the Egyptians, for it was much better to serve them than to die in the wilderness. And Moses said to the people: Fear not: stand and see the great wonders of the Lord, which he will do this day: for the Egyptians whom you see now, you shall see no more for ever."

* * *

The Government may have had a special purpose in choosing Belfast as the scene of its chief operations against the Irish Volunteers, and in selecting three men from Belfast and its neighbourhood for the attack. The Government's action against these men was followed by the Ballycastle affair in the same county. I regret to see that comments in the Press continue to deal with that affair as if the chief guilt rested on the miserable instruments of "the perpetuation of hatred." At Ballycastle, William M'Kinley, an Ulster Protestant, gave his life for Ireland. His grandson became President of the United States. The deluded men who attacked the defenceless Christian Brothers at Ballycastle are in all probability the descendants of United Irishmen. What agency, what policy, has turned them into instruments for the perpetuation of hatred? I appeal to my Catholic and Nationalist fellow-countrymen not to walk into the snare. The Ballycastle outrage is part of the state of things contrived by the policy that began under Pitt and Castlereagh and has never since been abandoned, the policy of poisoning Irish Protestantism in order to keep Ireland divided. *Part of the success of that policy depends on provoking Catholic resentment.* Until that policy began to take effect among both Catholics and Protestants, the Protestants of Ulster were distinguished above all their co-religionists in the world for their stand against sectarian hatred. The anti-Christian gospel of hatred, fostered by English governmental acts, was to them an abomination. Remember the words that William Drennan, an Ulster Protestant, wrote of his comrade, William Orr, an Ulster Protestant:

Irishmen, unite! he cried,
And died for what our Saviour died.

* * *

While the Government was punishing an Ulster Protestant, along with two Ulster Catholics, for refusing banishment from Ireland, I, an Ulster Catholic, was walking side by side with an Ulster Protestant in the funeral procession of O'Donovan Rossa. In that procession, I did not see the face of any defeated man, of any discouraged man, of any despondent man. Nor was there a sign of defeat or discouragement in the faces of the countless thousands of spectators. When British statesmen go to the next world, they will be prepared for the fitting task of rolling the stone of domination to the top of an infernal Cork Hill for all eternity.

* * *

Mr. Devlin's letter of belated protest against the persecution of the Irish Volunteers makes interesting reading. His whole trouble is about the Irish Party. I say deliberately, as I have said since the Irish Volunteers began, that the Irish Party is still a necessary element. But the Party exists and is sustained as a means to an end, not as the sum total of Irish Nationalism. Any approach to putting the Party in the place of the cause would be wrong policy at any time, and is almost suicidal at this juncture.

* * *

The next noteworthy feature of Mr. Devlin's letter is that it records Mr. Devlin's complete disbelief of Mr. Birrell's pretence that the proceedings against the Irish Volunteers are not political and are not under Mr. Birrell's responsible charge. Mr. Birrell has been in no hurry to reply. As I write, no reply has yet been reported. Perhaps the reply will come from Lord Lansdowne. Perhaps Mr. Birrell "doesn't care two straws."

* * *

The third leading feature of the letter is the announcement of a Party resolution privately adopted and privately communicated to the Government. The date and the terms of that resolution are of public interest, but the Irish public are the last to be taken into confidence. There is now no doubt whatever that the

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THE THIRD Volunteer Training Camp

WILL BE HELD IN

NORTH CORK and LIMERICK

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Starting 21st Aug.

Men will assemble at Limerick Junction.

All applications should be sent in at once to

I.V. HEADQUARTERS,
2 Dawson Street, DUBLIN.

Coláiste E. ui Ċoṁṁaiḋe, Carraig an Coḃaltaiġ, 1915.

(Eugene O'Curry College, Carrigaholt).

Second Session—Aug. 2nd to Aug. 28th.

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privacy of the relations between the Government and the Irish Party is precisely what has enabled the Government to behave as it has behaved for the past two years. The Government has made fools of the Irish Party, and it is the confidence game that has allowed them to do so.

* * *

Mr. Devlin must surely have forgotten himself when he suggested that Herbert Pim could not have been represented by senior counsel without permission of the Government. We are constantly reminded of the thirty-five years work of the Irish Party. Until the confidential stage of supporting the Liberals began, the Irish Party was constantly fighting the Government in the law courts, and always employed senior counsel. As I do not desire due and necessary criticism to grow towards bitterness and rancour among Irishmen, I will say no more about this point.

* * *

Mr. Birrell has unfortunately been supplied with excellent munitions of defence. We may take it for certain that Dublin Castle contains a file of the virulent attacks on Irish Volunteers, and in particular on Herbert Pim, that have graced the columns of accredited Party organs. He can turn up at short notice the "Daily Mail" informations, obtained from "responsible members of the Irish Party"; the "German gold" statements of Mr. Devlin's Adjutant-General, since then admitted to the Irish Party; and the Dundee speech of Mr. John Dillon. And he can reply, if he chooses, that these things were not even outwardly repented of, until certain people discovered that felon-setting remains as hateful as ever to the Irish people, and does not serve even the narrowest of Party interests.

EOIN MAC NEILL.

An Ard-Craobh.

EXCURSION TO GALWAY.

Owing to the desire of the Committee of the Ard-Craobh that their annual excursion to Galway (which was due to take place on Sunday the 1st inst.) should not clash with the O'Donovan Rossa Funeral, they decided to postpone it to the 15th inst. (next Sunday), and it is hoped that readers of this paper will show their appreciation of the Committee's action on this occasion by availing themselves of this most favourable opportunity for visiting the City of the Tribes. Further particulars can be gleaned from our advertising columns.

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PROSPECTUS ON APPLICATION TO
PÁDRAIG Ó CADLA.
RING, DUNGARVAN, CO. WATERFORD.

Cyclists in Combat for Roads.

In an enclosed country like Ireland all movements of large bodies of troops must be confined to the roads; and consequently one of the main aims of the fighting would be to secure control of the roads. This would be the case whether in attack or defence; and for promptly seizing roads there are no troops so suitable as cyclists.

One very important case of securing possession of roads is that of cross-roads. If an advancing enemy can get hold of an important road junction, he will secure power to move in any direction he wishes. But if the defender can prevent him securing the cross-roads he absolutely holds up the other at that section of the front. The best method of occupying a road junction is not to take hold of the actual roads themselves, but to take up a position from which the junction can be brought under heavy fire at short range. A few scouts should be sent along each road to give warning of the enemy's approach. If the force holding the cross-roads is well hidden it might even be possible to utterly overwhelm the enemy in an ambush.

Another sort of position that can be suitably taken up is by lining the hedges at a turn of the road, when possibly the enemy advancing in colmn may be very heavily punished.

The fact that at present the standard of training of the cyclist detachments of the Volunteer corps varies greatly is no draw-back in the present matter. All are sufficiently trained to act in a connected way in small bodies, and in such a case as disputing a turn of the road only small bodies would be possible. In those circumstances 20 men would be the largest force it would be possible to develop. In this case it should be an invariable rule that *the machines should be grounded turned to the rear.*

As a general rule it should be determined that the proper sphere of action of cyclist troops is on the roads. On or near roads their great mobility takes the fullest effect: off the roads they become infantry for all practical purposes. Similarly their mobility decreases unless they keep actually moving—a halted cyclist is not more mobile than a halted foot-soldier. But if always on the move they can prove a source of unending annoyance to the enemy. He never knows when or from what direction or in what strength they may appear. It is imperative that they should have the fullest oportunities for exercising their unique powers.

Snipers.

The following extracts from Capt. J. H. Levey's excellent little book, "Five Instructional Lectures to Regimental Officers," are of the highest value to the Volunteers, as showing the type of musketry training they would be likely to find most useful.

"The Germans have regiments of snipers: I think they are called 'Jaeger.' These 'Jaeger' are excellent snipers, and are trained to close-distance shooting . . . . They are men who practise the art of map-shooting, and can hit anything which shows itself within 200 yards; they rarely miss. For example, an officer only last week stood up in the trenches to light his pipe, exposing his head for a second or two, and was killed."

"When the opposing trenches are near one another, it is generally inadvisable for snipers to be actually in the trenches. They should then be placed in pits, ricks, houses, trees, or other suitable places in rear of the trenches, whence fire can be directed at particular parts of the enemy's lines, or at particular targets, such as guns, machine-guns, artillery observers or officers. Not more than one or two targets should be allotted to each sniper. His position should, if possible, be defiladed from the immediate front, and if it can be arranged that his line of fire enfilades a portion of the enemy's trenches, so much the better. Sometimes snipers may be pushed out at night time in front of the trenches, along ditches, or in houses."

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VOLUNTEER HEADQUARTERS,
2 Dawson Street, DUBLIN.

All communications re Advertisements to be addressed to the
IRISH PRESS BUREAU,
30 Lower Abbey Street, DUBLIN.

SUBSCRIPTION.—*The Irish Volunteer* will be posted free to any address for one year at a cost of 6/6; for half a year, 3/3; for the quarter, 1/8.

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

The Irish Volunteer
SATURDAY, AUGUST 14th, 1915

Headquarters' Bulletin.

Since the issue of the last Headquarters' Bulletin the Central Executive of the Irish Volunteers has met four times, *viz.*, on Wednesday, 14th July, and on Wednesday, 21st July, Professor Eoin Mac Neill, President, in the chair on both occasions; on Wednesday, 28th July, Mr. Seamus O'Connor in the chair; and on Wednesday, 4th August, Commandant P. H. Pearse in the chair.

At the meeting on 14th July the situation created by the order of the British Government to certain Irish Volunteers, including some members of the Headquarters' Organising Staff, to leave Ireland, was considered, and a statement of the Executive's attitude drawn up and issued to the press.

At the meeting on 21st July, the Volunteers in question having, with the approval of the Executive, refused to leave Ireland, and been arrested, the Executive made arrangements for the carrying on of the duties which had been entrusted to the arrested Volunteers. The Executive is resolved that the work of organising, training, and arming the people of Ireland for national defence shall proceed, no matter what opposition is encountered.

At the meeting on 28th July, the Executive's arrangements to that end were completed.

At the meeting on 4th August, it was decided to form an Irish Volunteers' Auxiliary to consist of persons in sympathy with the objects of the Irish Volunteers, and adopting their declaration, but unable, for any reason, to join as ordinary members of the force. The conditions for membership of the Irish Volunteers' Auxiliary were approved for publication.

A report on the second Summer Camp was received, and the arrangements already made for the third and fourth Camps ratified.

The successful working of the military arrangements in connection with the O'Donovan Rossa Funeral, which had been in the hands of the Irish Volunteers, were noted.

Various Company and Battalion appointments were made or ratified.

Headquarters, 2 Dawson Street,
Dublin, 4th August, 1915.

IRISH VOLUNTEERS' AUXILIARY.

1. Any person desirous of associating himself or herself with the work of the Irish Volunteers and unable, for any reason, to become a member of a Company in the ordinary way, may be enrolled as a member of the IRISH VOLUNTEERS' AUXILIARY, on fulfilling the following conditions:

(*a*) Signing the prescribed enrolment form.

IF YOU CANNOT DRILL with the Irish Volunteers
JOIN THE
Irish Volunteers' Auxiliary

(*b*) Undertaking to pay to the Irish Volunteers an annual subscription of not less than ten shillings, which may be paid in two moities, the first on enrolment.

2. Members of the Auxiliary may enrol through a local Company or directly with Headquarters.

3. Members of the Auxiliary are expected, if possible, to practise rifle-shooting.

4. Members of the Auxiliary shall have no voice in the control of the Irish Volunteers.

5. The following is the enrolment form to be signed by all members of the Irish Volunteers' Auxiliary:

"I, the undersigned, desire to be enrolled as a member of the Irish Volunteers' Auxiliary. I have made myself acquainted with the objects of the Irish Volunteers' Auxiliary. I set before myself those objects, and no others."

6. Further information with regard to the Irish Volunteers' Auxiliary, and copies of the enrolment form, can be obtained from the General Secretary.

Headquarters, 2 Dawson Street,
Dublin, 4th August, 1915.

APPOINTMENTS.

The following appointments are hereby made (or ratified) by Headquarters:—

HEADQUARTERS' GENERAL STAFF.

DIRECTOR OF ORGANISATION'S STAFF.

2nd Lieut William Pearse to be Captain.

Volunteer Eamonn Bulfin to be 2nd Lieut.

DUBLIN BRIGADE.

1st Battalion.

B Coy.—1st Lieut. Jas. O'Sullivan to be Captain. 2nd Lieut. Patk. Whelan to be 1st Lieut. Volunteer Thos. Byrne to be 2nd Lieut.

G Coy.—1st Lieut. John Alwright to be Captain. Volunteer N. Laffan to be 1st Lieut. Volunteer A. E. Woodnut to be 2nd Lieut.

2nd Battalion.

Volunteer Wm. Breen to be Batt. Captain of Engineers.

Volunteer Wm. Daly to be Batt. Lieut. of Engineers.

C Coy.—Sect. Com. Eamonn Praidheas to be Captain. Sect. Com. G. Murphy to be 1st Lieut. Sect. Com. R. Ua Maolchatha to be 2nd Lieut.

3rd Battalion.

2nd Lieut. Denis Byrne to be Batt. Captain of Engineers.

Volunteer John Walsh to be Batt. Lieut. of Engineers.

Volunteer Thomas O'Flannagain to be Batt. Surgeon Lieut.

A Coy.—1st Lieut. Jos. O'Connor to be Captain. Volunteer Finn to be 1st Lieut.

B Coy.—Acting-Capt. John M'Mahon to be Captain, Coy. Adjutant John Quinn to be 1st Lieut. Volunteer Jas. Fitzgerald to be 2nd Lieut.

C Coy.—1st Lieut. Eamonn Byrne to be Captain.

4th Battalion.

A Coy.—1st Lieut. Jas. Murphy to be Captain. 2nd Lieut. O'Brien to be 1st Lieut. Volunteer H. Nicholls to be 2nd Lieut. and Batt. Lieut of Engineers.

D Coy.—Volunteer O'Kelly to be 1st Lieut. and Batt. Surgeon Lieut.

LIMERICK BRIGADE.

1st Battalion.

Lieut. Kivelehan to be Batt. Scout Commander.

3rd Battalion.

Corofin (Co. Clare) Coy.—Volunteer H. J. Hunt to be Captain.

P. H. PEARSE, Commandant,
Director of Organisation.

Headquarters, 2 Dawson Street,
4th August, 1915.

NOTES FROM HEADQUARTERS.

BUSINESS AS USUAL.

Two members of our General Council and three members of our Organising Staff are now in jail. But—Business as Usual.

THE ROSSA FUNERAL.

The military arrangements in connection with the Rossa Funeral were in charge of the Irish Volunteers. At the request of the O'Donovan Rossa Funeral Committee the entire marshalling of the procession and policing of the route were undertaken by a joint committee consisting of the Headquarters' General Staff and the Dublin Brigade Council. This body named Commandant Thomas Mac Donagh to the chief command, and Commandant Mac Donagh and his staff decided upon and were in executive control of all the arrangements. There were no hitches of any kind. During the day, and to a certain extent during the three or four preceding days, the Irish Volunteers were responsible for the peace, order, and traffic arrangements of Dublin, and proved themselves equal to the task.

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THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS' AUXILIARY.

There are a great many persons who, for reasons of sex, age, occupation, remoteness of residence, etc., are unable to drill as Irish Volunteers but who are in thorough sympathy with the objects of the movement and desirous of helping it. A way has now been found. All such persons can join the Irish Volunteers' Auxiliary. The only conditions are that they sign a declaration similar to that of the Irish Volunteers and that they contribute a minimum of ten shillings a year to the Volunteer funds. The practice of rifle-shooting is added, as a counsel of perfection, but it is not insisted upon. The Irish Volunteers' Auxiliary is not intended for dotards. It is intended for everyone who cannot enrol in a Company or Scouting Section. Women can join it. Priests can join it. People living in remote or unfriendly districts can join it. People living abroad can join it. Students in colleges can join it. Employees who dare not risk drilling with the Volunteers can join it. In time the Auxiliary may come to embrace everything worth having in Ireland that is not in the actual Volunteer ranks. It may, and will, if properly supported, provide an immensely strong backing, moral as well as financial, to the men in the danger gap. Volunteers should talk about it to their friends, apply for enrolment forms, hand the forms about, boom the thing generally. We should make it a regular lining up of Irish opinion behind the Irish Volunteers.

NOTE.

Note that the subscription of ten shillings can be paid in two moities. And note that one can join the Auxiliary either through a local Company or directly by application to Headquarters. The General Secretary is waiting for inquiries.

COMMUNICATION AND MOBILISATION.

We are not satisfied that local communication and mobilisation schemes are as forward as they should be. If not, why not? Nothing is more important.

Another Irish Volunteer Imprisoned.

Before Mr. J. Gray, R.M., and other magistrates in the Belfast Custody Court on 5th August, Ernest Blythe, of Magheragall, Lisburn, County Antrim, was charged on remand under the Defence of the Realm Act with failing to comply with an order dated 10th July, 1915, made by Major-General Friend, C.B., the competent military authority for Ireland, directing him to leave Ireland before 10 o'clock p.m. on the 17th July, 1915.

Accused was arrested at Mahernahanney, County Monaghan, on the 25th July.

Major Ivan H. Price, Intelligence Officer in connection with the Headquarters' Command, proved the deportation order issued by Major-General Friend, C.B., General Officer Commanding his Majesty's Forces in Ireland. The order was signed by General Friend.

Mr. Power—May I take it that you have more than a slight knowledge of the ordinary administration of the law of this country?

Witness—Yes.

You were an officer of the constabulary before the war?—Yes, a county inspector.

Have you ever in the course of your experience or in your reading of English law come across a precedent for a deportation order of this kind?—There never was a Defence of the Realm Act passed before.

Mr. Moorhead said there was the parallel of the dictator in ancient Roman history.

Mr. Power—I take my friend's answer. The dictator in ancient Roman history is the nearest parallel. (To witness)—There are a great number of Volunteer organisations in Ireland at present?—Yes.

Have all the men who have been served with those orders been associated with one particular variety of Volunteers? Can you tell me if any member of any other body of Volunteers has been prosecuted under the Defence of the Realm Act?—I cannot tell you that off-hand. I think they have, but I do not know.

The Resident Magistrate—I have nothing to do with that here.

Mr. Power—I am entitled to ask Major Price questions as to the system under which these deportation orders are issued—if there is any system.

The Resident Magistrate—I have nothing to do with the system.

Mr. Power—But still it is relevant to the credit of the Administration.

Mr. Moorhead—I make no objection, your Worship.

Mr. Power—Did you tell us when the other similar cases were being heard that in the administration of the Defence of the Realm Act you were independent of the Chief Secretary?

Witness—We act independently under a military order.

And any promises made by Mr. Birrell in the House of Commons do not bind you?—They do not bind the military authorities. I am not aware of any promise that he has made.

To whom are the military authorities responsible for the issue of this order?—They are responsible to the nation.

I want to know to what body?—They are responsible to Parliament. I am not going to discuss high politics.

In the event of anybody feeling aggrieved by the action of the military, to whom are they to go? Is it to Parliament?—They have gone pretty often to Parliament.

You have told us Mr. Birrell's promises do not bind you?

Mr. Moorhead—He means that they have not the force of law.

Mr. Power—Would I be right in roughly dividing the Defence of the Realm Act into what I may call major and minor offences—major offences to be tried by court-martial and minor offences to be tried by the magistrates?—Yes.

Therefore the military have all the machinery for trying a man for any offence?—Any offence under the Defence of the Realm Act.

Why was not Blythe tried?—I cannot answer you that. He is being tried here. General Friend exercised his discretion.

Is it not possible to try a man for acting in a manner prejudicial to the safety of the realm?—We find it more expedient to turn him out. I think we are dealing with them very gently. They can go to England, or Scotland, or Wales. All we want is for them to go out of Ireland.

Assuming a man has been served with a deportation order, and has not the money to go away, what is he to do? Is he to go down to Carrickfergus and swim around until the war is over?—Personally, I would pay his fare to Holyhead.

ONLY DANGEROUS IN IRELAND.

Your view is that these men are only a danger while they are in Ireland?—Yes. I do not expect they would listen to them on the other side, or tolerate them either.

Was it about something said that this trouble arose?—Now you are trying to get behind the order. I am going to give you no more information. You have the order. General Friend had documentary and verbal evidence before him at the time he made it. What that evidence was or what those documents were I am not going to tell you. General Friend exercised his own discretion.

All these men were organisers of the Irish Volunteers?—Yes.

Would you agree with me that the best way to exterminate a body would be to remove their organisers?—Yes.

Is it the view of the Government that the Irish Volunteers is an illegal organisation?—That is a funny question?

It is a difficult one to answer, anyway?—Anything they do, prejudicial to the defence of the Realm—out they should go.

Do you suggest that the Irish Volunteers are acting in a manner prejudicial to the safety of the realm?—Certainly.

SPEECH BY DEFENDING COUNSEL.

Mr. Power, addressing the resident magistrate, said he found himself in the same position as he was in that day week with one slight difference—namely, that he did not know whether or not the military authorities proposed to deport any more men from Ireland. But if they did, probably, if those men disobeyed the order, they would not be defended. A new regulation had been issued during the past week—it had not been published in the papers—which was apparently the result of the prosecutions there a week ago. The effect of it was that those deportation orders would prove themselves on production without any evidence being given as to their validity or as to the accuracy of the signature to them. Of course that regulation put an end once and for all to the ordinary laws of proof and laws of evidence to which they were accustomed in civil courts. That being so, that occasion might be the last time when an advocate's voice might be raised to protest against the extraordinary system of affairs under which they were living at the present time. Counsel characterised the position of the military authorities as that of

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an absolute autocratic governing power, and said he would supplement the parallel mentioned by Mr. Moorhead by an instance of which he had read. It was in reference to a man called Hopkins, who lived in the reign of James I., and whose duty it was to furnish information as to witchcraft. When the King wanted to banish a lady from the Court, Hopkin's practice was to go behind her and stick a pin in her. Naturally the lady screamed, and Hopkins would exclaim "She is a witch." And she was "deported" to the nearest stake and burned to death. It seemed to him that the action of the military authorities was somewhat analogous, and when an unfortunate man refused to obey their order he was at once stigmatised as a criminal. He asked the military authorities to think where they were going. They might jail those men, persecute them, and banish them, but they would not banish, or sweep away, or kill the movement for which they stood, and even if they took away their lives they would find that there would be hundreds of others to take their places. That was a kind of repression and tyranny that never would work well in Ireland.

Mr. J. Gray, R.M., said they were bound by the order, and the sentence on the accused would be three months' imprisonment from the date of his arrest.

Strategic Points of the Irish Counties.

It is very desirable that the Volunteers should get into the habit of recognising the important strategic features of any locality or stretch of country. To give some assistance in this direction we this week begin the publication of a series of short paragraphs detailing the most important towns in a military sense in the different counties. Later on, further features of the country will be touched on, and in this way the Volunteers in all parts will gradually become familiar with the most important centres in their own areas.

Of course the various towns mentioned are of very different degrees of importance. Each is the most important in its own county; but one may be of the highest general importance, and another of very little. Again, the reasons making one place important may be very different from those making another important. For instance, one may be a big railway centre, another a road centre, a third a passage on a river, &c. The fact that each is important for a different reason is a very noteworthy feature of the instruction to be learned from the series.

Volunteers should also try to study as well as possible what effect the military features of the different localities have had on history, for this will impress the lessons on them more effectively.

I. LEITRIM—*CARRICK-ON-SHANNON*

In general we may say that every point in the Shannon, or any other river of similar size, is important in a military point of view. The number of passages on a great river which are suitable for the movement of an army are never very numerous, and possession of any one of them is an important advantage. The Shannon is crossed at Carrick by the road from Sligo, by Boyle, Longford, and Mullingar to Dublin—the road along which the French in '98 first intended to advance. The railway following the same line is within easy reach, although it does not cross the river at Carrick, but some four or five miles below. Moreover, the town of Carrick is strongly placed between two lakes into which the river expands above and below. A number of roads branch out to different parts of Roscommon, and on the other side of the river there are roads towards Lough Allen and the district of the Cuilcagh Mountains.

II. LIMERICK—*LIMERICK.*

Limerick is not only the most important strategic point in the county of that name, but one of the most important in Ireland, as its many sieges sufficiently prove. It may suitably be considered the maritime key of the line of the Shannon. Although 50 miles from the sea, the river is navigable for ocean steamers up to the city, and there is a graving dock 400 feet long. The river is tidal up to Limerick, and for many miles below the city is restrained in its channel by artificial banks, by the breaking of which the country could be turned into a vast lake. Within the city there are two bridges over the river, and above it two more—one of the latter being a railway bridge. The next railway bridge over the Shannon is at Athlone. Limerick thus controls all routes into Connacht from the south; roads radiate from Limerick to Kerry, Cork, Tipperary, and Dublin, besides those into Clare.

Limerick is also an important railway centre, there being lines to the west of the county, to Cork, Limerick Junction (to Waterford and Dublin), and Roscrea. The railway station is very spacious, and there is large accommodation for rolling stock.

III. LONGFORD—*LONGFORD.*

Longford is the first point of importance east of the Shannon, on the line of march of an army advancing from Sligo towards Dublin—the general line followed by Humbert in '98. Longford is, so to say, a natural bridge-head giving entry into Leinster from the Upper Shannon, for it controls the junction of the roads from the bridges at Tarmonbarry and Lanesboro'. The Sligo-Dublin railway crosses the river Camlin a little west of the town, and can be easily destroyed there. The country between Longford and the Shannon is bog and marsh to a large extent, and the roads few.

In addition, Longford is suitably placed in the centre of the county of that name and well connected by road with the other towns in the county. Moreover, as the County Longford is small and of compact shape, these other towns are all within easy distance of the county town.

Finally, a branch of the Royal Canal connects Longford both with Dublin and the Shannon.

IV. LOUTH—*DUNDALK.*

Dundalk, "the Gap of the North," has always proved a point of great importance in the Irish wars. This was especially the case when the most important section of Ulster was the western half, because Dundalk commanded all the routes into that region. And to-day, in point of situation, Dundalk is second in importance only to Newry, for, like Newry, it controls the eastern route from Dublin to the North. There is also the important road due west by Carrickmacross, traversing all the south of Ulster. Dundalk has also a fair harbour, although it is not accessible at low water.

But to-day the most important thing about Dundalk is that there are situated all the Great Northern Railway's workshops, with vast quantities of rolling-stock and engines, plant and machinery, and skilled labour of all kinds—such resources, in short, as could be turned to the business of war with tremendous effect in competent hands.

V. MAYO—*CLAREMORRIS.*

Claremorris, in Mayo, is a place filling exactly the same conditions as Athenry, in Galway. It is a central town in the middle of a large county, great part of the area of which is bog and mountain. Thus here, too, the roads are comparatively not so numerous and are, besides, of inferior quality. Consequently the lines of railway acquire a greater than usual importance. And no fewer than five lines converge at Claremorris, some of which have further branches at other points. These lines of railway branching out in so many directions link of every part of the county to Claremorris, the termini being so far apart as Ballina, Achill, Ballinrobe, Ballyhaunis, &c. A considerable number of roads converge on Claremorris as well, and connect with such districts as are closer at hand.

Irish Volunteer Prisoners' Defence Fund.

By direction of the General Council a committee has been formed to collect funds for the Defence of the Volunteers who refused to be banished from Ireland on the order of the Military Authorities.

The funds of the Irish Volunteers are for military purposes, and cannot be used for the purposes of the defence, and consequently it is necessary to inaugurate a special fund for this purpose. All subscriptions sent to Headquarters will be promptly acknowledged and sent to the Treasurer.

Irish Volunteer Convention.

The second Irish Volunteer Convention will be held in Dublin on October 31st. No companies formed after September 30th will be given representation, and all companies claiming representation should see that affiliation fees are paid up.

It is expected that every Corps of Irish Volunteers in Ireland will be represented.

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The Need for Inter-Communication.

A LESSON OF 1798.

The course of events in Antrim in the '98 Insurrection gives a very striking example of the need for proper means of communication between scattered bodies of troops. Lack of proper unity and mutual knowledge was one of the main causes of the failure of the United Irishmen on that occasion. County Antrim is largely mountainous, the main routes through it are comparatively few, and the centres of population widely separated. Hence it was very urgent for the United Irishmen in different districts to keep in touch with each other. But what was the history of events in this county?

On June 7th the Insurgents were defeated at Antrim, and the rising practically collapsed. Yet on the 8th and 9th there were some thousands of men at Ballymena, and considerable bodies had assembled at Glenarm, Ballycastle, Rasharkin, and Portglenone. All these bodies eventually dwindled and dispersed, although in the aggregate they must have amounted to 5,000 men—and it should be remembered that the United Irishmen in Antrim were better organised and armed than in many other parts.

The fact is, all these bodies dispersed because they knew nothing of one another's situation, strength, or intentions. In short, they had no proper idea of inter-communication. Consider what a difference the presence of a few cyclists in each corps would have made. It would have been easy to send orders for the assembly of all the contingents at a central point, like Ballymena, and then have marched them into Derry, where there were no English troops, and many recruits could be secured. This would have diverted part of the Belfast garrison, and would have enabled Munro to make great headway in Down, completely isolating the troops in Ulster from those in the south.

An example like this will serve to impress on the Volunteer Corps the need for inter-communication. Every corps should take immediate steps to get linked up with all neighbouring corps. If it numbers any motor-cyclists in its strength they should be constantly employed to carry messages: failing motor-cyclists, the best cyclists in the corps should be so employed.

A further step, once the companies are in fairly close touch with one another, is the centralising of command of the units by forming the companies into battalions. An important central body like a battalion is a dependable stand-by for each of the companies, and gives a sense of unity and security. Moreover, it forms a suitable local centre to which newly-formed companies can join themselves with advantage.

Cyclist Route Marches.

At first sight it may seem the easiest thing in the world—or very nearly so—to conduct a column of cyclists in fair order for any ordinary distance. But as a matter of fact the task is not nearly so easy as it seems. Without actual experience no one would believe how a cyclist column tends to tail off; and the larger the column the harder it is to keep it compact. Of course, constant training will improve the men greatly in this respect; while the following rules, if observed, will very much simplify matters:

1. *Place the worst riders at the head of the column.* If the best riders are put there they will simply ride clean away from the others and all order will be lost.

2. Cyclist troops mount in succession from the front. This means that they only get into military formation after the last man is mounted. Now, in order to allow the rearmost men to close up, it is necessary for the foremost men to ride very slowly for the first quarter of a mile. If the column is large it may even be necessary to ride slowly for half a mile.

3. When cycling up and down hills the leading files should cycle up as far as they can without over-exertion, so that the men in rear won't have to walk down a former hill. On the other hand, on reaching the top of a hill the leading files should *walk down* the slope before mounting. Otherwise the men in the rear may have to mount and *ride up* hill.

4. When a column is strung out for a considerable distance and the order is given to dismount, only the leading files should do so at once. The men in rear should ride up to the column before dismounting. Otherwise the foremost men must halt dead to let the column close up.

5. When going through a crowded street or the like the men should be dismounted and marched through on foot.

6. The second in command should, unless ordered, ride at the rear of the column to supervise and maintain order and military formation.

When riding by the map over an unfamiliar country, it should be remembered that it is better to ride an extra mile or so on a flat road than to take what seems a short cut across a hill. Still, if the hilly road has a good surface and the level one is bad and flinty, it is best to take the hilly road. A well-frequented road with towns and villages is certain to be better than one that leads nowhere in particular. High-level roads are best in winter and worst in summer: the heat loosens the surface and the wet replaces this. But the reverse is true of low-level roads, because in winter they are muddy and in summer this is changed.

Lectures for Recruits.

II.—KEEPING FIT.

"An army marches on its stomach;" so naturally your first care should be to keep your stomach in good order. This means you must select your food. One of the most important points is to have plenty of greens—cabbage being the best as well as the easiest to get and to cook. Another way of keeping yourself "loosened up" is to take a suitable proportion of eggs in your diet. All tinkering of yourself with medicine should be avoided, as it tends to become a habit.

Another important item in connection with food and digestion is the care of the teeth. Always keep these clean: if you don't they'll refuse to work properly, just like any other edged tools. Besides, see that any necessary repairs are taken in hand as quickly as possible. You should have *at least six pairs of sound teeth* or properly repaired teeth. That is to say, twelve in the upper jaw meeting twelve in the lower jaw. Clean your teeth with a good stiff brush, brushing from the gums, not sideways.

Equally vital is the avoidance of coughs, colds and chills, which can be got in several ways. One way is by getting over-heated, which is easy with men raw to manœuvres. When you're sweating heavily always give yourself a good rub-down and keep moving to cool off gradually. Never sit down at once no matter how tired you feel. Again, men often get cold from resting with wet feet. Never do this: always change your socks or, failing that, take off those you're wearing and dry them. If you can't even manage that, take them off anyhow while resting, and if you have to get going again put them on then. It's not at all so bad to get wet and dry yourself by keeping on the move. Of course, everything said about wet socks applies to clothes too. If you have to sleep in a damp locality it will save your chest to put a thickness of newspaper inside your shirt at night: this keeps the damp from your body.

To avoid sore throats, cultivate the habit of breathing through your nose. Always keep this clean: if you don't you'll sleep with your mouth open and snore, which is not healthy and will irritate your tent-mate. Vaseline will help to keep the passages open.

For cuts iodiform is perhaps the best healer you can use. Don't mind the smell—the other men shouldn't mind it either. You can reduce a bad bruise by cold water, and there should not be much difficulty about getting plenty of that.

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Monday, 2nd August.
Saturday, 11th September.

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Write for the illustrated prospectus to
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NATIONALITY

Vol. 1. No. 9. SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1915. One Penny.

The Native Question.

The crisis brings the man. Eighteen months ago there was a policeman in Dublin and a peeler in Tipperary full to the brim with the bluest brand of "We-will-not-have-Home-Rule." The Dublin policeman, having tried and failed to disarm the Irish Volunteers, was publicly retired from his position. His adjutant on the Bachelor's Walk Day was also retired. This was a guarantee to the Irish that there would be no more Bachelor's Walks —at least until the War for Christianity and the Small Nationalities was successfully concluded and England had leisure to return to her task of civilising the Irish.

We ventured in a paper, which the Dublin policeman's friends afterwards suppressed in order to help on the Fight for Freedom, to prophecy that if the Dublin policeman kept a firm grip on his tongue he would find within a short time much profit in this world. This week the Dublin policeman's colleagues are excitedly discussing the latest official instruction to them, which involves their enforced saluting of the man who was "retired" from the force a few months ago. For Mr. W. V. Harrell is not only again an official of the British Government, but he is now drawing, between salary and pension, a larger sum from the pockets of the Irish taxpayers than he ever drew before. In his new position as Chief British Admiralty Intelligence Officer (*i.e.*, detective) for the East Coast district, he is ranked as a British sea-officer and a gentleman, and to grind it into the Irish policemen who kicked against making themselves his tools at Howth Road, Captain Harrell, R.N., has demanded that the D.M.P. must be made to salute him, and the D.M.P. have been told to do so. Up to the time of going to press, however, they have not got orders to salute Captain Harrell, R.N.'s squire, confidant and factotum, ex-Detective Lowe, who has also become a gallant sea-dog, and is having the time of his life. The mere Irish of Dublin in the vicinity of the seacoast should have a care that they treat these great men with proper respect, for let Captain Harrell point his finger at one of them and, lo! they may be served with a Banishment Order.

Those who believe the aspersion that British Government in Ireland forgets those who serve it, have only to look upon the picture of the British Government in Ireland nine months ago, exclaiming—"I love thee, Harrell, but never more be officer of mine," and the same Government a few months later secretly re-employing him, putting him in secret control of the liberties of the people of Dublin seacoast, and secretly ordering the members of the Police Force from which he was compulsorily "retired" to salute him once again as their superior.

But Captain Harrell, R.N., is not in undivided sway. There is a bluff army officer, one Major Price, who is his equal, perhaps his superior. He comes from Tipperary, where for a period he followed the occupation of an R.I.C. man, and was a most efficient rustic detective and a loyal and enthusiastic supporter of Ireland for the English. At the outbreak of the present war, the then "Home Rule" British Government of Ireland fixed its eye on him, and decided that Mr. Price was a peeler of great price. It brought him up to Dublin and introduced him to the press as a British officer and a gentleman—a Major in the Army. And a Major he is, despite the fact that the Army List describes him as a Temporary [and nominal] Second-Lieutenant.

Captain Harrell and Major Price are the efficient defenders of the British Realm just now. They, with the assistance of ex-Detective Lowe consider the natives whom it would be desirable to deport. Mr. Ernest Blythe of Lisburn, one of the names on the List, who refused to be deported, was prosecuted by the Major at Belfast last week, and the Major deposed that he "thought" there were Volunteers other than Irish Volunteers prosecuted under the Defence of the Realm Act. Also that "*We* consider it more expedient to turn them (the natives) out" than to put them on trial. The gallant fellow added generously: "I think we are dealing with them very gently. They can go to England or Scotland or Wales. All *we* want is for them to go out of Ireland."

Could anything be more reasonable. All the English Government wanted in Cromwell's time—all it wants now—is for the Irish to go out of Ireland. To facilitate the native, Blythe, the Major declared he would "Personally pay his fare to Holyhead." But we are sure his employers would see that Major Price—whom Tipperary will be interested to know is affluent—would not be at the loss of the five-shilling fare out of Ireland which its hired man offers. The gallant Major, "who-will-not-have-Home-Rule," is, we observe, of opinion that the Irish Volunteers are prejudicial to the safety of the British Realm. In this his colleague, Captain Harrell, R.N., is enthusiastically with him.

If the Parliament House on College Green still remains unopened on September 18 next, the date a Scrap of Paper fixed, yet the natives may rejoice in the fact that they possess a Government impossible of parallel by the Huns. Where shall we find such another Quadrilateral as Sir Matthew Nathan, not from Rome, Major-General Friend from Woolwich Academy, Major Price from the Tipperary R.I.C., and Captain Harrell, R.N., from the Howth Road. None but themselves can be their parallel, and so long as his £5,000 a year is paid punctually the British Chief Secretary will back up all they do. We have heard some captious critics speaking of a Government which dresses a rustic policeman as a British Army Major and a dismissed Dublin policeman as a British Naval Officer, and sets them up in a time of peace to a degree of authority greater than it invested Major Sirr and Major Swan with in 1798, when there was actual war in the country. To this it may be replied that Major Price is just as much a Major as Major Sirr or Major Swan, who were but policemen invested with a military title, and that he has a fixed salary and not £5 per head for capturing Pro-Gremans, as his spiritual ancestors, Major Sirr and Major Swan, had. Obviously, therefore, he will be even more impartial, and the natives will not vulgarly sing of him as they used to sing of the 1798 police-majors:—

"Says Major Sirr to Major Swan,
I've got five Croppies an' I'll give ye wan,
If to this you will agree—
When you catch five you'll give me three."

When this great fight for Civilisation, Christianity, Freedom and the Small Nationalities is over, we trust that Major Price will be made a Field-Marshal and Captain Harrell a full Admiral. The Major, by that time, will know the difference between a battalion and a brigade, and the Captain will be able to distinguish a torpedo boat from a submarine.

In the meantime, the natives will be interested to know that Sir Matthew Nathan, Major-General Friend, Major Price and Captain Harrell have secured a new Regulation, under which it will not be necessary to even appear to prosecute an Irishman if they want to get him out of the country. The new procedure is an almost exact copy of the *lettre de cachet* which bred the French Revolution. A Banishment Order is served on an Irishman, and no legal proceedings are thereafter necessary. If he does not go he is to be taken up, and without Major Price or anybody else being put to the inconvenience of even professing to give evidence, be thrust into prison. This is the simple way of settling the Native Question.

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Empires and Senate-Houses.

No one lives in Rome during July and August. The Irish students leave their college and go inland thirty miles away to the mountains; others go to the sea. So it was long ago. Tivoli received the fashion of the Imperial metropolis. There the jaded senator eased himself at the baths, the games, the dinner served in the airy atrium. The cool Mediterranean breeze fanned wan brows, worn in the effort to grapple with Empire's problems. At home in Rome were none but minor officials, the poor, and fever—for the latter had proved a tougher obstacle to Empire than Gauls or Germans; but in Tivoli was health and needful rest.

. . . . .

So in to-day's Empire, at a fitting time, Senators leave London for the sea, the grouse-moor, or formerly the South, Mentone, Nice, Sunny Cannes. No mind can continue without respite to engage in the work of Imperial government with that efficiency which Imperial government demands. And those six hundred and seventy Senators, with their six hundred and seventy minds, must be well cared for, for they, both body and mind, are no ordinary men. A sunsetless Empire, with its twilight-defying problems, cannot be guided by weak, ordinary hands.

But why write these things for a people who know not Empire, who live in it unseeing and unfeeling. Of all who pay to Empire's tax-gatherers, not one in a hundred has as much as seen the Imperial Senate-house. A Senator has privilege to bring a friend within the sacred precincts and beneath the sacred roof of the Senate-house—a roof made, we know, of Irish oak, taken what time oaks grew convenient to what we now call Bachelor's Walk. Yet, natives will go yearly to London and leave the Senate-house unvisited. Indeed, they had many of them rather sit in Mooney's tavern, near the Strand, perhaps with a Senator, one time a native.

From the outside, the Imperial Senate-house is fair to look on. Between it and the Thames, or more accurately, the wall of the Thames, runs a terrace, a famous terrace, "the terrace of the House." Here may be seen members walking up and down to cool a brain weighed with Imperial care. Often they lean side by side on the wall, smoking, and at times expectorating into the placid river, but with no ordinary expectoration. Theirs is that of statesmen.

Some sit at small round tables on the terrace. They drink, they eat, they laugh, even, when occasionally the mind has grown soothed and forgetful of Imperial affairs. But no man among them would willingly relinquish his post, even to enjoy respite from all too taxing duties—save perhaps one, Belloc, of French extraction, who contended that the Senate-house falls short, is effete; in the City, the great City, the heart of Empire, men call the Senate-house "the best Club in London."

Across the bridge, beside the Senate-house and down towards the sea, are strewn men and women, ill-clad, wrecks, human debris. This one sits on the seats provided by a thoughtful Borough Council; this one stands, or leans on Thames wall. He expectorates, or rather spits, but does not eat; yet he would eat had he but to eat; eating is not for him except at times when it is a furtive eating, not the refined, graceful eating of the Senate-house; but spit he may, always.

Walk away from the Senate-house half a rood. Here are hotels, huge, and outside, corpulent, cigar-smoking humanity; sallow men, broad-stomached, chained with gold; they read, they even think, some of them; they think thoughts which must be thought if present Empire is to endure, thoughts of stocks, shares, wages, hours, overtime, prices. In these hotels a man may live comfortably for one hundred pounds a week. Withal, the smokers do not look well; they look ill, in truth, as ill as the debris half a rood away. For overfeeding makes the liver hurtful, just as the converse forces an uncomfortable attention to the stomach.

How sad that all in the Empire will not be comfortable; there is ample for all, more than ample. See the Senators, see the hotels, see the corpulent men! Why speak of comfort? There are natives who declare that the more comfort they have, the more they will seek to be out of Empire. These shall have little comfort.

. . . . .

The Imperial Senate-house at Rome is now an interesting ruin. L.

"Poland Lives."

The Polish nation fell because of the weakness of its political constitution. Its king was elective, not hereditary. In the early ages this had its advantages, but as states became more compact and more organised the elective monarchy grew into a danger. The Polish great families quarrelled and intrigued for the succession to the kingship, and Poland fell into semi-anarchy and became, as one of them put it, "a danger and a nuisance to her neighbours."

Her neighbours were Austria, Russia, and Prussia. The state of affairs in Poland continually threatened to bring them into collision, and they severally intrigued to secure the election of Polish kings favourable to them. Finally, in the latter half of the eighteenth century, they combined and partitioned Poland Russia taking a large part of Poland proper, Prussia a small part of what is now known as Polish Prussia, and Austria some of Galicia. An independent Poland was still left, but this was further partitioned in 1794. Napoleon re-established the original Kingdom of Poland as the Grand Duchy of Warsaw. After his fall, Russia resumed possession, but permitted the soi-disant Grand Duchy a limited independence. This, however, she finally destroyed in 1830, when she swept in blood-and-fire through Poland and slaughtered its defenders by the ten thousand. In 1864 the Poles attempted to regain their freedom, and were, after a gallant fight, ruthlessly defeated by the Russians, who obliterated "for ever" the very name of Poland, rechristening the country "The Vistula Province." It is interesting to recall that England, which connived at the original partitions of Poland, rejoiced in the Russian "final conquest" of Poland in 1864. The London "Standard" was particularly virulent, referring to the Polish patriots as "brigands" and "assassins"—just as if they were mere Irishmen, and Queen Victoria's husband wrote a memorable letter to a German Baron who showed sympathy for Ireland, exhorting him not to be deceived, since "the Irish are as little deserving of sympathy as the Poles."

Since 1864, then, Poland has been divided into "The Vistula Province" (Russian Poland), Galicia (Austrian Poland), and Posen (Prussian Poland).

The claim of Russia to Poland is solely based on the sword. The claim of Prussia is based on the fact that Posen was centuries ago Prussian, and that it was conquered by the Poles—hence, say the Prussians, we have merely reconquered our own rightful territory. The claim of Austria to Galicia is similar. The original Kingdom of Poland is contained in "the Vistula Province," of which Warsaw is the capital.

The area of Poland absorbed by the three powers was as follows:—

		Sq. miles.
Area absorbed by Russia	...	43,804
Area absorbed by Austria	...	30,321
Area absorbed by Prussia	...	11,190

The population of the respective areas is—

Russian Poland	...	12,000,000
Austrian Poland	...	8,200,000
Prussian Poland	...	2,200,000

The treatment of the three areas of Poland by the respective powers has been strikingly different. Russia destroyed the Polish Constitution in 1830, but she left some administrative independence till 1864, when she destroyed that also, following this up by wholly incorporating Poland with the Russian Centralised Government in 1868. At the same time she made the public use of the Polish language illegal. Since then the Poles have been treated by Russia almost exactly as the Irish are treated by England, politically speaking, but economically speaking the Poles have had nothing to complain of, for the Russian Government has encouraged the commerce and industry of Poland, and its people are materially prosperous and multiply.

Prussian Poland (Posen) has the same tale of material prosperity, and boasts a continually increasing population. Although the Polish language has not been banned as it has been in Russian Poland, it is not officially encouraged, but nevertheless it flourishes. The Poles have the same rights and privileges as the other inhabitants of Prussia, and of course have full and free religious equality, which they are denied by Russia. In the local concerns of Posen they enjoy the same liberal self-government which exists in the other Prussian provinces. They are represented in the Prussian Parliament on the same scale as the other divisions.

Austrian Poland (Galicia), which is nearly as large as Ireland, but has double Ireland's population, is not only materially prosperous,

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but enjoys full Home Rule. The position in Galicia is complicated by the fact that the Ruthenians, a different people, have no love for the Poles, who came into Galicia originally as conquerors—the Galicians being, like the Irish, Celts. The Galician Parliament or Diet consists of two houses. The Upper House comprises representatives of all the estates of the realm; the Lower House consists of 161 elected members. Under this Parliament there exists a most liberal system of municipal self-government, based on manhood suffrage. To the Imperial Parliament Galicia returns 106 members out of 516, the highest number except Bohemia, which returns 130. It will be noticed that in the Imperial Parliament of Austria, the Austrians return only a minority of the members.

In Galicia the Polish language is officially recognised, and is used by 5,000,000 of the inhabitants. The Ruthenian minority of 3,000,000 use their own language.

Unlike the case of Ireland, it will be seen that Poland has never suffered economic in addition to political oppression. It was the object of those who took away Poland's independence to eliminate her as a political factor, but they offered her a kind of compensation by making her a hive of prosperity. In Ireland's case her industrial and commercial destruction was equally aimed at with her national and political destruction. Thus, today, we find on an area larger than Galicia that Ireland has but half as many people. We find that little Posen—a third the size of Ireland—has proportionately a far greater population; and as to Russian Poland, while Ireland 70 years ago had twice as many people, Ireland now has but a third as many, and Warsaw, which half a century ago was not half so large a city as Dublin, is now as large as Dublin and Belfast, with Cork thrown in.

All of which demonstrates that not only is British Government far more thorough than the Government of the Huns, but that even Russia cannot hold a candle to it.

Small Nationalities in Conference.

Ireland's Voice is Heard.

At the invitation of the Union des Nationalities a conference of the representatives of nationalities affiliated to the Union was held in the *Ecole des Hantes Etudes Sociales* in Paris on June 26-27. M. Painlené, deputy and member of the Institut, and M. Charles Seignobos, professor at the Sorbonne, presided at the sittings and delivered the inaugural addresses. Amongst the nationalities represented were: Alsace-Lorraine, Armenia, Belgium, Bohemia, Bulgaria, Catalonia, Denmark, Finland, Ireland, Jews, Lebanon, Lithuania, the Letts, Roumania, Serbia, etc.

A printed report of the proceedings has just come to hand, and can be obtained from the Union des Nationalités, 41 Boulevard des Batignolles, Paris. This report is a preliminary summary, and will be followed by a full and detailed account when further comment can be made. At the sitting of June 26 the Conference discussed the reports and addresses of the presidents and the delegates from Serbia, Bulgaria, Belgium and Roumania. On June 27 the Conference discussed speeches by the Czech, Jewish, Lettish, Lithuanian, Serbian, Roumanian, Armenian, Lebanon, and Catalonian delegates, and the demand of the Poles, Lithuanians and Letts.

Mlle Yvonne Pouvrean, the secretary of the Office de Nationalités, who has taken much interest in the situation in Ireland, explained the present position in Finland and the demands made by the Finns for the restoration of their civil liberties and their constitution. Dealing with the report presented by the Ukrainians, she called for particular attention to the influence the Ukrainian national movement, originating in Eastern Galicia, could have upon the issue of the war. In southern Russia the Ukrainians were a solid body of 30 millions, to whom should be added more than four million Ruthenians in Galicia and Hungary. Mlle Pouvrean then stated that the central office had received reports from the Irish and the Basques, and explained to the Conference what these nationalities hoped for from the future Peace Congress to settle the question of nationalities.

Subsequently, M. Paul Otlet, the Belgian delegate, proposed (1) That the Union des Nationalités form a Commission of delegates from every nation to draw up a memorial of national demands, on general principles, as a Declaration of the Rights of Nationalities to be presented to the Peace Congress. (2) That this Commission undertake the propaganda of these ideas in common with other organisations interested in them, particularly the recent Conference at the Hague.

In conclusion, the following resolution was passed unanimously:—

"This Conference of Nationalities, meeting at Paris, June 26 and 27, 1915, on the invitation of the Union des Nationalités,

"Expresses its desire that governments, recognising that the essential condition of every enduring peace is the recognition of nationalities, may conform in the coming settlement of Europe to the following principles:

"1. The fixing of the limits of territory of each nation must above all be based upon the will and sentiments of the inhabitants; there must be no invoking of either historical memories of former domination or the so-called natural frontiers, much less of blood shed in a territory, for these are but three forms of the babarous desire of conquest.

"2. Where pressing economic reasons demand the attachment to a State of an area inhabited by a population of another nationality, international guarantees shall be given that population to secure it either autonomy or the recognition of its language, religion and customs.

"3. Neutral countries shall be put under the guarantees not only of some of the great powers, but of all states, with a stake in the recognition of international right.

"4. The same international guarantee may be demanded for sea routes and ports (Tangier and Constantinople), which it would be perilous to hand over to the domination of a single state."

In an Appendix M. Otlet's draft of the *Déclaration des Droits des Nationalités* is printed, with a statement on the American nationalities and the war. C. Ua S.

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NATIONALITY.

Saturday, August 14, 1915.

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Sound Reasons for Conscription.

An English lady, visiting this cimmerian island, has seen in a native shop several young men of from 19 to 30 behind the counters, and even "taking their ease and gossiping." The sight has aroused the English lady's "indignation and disgust." Why does her Governmen, she asks the "Irish Times," not take these young natives and use them to help her country in Flanders and the Dardanelles. The "Irish Times" is sympathetic, but it does not make it so clear as we would wish it to be made to an English lady that her Government has done wonders in decreasing the male population of Ireland, and that she is unjust in her pardonable impatience at so many men being still left alive in this country.

Seventy years ago there were four million and twenty thousand male natives in Ireland. To-day there are two million one hundred thousand. The gigantic feat of destroying within the span of a man's lifetime one-half the male—(and the female)—population of an ancient and important nation without shedding blood has never been performed before in the world's history, and will certainly never be performed again. Let the English lady try to visualise what these magnificent figures mean—One million nine hundred and twenty thousand Irish male natives cleared out of Ireland in the 70 years—1845-1915. That is roundly, 27,500 a year, 530 a week, 75 a day, or one every eighteen minutes. What other Government could have done it? Could the Russians have done it? Could the Huns have done it? And yet this English lady thinks her Government is remiss—even though it disposed of an equal quantity of Irish female natives in the same period.

No human plan is without is imperfections, and even the plans of England, on whose side the angels fight, may occasionally err—else, of course, the Flag of Civilisation and Christianity would be now floating over the ruins of Berlin to the godly chorus of

"Good-bye Piccadilly,
Farewell Leicester Square"

—the sacred and inspiring tune to which the Army of Civilisation marches, and whose full meaning can be grasped by those who have stood in Leicester Square or Picadilly near midnight, and thought of Babylon and Belshazzar. The plan of dealing with the Irish, whose increasing population had become, as the English statesman of 1839 declared, "a menace," was to emigrate the young and strong, starve the young and strong who wouldn't emigrate, and turning Ireland from tillage into "the fruitful mother of flocks and herds," employ the remnant—a decrepit and enfeebled peasantry as herds on the depopulated lands "consolidated" into ranches to supply England with cheap meat.

The error was in believing the Irish who escaped famine by emigrating to America would forget, as the years rolled by, how, in the interests of Civilisation, Christianity, and the Small Nationalities, they had been starved and banished. These people not only became Cranks and Factionists, but they bred up their children to be Factionists and Cranks, so that when, in 1907, Messrs. T. P. O'Connor, Dillon, and Redmond contracted with the British Government to help it to an Anglo-American Alliance, against the Enemies of Civilisation, Christianity and Small Nationalities, those eminent statesmen found themselves unable to deliver the goods.

The error, it will be seen, arose from permitting so many of the Irish to escape to America. It was, of course, deplorable, since it has kept America out of the present war, and thus deferred the day when English-speaking races may be reunited, with John sitting on the chest of Jonathan. We agree with our English lady that if the Irish shop-assistants were transferred to Flanders or the Dardanelles that it would be beneficial to old England. In fact, as there are only some 600,000 men of military age left in Ireland, which had 1,300,000 in the days when our old men were boys, it is obvious that if they were taken and put in the van of England's battle-line, there would be no Home Rule question left to disturb the serenity of Rule Britannia, and there would be even more land available to raise cheap bullocks and sheep to feed the Imperial stomach.

We trust we have convinced the "Irish Times" English lady that, humanly speaking, the English Government has done its best. We regret that she should have also censured "the Nationalist leaders"—that is, Messrs. T. P. O'Connor, John Dillon, Joseph Devlin, and occasionally John Redmond. It is true that political exigencies in Ireland obliged these statesmen to declare publicly that the Irish Parliamentary Party would oppose Conscription, but by sending around personal and private appeals to public bodies to oppose Anti-Conscription Resolutions they are doing their Bit in the twilight. Five minutes' conversation between the English lady and "the Nationalist leaders" would convince her that she has misjudged them.

Nor can we part with this English lady who contemns the natives of Ireland without a word of cheer. She is under the impression that Conscription is needed by England for military reasons—that, in fact, England is short of soldiers. *Sursum corda!* Nothing could be more erroneous. Mr. J. M. Tuohy, who writes fiction in the form of a London Letter to the "Freeman's Journal" every day, and truth in the form of a weekly communication to the "New York World," declares in that Journal that the English have now massed 750,000 men on their thirty-mile line in Flanders, or 25,000 men to the line of front, as against 3,000 men to the line of front whereon the French face the Germans. It will be seen by our English lady, therefore, that so far from the British Commanders being short of men, that a task of these great soldiers must be to provide their multitudes with standing-room. The great argument for Conscription in Ireland is that it will settle the Home Rule difficulty by disposing of the people who want Home Rule or Independence or anything of that sort. The great argument for Conscription in England is that it will prevent industrial trouble in that country when the war is over, by the expedient of having the English workingmen placed under the yoke of Militarism, which England and Russia are fighting to destroy in Germany and Austro-Hungary.

"His Life's Aim."

Consistency is more a matter of principle than of details. I came to this conclusion after reading the first article in the current number of the "British Review" ("The Mood of Ireland"—N. Marlowe).

From this article I learned that "the life's aim" of Mr. Redmond has been to establish an "*entente cordiale* between Great Britain and Ireland."

I thought of many things: of Mr. Redmond's famous declaration that the separation of Ireland from England is both undesirable and impossible (just as the inclusion of Ulster in Ireland is "unthinkable"): of Mr. Redmond's meeting in Toronto (was it?) which was closed by the National Anthem (of England): of the "long, long way" that Mr. Redmond had to go before the same could be done in Ireland: of the great heart of the British Democracy with which the hearts of my countrymen would even now be beating as one were it not for certain cranks and soreheads: of the Partition of Ireland: of Bachelor's Walk: of the sharp curve: of the "Friend"-ly Government: of other things which the censor might not like me to mention: and I did silent homage to the beautiful consistency of Mr. Redmond.

Like other consistent people, Mr. Redmond has his difficulties. In the words of the British Reviewer, he "is not absolutely his own master." The "Freeman's Journal," it seems, is the organ of Mr. Dillon, and Mr. Dillon and the "Freeman" sometimes give Mr. Redmond to understand that he must do things which, left to his own consistent self, he might omit doing. Then again, Mr. Dillon "is greatly influenced" by the English Radicals, so that the situation sometimes becomes dreadfully complicated for poor consistent Mr. Redmond.

Such a complication may arise out of the "National Service" movement. "National Service" is just a nicer name than conscription for the same thing. Well, the British Radicals can't advocate conscription because the British labourers wouldn't like it, and Mr. Dillon is "greatly influenced" by the British Radicals, and Mr. Redmond "is not absolutely his own master," that position being partly held by Mr. Dillon, and partly by certain others. So what is Mr. Redmond to do? The British Reviewer opines that the way will be made smooth for the Consistent One. It seems that "there is no question of introducing conscription in its cruder form." So that Mr. Redmond, without

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injury to his "life's aim" and with no lack of consistency, can declare his opposition to conscription (in its cruder form), and at the same time support registration and other "processes leading to National Service."

But just as there are spots in the sun, so the keen-eyed may detect a mote or speck in the fairness of the "one bright spot." "Conscription," says the "British Review," "would not be popular in Erin," so that the situation is evidently a very delicate one for Mr. Redmond. Admirers of consistency have no need to feel alarmed. The "life's aim" of Mr. Redmond is no way endangered. The delicacy of the situation is not by any means beyond a cure.

"The Irish leaders will have at least to make a demonstration against any change in the present system." The demonstration will take the form of "a claim for Irish exemption." But as the Reviewer justly asks: "How can a Government largely composed of Unionists grant such a request?"

But has the largely Unionist Government thought out any scheme by which it can secure the smooth working of its conscription scheme in Ireland? Oh, yes. Here is what the "British Review" says about it:

"There are ways and means by which it can be secured that Mr. Redmond's political machine will act as a moderating, soothing influence in Ireland in the event of the approach of National Service."

LECTOR: But can we rely on a Government "largely composed of Unionists" to put the Home Rule Act into force after the war?

ANSWER: You are a Sorehead, a Crank, and a Sinn Feiner.

LECTOR: If the Act is not put into force, what will Mr. Redmond do?

ANSWER: He will continue to pursue his "life's aim."

CATHAOIR O'BRAONAIN.

Poland's Ode to Youth.

TRANSLATED BY SEAN O'CONNOR.

Out on you, soulless, heartless crowd,
Beings of a pulseless clay.
Lend me, youth, thy fleet wings proud,
Soaring, I'll speed away,
Far from the dross of our tardy sphere
To realms of endless space,
Where the fancies wild of the child appear
A stale, trite commonplace,
Where the best blooms of soul-thought grow,
And hopes brightest hues full radiance show,
Where marvel and wonder in long review
Pass and repass eternal new.

Let withered age, in its shrivelling clay,
Cleave to his parent earth,
Let him in its narrow circles stray
Unconscious of nobler birth.
But, youth, aloft on thine eagle wing
On the track of the bright suns roll,
The song of your sky-born freedom sing
Till it reaches creation's pole.
See you that gloomy mass below?
That is the earth, dark, sluggish, slow,
An object here of withering scorn,
So dull, deserted, bleak, forlorn.

See on its fetid waters where
A something sways and swings—
Pilot or rudder or vessel bare
Clinging to frailer things;
Now on the surface see it glide;
Anon, it is sunk once more.
Thus till, as bubble on cliff's sharp side,
It bursts and its struggles are o'er:
Few knew it lived; of its death few knew.
Selfishness, such are thy struggles too:
Such are their ending, such thy lot,
By none esteemed, by all forgot.

The cup of life's nectar were poisoned gall,
Youth, if alone I quaffed,
For only souls in love's sweet thrall
Can taste the ambrosial draught.
Fondly cherish each other, friends,
Our cup will be ever sweet;
United by love for common ends,
Nought can our zeal defeat.
Happy whose ardour lays him low,
To others the path his course will show;
He'll live for ever in fame's domain,
Another step he to glory's fane.

United in souls, our road is on,
Though slippery, rough the way;
Though mean souls, skulking in lone donjon,
To harass our march essay:
Though foaming force doth threatening stand
To bar our progress there,
And waves us back with menacing hand,
Both mighty and mean we dare.
Neither our onward march can stay,
If we the voice in our souls obey.
Let's meet the first with the freeman's steel,
The second—ah! bah! our spurning heel.

The infant who, in cradle low,
Could crush the hydra's head;
A youth can crunch centaurs also,
As snow 'neath mammoth's tread.
Up, youth, and gaze where mortal eye
Has never yet dared to gaze;
Those baffling problems—that defy
The human mind and reason craze—
Solve. Let thy pæans of triumph ring
Till heaven hears, and rejoicing sing.
Youth, thine is the eagle's flight,
Thine arm the crashing thunder's might.

Shoulder to shoulder in Phalanx bold,
Onward and upward still;
Fire we this bare world frozen cold,
Then mould it to our will.
In one grand focus concentrate
All soul-ennobling thought;
Our lives to our ideal consecrate:
Our battle is won ere fought.
This senile earth rejuvenate,
Till youth in its glory rules in state;
The hymn of the new creation sing,
To hail the birth of its first young spring.

As when wild chaos in boundless space
Revolved in aimless riot,
And elements dashed in headlong race
Thro' the gloom of an endless night.
At His great "Fiat" confusion's roar
Was hushed and cosmos reigned;
The waters grip released the shore,
And systems, to order chained,
Paused in their frenzied, blind career,
And humbly donned the guiding gear,
To wend, with their suns and stars, their way
To deck the night and shine on day.

So now, in spheres of human life
There reigns cimmerian dark,
And passions clash in bitterest strife
Thro' youth's creative spark.
From chaos the world of souls will rise
By rein of love held free,
And guided sure by friendships ties
'Twill move harmoniously.
Then hearts will burst their bonds of ice,
And light will banish prejudice.
Hail! dawning day, thy rays we see,
They herald the sun of liberty.

The Foundation Stone of Irish Nationality.

If we ever let the Irish language die, we shall have parted with the foundation stone of Irish Nationality, and although we may see Ireland a nation, it will be a nation lacking the mind, the culture, the colour, the very life-blood of its forefathers. . . . If we let it die we shall be a base generation of Irishmen, and those who come after us may well say, "It was a coward and selfish generation of the 20th century that let the language die out."—Sir Roger Casement in a letter to the Secretary of the Munster Training College on the occasion of the laying of the foundation stone of the new college building in 1914.

Aeridheacht Mor.

An important event takes place in the grounds of St. Enda's College on Sunday, September 5th. The best talent in Gaelic circles in Dublin is promised for concert. A motor service will ply between tram terminus and grounds. Bands, motor-drives, dancing, hall, tea gardens, pipers, tug-o'-war, and hand-ball competitions will be among the numerous out-of-door attractions. The attention of Volunteers is directed to special competitions in drill and shooting, for which prizes are offered. Full details will be published later, and sent to the various halls. For all details apply to the Aeridheacht General Secretary at St. Enda's College.

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Irish Atrocities.

By John Mitchel.

I cannot but admire the Historian when in one of his lectures he comes to deal with the apparently simple suggestion that, inasmuch as England has shown nothing but imbecility and stupidity in her dealings with Ireland for seven hundred years, and has brought the island to be a world's wonder for its long agony of misery, famine, and discontent, she had better, perhaps, relieve herself of the charge, and leave Ireland alone. At this idea he breaks out into a foam of rage. What! let Ireland govern herself! No, never! Anything but that. England will never consent either to Home Rule, or to any altered arrangement which might put Ireland into the way of being able to extort Home Rule—never, until England is beaten to her knees: *never! never!*

Bravo! First Historian. Beaten to her knees, quotha? Beaten to her mouth and nose must she be. It is precisely the sentiment which I have myself often written and uttered. The British Empire must utterly perish, that is, be dismembered as an empire—or "Ireland must die a daily death, and suffer an endless martyrdom."

Mr. Froude seems to admit all this: confesses with a charming ingenuousness that Ireland has been always not only unjustly and cruelly but stupidly governed by England; that she is now so governed, and is likely to be; nay, that Ireland has ample provocation and perfect right to take up arms and establish her independence on the field. Very well, then, says the Historian, draw your sword and *come on!* This is a curiously happy sarcasm, addressed to a nation carefully disarmed by law, and whose houses are at all times subject to search for any kind of weapon. A gang of robbers seizes a traveller, ties him to a tree, disarms him, strips him, robs him of his money; he cries out and remonstrates; calls them a pack of rascals, demands to be let loose: but one of the brigands replies to him, "Friend, you have no right to liberty unless you fight for it. Your arguments are good, are unanswerable: therefore will you fight us all, there as you stand, with your hands tied behind your back to that tree? If you cannot do this, stop your vain arguments and 'blatant' howlings—enough to disgust the very owls in the trees." As Dean Swift said concerning the book of Molyneaux—"In reason, all government, without the consent of the governed, is the very definition of slavery; but, *in fact*, eleven men, well armed, will certainly subdue one single man in his shirt."

Here, then, is the whole political theory and principle of the Historian. We have you down, throttled, stripped, disarmed, garrotted; our treatment of you and of your country has been stupid and a scandal: it is going to be in the future what it has been in the past: and now what are you going to do about it? I must confess that I like this Crusader of the Period for so honest an exposition of his principles; and feel inclined to take his part against the savage, word-catching critics who have been finding him guilty of misquotations, mistranslations, and even ignorant blunders, as they fondly dream.

And does a citizen of Brooklyn, indeed, or that keen Scotchman, Mr. Hosack, or the *Quarterly Review*, and "fifty others," do they, or does any of them, innocently imagine that they can corner the First Living Historian by pointing out misquotations, falsified authorities, and the like? The Historian defies them. He has composed his "History of England" from "perhaps two hundred thousand documents," and, with a calm irony, invites his critics to follow him through those two hundred thousand pigeon-holes, some in the British Museum, some in the State Paper Office, some in Trinity College Library, or elsewhere; and he cannot think of replying to any special charge of fraud or forgery unless his accusers go through all those references. "I have read everything myself," he observes in his last lecture. "I have made my own extracts from papers which I might never see a second time." And again—"It often happens that half a letter is in one collection and half in another. There will be two letters from the same person and the same place, on the same subject and on the same day. One may be among the State Papers, another in the British Museum. I will not say that passages from two such letters may not at times appear in my text as if they were one." But he has done his utmost, as he assures us, to tell the truth. And those who doubt it have only to go through his 200,000 pigeon-holes. Thus a rabbit squats at one of the burrows of his intricate warren, and invites the terriers to chase; they give chase; there are a thousand galleries, corridors, labyrinths, the rabbit's ears are seen for a moment peeping at one of the holes; the dog goes for him, but in the twinkling of an eye the rabbit's *fud* is seen at another hole forty yards off. No straightforward terrier can follow him up, though a well-trained ferret might. Thus, when the Historian brandishes before us the 200,000 authorities, which we must master before we can "convict" him of even one error, he intimidates the simple mind. In vain the citizen of Brooklyn points out that the Historian has printed a letter as from Randolph, in Edinburgh, which was never written by said Randolph, attributing to Queen Mary of Scotland an atrocious and blood-thirsty saying. He replies that if Randolph, in Edinburgh, did not write that letter, yet another man somewhere in England did write another letter, and although that *other* letter does not attribute the blood-thirsty utterance to Queen Mary at all, yet the Historian denies that he has been *convicted*—no, only accused by the citizen of Brooklyn. If he answered the citizen he would have to answer "fifty others"—so many are the charges which have been made against him, and with a frank and noble candour he offers to submit the examination of his authorities to a commission of five Irish judges (out of twelve), with the Irish Lord Chancellor to preside; they are to examine the 200,000 authorities, and if they find that he has been unfaithful in citing any one, he will expunge that passage. Can a candid Historian do more?

Some persons may term this proposal an illusory kind of challenge: because the human mind is incapable of conceiving the Lord Chancellor of Ireland and four of the Judges quitting the bench, where they have their own business to mind, flinging off wigs and ermine, burying themselves for (let us say) seven years in the crypts of record-offices, museums, and college libraries, closely following the Historian as he fits his references or parts of them to an MS. in London, then dives and re-appears in Dublin to find the other lines of the letter. Not seven years, but seventeen would be needful for this labour, and the enemies of our First Historian will be sure to say that he never would have proposed such an inquiry but that he knows it to be impossible. I suggest, then, that he add to the list of commissioners the name of General Grant.

In short, the Historian is too hard a nut for these word-catching critics to crack. Let them not imagine that they can impale such a man as this upon the horn of an inverted comma, or hang him at the tail of a semicolon. It is in vain for the citizen of Brooklyn or fifty others to taunt him with misquotations; he smiles in front of his 200,000 pigeon-holes, and says to them, "Come on, then, gentlemen, follow! follow!—or send on the Lord Chancellor or the President; either do this or for ever hold your peace." It is in vain also that another small critic points out how the First Historian, having occasion to refer to the oil-bottle of Rheims, speaks of the bottle as a man, and calls him "Saint Ampoul." Do they think they have caught him here? Vain dream! Mr. Froude *connait son Rabbelais*, and knows that famous voyage which Pantagruel made to consult the Oracle of the *Holy Bottle*, whose name was Bac-Buc; and this is the very saint and the very bottle which the learned person means. Ah! critics, you are not going to trip up the First Living Historian in this flimsy kind of way!

I am now in good humour with the Crusader of the Period, and in the next chapter shall come closer to him.

CHAPTER II.

CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE "FIRST HISTORIAN."

Froude is really a man to be congratulated, or almost envied. He has stirred up hosts of vindicative enemies on both sides of the Atlantic. He is the Hero of Two Worlds, in another sense than the Lafayette sense. Like bloodhounds, they are upon his track in either hemisphere; his new book—"The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century," will have a sale unexampled: and this—as they say in New England—this is the calculation.

I said that the discussion raised by the Crusader is only beginning. Now it grows hotter and fiercer every day. Not only that fell critic, the bull-dog "Citizen of Brooklyn," holds our Historian fast, with a grip like death, but I find that Mr. Prendergast, author of the "Cromwellian Settlement," has fallen upon Historian Froude with a fury even more ferocious than Mr. Meline's own; not counting the long array of his other enemies in England and Scotland. I have the honour to make him my compliments. Nothing could fall out more happily for him than this *view-hallo* and full cry of eager hunters. Mr. Prendergast, after having read the first volume of the new book, has addressed several letters to the Dublin press; one of which opens thus—

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"Mr. Froude, I believe, is lighting a fire that he has little conception of. Deep as our hatred has hitherto been at our unparalleled historic wrongs, it is as nothing to the intense detestation we shall hereafter hold the English in. Though the vile English press are unwilling to commit themselves to the support of Mr. Froude's crusade against the exiled Irish, until they see the success of it, it is easy to perceive how they sympathise with it, and how gladly they would see the Americans hate us as deeply as they do themselves. For, in truth, the self-imposed mission of this friend and lover of Ireland (God save us from our English lovers!) is to turn the Americans against us."

Here Mr. Prendergast is quite wrong, on one point! Our Historian knew very well that he was lighting a fire; and intended it. Moreover, he will get out of it himself without singeing a whisker by means of a patent fire-escape which he has invented. But now, some one may ask, who is Mr. Prendergast? He is an author of whom Mr. Froude himself made honourable mention in this very book, the "English in Ireland." He says:—

"I cannot pass over this part of my narrative without making my acknowledgments to Mr. Prendergast, to whose personal courtesy I am deeply indebted, and to whose impartiality and candour in his volume on the Cromwellian Settlement I can offer no higher praise than by saying that the perusal of it has left on my mind an impression precisely opposite to that of Mr. Prendergast himself. He writes as an Irish patriot—I as an Englishman; but the difference between us is not on the facts, but on the opinion to be formed about them." Meaning that, in Prendergast's opinion, it was hard measure to compel all Irish land-owners in three of the four provinces, on a certain day in winter, by sound of trumpet and *beate of drumme*, to arise and transplant themselves into the wilds of Connaught; but that in Froude's opinion it was a wholesome measure, intended for the good of the Irish themselves. But what I specially desire to call attention to, in this place, is the excessive discourtesy with which Mr. Prendergast repays that honourable mention by the First of Living Historians. After having, by his "personal courtesy," (and something more than that) earned so grateful and graceful an acknowledgment from so grand a prince of literature, this Irishman no sooner reads the book in which so flattering a notice of himself is contained than he suddenly turns rough and rude, and even brutally barbarous. He ignores entirely the compliment to himself; and is perhaps ashamed of it. "The twistings and wrigglings of this English viper"—such is about the best language he can find for his *quondam* acquaintance. Mr. Prendergast admits that he did guide the researches of our Historian, and did furnish him with authorities and references, sometimes directly, sometimes through others. But he soon had reason to doubt the good faith of this ardent historic investigator, and thought it needful to deal with him accordingly. In the first quarter of the eighteenth century, about the years 1719 and 1723, occurred certain legislative proceedings in the Colonial Parliament of Dublin, concerning which some doubts arose; and both Mr. Prendergast and Mr. Froude were at the same moment labouring in record offices to ascertain the facts and discover the documents. Mr. Prendergast found what was wanted;—I do not enter here into the odious and indecent details, but must do so before I have done with Froude. Having lighted upon the documents, the laborious Irish scholar, in all good faith, thought he was bound to communicate them to Mr. Froude. Here is his own account of this matter in his late letter to the Irish journals:—

"Now for Mr. Froude's treatment of this event. He knew he could not avoid it, or misstate it, as he has done so many other events. For, having met Mr. Froude shortly afterwards, making his searches in the State Paper Department at Dublin Castle, I thought it right to tell him of my discovery. But he was already aware, so he told me, of the fact, having seen the original letter in the Public Record Office, London. There was something, however, so extraordinary in the man's demeanour that I had my misgivings that he intended to *misdeal* with the transaction in some way; so I published it in the *Freeman's Journal* of the 28th April, 1871. I confess I had great curiosity to see how he would treat the matter in these circumstances."

The writer then reprints some words and phrases from this book, and continues:—

"Let it be remembered that I had bound him with such strong cords by publishing the entire letter beforehand that there was no possibility of his mis-stating the terms or the scope of it; and then observe the writhings and twistings of this English viper, that, nursed in his youthful sickness by the poor peasantry of Mayo, and since that day a frequent visitor to Ireland, seeks to spit his venom against us at home by publishing this book, and then immediately rushes to America to endeavour to instil into the English race abroad the same hatred he and his colleagues are filled with at home."

I mean to tell something of the matter which was in question before I have done; but in the meantime it is enough to arouse the sympathies of all readers in favour of Mr. Froude by showing the shocking manner in which his kindly overtures to Prendergast have been received. It is true no compliment from our Historian could elevate the reputation of Mr. Prendergast, the author of the most perfect Monograph of one special and cardinal point in our Irish history; but still it seems hard that the recipient of so pretty a compliment should have no better return to make than refusing the courtesy with both his hands, saying—"Keep off, you English viper!" Is the time indeed come when these generous tributes from one literary man to another, which give such a grace and charm to the intercourse of lofty intellects, are to become of no account? Is a gentleman, who has received so flattering an eulogy from a great man, justified in responding with a kick and a curse? Let a discerning public judge.

In the midst of all this tumult of abuse the First Historian walks serene; he is altogether impassive, going calmly on the even tenor of his way, answering all hostile critics with disdain. Mr. Meline has vainly tried to worry him into giving some sign, making some defence in the matter of Queen Mary of Scotland and her "latest Historian." Yet the critic seems to have been aware from the first that he would get nothing out of the man. Says that inevitable citizen of Brooklyn:—

"That Mr. Froude at this or at any other time would answer the charges presented in 'Mary Queen of Scots and her latest English Historian,' I have never expected. He cannot do it and better his position, and I am, moreover, sufficiently familiar with his 'manner of fence' with critics at home to know that he would not now attempt serious responses in a case of any gravity. Mr. Froude cannot reply to my allegations, because he says, 'I am on one side of the Atlantic, and my books and papers are on the other'; and he then repeats the plaintive wail, made several years ago in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, touching his gigantic labours with documents and MSS. 'in half-a-dozen languages.' But during all the years Mr. Froude was at home among his books and papers, his most aggressive critics and those of bluntest speech succeeded no better than I have in obtaining answer, explanation, or apology from him. In reply to the most damaging imputations, to the most offensive accusations, he had nothing to say—and, wisely, said nothing."

It is an attitude of grand disdain; but this inevitable Meline does not like it; he would prefer that the Historian would be good enough to explain some of those very numerous passages in which he has brought forward misquotations or palmed off mistranslations, and to expound how it has happened that all those "clerical errors," as Froude calls them, were on one side, always going to favour the scoundrel he intended to whitewash, and to blacken the unhappy Papist he meant to cover with obloquy.

Father Burke, I think, in his lectures, only ventured to call in question one citation of an authority made by his opponent—a statement that, while the Americans were in revolt, the Irish Catholics, represented by Lord Fingal and others, went crawling to the foot of the throne, praying to be led against the rebellious Americans. The great Dominican said he had searched for some such address, thinking very naturally that a document of so much importance would certainly have been printed; but he had not found any document answering the description, although he had found, in Curry's Collection, an address testifying general loyalty. It is servile enough, God knows, and is signed certainly *Fingal*, *Gormanstown*, *Dillon*, *Kenmare*, and many others; but it says no word of America. Here is the Historian's proud rejoinder in his last lecture:—

"I quoted a loyal address to George the Third, signed in the name of the whole body by the leading Irish Catholics. Father Burke says that, though fulsome in its tone, it contains no words about America. As he meets me with a contradiction, I can but insist that I *copied* the words which I read to you from the original in the State Paper Office, and I will read one or two sentences of it again. The address declares that the Catholics of Ireland abhorred the unnatural rebellion against His Majesty which had broken out among his American subjects; that they laid

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at his feet 2,000,000 loyal, faithful, and affectionate hearts and hands, ready to exert themselves against His Majesty's enemies in any part of the world; that their loyalty had been always as the dial to the sun, true though not shone upon."

This last line—is the Historian very certain that it is not a quotation from Tom Moore? At any rate, he peremptorily shuts all mouths by saying, "I can but *insist* that I copied it in the State Paper Office." Now, the fact is that nobody by this time believes one word that the First of Living Historians writes or utters, upon his own authority. There are, accordingly, many still who will not believe that such a document exists—not at least until after the Lord Chancellor of Ireland and the Judges have exhibited a certified copy of it in the Chancery Office, Four Courts, Dublin.

With his head high, and lofty disdain upon his countenance, this haughty creature thus finally brushes off the troublesome swarm of his assailants, and wraps himself nobly in his mantle of proof. Closing his last lecture, he says:—

"Here I must leave him" (namely, Father Burke). "I leave untouched a large number of blots which I had marked for criticism; but if I have not done enough to him already, I shall waste my words with trying to do more. And for the future, as long as I remain in America, neither he, if he returns to the charge, nor any other assailant, must look for further answer from me. His own knowledge of his subject is wide and varied; but I can compare his workmanship to nothing so well as to one of the lives of his own Irish saints, in which legend and reality are so strangely blended that the true aspects of things and character can no longer be discerned."

The sarcasm about the Irish Saint is in English good taste, being addressed to an Irish Dominican Friar! The Christian Young Men rub their hands with glee over so neat and cunning a cut administered to those superstitious Romanists. Yet, after all, perhaps the Historian has not spent much of his time in studying the lives of the Irish Saints. He is more deeply read in the legend of that round-bellied French saint, the jolly "St. Ampoul"; where, perhaps, Father Burke cannot follow him.

The main thing which we learn most explicitly from this last paragraph is that the malignant critics of the Historian may now consider themselves safe from the effects of his resentment. There are fifty of them; and I am now emboldened to become the fifty-first: he will not notice any of us; his sole reply to one and all being "*Dixi*." Very well; although I should deem it a very high honour indeed, if I could anyhow goad and badger so illustrious a person into replying, even in the most damaging manner to *me*, I must not think of so flattering an encounter: and as I have the Book itself before me, I can only comment upon its text as my lights may enable me. So now for the Book itself.

At the opening of a "section" of chapter third, the Historian, speaking of the situation of the country in the reign of James II., has this frank and satisfactory statement of the position of affairs:—

"The Irish believed *that Ireland was theirs*, that the English were invading tyrants who had stolen their lands, broken up their laws and habits, and proscribed their creed. The English believed that Ireland was a country attached, inseparably, *by situation and circumstances*, to the English crown; that they were compelled to govern a people who were unable or unwilling to govern themselves; and that the spoliation with which they were reproached had been forced upon them by the treachery and insubordination of the native owners. Between these two views of the same facts no compromise was possible."

Certainly not; and, indeed, everybody who has any interest in the question ought to feel obliged to the English Historian for stating the issue so clearly, and for arguing it so steadily and consistently throughout his work. Mr. Prendergast expresses the hope that "The English in Ireland" may be translated and published in France and in Germany, as we may be sure it will be. In the meantime, we have it in very plain English; so that Americans (if they care) have the best opportunity of learning the whole case of our nation in its relation to England, upon excellent authority. I call it excellent authority *for this special purpose*—namely, for ascertaining the genuine sentiment of the English people, because all the author's historical books have an enormous currency in that country; and this one, above all, is sure to be devoured by the multitudinous readers of England with a greedy delight. I beg leave to commend it to them. I give my modest aid to the advertising of it. In truth, if some Irishman, possessed of the grim humour of Dean Swift, had written these chapters with the intention of presenting the English case in the most grotesquely horrible and offensive point of view, he could scarcely go beyond our Historian. One might be almost inclined to suspect him of this malignant design, if the man were a wit like the Dean of St. Patrick's. But there is not a ray of humour in his intellect: and when he gravely propounds that, to term the "abolishing" of the religion of a people by fines, whipping, transportation, and the gallows, a case of religious persecution is "a mere abuse of words"; and when he mentions as a wholly untenable theory the belief prevalent among the Irish, *that Ireland was theirs*, he means no sarcasm; it is the most serious and stolid British insolence; not intended to be laughed at by any means, nor a fit subject for amusement at all. The thing has an odour of blood. Such words call up the ghosts of many generations of murdered men; and they are intended, and calculated, to make more such ghosts for ages yet to come. If I have heretofore spoken of this man's performances in a tone somewhat like levity, I drop that tone from the present moment, and proceed to expose the Historian in all his naked horror.

(To be continued.)

An Ard-Craobh.

EXCURSION TO GALWAY.

Owing to the desire of the Committee of the Ard-Craobh that their annual excursion to Galway (which was due to take place on Sunday the 1st inst.) should not clash with the O'Donovan Rossa Funeral, they decided to postpone it to the 15th inst. (next Sunday), and it is hoped that readers of this paper will show their appreciation of the Committee's action on this occasion by availing themselves of this most favourable opportunity for visiting the City of the Tribes. Further particulars can be gleaned from our advertising columns.

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