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DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE.

SECRET.

Detective Department,

Dublin, 9th March, 1916.

Subject, MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 8th inst. the under-mentioned extremists were observed moving about and associating with each other.

Thomas J. Clarke has not yet returned from Limerick. Those seen to enter his Shop, 75a, Parnell St., during the day, included P. A. Sargent, James O'Sullivan, E. Daly, P. H. Pearse, Joseph McGuinness, Thomas McCarthy, Arthur Griffith and William O'Leary Curtis.

John Neeson left Amiens St., for Drogheda, at 6-35 a.m. R.I.C. informed.

M. J. O'Rahilly, Bulmer Hobson, H. Mellows and L. Raul in 2, Dawson St., at 12 noon.

Joseph Murray left Amiens St., for Drogheda, at 3 p.m. R.I.C. informed.

Jeremiah Lynch in 12, Dolier St., between 5 and 6 p.m.

M. J. O'Rahilly, E. De Valera, Bulmer Hobson, J. J. O'Connell, M. O'Hanrahan, E. O'Duffy

The Chief Commissioner.

The Under Secretary.
Submitted.
W. E. Johnston
C Cowan 9/3/16.

Under Secretary
9.3.16

Ch. Sec.

Town papers
10/3

Sir H. Chas.
a.p.m.
11/3

The Lord Lieut.
11/3

Chief Com
DMP 14/3

Seen by this Ex.
S.M.P.
13/3.

CSO/JD/2/226 (2)

O'Duffy, J. O'Connor, John Mc Dermott, E. Kent, John Fitzgibbon, P. H. Pearse, Thomas Hunter, George Irvine, L. Raul and H. Mellows, in 2, Dawson St., from 7-30 p.m. to 10-30 p.m.

Attached are copies of this week's issue of "Nationality", "Irish Volunteer", "The Gael", "The Hibernian", "Honesty" and the "Irishman", all of which contain notes of an extreme character.

Owen Bruen
Superintendent.

ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY.

THE IRISHMAN

Edited by : :
A. NEWMAN

A Unique Non-Political Journal.

VOL. I., No. 3.] MARCH 1, 1916. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A Hint to our Purchasers:
SUPPORT THE NEWSAGENT WHO DISPLAYS THE "IRISHMAN" BILL

THE IRISHMAN.

Published Fortnightly on the 1st and 15th of the Month.

CONTENTS.

Registered as a newspaper in Ireland and Great Britain. Subscriptions 3/- per year; 1/6 for six months, post free.

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Life and Letters.

Sour Grapes.

Readers of THE IRISHMAN may be interested to learn that for some eight years a paper entitled *The New Age* has been published in London under the Editorship of a Mr. Orage. In its infancy *The New Age* attacked *The Academy* with great ferocity. At that particular period *The Academy* had reached the highest point in its brilliant career. *The Academy*, taking *The New Age* as representing the "intellectuals" in the Socialist camp, occasionally replied to *The New Age*. We believe we are safe in making the general statement that *The New Age* abused *The Academy* because *The Academy* represented a high standard of letters, and because *The Academy* quite plainly claimed to represent that high standard of letters. For *The Academy*, in its issue of August 8th, 1908, says:—"We note that *The New Age* has begun to describe itself as 'a weekly review of politics, literature and art,'" and then accuses the Editor of incapacity.

* * *

"The Irishman" Attacked.

It is consoling, therefore, that *The New Age* has selected THE IRISHMAN for attack.

The Editor says: "I have many times pointed out that the danger of Ireland, as of other small nations, is provinciality."

Dear me! And so the "small nations" have received the attention of Mr. Orage.

He continues:—"This is shown in the easy standards of excellence applied by Irish critics to Irish writers in Ireland. A young Irishman has only to set up as a writer in Dublin to rank immediately as a promising genius; and he has only to emigrate to London to lose immediately his Irish reputation."

And Mr. Orage "has only to set up as a writer" in Dublin to lose immediately his English reputation.

Mr. Orage refers to "the writer, Mr. A. Newman (of whom I, for one, have never before heard)." Which is a high compliment, if Mr. Orage only knew it. Our work could hardly be expected to appeal to one who professes to teach small nations their own business.

We can picture Mr. Orage, after reading the first copy of THE IRISHMAN, calling his office boy, and saying, "Did you ever hear of Mr. A. Newman?" And on receiving a reply in the negative, rushing after the charwoman, and shouting—"Hi! Did you ever hear of Mr. A. Newman?" And being answered with a startled—"Laws! no sir. Hi never 'eered tell of 'im! 'Oos 'e?" Mr. Orage would probably reply:—"Madam, he is unknown to the Editor of *The New Age* and to his staff," and then go off to tell Holland and Roumania to avoid "provinciality."

* * *

Our Opponent's Crude Methods.

Mr. Orage declares that we are "provincial" because we appeal, in THE IRISHMAN, mainly to Irish people, and claim that we Irish understand each other, and each other's ideas, better than other nations do.

It takes a long residence in England to understand what contempt is contained in the word "provincial"; it is almost as contemptuous an epithet as "Dissenter."

Yet from Mr. Orage's pen it is the highest of compliments. The reason why we feel complimented when Mr. Orage denies knowledge of us will be obvious when we point out that, in his concluding remarks, he says:—"As a matter of fact, there is no excuse for the existence of the new magazine in print—it might be cyclostyled, perhaps."

By "cyclostyled" he means typed out and duplicated on a duplicator. Dear dear! is that the height of Mr. Orage's powers? He has not even the humour of the politician who burst up an opponent's meeting by shouting, "Go home and shave your wife's beard!"

We suggest to Mr. Orage that he should select any twenty-five lines from the first number of THE IRISHMAN, and print them with the following beneath:—

"I, Mr. Orage, Editor of *The New Age*, a professional judge of letters, declare that THE IRISHMAN, of whose contents the above extract is a specimen, has no excuse for its existence in print—and might perhaps be cyclostyled."

Mr. Orage will excuse us for improving his English.

* * *

The Limit!

It is unlikely that Mr. Orage should even now be attracted by our work. We cannot prevent his reading any of our philosophical works. But it is quite certain that his money and his time will be wasted; for a man who could write this sentence is beyond our intellectual reach:—"For A.E.'s *Homestead*, and the recently initiated *New Ireland*—not to mention the new monthly *Irish Review*—COVER THE WHOLE POTATO-PATCH."

* * *

Old Sores Re-opened.

It may interest our readers to learn what *The Academy* in its issue of September 26th, 1908, said of *The New Age*. So we quote the passage:—

> "We referred last week to the statement of a Socialist paper to the effect that *The Academy* had printed mock moral articles, written 'merely to advertise the books they pretend to condemn.' The journal in question was *The New Age*, which describes itself on its contents bills as 'the best penny review in the world.' In its current issue *The New Age* finds it necessary to apologise to us for having brought such an allegation against us. We are not astonished to discover that while *The New Age* makes no difficulty in going the whole libellous hog in its foul paragraph, it has some qualms about expressing its regret in handsome or adequate terms. When people make vicious attacks without a show of evidence or justification for their slanders, they might at least endeavour to be honest about their methods of expressing regret. *The New Age* has withdrawn what it said, and expressed sorrow for having said it. But it prefaces its withdrawal by phrases which are calculated to hoodwink its readers into supposing that it had some reason or justification for what it printed. In point of fact it had none, and our solicitors inform us that *The New Age* will print a further and clearer apology in its next issue.

"We have no desire to be hard on a fallen enemy, and we do not wish to make a triumph out of the misfortunes of a contemporary. But we cannot conceive in what possible circumstances the editor of *The New Age* was induced to publish such a farrago of ill-bred abuse and downright flat libel as was contained in its original paragraph. The fact is that when certain people get angry they are quite incapable of discussion, and they fly to vulgar abuse and vituperation and place themselves in the most awkward positions. And, upon being instructed as to the error of their ways, they immediately set about the delightful business of saving their faces. It is clear that a journal which wishes to save its face and maintain its integrity and reputation for fair dealing should think twice before it prints obvious and glaring libels. If you tell an editor in print that his paper offends in such-and-such directions, it is his business to swallow the reproof if such reproof is justified by the facts, or, failing that, to prove, if he thinks it worth while, that his reprovers are unjust and unreasonable. But when he retorts by flying into disgraceful accusations for which he has not a tittle of evidence, and for which he could not possible have a tittle of evidence, he is dropping out of journalism into something much more serious. We trust that the Socialists, who are so quick to make savage aspersions against persons who do not happen to agree with them, will take to heart the important lesson which the spectacle of *The New Age* on its knees affords them."

* * *

A Dirty Book.

Perhaps the Editor of *The New Age* will continue his attack upon THE IRISHMAN, and declare that in condemning a dirty book in our current issue, we have printed "a mock moral article merely to advertise the book which we pretend to condemn." The books condemned by *The Academy* was a dirty and inartistic novel called *The Yoke*. Owing to the action of *The Academy*, *The Yoke* was the subject of a Crown prosecution, and all copies were withdrawn from circulation and destroyed. The book which we condemn is dirty but not inartistic; and the dirty parts could be removed without affecting the plot very much. We feel it will be only necessary to appeal to the public spirit of the Irish people, and that public spirit will cause the book to be removed from the bookstalls, where it is at present freely sold at the comparatively low price of 2/-. An intimation by the publishers that they have withdrawn the book from circulation is the least that may be expected. That is all we have to say at present.

* * *

Minding Our Own Business.

In case some clever person may say:—"But why don't you make war upon George Moore?" Well, the obvious reply would be: "Because Mr. George Moore publishes through English firms; and his books do not circulate on Irish railway bookstalls." In this case we are minding our own business. Furthermore, George Moore has never gone half so far in his descriptions as the author of the book which we condemn. Moore is a realist, and a great artist at that; Mr. Ervine, in so far as he resembles Zola, is a naturalist. To explain the distinction thus drawn would require a special article on modern French literature. The distinction will be sufficient for those who understand; and unless there should be an overwhelming demand for an article on modern French literature, we have not at present any intention of writing one.

* * *

Upholding the Honour of the Barrack.

At Bealanageary, in the heart of a purely Irish speaking district, Mr. Claude Chavasse, a learned and cultured gentleman, president of the Oxford Gaelic League, was questioned by a policeman, who, if he cannot speak Irish, could easily have called a passer-by to act as interpreter. Policemen in Western villages have a huge idea of their own importance. Mr. Chavasse replied in the language of the village people. He could have replied in seven languages if required, but he chose Irish. There is not a more amiable and obliging person than Mr. Chavasse; but clearly his amiability must have been exchanged for a fixed determination to stand no bullying. He refused to speak in anything but the language of the district. And we can only conceive his refusal to have been the outcome of police impertinence. The stuff of which Mr. Chavasse is made can be judged by the fact that he maintained his dignity by refusing to pay a fine of £4 odd for speaking Irish, and went to jail for a month. He wanted none of the barrack "sauce"; and instead of the barrack being reproved for impertinence, Mr. Chavasse is put in jail. Were he not an Englishman, we should have thought Mr. Chavasse possessed some of the "Northern Iron."

* * *

Discourtesy to an English Gentleman.

So we have an Englishman, a scholar from Oxford, caught up and bundled into an Irish jail because, in a district where half the people cannot speak English at all, he dared to use the language of the district in addressing a policeman! We are the more tender for our national honour because an Englishman is the victim; and we feel certain that all sections of our people will dissociate themselves from responsibility for this indignity offered to an English gentleman. There is one remedy for the misfortune, and that is the immediate release of Mr. Chavasse, and an official apology. We wonder what his relative, Dr. Chavasse, the Protestant Bishop of Liverpool, thinks of this specimen of "Irish" hospitality. Mr. Chavasse should be an object of interest when he returns to Oxford!

* * *

The Late Mr. W. H. Lynn, R.H.A.

It may not be generally known that the late Mr. W. H. Lynn, R.H.A., of Belfast, by whose decease the Ulster Arts Club lost a valued member, was the architect for the Ottawa Parliament House, recently burned, and that among other large works, he designed the Chester Town Hall, the Paisley Hall, and carried out the elaborate extensions to Queen's University.

False Estimates.

The following distressing passage found its way into *New Ireland* of 29th Jan., having probably escaped the Editor's notice:—

> Of this band is Mr. J. Bernard McCarthy, "our postman-poet and playwright," as the *Standard* first christened him, whose merits are winning gradual but steady recognition to-day. As yet Mr. McCarthy has not published his collected poems, but, judging from the examples of his talent that we find in the leading magazines, we feel assured that the day will not be long ere the volume is in our hands. "Cowardice," which appeared in the Christmas Number (1914) of "Pearson's Magazine," is strangely reminiscent of Ernest Dowson. Mr. McCarthy is an ardent admirer of the author of "Cynara." A mother's entreaty to God that the guilt of her son may be somehow blotted out from her knowledge is the subject of "A Mother's Prayer," which the "Novel Magazine" published last May. I quote the two concluding verses:—
>
> "So pleader, judge, and grim accuser, I,
> All, all in one and yet each separate,
> I wet with tears what words of flame wipe dry,
> And in my judgment still am advocate.
>
> I know he sinned, but let me see him white
> And good again before my old heart dies;
> Though black he is, what joy were mine to-night
> If I, dear God, could see him with white eyes!"

In passing we may say that the last line could hardly be worse; and the black and white idea is undignified. But we shall explain why we use the adjective "distressing."

It is distressing to discover an Irish paper which lends itself to the introduction of Fleet Street sentimentalism and false artistic estimates into Ireland. The *Daily Mail* about eight years ago, discovered a "poet" with a wooden leg. Mr. James Douglas, that —— (Well, we shall leave it unsaid!) discovered a "poet" navvy. And now it seems the *Standard* has discovered a "postman-poet." That a poet's appeal to the world should be based upon the fact that he has one leg is a piece of gross intellectual immorality. It is simply shocking. It is the product of an unhallowed union between a journalistic log-roller and a crude sentimentalist. As such let us drive it from our land, to the place whence it came.

The passage which we have quoted is distressing for another reason: because it calls the reader's attention as it were with "bated breath"—the heroines of melodrama always speak with bated breath!—to the fact that Mr. McCarthy is "winning gradual but steady recognition." And in a concluding passage, which we do not quote, it refers to Mr. McCarthy's inevitable addition of a wreath to those which the great men of Ireland have given to their nation. The writer proposes that all the wreaths—instead of being laid at Ireland's feet, should be tied together and wrapped round our poor motherland. We do not make any objection to the project of sewing the wreaths together and adding one by Mr. McCarthy; but we do object to the proof which is offered of Mr. McCarthy's growing recognition and his probable engagement in the florist and wreath business.

The proof is that a poem by Mr. McCarthy "appeared in the Christmas number (1914) of *Pearson's Magazine*." Think of it! And we are told of "*A Mother's Prayer*, which the *Novel Magazine* published last May." Dear, dear! There is an admirably conducted and highly moral journal called *The Drapers' Record*. There is also, published every Saturday for the edification of an admiring world, a journal which has from the day of its foundation in 1861 never brought the blush of shame to the cheeks of innocence; and it is named appropriately the *Grocer and Oil Trade Review*.

Now we say it plainly, for the honour of the high muses, that had Mr. McCarthy's poems appeared in either of these admirable journals, the fact of their publication could have been quoted with more honour to Mr. McCarthy and the dignity of Irish letters than has fallen to either Mr. McCarthy or the dignity of Irish letters by their appearance in *Pearson's Magazine* or the *Novel Magazine*.

It is simply disastrous in these days of boasted intelligence and alert criticism that anyone should be so blind as to suppose that a poet could gain dignity by association with such publications. *Pearson's* is a well-printed, illustrated monthly for the edification of travellers in railway trains and steamboats. It is not a vehicle for poetry.

The *Novel Magazine* is one of those futile vehicles for middling fiction, which are closely related to Horner's penny stories, and have a nodding acquaintance with *Answers* and *Tit-Bits*. That is all.

And the sooner Irish ambition, whether it be the ambition of poet or prose writer, is diverted from such unedifying channels the better.

This standing in awe of English journalism is bad enough where genuinely high-class journals are concerned; but when the standing in awe is appled to such unedifying prints as *Pearson's* or the *Novel Magazine*, the sooner we learn to blush the better.

Let us have an end of such nonsense!

Take That Dirty Book Away.

SHALL IRELAND WELCOME WELLS AND ZOLA?

It would be impossible to imagine a man, whose temperament was Irish, writing exactly as Mr. Wells and the late Emile Zola have written. Wells is an extremely clever craftsman who takes himself very seriously. And it is just at those moments when he takes himself seriously that his art takes unto itself wings. He has a habit of intruding now and then his own peculiarly crude, but nevertheless well constructed, brand of materialism. He seems to have read Huxley, that quite exploded person, and never to have got beyond the ideas which Huxley expressed in his own interesting way. Mr. Wells is a Socialist, an Agnostic, and what one might call a "library edition" of that periodic epoch-maker, Sir Oliver Lodge! But Wells has one thing in common with Zola, and that is a fondness for describing, quite candidly, certain actions of human beings which do not form a topic of conversation before the ladies leave the dinner-table. Zola had none of Mr. Wells' ability. Zola was possessed of amazing energy; and had he not taken up novel writing, he would probably have been the editor of *Baedeker's Guides;* though if he had displayed the same disregard for facts in the capacity of a guide editor as he did when he described certain features of French life, the proprietors of *Baedeker's Guides* would certainly have ceased to employ him. As a rule one does not read a guide for amusement: one reads it to gain information; and if the informative features of even *Baedeker's Guides* were removed, people would cease to read them, because what remained would have no pretensions to art. And if the improper portions had never appeared in Zola's work, Zola would never have been known as a novelist; and would probably have gained even more fame than he did as an advocate in the French Courts of Law.

Now it is our opinion that among the men who write in Ireland, and whose writing is of value, there is sufficient native ability, there is a sufficient brightness of intellect, to lead them to distinction without it being necessary that they should appeal to a morbid craving for sexual details which a part of the reading public exhibits. If their art is so feeble a thing that to gain attention it must, as it were, dispense with a necessary part of its clothing in public, then the sooner such persons seek some employment commensurate with their intelligence the better. Now Mr. St. John G. Ervine has written a book called *Mrs. Martin's Man*, which *The Spectator* described as "A book which dares to be outspoken to an alarming extent, yet there is in it from beginning to end not one word which is not of absolute unquestioned purity."

We venture to disagree with *The Spectator* when it describes the book as one of absolute unquestioned purity. The unfortunate thing is that the book is a very clever study of life in Donaghadee and Belfast, and that at the same time it contains episodes and conversations which are common both to Zola and Mr. H. G. Wells. We are aware that description of heavy, rugged, elemental people and their breaches of one of the Commandments is supposed to be fine, vivid, manly art. We shall leave such persons who believe this to console themselves in their delusion. This is an article appearing in THE IRISHMAN, a paper mainly read in Ireland, and we feel that we know our fellow Irishmen's detestation of the pornographic in art and letters, so that it cannot be laid to our charge that in making objection to the features which spoil an otherwise masterly study of Irish life, we shall lead innocent or unspoiled Irish people to seek for what is improper. Our main object at the moment is to let it be understood that we have no place in Ireland, and especially in the school of Irish novelists which shows signs of formation, for those things which the works of Zola and Mr. H. G. Wells have in common.

MRS. MARTIN'S MAN. By St. John G. Ervine. Dublin: Maunsel. 2/-.

Dóiḃ Sin D'Oiḃriġ ar ron Léiġinn na hÉireann an Méid ra Sior.

An ċeud duine díoḃ .i. Iohann Carpar Zeurr.

Do ḃí uair ann nuair ná raiḃ aon eolas cruinn ag luċt léiġinn na hEorpa ar ṫeangain ioná ar ṁuinntir na tíre so. Do ḃí a ḟior aca gur teanga Ceilteaċ í, gur Ceiltiġ iad muinntir na hÉireann, aċt do ḃíodar gan eolas ar an mbaint do ḃí ag an nGaeḋilg le teangaċtaiḃ eile na hEorpa. Atá a ṁalairt de fceul indiú againn. Atá a ḟior ag luċt ṁúinte gaċ tíre gur teanga Indo-Eoirpean an Ġaeḋilg agus go ḃfuil dlúṫċeangal idir í agus priom-ṫeangṫaċa Roinne na hEórpa. Atá an teanga so againne 'ġá foġluim agus 'ġá fcrúdaḋ inr na hIolrcolaiḃ ir mó réim inr an domhan Cuirteas cló ar mórán páipeur léiġeanta ag an dream ċuireas ruim agus rréir inr an nGaeḋilg agus ir d'aon ḟear amáin roiṁ gaċ dream eile ir cóir a ḃuiḋeaċas rin do ḃeiṫ .i. don ḟear a ḃfuil a ainm rcríoḃṫa annro roṁam .i. Iohann Carpar Zeurr.

Rugaḋ an ḟear so i mbaile beag darḃ ainm Vogtendorf gairid do Kronach i mDavaria, i mbliaḋain an Tiġearna, a 1806. Do ḃí a ṁuinntir go boċt aċt i naiṁdeom rin, do ḃí taḃairt ruas maiṫ air agus do ċuaiḋ sé ċum Iolrcola Munich ċum a léiġinn do ċur ċum cinn. Agus nuair do ḃí sé réiḋ annrin do ċuaiḋ sé ag múnaḋ rtaire i gcoláirte éigin i Munich. Nior ṫorruiġ sé go fóill ag taḃairt fá na teangṫaċaiḃ Ceilteaċa d'ḟoġluim, aċt do ċuir sé amaċ roinnt leaḃar do ḃain le rtair na Ġearmáine inr an tréan-aimrir. Do ríl se go ndeunfaiḋe ollaṁ Iolrcola de de ḃárr na leaḃar rin, aċt nior éirriġ leis inr an méid rin. I mbliaḋaina 1839, do ċuaiḋ sé go Spires, agus i ṁiṫ na noċt mbliaḋain do ċaiṫ sé annrin do ḃí sé ag obair gan rtaonaḋ ag foġluim na dteangan gCeilteaċ. Ní raiḃ oireaḋ ir aon leaḃar aṁáin aige do ḃain leis an áḋḃar léiġinn rin, agus ní raiḃ mórán airgid aige. Aċt nuair do ḃíoḋ laeṫeannta raoire aige, ṫéiġeaḋ se go dtí Lonndain, Oxford, Milan, St. Gall, 7rl., .i. go dtí gaċ áit in a raiḃ láṁrcríbinn Ġaeḋilge nó Ġreaṫnuirce le feicrint, agus d'aiṫrcríoḃ sé fuṁór díḃ. Mar rin do ċaiṫeaḋ sé a raiḃ rpáralta aige i ṁiṫ na bliaḋna. Ní raiḃ sé ar a ċumas na leaḃair do ḃí ag teartáil uaiḋ do ċeannaċ, .i. leaḃair do ḃain le hEolur na Teangan nó Philologie, agus le Stair, 7rl. Ir é rud doġníoḋáḋ sé ioná na leaḃair úd d'ḟaġail ar iarraċt ó leaḃarlann agus iad d'aiṫrcríoḃaḋ ó ṫúr go deire! Agus iṁiṫ na haimrire do ḃí an obair áḋḃal ṁór dá ḋeunaṁ aige, do ḃí an tráinte go boċt aige. Rud eile, níor ċuala se arriaṁ ruaim na teangan úd do ḃí sé ag rcrúdaḋ.

Do rinneaḋ ollaṁ de i Munich i mbliaḋain a 1847, aċt do ḃí an tráinte ċoṁ olc aige gur éirriġ se ar taréir tamaill ḃig. Do ḃí se dian air leanṁaint den obair do ḃí idir láṁaiḃ aige, mar do ḃí sé ag dul i laige i gcoṁnaiḋe. Do ḃí an tráinte millte aige leis an méid oibre do ḃí deunta aige ar feuḋ a ḟaoġail, aċt níor ġéill sé arriaṁ, agus i mbliaḋain a 1853, do cuireaḋ amaċ an leaḃar mór úd "Grammatica Celtica" i mBerlin. Nuair do ḃí cló ar an leaḃar, do ḃí a ċuid oibre deunta aige agus d'eug sé inr an mbliaḋain 1856, i Vogtendorf, an baile beag ceudna ina rugaḋ é.

Ní ḟéidir cur ríor annro ar an "Grammatica Celtica"; ní ġáḃáḋ a ráḋ aċt gurab é an leaḃar so bun léiġinn na Ġaeḋilge. Ir iongantaċ an rud le ráḋ go raiḃ sé ar ċumas aon fir amáin i gceann fiċe bliaḋain an obair úd do ṫaḃairt ċum cinn. Do rcrúduiġ sé an tSean-Ġaeḋilg agus an tSean-Ġreaṫnuire ċoṁ geur agus ċoṁ cruinn rin gur éirriġ leis roléire gaċ riaġail do ḃain le foġairriḃ agus le grammadaċ na dteangan úd, do ċur i nuíl dóiḃ rin do léiġ a leaḃar; agus do ṫairbeán sé an áit ċóir oireas don Ġaeḋilg i measc teangan na hEorpa, agus do ċuir sé i dtuirgint do luċt léiġinn an domain gur teanga í an Ġaeḋilg ar fiú ruim agus rréir do ċur innti. Inr an mbliaḋain 1906, do fearaḋ cruinnuġaḋ cuiṁne Zeurr i mBamberg. Do ḃí na daoine léiġeannta ba mó réim inr an nGearmáin i láṫair ann agus teaċtaire ó ṁuinntir na hÉireann in a measc. Do laḃair an tÉireannaċ i nGaeḋilg, an teanga nár ċuala Zeurr arriaṁ agus adubairt: "I nainm Ċannarṫa na Gaeḋilge leagain an fleasc so ar leaṫ an Ġearmánaiġ ṁoir ṫug gaċ a raiḃ aige don léiġinn. An ḟaid ir ḃéiḋ Éireannaiġ ar ṫalaṁ na hÉireann, coimeúdfar a ainm beo onórać in ar gcuiṁne." Agus do ḃí na focail so le léiġeaḋ ar an ḃfleasc "O Ċlannaiḃ Gaeḋeal i ndilċuiṁne ar an té do ċeudċuir cruinn eolas na rean-Gaeḋilge ar bun."

N.D.E.P.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

IRISH ECLOGUES. By E. E. Lysaght. Dublin: Maunsel. 3/-.

PANAMA AND OTHER POEMS. By Stephen Phillips. London: Lane. 4/6 net.

DOMESTIC LIFE IN ROUMANIA. By Dorothea Kirke. Lane. 5/- net.

FAREWELL TO GARRYMORE. By M. A. Rathkyle. Dublin: Sealy. 1/-.

GUTH NA BLIADHNA. 1/-.

CORRECTION.

Through a misprint the price of W. B. YEATS, by Forrest Reid (London: Secker), was stated as 10/6. The correct price is 7/6.

The Irishwoman's Outlook.

A letter which I had determined at all costs to print in the last issue was excluded owing to pressure of space. So I reproduce it now.

* * *

Dear Geraldine,

I am going to assure you that what you say about unlettered servants expresses what I have invariably noticed. When I was a child—I confess that was sixty years ago—we had a most courteous and intelligent staff of servants. With the exception of the coachman, I think they were all unable to read; and yet their intelligence was beyond anything that we get in servants nowadays. My nurse was a charming old soul, with a mind literally stored with facts—useful facts. She had more legitimate and proper knowledge than a dozen modern nursery maids. Somebody who is criticising this letter says that because I am an old women I naturally despise all generations subsequent to my own. I don't. But I see the mental distortion and the ungracious frivolities which are the product of penny novels, picture theatres (at which it seems essential that young people should kiss and hug on the screen, and exhibit those features of love-making which are usually not offered to the public gaze); and I say that old times were best. And I heartily agree with you that women must cling to their dignity: if their dignity be flung aside, their real power and the secret of their charm and influence is gone. You are going to do good in Ireland by means of your page in THE IRISHMAN. And I wish you well.

Yours very truly,

KILLARNEY, Jan. 25th. A KERRY WOMAN.

* * *

I shall shrink "A Kerry Woman's" letter down to one phrase—"at which *it seems essential* that young people should kiss and hug on the screen." Now, anyone who has read the average piece of fiction which has been offered for public sale within the past thirty years, will agree with me that the average piece of fiction leads one to suppose that "it seems essential that young people should hug and kiss"; that falling in love is a very common thing indeed; and that the story must end with wedding bells. That system of thought is representative of the average, colourless, ungracious, and unattached novel or serial which has been devoured by the people who have been born within the last forty years.

And that system of thought, as introduced into the mind by means of fiction, has been productive of more misery of a domestic kind than probably any material system of false thinking.

* * *

The average novelist sits down to write, and he says to himself, "This must be a selling book; I'll have to introduce a 'love interest'"; and he proceeds to introduce "a love interest," which consists in what I have described. It is probable that the novelist has no evil design in doing this. It is probable that he never guesses how much harm he, in his ineffectual and ungracious rôle, can accomplish. In the world of art, he simply does not count for anything. His *inevitable* "love interest" and inevitable "marriage" serve as evidence against him, even before his qualities as a writer are considered.

The realists have done much. If love enters into the work of Flaubert, it is no mere pick-me-up-and-marry-me-quick-and-live-happy-ever-after idea. It is as unexpected as a railway accident; it involves fundamental ideas; it shakes the whole structure of the soul; it may or may not end in marriage. From the work of an artist in letters a reader could never arrive at the disastrous conclusion at which countless people have arrived as the result of reading that maudlin sentimental twaddle which the libraries still continue to vomit forth, and which gives tiny thrills to tiny but nevertheless precious souls.

* * *

The hideous falsehood which has been accepted by millions of people, on account of their having read inartistic works of fiction, and which will continue to be accepted by millions of people on account of their having witnessed inartistic and futile cinematograph pictures, is that young people must "fall in love"; and that when one "falls in love" one "gets married." The miracle is that there are so many homes in which people truly love each other. This miracle is most evident in Ireland; and is the more evident the further one gets from bookstalls and railway stations.

Young people rush into marriage, as they might rush into a theatre, to be amused. They have got the belief in their minds that marriage will be just the live-happily-ever-after business which the *inevitable* marriage termination to futile "love" romances leads one to suppose. They are led to expect a sort of angelic perfection in each other. And the pendulum swings from the angelic concept to the demoniac concept. And then we have the spectacle of another "falling in love," but this time without liberty.

* * *

Genuine national instinct, and activity in the affairs of one's own people, and a drawing of inspiration from one's own land, and a refusal to "run after strange gods" will serve to correct this evil. The ineffective and inartistic twaddle which one nation may produce, cannot do that nation half so much harm as it can the people of another nation. Rubbish which has remained in a neighbour's garden, and to whose decay and perfume he has become accustomed, may do him little or no harm; but if it were to be dumped into another garden, the very act of dumping, and the physical unpreparedness of the people in that garden would render them liable to suffer nasal inconvenience; and the nasal inconvenience might be followed by serious disease. If we read books, let us avoid those which are made to order, and choose those that are true to life. If we see an ungracious or unhealthy picture in a picture theatre, it were well to avoid that picture house; and it would be a kindness to give one's reason for avoiding it to the management.

Individuals make up a nation; and individual acts make up the activity of a nation. It would take but little effort to kill that belief in the cinematographic soul that "young people should kiss and hug on the screen." GERALDINE.

Communications should be addressed to "Geraldine," c/o The Editor of *The Irishman*, 65 University Road, Belfast.

For Children from Nine to Ninety

SONS OF THE SEA KINGS, by A. & W. H. Milligan. Dublin: Gill. 6/-.

This is an admirable publication, well illustrated and tastefully bound. It deals with the hero tales of Iceland, which are in one sense interwoven with those of Ireland. It resembles in character that fine rendering of Ireland's greatest hero tales, *Cuchulain*, by Eleanor Hull; that is to say it is a book which could be read with edification by an intelligent child or by a scholar. As a prize for upper classes we can think of no book which would suit quite so admirably. Messrs. Gill are to be congratulated upon having secured an illustrator who knows how to draw. The principle of "anything is good enough" has ruled too long in this country where the illustrating of books and journals has been concerned.

The Doctrine of Rest in Irish Mythology, by A. Newman (*Scottish Review*, Winter, 1915), as the author explains, is practically a chapter from a book which almost three years ago he was commissioned to write. I had the pleasure of reading this and other chapters in MS. form shortly after they were written; and consequently I have followed with some amusement the comments in the Press upon the first of these which has been published. There has been a monotony about the innumerable comments upon this article; and the monotony has consisted in the use of the words "learned" and "illuminating." For my part I shall say that the article is "illuminating" in the best sense of the word. It lights up much that was obscure; and in another sense it is a flame which, having now been applied to accumulated rubbish, will consume much that had better have been consumed long ago. The subject is one which may not be ignored.

> "There is everywhere and in all ages among thinkers, the thought, vaguely or deliberately uttered—'Here we have no continuing city; but we seek one. . . .' Christianity has added the words—'to come, eternal in the heavens.' Certainly those who do the thinking among any people should, of their own desire, be on the side of Plato, rather than with Heracleitus. And can we believe that so sensitive and acute-minded a people as the Celts could leave us without some record of their attempt to solve this most absorbing problem." R. SULLY.

Correspondence.

WANTED: A KINGDOM!

5 WARWICK TERRACE, LEESON PARK,
DUBLIN, *23rd January, 1916.*

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE IRISHMAN."

A Chara,

I notice that a serial story appearing in your journal has as sub-title "a tale of the Irish Republic of 1950." May I, as a Gael, enter a protest against the assumption that when Ireland is independent a republican form of government will be established here. The monarchical form of government would be more in harmony with our traditions. We want to recreate the historic Gaelic nation, not to create a brand new state. We are not settlers in a backwoods colony who think they would like to set up a government of their own. We are the lineal descendents of the Princes and clansmen of Royal Eire, and our aim is "to make the future a rational continuation of the past." There are other reasons in favour of monarchical against republican governments in Europe to-day; but I do not propose to enter into them here, taking my stand solely on Gaelic traditions.

I congratulate you on the first number of your journal, but hope that in future numbers of THE IRISHMAN space will be found for at least one contribution in Irish. Beir buaidh agus luannacht.

Máire de Buitleir,
Bean Thomais Uí Nuallain.

[Unfortunately it was found impossible to print a contribution in Irish in the first number; but arrangements have been made to provide against this mischance in future.—EDITOR.]

English Literature in Schools.

We probably speak with an almost unrivalled experience of English School Readers. And if it is desired by the heads of schools in Ireland to secure the very best volumes by which the best that English literature contains may be put before their classes in due order of intelligence and advancement, such heads of schools should obtain what is without question the most perfect series on the market, namely, *Selections from English Literature* by Elizabeth Lee, in four volumes. We are treated to no hackneyed extracts of doubtful literary value; but we get unusual and perfect things. In future editions, the compiler should include some example's of Chatterton's work; that is the only omission which strikes us. M.

SELECTIONS FROM ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Elizabeth Lee. (London: Arnold. Vol. 1 and 2, 1/6; Vol. 3 and 4, 2/-).

Ode to an Unknown Goddess.*

OH, Goddess, whose unnumbered worshippers
Fill all the world, and people the pale sky;
Your shrines are everywhere: the ether stirs
Perpetually, with low lament and cry
Ascending to your never-listening ears.
Even Olympus stoops to sacrifice,
And all the gods have given you of their prayers.
You are the deity of hopes and fears;
Life and the grave are yours, and paradise;
Yet none in Heaven or Hell your habit wears.

Apollo was your client when he wooed
His false Cassandra; and from Pluto's throne
Kore gave supplication when she viewed
Demeter wandering upon earth alone.
Yet, you have many lovers: Ares claims
Your tremulous lips as he goes forth to war;
Helios delights you when he robes in cloud;
And Dionysius leaves his Bacchic games,
His worshippers, tiger-drawn triumph car;
And while he sleeps you spin his funeral shroud.

Each absent lover is your minister;
And each unsentenced captive is a priest
Tending your altar, pleading in his prayer
Through liberty or death to be released.
Oh! Goddess, merciful and merciless,
Whose heart is cold, yet ever seeming warm,
Whose eyes search all men's souls, and yet are blind,
Whose unheard voice can neither curse nor bless,
None can escape the magic of your charm
Which makes man hope that cruelty is kind

A. N.

* Uncertainty.

To Early Subscribers.

As the IRISHMAN is now published *fortnightly*, those subscribers who paid 2/- to cover *twelve monthly* issues are requested to remit 1/- to the Manager of the IRISHMAN, 170 North Street, Belfast, if they desire to receive *twenty-four fortnightly* issues. It would be well to remit *now*, lest the matter be overlooked.

* * *

Cause.

A 3/- postal order addressed to THE MANAGER, "THE IRISHMAN," 170 NORTH STREET, BELFAST.

Effect.

THE IRISHMAN delivered post free at your door every fortnight for one year.

Character Studies.

THE MADMAN.

He was a shabby little man, with an indescribable air of importance about him; and he plied his trade with laudable determination.

His hairdressing shop hid itself away in a narrow lane off Dame Street. Tired city clerks were his important asset; and he cut their fast-thinning hair with dexterity, making witty remarks, and occasionally selling some personally-compounded tonic for baldness.

His morning trade was almost all shaving; and he kept two meek and doleful little boys and a heavy-faced assistant to help him to cope with the early rush.

The little boys prepared the customers' faces by dabbling soap on them with a bountiful brush, and rubbing the lather in until it had softened the hair sufficiently.

Keen Crot was the nickname he went by in the vicinity. The origin of this piece of wit has never been traced by man, woman, or child; but the name Keen Crot seemed to fit him somehow.

One of the regular customers for a morning shave was a quiet and drab old man, who had been, it was said, the first person to enter the barber's shop after the painters had finished. That was twenty years before; and each day he came in precisely at the same hour.

There are thousands of such men in the world; and perhaps the world is better for them. His hour of entry was five minutes past ten.

Once he arrived just at ten o'clock—for he heard the clock strike—and he waited until the five minutes had passed before he opened the door. But that was only once. On his entry, Keen Crot would look up from his work, and smile at him solemnly, and say—no matter what the weather might be—"Fine day, Mr. Garrick; fine day, sir."

"It is," the other would answer, "it is, Mr. Crot." And then one of the doleful little boys would take him in hand.

No one knew exactly what Mr. Garrick did all day; but the two doleful little boys would confide in each other to the effect that they were sure he kept a chemist's shop somewhere. But they were never really certain.

The trouble began with Keen Crot very slowly indeed. It worried him more and more, however, as the days passed; and naturally he confided in no one, for he had really no person in whom he could confide, if it came to that. He found out after a couple of months that it worried him more just while Mr. Garrick was in the shop. He almost forgot about it after he had left. Then he began to wonder if it were right to serve such a person as Mr. Garrick. But so regular a customer could not easily be spared. He felt very wise in his knowledge; but being passive troubled him.

To think that so harmless-looking a man as Mr. Garrick could be guilty of such a terrible crime! But there was no doubt whatever about it! Had he not plainly seen the secret in Mr. Garrick's eyes? And Saint Patrick's was a great building—a very great cathedral. He would tell them in time, however—all in good time—before it actually fell. And then he wondered where Mr. Garrick had found the beetle. That troubled him very much; but most of all he felt his sin—it was almost a sin; indeed, it was worse than a sin—in not warning the people at Saint Patrick's, on the very day he made the discovery. But he excused himself by saying that he was not really sure about it at first. And so cunning a crime it was, too, on the part of Garrick! Who would have thought of a more diabolical agency than he had used? It must be getting near the first of the foundations. And then the spire must fall! And then, look at the man—why, no person would think he was guilty, at first sight of him. But Keen Crot made allowances for their stupidity. Everyone was not as wise as he. He had gone so far as to walk up to one of the vergers in the Cathedral, intending to tell him the dread secret; but at the last moment he decided to postpone it for a whole year. That would give them something to discover. The beetle should have the foundations eaten away by that time; and then they would know that what he spoke was truth. He waited a whole year, and then set out for Saint Patrick's. A verger he enticed into a corner.

"I want to tell you something of the utmost importance," he said.

"And what is that?"

"I am a hairdresser, and I shave people in the morning," Keen Crot replied, with assurance in his voice. "There is a man who comes to me—he has come to me for the past twenty years—and he, in his heart, is very wicked.

"I was shaving him one day, when he told me his secret. He told me that he had buried a beetle at the side of the Cathedral, and that it would eat away the foundations, until the spire fell down. Of course, it is a great sin—I mean I should have told you about it long ago. You will have the foundations mended, now that I have told you?"

"The matter shall receive immediate attention, sir," said the verger, with a very serious face. "You say he told you that he buried a beetle? Beetle burying's getting far too common these days."

"Well," said Keen Crot, "I saw it in his eyes. You know that that's really more reliable than speech."

"So I have heard," said the verger. "But I'm not a clever man like you. Well, good-day, sir. I'm sure I'm most grateful to you for your information."

Keen Crot smiled a superior smile.

"Thanks, my good man, thanks," he said. "By the way you might mention to Lord Iveagh that the matter will be attended to. He is a clever man like myself, and perhaps he may know something about the beetle too. If he does, you can ease his mind, and tell him that the spire is quite secure. When you have finished the repairs, you should arrange to punish Mr. Garrick."

"I think there is no need to punish him," said the verger. "If we spoil his plans for him, that should be sufficient for him."

"I don't agree with you," said Keen Crot. "But I'll call here this day month, and see what you have to say. Meanwhile, I'll keep an eye on Mr. Garrick."

A month from that date, the verger met him again.

"Well," said Keen Crot; "what did I tell you?"

"The foundations, thanks to you, are safe," said the verger. "The beetle is dead; I killed him myself in a pail of lime and water."

"That is good," said Keen Crot, who felt very important indeed. "That is good. Now what do you propose to do with Mr. Garrick?"

"It has been decided to do nothing. We think that it may be wiser to leave him alone."

"As you will. I don't agree with you," said Keen Crot. He left the verger without another word, and walked home rapidly.

The two doleful boys were fighting when he entered the shop. They stopped, and regarded him with a certain awe.

"He's lookin' odd enough now," said the younger of the two.

"They are satisfied to let the guilty go unpunished," remarked Keen Crot to himself, as he removed his coat in the little room at the back of the shop. "Justice is justice, however, and must be upheld; and who is to uphold it save myself?"

The following morning, Mr. Garrick entered the shop at five minutes past ten, and looked at his watch, for he felt that there was something amiss—he could not tell what.

Then he remembered.

Keen Crot had omitted to remark upon the weather. His smile also was absent.

"A fine day, Mr. Crot," he said.

"Fine, indeed," said the other. "Fine weather for the criminal classes!"

(Continued on page 10.)

"WITH THE GLOVES OFF."

Mr. Darrell Figgis steps blithely forth upon the stage of Irish letters in the literary columns of the *Independent* for the week succeeding the announcement of his eminence.

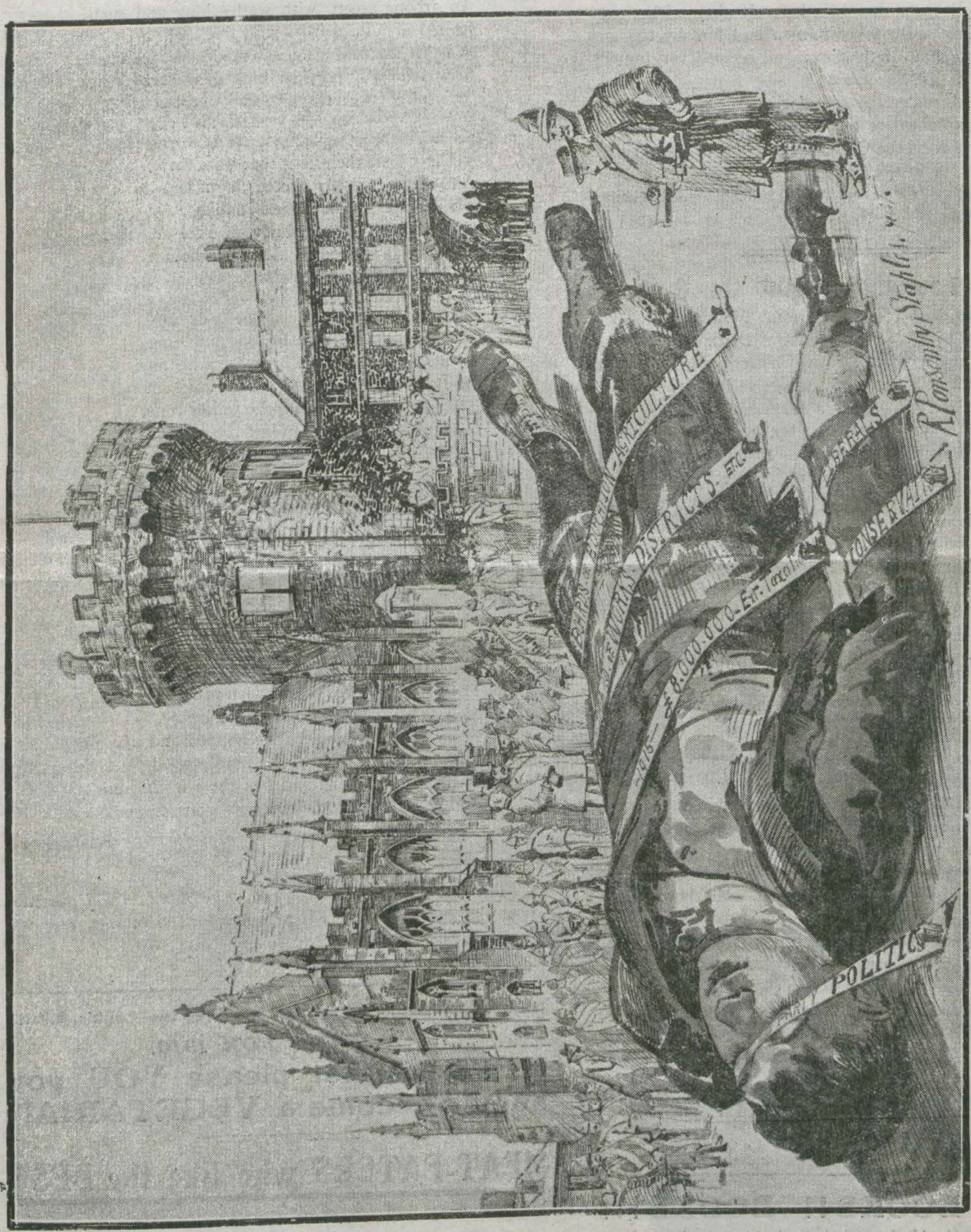
As an indication of the critical ability of the reviewer, we shall reproduce the lines which he selects from Mr. Figgis's book.

"All the high hills stand clustering round,
Arched to protect it from trouble and noise.
The great strong hills that sing without sound,
And speak with no voice" (sic).

As a matter of fact there is quite good stuff in the book, some of which is spoiled by carelessness. For instance:—

"Strange hostings are surging everywhere
In the passing flutter of day,
Tossing handfuls of feathery air,
In gusts, like the kiss of a truant hair,
And in laughter fading away."

The last line is distinctly good. "The passing flutter of day" strikes us as being forced. And "like the kiss of a truant hair" is badly expressed, though the idea is good.



THE SLEEPER.

REPORTER—"Don't you find him an inconvenience?"
POLICEMAN—"Yes; but, you see, he was here before us, and if we removed him, it would mean knocking down the walls; and then we should have no occupation."
REPORTER—"Aren't you afraid he may waken up? That last strap should rouse him—eh?"
POLICEMAN—"Not a bit! The bandage over his eyes is tighter than the taxation strap."

We were inclined to suppose that the reviewer, by quoting this quatrain, intended to be unkind. But his feelings find expression in such a phrase as:—"Lofty thought, fine imagery, a clear note, and true inspiration are not wanting in *The Songs of Acaill*."

If they "are not wanting" in *The Songs of Acaill*, why are they not exhibited?

There has been too much mutual admiration. Let us admire each other in future "with the gloves off." The disappearance of certain noisy and incapable people would clear our critical atmosphere as it were. At present, Irish criticism consists mainly of people wandering about in a fog, and patting each other on the back when they come within touching distance. Let us blow the fog away!

(Continued from page 8.)

Mr. Garrick looked fixedly at Keen Crot, as he stropped a razor. Then he sat down and laid his head on the adjustable pad at the back of the seat.

"A fine morning, indeed, sir," said Keen Crot. He was surely smiling now. "But it remains for me to see that justice is upheld," he remarked, as he drew the glittering blade across Mr. Garrick's throat.

One of the doleful boys fainted. There was a jug of boiling water spilled by someone.

"I'll go and tell them that he's here, if they wish to see him," said Keen Crot. But a policeman had him by the arm before he reached the end of the lane, and seemed very unwilling to part with him.

"He put a beetle under the foundations of Saint Patrick's spire," the barber explained to the officer at the police station; "and as the authorities of the Cathedral refused to punish him, I felt it my duty to see justice done."

"Very wise, indeed, sir; very wise, indeed," said a kind-looking doctor who sat beside the officer.

G. I.

Chesterton Lounging Round the Cross.

WINE, WATER, SONG, by G. K. Chesterton. Methuen. 1/- net.
THE WILD KNIGHT, by G. K. Chesterton. Dent.

For those who really matter, Mr. Chesterton was never a problem. As a writer of a peculiarly attractive form of humour, in his prose works, *The Club of Queer Trades* and *The Napoleon of Notting Hill*, he is quite pleasing; but we say plainly that he does not possess and will never possess an important place in literature. He has a way of impressing people by associating incongruous things and by turning things upside down or inside out. As an example of this we have such lines as "The night we went to Bannockburn by way of Brighton Pier." He seems to think he is exceedingly clever—and some foolish people unfortunately agree with him—when he is verging on the profane. He possesses a sort of paradoxical mind which would seize upon an association of ideas even in the presence of the world's Most Holy Tragedy. For example, in his "Happy Man" he says:—

> "I only find him at the last,
> On one old hill where nod
> Golgotha's ghastly trinity—
> Three persons and one god."

Calvary is perpetuate; and we have Mr. Chesterton lounging about the Cross, and rhyming "nod" with "god" without a capital "G," and making an unspeakable "hit" out of the definition of the mystery of the Godhead. Let us forget about it; for we could not point to any four lines of verse which compress more indelicacy of mind and less high seriousness into their compass than do the four we have quoted. Matthew Arnold gave us the words "high seriousness" to signify something which was an essential attribute of the genuine artist. Think of Keats, and the meaning of high seriousness will become evident. Think of Mr. Yeats if you like: his work possesses it in full measure. Try Mr. Chesterton by this test! True art should never be startling. Mr. Chesterton is as startling as a squib, and sometimes less edifying. Admirers of Chesterton need not throw *The Wild Knight* at us. The decorative parts remind us of Marie Corelli in a melodramatic spasm. Chesterton is a true brother to Hall Caine, and is of the band of the Corellis. He is simply a clever writer, but he is not an artist.

Poems By My Dead Friends.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GARDEN SEEN FROM HIS PRISON.

Now was there made, fast by the Tower's wall,
A garden fair, and in the corners set
An arbour green, with wallës long and small
Railéd about; and so with treës set
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,[1]
That life[2] was nonë walking there forby,
That might within scarce any wight espy.

So thick the boughës met the leavës green,
Beshaded all the alleys that were there;
And midst of every arbour might be seen
The sharpë greenë sweetë jumper,
Growing so fair with branches here and there;
That, as it seeméd to a life[2] without,
The boughës spread the arbour all about.

And on the smallë greenë twiggës sat
The little sweetë nightingale, and sung
So loud and clear the hymnës consecrate
Of Lovers' use; now soft, now loud among,
That all the garden and the wallës rung
Right of their song; and of the couplet next
Of their sweet harmony: and lo the text!

> "Worshipë, ye that lovers been, this May,
> For of your bliss the kalends are begun;
> And sing with us, 'Away, winter away!
> Come summer, come the sweet season and sun!'
> Awake for shame! that have your heavens won,
> And amorously lift up your headës all;
> Thank Love, that list you to his mercy call."

When they this song had sung a little throw,[3]
They stopp'd awhile, and therewith, unafraid
As I beheld, and cast my eyne below,
From bough to bough, they hoppëd and they played,
And freshly in their birdës kind arayed
Their feathers new, and fret them in the sun,
And thankéd Love that had their matës won.

JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND.

[1] Knit. [2] Person. [3] Space.

[The above is an extract from *The King's Quair*, written about the year 1423 by King James I of Scotland, who was imprisoned in Windsor Castle for 18 years.—M.]

A Philosophical Return Ticket.

"Waltz me around again, Willie,
Around, around, around!"

There has been hovering, in the delightful atmosphere which fills the open spaces and the brain cells of Trinity College, for the past ten years, so far as our knowledge serves, an opinion—hardly, perhaps, an opinion—let us call it an intellectual tendency. The intellectual tendency was to consider that Ireland would produce a philosopher who would, by an effort of supreme genius, construct a system, aided by the History of Philosophy; and by means of this system end the matter, as it were—send philosophy and theology off on their honeymoon!

In his preface to the excellent piece of scholarship which lies before us, Dr. D'Arcy expresses this "intellectual tendency" quite delicately.

> "It is the conviction of the writer that we are on the eve of a new statement in theology, with the help of that transfiguration of Idealism which, he believes, will take place when the principles set free by M. Bergson have had their due influence upon philosophic thought. These lectures are a humble endeavour to express this conviction and to show how it is reached. The ideas which they contain were to some degree foreshadowed, seventeen years ago, in a former series of Donnellan Lectures, delivered by the writer and published under the name of *Idealism and Theology*."

So Dr. D'Arcy is revealed, by the statement in the last paragraph, as the originator of the "intellectual tendency." It is curious how our thoughts are nearly always the thoughts of other people. There are perhaps a thousand men who make the world's ideas for it. Dr. D'Arcy is probably among the number.

He exhibits a style as clear as Berkeley's. Bergson, whom he interprets, writes, if possible, with more clarity. And we sound a warning to the unwary. When reading philosophy, if the writer's style is limpid, read slowly. For you'll sail comfortably over tremendous depths of thought, and miss the main argument!

Dr. D'Arcy is a worthy successor of that literary purist, Dr. Welland, who occupied the See of Down, Connor and Dromore before him. Dr. Welland, on one occasion listened patiently in the Synod to a resolution of some kind, and remained silent throughout the subsequent discussion. His opinion was demanded.

"I object to the resolution," he said.

Cries of "Why?"

"It unfortunately contains," said the Bishop, "a split infinitive; and I cannot assent to it until that defect is remedied."

Dr. D'Arcy tells us that:—

> "The Idealism which the modern world owes to Berkeley, Kant, Hegel, and T. H. Green, has been subjected to a very thorough-going criticism, but its fundamental principles have not been destroyed. We have learned that the closed system which it seemed to create is not the perfect thing that many of us imagined in the young enthusiasm that possessed us thirty years ago."

And further:—

> "M. Bergson is, in some respects, the greatest and most penetrating critic of Idealism. But for that very reason he is the most valuable. He has taught us to think of philosophy as a study with a great future before it, not a system created by one great mind and to be taken and left as it stands by all who come after."

And what is Bergson? We expressed our feelings about him some years ago, and said something like this: "M. Bergson has rendered a great service to philosophy by placing intuition in the forefront of a system."

As a matter of fact, we can understand where Dr. D'Arcy will lead us if we understand the general principles of M. Bergson's method.

Bergson looked calmly at the history of philosophy. He observed that men of huge intellect had been engaged upon philosophy for perhaps three thousand years. And what had they accomplished? He began to study the Early Greeks, and he found that there were, shall we say?—physical problems which the ordinary methods of reasoning failed to solve.

Bergson's idea was that something was wanting; and from this idea he developed the notion that philosophers, in making use of ordinary logic, had been employing a tool that was incapable of doing the work which it was supposed to be capable of doing. He began to suspect that intuition, in conjunction with logic, or perhaps quite by itself, might be the delicate tool for the apparently impossible task.

The service which Bergson rendered, in our opinion, was to bring men back to the Early Greeks; and if they get back there they will logically come on to Plato.

A learned friend of ours, who had studied Plato, and knew nothing of the moderns, asked a modern philosopher of reputation—"Is there anything in philosophy worth reading since the time of Plato?"

The modern philosopher remained in thought for some time, and then said—"Very little."

So the world of modern philosophy is waltzing round; and in the act of proceeding intellectually onward it is coming back to where it started.

It is obviously impossible, in THE IRISHMAN, to deal, except in a general way, with Dr. D'Arcy's quite illuminating book. We would draw the attention of those who may read the book to the interesting passages on pages 23-26, in which the author discusses M. Bergson's remarks upon the "impenetrability of matter" and the "interpenetration of psychical elements." It seems to us that one might argue for the existence of one condition of things in the material and psychic spheres, in view of the denial of motion by Parmenides, and Zeno's arguments offered to prove that the "idea of motion involves greater difficulties than its denial." The difficulties which arise in the case of Achilles and the tortoise seem to indicate that our reason grasps only *half* the law. We are coming dangerously near to Idealism—or, perhaps, to dualism! At any rate, Aquinas when he looked upon the body, saw before him the soul!

In order to avoid the suggestion of a vicious circle, we shall close as we began:

"Waltz me around again, Willie,
Around, around, around!"

OXON.

GOD AND FREEDOM IN HUMAN EXPERIENCE. By Rt. Rev. C. F. D'Arcy, D.D. (London: Arnold. 10/6 net. 312 pp.)

Irish Finance.

Irish Insurance History.

Ten years ago there were two first rank purely Irish Insurance Companies whose capital ran into five figures, the *National of Ireland* and the *Patriotic*. To-day there is one small, though very sound and capably managed office—*The Hibernian*. Where have the others gone? The *National of Ireland* belongs to an English company, *The Yorkshire;* and *The Patriotic* was some years ago absorbed by an English Insurance Company called *The Sun*. In the case of the *National of Ireland*, it was undoubtedly in financial difficulties. But why? BECAUSE IT HAD BEEN TRADING OUTSIDE IRELAND, AND IN AMERICA. Its home business was declared by the purchasing office, after it had been carefully separated from the foreign business, to be among the very best home business going. In the case of the *Patriotic*, that company was not in financial difficulties; but it yielded to the high purchase price which the *Sun* offered. This should cause Irishmen to pause and think. Now if we consider England, Ireland and Scotland, taking them in their order of population, we find that Ireland is, speaking generally, a crimeless country. Nevertheless it is an open secret that a vast number of undetected cases of arson have occurred in Ireland. One of the principal drains on insurance profits is caused by arson. But assuming that the detected and undetected cases of arson bear a reasonable relation to the proportion of crime in the three countries, it will be seen that Irish insurance is valuable insurance.

* * *

Genuine Retrenchment.

In these days of increased cost of living and additional taxation, any man who comes forward to point out a sensible way of saving money probably runs the risk of being devoured with delight by those who are in charge of the spending. We intend to point out a very practical method of retrenchment, which is merely typical, and which could be applied as a policy to many other social institutions in Ireland. Every year the Guardians of the Poor in Ireland pay away thousands of pounds in insurance premiums. The total fire premiums amount to a huge sum; the engine and boiler premiums amount to a fair total; the accident premiums would surprise any person who took the trouble to examine the figures. Now, no person will say that there is any likelihood of the Guardians of the Poor committing arson! We take it, therefore, that the property under the Poor Law is excellent property considered from an insurance standpoint.

Now, let any sensible man take a walk down College Green and Dame Street, Dublin, and round the insurance areas of Donegall Square and Royal Avenue, Belfast; and then let him estimate roughly the rents and taxes paid by the English Insurance Companies who trade in Fire and Accident business—the Scottish Offices are strong in Life but not in Fire—and let him add to that the amount of salary paid to the staffs at about half what he, as an honest man, would suppose that they should be paid; and let him add to that the proportion paid to the London Office staffs in connection with Irish business; and then let him estimate the profit which these companies make over their English and Scottish and Irish areas, in the first two of which there is a higher crime record; *The Yorkshire*, for instance, which purchased the *National of Ireland*, pays a dividend of 55 per cent.! When he has done that he will be completely staggered; and he will say to himself—"If all these premiums were paid into purely Irish Companies, why they would be as rich as the Great Mogul!" They would indeed be extremely prosperous, *if they left foreign business alone*. There are tricks in the foreign business by which an unloved Insurance Company may be injured. The dislike which the little Hibernian Insurance Co. has drawn upon itself could hardly be believed! And now to return to the Poor Law. The Guardians have merely to advertise for half a dozen men, say a secretary, an inspector for fire and accident, a qualified mechanic to inspect boilers and engines (this man could obtain local assistance in opening boilers and examining engines), and a couple of clerks; and place these men in an office in Dublin. The Guardians would then merely have to direct the Clerk of each Union to forward all fire and accident and boiler and engine policies to the Secretary of the Mutual Poor Law Insurance Office! The Secretary would have the policies copied into policy books; he would then issue notices, and collect from the Clerk of each Union the ordinary premiums which he had been accustomed to pay to Insurance Companies. Any changes could be noted and inspected by the fire and accident man, and the boiler and engine mechanic could be on the road all the time. And what would this mean?—

(1) It would mean that the most select business was separated from the unselect. And any insurance financier knows what that means. The Presbyterians and other bodies in Ireland have had their mutual insurance offices for years.

(2) It would mean that the Guardians would not be contributing to the rents, profits, cost of competition, salaries, directors' fees, and other necessary items of insurance finance.

(3) It would mean—and we do not pose as a prophet—that five-sixths of the present premiums paid by the Guardians in Ireland would be returned by their own Mutual Insurance secretary to them after the second year! The first two years' premiums could go to form a reserve fund, which would probably be adequate; and in any case, an item could appear in each year's balance-sheet for a payment into reserve.

(4) It would mean that Irish money would be going back into Irish pockets at a time when taxation has reached a ruinous figure; and it would mean that the Guardians would not be paying for crimes which they themselves do not commit.

In society, people suffer restrictions on account of other people's crimes. There is no reason why the Guardians should ask the public to pay for crimes of arson which are not committed under the Poor Law!

As we have said, every word of the above suggestion applies with equal force to many institutions in Ireland. It applies to the Corporations of the cities and towns; it applies to all those bodies in Ireland which resemble each other, and have mutual interests.

Ireland's finance from this time forward must be Ireland's almost supreme care; and the best motto for Irish financial reform is: "CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME."

Reviews and Magazines.

THE IRISH MONTHLY (6d.) has come to us printed on thicker paper, and much improved in appearance. It is a publication with a considerable tradition, for almost every modern Irish writer of eminence has at some time or another, within the past forty years, adorned its pages. The February number contains two articles of particular interest: *Irish Princes in Rome*, by M. Pearde Beaufort, and *Pictures in the* (Irish) *National Gallery*, by W. G. Strickland, Director. It is an almost unheard of thing for a person who visits London to return without having seen the pictures in the National Gallery. But how few people who visit Dublin even recollect that there is a National Gallery in our Capital.

This is the second article on the Irish National Gallery which Mr. Strickland has contributed to the *Irish Monthly*. In the present article he deals with the "Spanish, French, and British schools," and describes pictures in the Irish Gallery by Murillo, Leal, Goya, Claude, Poussin, Chardin, Despartes, Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Raeburn, Laurence, Turner (of whose work there are five examples in the Gallery!), Constable, etc.

Irish Princes in Rome is an historical article of much value. We cannot commend the two examples of verse. The author of *The Gipsy Road* must have been reading *We are Seven* or some such rubbish. We commend him to Wordsworth at those rare moments when Wordsworth happened to be a poet. Wordsworth was a great poet when he wrote his Sonnet on *Westminster Bridge;* he was inferior to the author of *The Gipsy Road* when he penned *Lucy Gray*. Wordsworth was the literary parent of Mrs. Hemans. So it is obvious how careful even a poet should be.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS (6d.) is as good as ever, and the type is much clearer than in former days. The Editorial chair, we are asked to say, is now occupied by Miss Stead during the absence of her brother, who has enlisted. As we all know, the war has been carried on by artists as well as soldiers, and the products of the former are really of the greatest interest. There are actually, in the February *Review of Reviews*, sixty-six cartoons reproduced, which are representative of practically every nation now at war.

The Super-Maniac: A Tale of the Irish Republic of 1950

Begin this amazing story now.

Synopsis of first instalment:

Norman Rossiter, son of Major Anthony Rossiter, a high official in the Irish War Office, saves Colonel Wass from an accident to his motor car by jumping on board, when the car has started of its own accord. The Colonel asks him if he likes adventure, and if he wound undertake an unnamed mission for a week in his company. Rossiter agrees. While dining, the Colonel receives a telegram which causes him much distress. The telegram reads:—"I have postponed destruction of Scarlet Runner for twelve hours.—Grimshaw." After interviewing his father, Rossiter takes the train with Colonel Wass at Amien's Street, and finally reaches Donegal, at which town a motor car meets them. Just as a bag is being put on the chauffeur's seat an explosion occurs, which blows the bag into the air. Colonel Wass exhibits a mild surprise, and asks Rossiter immediately to take his seat, as nothing more need be feared.

CHAPTER III. *(Continued.)*

But as a crowd was beginning to gather, he followed Rossiter into the car, and in a few seconds they were beyond the reach of the people who had been attracted by the unusual noise.

To Rossiter's surprise, Colonel Wass sat down suddenly on his seat without hesitation, and relieved his feelings by a most emphatic swear.

Apparently the Colonel had good reason to be sure that the practical joke had not extended to any of the other seats.

The motor devoured the road at a considerable speed, and instead of keeping parallel with the coast, was driven inland.

Rossiter had drawn a mental picture of the mysterious place which he had so readily agreed to visit; and he was not a little surprised when, at the end of almost half-an-hour, the car still maintained its pace. At the lowest estimate they must have travelled at least twelve miles; and Colonel Wass had described the house to which they were bound, as being some four miles from Donegal.

It was not unnatural, therefore, that a slight shade of suspicion that all was not well should have crossed Rossiter's mind; nevertheless, for about ten minutes, he continued to chat with the Colonel about his fishing experiences in Scotland, and restrained his curiosity as best he could. At the end of that time, he thought he would be justified in speaking.

"Colonel," he said, "when are we likely to arrive at our destination?"

A curious look of uneasiness, which he had noticed in the club, came into the Colonel's face.

"Why do you ask?"

"Because you told me that the house was only four miles from Donegal; and we must have travelled fifteen or twenty miles, if I am a judge of speed."

"I'll be candid," said the other. "We are taking a long circular tour, to deceive anyone who may suspect where we are really bound for. If all goes well, we shall have finished our journey in an hour."

Darkness had almost hidden the landscape, when, after about twenty minutes, the car emerged from a cleft in the hills, and the sea became dimly visible far below. Rossiter gazed eagerly ahead, but was merely rewarded by the sight of a few flickering lights on the water, and a steady glow here and there from a cottage window. In a few minutes the car had descended to the level land close to the sea, and he was able to make out the gleam of a small river on the left hand side of the road, which gradually widened and formed a tiny harbour in which a few fishing vessels lay. The car stopped at this point, and two men came forward out of the gloom, and began to carry the luggage to the edge of the quay. Rossiter followed the Colonel, and climbed down into a small peat-gas launch which lay below the wharf. The luggage was duly lowered by the men, who formed the crew of the launch, and when Dolling had seated himself beside his master's bags, the ropes were thrown off, and with very little noise the boat commenced a rapid journey out to sea. When they were about half a mile from the shore, the boat was turned in an easterly direction, and driven at full speed, parallel with the coast.

There was a small cabin at the stern of the vessel, in which Colonel Wass had seated himself; but Rossiter preferred to stand on deck, and peer shoreward. As he could see nothing resembling a human habitation, and no light ahead, he stepped down into the cabin, which was illuminated by a small swinging lamp, and smiled rather uneasily at the Colonel. The Colonel returned his smile with one of such frankness that he reproved himself at once for feeling decidedly nervous.

Rossiter had all his life been accustomed to the commonplace; and it was not remarkable that he should have lost sight of the fact that his father had not been unduly anxious on hearing that his son proposed to accompany Colonel Wass. With the Colonel's smile his courage returned.

"I need hardly ask," he said, "whether this voyage by sea is another of your precautions."

"It is, Mr. Rossiter; but, unlike the roundabout drive, it aims at accomplishing two objects. So far we have done very well, and I feel hopeful that we shall end our day satisfactorily. You must have patience with me, Mr. Rossiter, if I keep you in the dark. We shall very soon reach our destination, and then you will have plenty to keep your mind active; and I shall leave you for a while to draw your own conclusions."

"May I ask you one question?"

"You may."

"Is there any real danger in what we are undertaking?"

"There is danger both of an ordinary and extraordinary character; but I have taken, and shall continue to take, every precaution to avoid disaster."

Norman Rossiter was conscious of the fact that the latter part of the Colonel's reply was a general statement, and not of application to him personally.

In a very few minutes the engines of the launch came to a standstill rather suddenly, and Rossiter stepped out of the little cabin and found that they were pretty close to the shore, and that the men were preparing to lower the luggage into a boat.

There was a hill rising to about nine hundred feet, some three miles inland; but the coast itself was flat and sandy, and at a distance of between two and three hundred feet from high-water-mark there rose the dark outline of a house.

There was a long, low building on the right, and a chimney from which smoke issued. The house itself was in darkness on the sea side; but a considerable light poured from the windows in the roof of the low building.

Rossiter was straining his eyes to make out these details, when Colonel Wass touched him on the shoulder.

"We can land now," he said. "And when we get ashore, until I speak, don't open your mouth."

Though the tide was full they had to walk for some distance over the sand, which was difficult work until they gained a footing on the higher ground where sea thistles and a hardy grass had bound the grains together. The Colonel, who seemed now quite at his ease, led the way as rapidly as possible until

he reached a stone wall of about five feet in height. He walked beside the wall until he came to a gate, and through this he passed into a garden, and then round the side of the house which was farthest from the shed, until he and Rossiter stood before a massive door.

Some of the windows which faced inland were illuminated brightly.

The two men had scarcely put their feet on the steps, before the door was opened, and they passed into a hall of considerable size, round which there was a gallery. The hall was lighted by a number of electric globes.

There were some things in the hall which caused Rossiter a great deal of surprise. On the walls, which were coloured a dark green, hung a great number of picture frames of all sizes. There were massive ones of gilt, and quite small ones of oak. But none of them contained pictures. What they contained was a light grey paper.

The floor of the hall, which measured about sixty feet by forty, was covered with a thick green carpet; and on the floor, as well as a variety of ordinary chairs and couches, there stood a mysterious looking article, which seemed to resemble the body of an ordinary cab on small wooden wheels with rubber tyres. There was a cog wheel attached to the hinder axle, which Rossiter concluded had something to do with the propulsion of the vehicle. On either side of the fireplace, and standing out a few feet from the wall, were two elaborately painted street lamps. Just on the right side of the entrance door, in place of a dinner gong, stood an extremely large cavalry drum.

Colonel Wass, who seemed quite at home, picked up a drumstick and struck the drum with considerable force; and almost immediately two very ordinary menservants came out of a door on the right hand side of the fireplace, and relieved Rossiter and the Colonel of their coats.

"You'll feel the better for a brush and a wash," said the Colonel. "So, Gibbon, you can take Mr. Rossiter to his room."

Rossiter followed one of the servants up the stairs to the gallery, wondering whether he was the victim of some extraordinary hallucination.

The room into which he was led by the extremely sensible looking servant, Gibbon, was a very ordinary one indeed. It was plainly furnished with expensive furniture. It had two large windows, from which Rossiter hoped to have a view of the sea on the following morning.

The floor was of polished wood, almost completely covered by three Eastern rugs of considerable size. The only picture in the room was a very perfect water-colour full of brightness and spring air.

Rossiter felt much relieved when he found himself alone in this commonplace apartment; but his curiosity was so strong that he opened the door,and looked down from the gallery into the hall.

Everything remained as it had appeared on his entry; and one of the street lamps was so close to him that he put out his hand and touched the glass. It was real enough.

With a sigh of satisfaction he entered his room again, and after waiting for a few minutes, he had the pleasure of seeing his servant and his bags enter apparently unharmed from the mysterious world which lay outside his bedroom door.

He studied the almost expressionless face of Dolling for a few seconds. The man was apparently so well trained that he accepted, outwardly at any rate, whatever he saw, without surprise, and was seemingly satisfied to take part in an adventure without asking questions.

"Dolling," said Rossiter, suddenly, "did you notice anything peculiar about this house?"

Dolling looked up from a bag which he was unpacking.

"I did, sir, now that you mention it."

Rossiter was on the point of asking him whether he had received any explanation from the servants which might throw light on the mystery, when he remembered his manners, and said nothing. It was one thing to listen to anything which Dolling might have to tell; it was quite another to ask for information.

Dolling, who had made a careful study of his master for some years, had no difficulty in discovering that Rossiter knew little or nothing about the house or its occupants. He was quite well aware that Rossiter had been on the point of asking him questions; and from his standpoint he concluded that his master's silence was occasioned by a fear lest he should appear to be more ignorant than his servant.

Dolling had penetrated sufficiently into practical psychology to know that an assumption of infallibility is necessary in a master.

His psychology was too comprehensive, that was all.

"It's a very interesting house, sir," he said, because it was a remark which would not require an answer.

"The servants, sir," he continued, because the servants represented sources of information which were exclusively his own, "seemed to wonder how things would strike me. They said I'd see a lot before I left; and that Mr. Grimshaw would stand no nonsense. In fact, Gibbon, gave me the hint that I'd better not be looking too hard at anything."

"Excellent advice," said Rossiter.

Two things Rossiter learned from this conversation. The first was that the master of the house was a person to be feared, in spite of his eccentricity; and that his name was Grimshaw. So he was probably the same person who had sent the wire to Colonel Wass.

If Mr. Grimshaw objected to people who looked too hard at anything in the house, he had either something to hide, or he was sensitive to criticism.

When he had washed and brushed the dust of the journey away, Rossiter descended to the hall and sat down in a comfortable chair to await the appearance of the Colonel.

There was no fault to be found with the illumination; yet Rossiter felt distinctly uneasy. He remembered that he had left his revolver in the bedroom; and its absence caused him some annoyance; for he felt that someone was looking at him.

There were no dark corners in the hall where an observer could hide, so he concluded that he must be mistaken. He picked a paper from a number on a table, and resumed his seat. He tried to look interested in the day's news, in case anyone should really be staring at him from some hiding-place; and he read a great deal without understanding more than three words together. While thus occupied he heard an unusual sound just in front of him, and looked up.

The cab was coming slowly in his direction, taking rather a zigzag path to avoid chairs which stood in its way.

Rossiter jumped to his feet, and saw distinctly through the front window of the vehicle a very remarkable face. He assured himself that he had never at any time seen quite so remarkable a face. It was extremely long and pale, with a high receding forehead. The eyes were a dark grey, and shone very brightly beneath unusually heavy brows. The mouth was merely a slit curving up at each end. The chin was prominent and pointed, and the jaws broadened out considerably, giving a pugilistic appearance to an otherwise refined physiognomy. The hair was black, and rather long and untidy.

It was the expression in the eyes, and the immense expanse of white face which Rossiter saw first. A second later he noticed the mouth with its humorous curve; and he prepared to fly, if absolutely necessary, from a man whom he believed capable of murdering him for a joke. Rossiter's feelings were mixed. He was afraid, and at the same time intensely curious. In the man before him he felt sure there lay the explanation of all that had seemed so extraordinary in the past few hours.

He concluded that the other had been watching him for some time, and had now chosen to introduce himself in a vehicle which was at once absurd and gruesome.

For the present he considered that it would be best to remain still; and so he waited until the occupant of the cab had steered that extraordinary carriage with the left hand door directly opposite to him.

It stopped quite suddenly, and the man opened the window and looked down upon him.

"My name, Mr. Rossiter," he said, "is Ambrose Grimshaw; and I shall save the dear Colonel trouble by introducing myself. May I invite you to come and sit beside me? I find that I can talk so much better when I am seated in my drawing-room cab."

While he was speaking, Mr. Grimshaw turned the handle, and held the door invitingly open.

Rossiter had no choice in the matter, and so he placed a reluctant foot on the step, and entered the vehicle.

Immediately, Mr. Grimshaw closed the door, gave a small lever a vigorous push, and the cab started on its journey.

"You would be surprised, Mr. Rossiter," he said, "how helpful it is to keep moving when one is either thinking or talking. There have been exceptions. Socrates, for instance, as you will remember, found that he could think best when standing quite still. The ordinary furniture of a drawing room or hall of this description has been planned by people who either have no intellect or have no occasion to make use of one. They do as furniture-makers have done before them, and make solid chairs and solid tables which can only be moved with difficulty, and are not intended to be kept in constant motion. The ordinary castor is, you will agree with me, a very primitive form of wheel. The only use to which one can put the furniture of a drawing room with any real advantage is to consider it as a pleasing series of obstacles.

"You would be surprised how, after a little practice, one can learn to avoid collision with furniture; indeed it is possible to travel at a considerable speed in this room without any damage."

He gave a further push to the lever, and the cab commenced a most rapid journey, so that Rossiter expected at any moment to be thrown with violence off his seat.

"This speed," said Mr. Grimshaw, who seemed to have lost none of his fluency, "is peculiarly helpful to me. It is a dangerous speed when we are confined in so small a space; and it keeps me in training, and gives me that readiness of decision which I, of all men, most require.

"But I must confess that, in constructing this vehicle, I was influenced entirely by a desire for personal comfort.

"You have probably noticed that there is something extremely satisfying about the sensation which one feels in a cab. It is the vehicle which reduces space for us, and assists us to forget the infinite, of which we occupy so small a part. In a cab I always feel more at home than anywhere else."

"I should feel more at home," said Rossiter, "if we were travelling a little slower."

Mr. Grimshaw smiled in a superior way, and drew up suddenly, just as Colonel Wass was descending the stairs.

The Colonel appeared to take in the situation at a glance, and come forward at once to the cab, opened the door, and took the seat beside Mr. Grimshaw.

"I suppose you expected me," he said.

"I expected you by land, but not by sea. You beat me this time, Wass, and won your bet."

"Which was most fortunate."

"On the contrary, I shall heat your furnace seven times hotter."

Colonel Wass smiled faintly; and Rossiter noticed that, for a moment, the nervousness which had seemed so much a part of the Colonel while in Dublin, returned.

"I brought my friend Mr. Rossiter with me," he said. "But I cannot remember having introduced him to you."

"I ventured to introduce myself," said Mr. Grimshaw. "It was very good of Mr. Rossiter to come down to this lonely place. I must certainly try to make his visit as lively for him as possible."

The Colonel moaned slightly.

"I am very grateful for what you have already done to entertain me. It was quite delightful to meet with originality."

Mr. Grimshaw laughed loudly, a little too loudly, Rossiter thought; and just then supper was announced.

(To be continued.)

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