NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF IRELAND

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

SECRET.

DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE.

Detective Department,

Dublin, 23rd March, 1916

Subject, MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 22nd. Inst., the undermentioned extremists were observed moving about and associating with each other as follows:-

Thomas J. Clarke called to his shop, 75, Parnell St. for a few minutes at 12-30 p. m. Those seen to visit the place afterwards were C. Colbert at 12-45 p. m., P.H. Pearse, 5-15 p. m., A. W. W. Cotton, Tralee, at 8 p.m. Wm. Sheehan and E. Daly for twenty minutes between 9 & 10 p. m.

M.J. O'Rahilly, M. O'Hanrahan, H. Mellows, E.J. Duggan, Bulmer Hobson and James Whelan in 2, Dawson St. for an hour from 12 noon.

John McDermott arrived at Kingsbridge from

The Chief Commissioner.

The Under Secretary
Submitted.
[illegible]
C. Commr 23/3

Under Secretary
Submitted
W.H.
23.III.16.

Ch. Sec.
The Ld Lieut.
"The Irishman" is harmless though Mr. Ponsonby Staples cartoon is hostile
[illegible]
23/3

The Commr.
[illegible] 28/3

[illegible] 27.3.16

Seen by C. Lecy.
[illegible] 24/3/16.

from Limerick at 5-30 p. m.

J.J. Walsh in his shop, 26, Blessington

Street between 6 & 7 p. m.

Bulmer Hobson, Thomas McDonagh, J. J.

O'Connell, John Fitzgibbon, J. O'Connor, John

McDermott, Charles S. Power, B.L., James

O'Sullivan, F. Fahy, E. Kent, M.J. O'Rahilly,

L. Raul, and Joseph McGuinness together in 2,

Dawson St. from 8 p. m. to 8-30 p. m. Dur-

ing the time a party of Irish Volunteers in

uniform with rifles and fixed bayonets were

posted in the passage leading to the rooms.

About 45 Sinn Fein Volunteers assembled

at 25, Rutland Square at 9 p.m., and shortly

afterwards went marching in the vicinity. They

carried no rifles and returned to the hall at

9-50 p. m. where they disbanded without fur-

ther parade.

Attached are copies of this week's is-

sue of the Irish Volunteer, Nationality, The

Hibernian, Honesty and The Irishman, all of

which contain notes of an anti-British char-

acter.

Oliver Bruen

Superintendent.

NATIONALITY

Vol. 1. No. 41. SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1916. One Penny.

THE WAR GAME.

In order to understand a game of football it is necessary to know the field. If a person from a far away country came to a football match for the first time, all he would see is a number of men kicking a ball about in a rather aimless and frantic fashion. Before he could begin to take an intelligent interest in the game, he would have to know what the men were trying to do with the ball. One half of the men try to send the ball through one set of goal-posts, and the other through the opposite set. Having mastered this idea, he could go on to study the method of attack and defence. He would see that each team was divided into parts, one part mainly concerned with attack and the other with defence. The goal man, for example, was a defender, whereas the forwards were attackers. The principal concern of the goal man was to prevent the enemy from sending the ball through his goal-posts. The main object of the forwards was to send the ball through the enemy goal-posts.

It will be evident at once how important is the physical setting of the game. If, for example, the goal were made wider, it would be easier to attack and less easy to defend. If the goals were made considerably wider it might become necessary to make a different distribution of the team between attack and defence. It might become necessary to have two goal-keepers, or to increase the number of backs or half-backs at the expense of the forwards.

The point I wish to make clear is that the entire nature of the game depends upon its physical setting. To change the size or shape of the field or to change the width or height of the goals would be to modify the entire strategy of the game. The person who does not understand the football field can never understand the football game.

If this be true of football, it is equally true of war. There are, however, some very important differences. The football game is simple, the war game is complicated. The football game is symmetrical, the war game is not. The football field is regular, the war field is irregular.

Upon the complexity of the war game I need say nothing. Everybody has a more or less vague conception of it. What I have to say upon the other points will throw light upon this. By saying that the football game is symmetrical I mean that the problem that one side tries to solve is exactly like the problem of the other side. If the game were played in a triangular field, with one goal at an angle and the other goal in the centre of the opposite side, the game would be no longer symmetrical. If one goal were made wider or higher than the other, the game would be still more unsymmetrical. If, in addition, the teams were of different sizes you would have a game that would be unsymmetrical in three different directions. The more irregular the field the more necessary to study it if one is to follow the game with intelligence.

History has been defined as geography in motion. European geography is at present in rapid motion. The first requisite to an understanding of the motion is a knowledge of geography. One must, however, study the geography of Europe from the point of view of war. A knowledge of the physical, political, commercial or ethnological geography may be of assistance, but it is what may be called strategic geography that counts most of all. Strategic geography may seem a very abstruse phrase, but it conceals an idea that is simple enough. To grasp its leading features is quite within the capacity of any one who can play a children's game.

We shall examine the map of Europe first from the point of view of naval warfare. The coast of Europe divides itself naturally into two portions—the Atlantic coast and the Mediterranean coast. The Atlantic is connected with the Mediterranean by the Strait of Gibraltar. All ships travelling between ports on the Atlantic and the Mediterranean pass through this strait. When the outbreak of the war found the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* in the Mediterranean, they could not escape out of it except by passing through the Strait of Gibraltar. The English fortress of Gibraltar commands the strait. Any country that finds itself at war with England must relinquish all hope of getting anything except a submarine through the strait until the war is over. It is only by keeping within the good graces of England that any other nation can use this most important of the world's waterways. England is always in a position to say to every other nation:—"If you be good I will allow you to carry on trade between Atlantic and Mediterranean ports."

The Mediterranean has one other outlet—through the Suez Canal and the Red Sea to the Indian Ocean. By her possession of Egypt and Aden, England controls this outlet even more effectively than the other. As far, therefore, as trade either through the Mediterranean or between the Mediterranean and all the oceans of the world is concerned, the Mediterranean is an English lake. This would be true apart altogether from England's ability to keep within the Mediterranean a fleet stronger than that of her enemies. By her alliance with France she is able also to control all communication between one port in the Mediterranean and another.

There are two branches of the Mediterranean that require special treatment, namely, the Adriatic and the Black Sea. As, however, I wish to draw attention first to the leading features of the case, I shall now go back to the Atlantic.

The Atlantic coast falls under two heads. The first head includes those portions of the coast that may be considered as in direct contact with the Atlantic. These are divided into two parts, a Southern and a Northern. The Southern stretches from Gibraltar to Brittany and the Northern includes the coast of Norway and the north coast of Russia. The second head comprises what are to a greater or less degree inland seas. The Baltic is to a greater degree an inland sea, and the North Sea and English Channel to a less. Beginning at the south we have the following stretches of coast: There is first the coast of Portugal and the western coasts of Spain and France opening freely upon the Atlantic. In the second place there is the north coast of France fronting the English channel. In the third place there is the continental coast of the North Sea, including the coasts of Belgium and Holland, and the western coasts of Germany, Denmark and Sweden. Fourthly there is the coast of the Baltic Sea. And fifthly there is another free northern coast, namely, that of Norway. Besides these five classes, there are two others of extreme importance, namely, the coasts of the two great islands of Europe, Ireland and Great Britain.

The countries of Europe that have free access to the Atlantic Ocean are Spain, Portugal, France, Norway, Great Britain and Ireland. Of these Spain has a position of great strength. The whole of her northern and western coasts have free access to the Atlantic Ocean. Trading vessels or men of war can come from any part of the five oceans of the world to Spain without being compelled to pass through any gap where their enemies could lie in wait for them. If the German Empire were located in Spain her entire naval problem would be different from what it is. Fast cruisers like the *Emden* and the *Carlsruhe* would have a fighting chance of reaching home ports for recoaling and refitting, and could issue out again to continue their raiding of the enemies' commerce. France and England, in order to blockade Spain, would have to draw a cordon of ships from Bordeaux round to Morocco. This cordon would have the double disadvantage of stretching far away from its base of supplies and lying near the enemy's coast.

Spanish ships could rush out suddenly from their harbours and strike at some weak point in the line, and before the enemy could gather a superior force could rush back again to safety. The blockading squadron would also be much more exposed to submarine attack. It would be possible for fast commerce raiders to slip out and back through some unguarded portion of the line. Indeed it is safe to say that if Spain had the strength of Germany a blockade of her coast would be impossible. England would indeed be able to destroy a great deal of her commerce, but she could not do it and at the same time protect her own.

Spain, however, has three great disadvantages as compared with Great Britain. She is connected by land with France, and must in consequence support a continental army. This disadvantage is indeed much lessened by the Pyrenees. But even the Pyrenees are not such an effective barrier to invasion as a strip of sea. The second disadvantage is Portugal. Portugal is a greater disadvantage to Spain than an independent Ireland would be to Great Britain. The third disadvantage is Gibraltar. Spain's natural control of the Strait of Gibraltar is shared by the unnatural control by England. If Spain had a strip of sea to protect her from France, if she had succeeded in squelching Portugal as England has squelched Ireland, if she could put the English out of Gibraltar and seize Dover, then she would have in her hands cards similar to those which England has so long played against Europe.

MICHAEL O'FLANAGAN.

THE APOSTLE OF NO COMPROMISE.

Someone called P. H. Pearse "the Apostle Pearse," quite recently. It is a title, if seriously meant, which implies much. For at no time in Ireland's history was a man with an apostolic soul so badly needed. National heresy has been accepted for a generation; that which is less than the truth, and consequently the greatest of lies, has been taught by the best of people unrebuked; a little yielding, a little giving away of fundamentals, a little intellectually immoral association with that whose touch only contaminates, and whose embrace spells national damnation, has been regarded as a sane and proper policy.

Pearse, above other men, and with a seriousness akin to the spiritual seriousness of the anointed of God, has preached the truth, has condemned national heresy, and hurled anathemas at those who would sell their claim to a full and complete nationality for the smile of the invader. People who play with nationality do not realise that the loss of nationality, the acceptance of another people's ideals and authority, means the introduction into the national blood of the willingly subject people of indescribable and horrible things, the kind of things which one would not dream of discussing in a paper like NATIONALITY. And besides this, a willing subjection means a futile and faddish state of mind in the youth, a corruption of national taste, the acquiring of stickiness and sentimentalism, and general degradation and atrophy of the sense of honour.

There are many people who will admit that the *Tracts for the Times*—stepping as the series did into the breach when our papers were suppressed—sounded in its first tract, "What Emmet means in 1915," just the warning which was needed. But P. H. Pearse, by arrangement with the Editor of the *Tracts for the Times*, is doing at considerable length, and in a dogmatic and authoritative way, what the first of the *Tracts* effected. "Ghosts" begins a series of four *Tracts* by P. H. Pearse. Just as a theologian appeals to the Fathers, so Pearse appeals to the Fathers of Ireland's claim to Nationhood. And the first words of "Ghosts" will indicate of what stuff these *Tracts* are formed. "Ghosts" is now on sale; "The Separatist Idea" will be on sale on 25th inst.; and two *Tracts* will follow in rapid succession, entitled "The Spiritual Nation" and "The Sovereign People." Now take a note of this fact, and get "Ghosts" at once; indeed, get several copies and distribute them; and let this be your rule as regards the subsequent ones. Here are the opening words of "Ghosts":—

> "There has been nothing more terrible in Irish history than the failure of the last generation. Other generations have failed in Ireland, but they have failed nobly; or, failing ignobly, some man among them has redeemed them from infamy by the splendour of his protest. But the failure of the last generation has been mean and shameful, and no man has arisen from it to say or do a splendid thing in virtue of which it shall be forgiven. The whole episode is squalid. It will remain the one sickening chapter in a story which, gallant or shameful, has everywhere else some exaltation of pride. 'Is mairg do-ghní go holc agus bhiós bocht ina dhiaidh,' says the Irish proverb. 'Woe to him that doeth evil and is poor after it.' The men who have led Ireland for twenty-five years have done evil, and they are bankrupt. They are bankrupt in policy, bankrupt in credit, bankrupt now even in words. They have nothing to propose to Ireland, no way of wisdom, no council of courage. . . . One finds oneself wondering what sin these men have been guilty of that so great a shame should come upon them. Is it that they are punished with loss of manhood because in their youth they committed a crime against manhood? . . . Does the ghost of Parnell hunt them to their damnation?"

When we are all gone, and most of us forgotten, these *Tracts* of P. H. Pearse will remain as a permanent thing in the literature of Ireland's national protest. They represent the turning point.

A. N.

"THE BATTLE OF BENBURB."

On Sunday next, in 25 Parnell Square, Captain O'Connell of the Irish Volunteers will deliver a lecture on the above subject. Irish military history has hitherto received but scant attention from writers and speakers, and an opportunity of hearing so able a lecturer ought not to be missed.

ENGLAND'S DEBT.

There has been for some time in circulation in Ireland a false coinage doing as much mischief as the assignats of the Revolution. It has been coined in England by crafty statesmen. It has been delivered over to our Irish politicians, who in turn ship it across and carry it from town to town and scatter it broadcast amongst our people—dupes of Irish politicians, themselves the dupes of English statesmen. Duped by dupes—hard thought about our honest people, but alas, I'm afraid, true thought!

What are those assignats of the twentieth century? Not coined pieces of metal, silver or gold or brass, but coined pieces of sophistry. "Let bygones be bygones." "The present English Government is honestly striving to do its duty by Ireland; but it cannot be held responsible for the misdeeds of the past." "The English in the past have plundered and robbed us; but how can the English of to-day be blamed for that? Why taunt them with it? Forgive and forget." Sentences like these are being shouted from platforms and written as dogmas in newspapers. Now I am not going to debate the question whether the present English Government is dealing justly with Ireland. The common intelligence of the people of Ireland can speak on that question. The point I am about to raise is (and here the common intelligence of Ireland has been attempted by clever political sophistry) whether England of to-day can turn over a new leaf, shut away forever painful memories of the past and create for itself a brand-new conscience suited to the passing hour; whether the history of misrule has come down to us only to be cursed by Irish patriots and forgotten conveniently by British democrats; whether the accumulated wrongs of centuries are to be, at one stroke, hurled back upon the past to mingle with the ashes of the tyrants who were their authors; whether the nation, like the individual, is not to be made feel the pangs of wounded conscience—wounded not by the blunders of to-day but by the crimes of yesterday.

To get at the root of the problem let us begin by asking the question and answering it in as simple language as possible, What is a state? At the present moment, when nation strangles nation and when our interest is so much centred on the deadly conflict, to cry halt and ask, What is a state? will cause something like surprise. Take England, for instance, England, mother of a family of nations, champion of small nationalities, bulwark of liberty and civilization. What in England is the state? Is it the island "safe behind its rampart of waves," or the people, or the parliament, or the cabinet, or the king, or is it a combination of these?

We speak of England a hundred years ago battling with Napoleon, fifty years ago struggling against the savage Russian, to-day crushing the ruthless Hun (kultured, therefore uncivilised!). During those hundred years there have been changes, her population has been renewed more than once, many parliaments have come and gone, very many cabinets have replaced one another, queens and kings have lived and died, whilst according to

theorising scientists the earth has cooled somewhat and has been gradually withdrawing her coastal front before the combined offensive of elements and oceans. But nevertheless the state, England, was a hundred years ago; the same was fifty years ago; the same is to-day. Something, according to our notion of state, has persisted changeless amidst the change of a century. She has not been dying and reborn with each generation, or each parliament, or each cabinet, or each monarch. For, if states had died and been reborn since the Belgian Neutrality was guaranteed, then you would hardly expect English statesmen to be shocked at the so-called breach of a faith that was plighted three-quarters of a century ago, plighted too by men who have long since ceased to be. The state is permanent, it extends into the "dark backward and abysm of time."

Have you been reading for the past twelve months the English press or the subservient Irish press? If so, you must have noticed that they impute crimes to Germany and that they endow with all virtue the Entente. This is an important fact. We are not here concerned about the truth or falsehood of these imputations. We have only to deal with the fact, admitted by all, namely, that the capacity for actions which have a moral value has been attributed to states. That is to say, the state has it in its power to perform morally good or morally bad acts. In its dealings with other states it is bound by principles of justice (at least in theory) just as the individual is bound. In other words, we attribute to the state the quality of personality. It is a person. It is under a moral code. It can perform moral actions. An animal can do things harmful or beneficial either to himself or to others, but they are not moral actions. The state, on the other hand, is like a human person in as much as it is as responsible for its conduct as the human individual is for his. The pressmen, therefore, were right when they imputed moral actions to states, because states are personal. The cry of "wolf" which was raised in some countries at the beginning of the war was based on the same principle. In one important respect the state resembles men: it is a personality and men are personalities. In another important respect it differs from men: in that it is permanent whilst men are not. Our span of life is limited. We may die early or we may die late, but die we must within a definite period. No man lives 150 years. The state, on the other hand, may live forever. There is another point to note. If a person infringes upon my rights I can usually make him desist by threatening his physical well-being. But if, on the other hand, the state encroaches upon my rights, I am at a loss what to do for the reason that the state is not a physical but a moral personality. It is not inseparably bound up with anything physical. You may kill a king or a prime minister, you may annihilate a government, but the state lives on.

What a strange notion it is. Intimately bound up with the citizens and the government so that it cannot exist without them, yet it is neither the one nor the other nor both together, for individual citizens may die but the state lives, whole generations may replace one another as the centuries come and go, but the state rides deathlessly on, abiding in things of death until they die, playing with death yet deathless as death itself, As some strange bird of prey that hovers motionless over a passing stream, feeds on it as it rolls forever by, floats on it, drifts with it, but ever watches lest it drift too far, and ever flies back again to hover as before. New sheets of water ever come and forever go; new objects drift idly past. The bird sees all. She is of the stream because she lives by it; yet not of it, for its waters come and go and she lives on. Floods succeed dry seasons; tides ebb and flow; all things of that stream come, all things go, but she hovers there forever, lives on passing things but passes not herself. So the state hovers over the passing stream of humanity, lives on it, floats on it, drifts as it drifts, but ever living, never dying.

The state is a permanent moral personality. This is a principle on which Catholic Theology is built. It is a principle, too, accepted by the British press, for the latter accuses Germany of crimes which can only be committed by a being capable of doing things morally right and morally wrong. These charges are hurled against the moral personality of the German state. Further, it holds Germany bound by a treaty drafted three-quarters of a century ago by men long since dead and gone. Therefore it regards the moral personality of the German state as being permanent, for it regards this treaty as binding on a generation not one of whom can have been in the slightest degree responsible for its existence.

I am an old man. At the age of twenty I committed a crime. Now I am sixty, and during the forty intervening years I have not repented. I ask you am I still guilty or have the years as they passed been washing away the stain? You will answer, of course, that I am guilty still, and that even though at sixty I should be a paragon of every virtue, aye, even though the question of my future canonization were already being discussed, the fact remains that I am still at the age of sixty as surely and as fully liable to punishment for that crime of my youth as I was the very day I fell.

Six hundred years ago the state "A" committed a grave injustice against the state "B," and since then "A" has made no attempt at reparation and "B" has not forgiven the injustice. I ask you is that state to-day still stained by the crime, or have the stormy centuries been wearing away the guilt? "Most assuredly," you will answer, "A" is now as fully guilty as it was the day its representatives executed the foul deed. And the passing years and centuries have not abated one whit the obligation of reparation imposed on that state." Why should it be otherwise? The state is a person subject to the moral law as all persons are. If the man of sixty is still responsible for the sin he committed at twenty, then the state of to-day is responsible for the injustices of former days. Do not common sense and the instinct of ordinary men teach us the same? We take legitimate pride in the glories of our country's past as if we were in some way connected with them. The only possible way by which we can bridge the chasm and make ourselves partial causes of events that are past is to assume that the state is a permanent moral personality. We feel instinctive shame when we are reminded of our ancestors' shameful deeds for the same reason that men are ashamed of the follies of their youth, because the man and the nation both are responsible persons. One fact is surely established: it is illogical to enjoy the fruits of the virtues of our forefathers if we are not also prepared to accept the penalties of their vices. Englishmen are logical when they lift up their heads and say, "We are the people whose dogged perseverance beat Napoleon," and when at the same time they recognise the legality of the Napoleonic National Debt. But what if in the 'eighties Gladstone had repudiated all responsibility for that debt? The answer is evident. First of all, the English state by repudiating the debt would be guilty of an injustice and would be bound to reparation; and further, the obligation of restitution would fall upon each successive Government. So that the present British Constitution would be bound in strict justice to re-assume responsibility for that national debt.

Need I draw the conclusion that the present English Government cannot be exonerated from blame for the misdeeds of its predecessors in their dealings with Ireland; that if in the past England has dealt unjustly with us, time has not and cannot wash away the stain, for that stain can never be washed away—never, until she has made full restitution; and that the obligation of making restitution rests heavily on the present party in power.

That we have been unjustly treated who will dare to deny? If so, why listen to ignorant or criminal politicians who shout from every platform to forget the past. We have right on our side when we claim that the present Government is not only bound to act justly in its own dealings with us, but is also bound to repair and make good the faults of the past. The one obligation is neither less nor more serious than the other. Note that it is bound—bound by the law of God, from Whom it derives its authority to govern. We have a right to restitution—a strict divine right. Those politicians are criminal who would tell us to forget the past. They got no mandate from the Irish nation to make presents to others of its rights. They got a mandate to win back those rights, not to give them away. There is a big balance to our credit. England owes it to us. It must be paid. The present English Government is "heir of all the ages" of England's moral past. It is not a question of convenience or of diplomatic huckstering. It is a question of moral duty and moral right. We must insist on our right, and England must do her duty before we can be called upon to forgive and forget.

T. O'D.

NATIONALITY.
Saturday, Mar. 25, 1916.

All literary communications for "Nationality" should be addressed to the Editor.
All business communications to the Manager,
12 D'OLIER STREET, DUBLIN.
SUBSCRIPTION.—*Nationality* will be posted free TO ANY ADDRESS for one year at a cost of 6/6; for the half-year, 3/3; for the quarter, 1/8.
Cheques and Postals should be crossed and made payable to the Manager, *Nationality*.

THE VOLUNTEERS IN COLLEGE GREEN.

On St. Patrick's Day, after a lapse of 130 years, the Irish Volunteers paraded in College Green. The fact forges a link in the chain of modern Irish history. Let us briefly recall that modern history.

The Irish Parliament assembled in the country in the days of King James II. declared and asserted the liberty and independence of Ireland, politically and economically. The Irish Parliament assembled in the days of King William III. servilely accepted a position of subordination to the English Parliament. As a result Ireland suffered the Violation of the Treaty of Limerick, the legislative Destruction of her great Woollen Trade and of most of her flourishing industries, the Penal Laws against the Catholics, the Prohibition of her Freedom of Commerce, and the reduction of the country to a degree of misery and poverty unparalleled in Europe.

These things came from *without*. The Irish Parliament was but the instrument of registry for the Foreign Power which mercilessly wrought the undoing of the Irish Nation. England inflamed the Irish Protestant with terror of Popery as his enemy, and used his fear to make him its tool against his country. Then, when he had done his best to ruin his Catholic brother, it struck at *him*. Twelve thousand Irish Protestant families were flung into poverty when England struck down our woollen trade. Thousands more starved when England prohibited Irish commerce with other countries, save through her intermediary. The human cargoes of the ships that left our Irish shores were then no longer wholly young Irish Catholics seeking to reach France to join the Brigade. From Dublin and the North the Protestant artisan and peasant streamed to the English Colonies in America to escape the English oppression in Ireland.

Then from out Protestant Ireland spoke voices which reanimated the stricken country. Molyneux arose to demand by what right England pretended to rule Ireland. England replied by burning his famous book at the hands of the common hangman, but the reply was inconclusive to the newly germinating Irish Protestant conscience. Swift followed to preach in a fashion understood of the people that English Government in Ireland was not only an usurpation but the meanest of tyrannies. He lived and died proscribed and defiant, sowing the seed that yielded the harvest of the Irish Volunteers.

The continued oppressions of England, milder though they were than in the case of Ireland, drove the American Colonies into revolt in 1775. England thereupon proposed to Ireland relaxations in her tyranny, and spoke of the Irish for the first time with affection. Irish valour was exhorted to display itself in cutting the throats of the Americans, who were described as base and dastardly rebels to a benevolent and virtuous government. Some were found, posing as patriots, to proclaim it Ireland's business to slay for England, but Ireland was not responsive. It knew that *its* enemy was not America. Reduced to weakness by the war, the English Government was forced to look on while the Protestants of Ireland armed and formed themselves into Volunteer Associations—associations to Defend *Ireland*—the last object which any English Government can reasonably desire. One day in 1779, when the manacled Parliament of Ireland was invited to make professions of loyalty to the Power that chained it, the Protestant Volunteers appeared in College Green dragging their cannon with them—round the necks of the cannon the labels, "Free Trade or This."

So the Irish won Free Trade—not the thing so-called to-day, but freedom to send their goods to any market and buy their goods in any market—the freedom denied them by England.

Again the Volunteers came to College Green, and their cannons roared salute to the Declaration of Irish Legislative Independence. England by solemn Act recited that her claim to rule Ireland had not been a true claim—that she renounced it for ever, and that the Independence of Ireland should never thereafter "be questioned or questionable." Ire-

land was free. England's written pledge was given in face of the world that never again would Ireland's independence be called in question. The Volunteers had triumphed. They had given back Ireland political and economic freedom—they had given the merchant wealth, the workman employment, the peasant security, and they had struck off half the shackles from the Catholic, and would have struck them all off had it not been for the intrigue of England. Grattan bade them return to their homes victorious, and beat their swords into ploughshares. The evil days were at an end. England and Ireland were now united in affection, and England had sworn in the name of God and before the world never again to seek to circumscribe Irish liberty. The Renunciation Act was on the Statute Book. The Volunteers beat their swords into ploughshares, and then England—unchangeable England—fell upon this foolish, trusting country and smote its people with fire and sword, destroyed once again its institutions and seized and robbed, once more, its trade and revenues.

Our grandfathers, our fathers, ourselves suffered and are suffering in our condition the ghastly error of the Volunteers in 1782 when, trusting England's sworn faith, they laid down their arms. From that day, 130 years ago, until this St. Patrick's Day no armed body was seen in College Green which was not the hireling of the English Usurpation in Ireland. To-day we may read in the English records some of the secret correspondence of the English statesmen and politicians who in 1782 assented to Irish independence and pledged their country to its observance. In the day they were so doing, they were in private conspiring Ireland's destruction. Lord Northington, who on behalf of his English Government thanked the Volunteers, was at the moment writing his plan for disrupting them; the Duke of Portland, hailing in public the happy "final reconciliation" of England and Ireland, was writing to Lord Shelbourne, and Lord Shelbourne was writing to the Duke, planning the final overthrow of our country. English Policy in Ireland never changes. Its object yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow is the same. its features vary from the scowl to the smile, its voice sinks from the menace to the compliment, its hand resigns the whip for the bouquet as occasions demand. Its heart and brain throb and work to-day as they throbbed and worked from Tudor's time.

The continuity of English policy is equalled by the Persistence of Irish Nationalism. In every fifty years the Death of Ireland is announced and the obituary notices published. In every fifty years Ireland has a resurrection. On St. Patrick's Day the living and the dead Volunteers clasped hands in College Green across a space of 130 years during which Ireland has been struck to the earth four times. The Volunteers of to-day have the error of the Volunteers of the past to guide them in the service of the only country that has a claim upon Irish service—the one country whose national, political and economic freedom it is the first duty of an Irishman to seek—this island of Ireland.

A FELON VOLUNTEER.

Liam O'Briain's fine study of the creation of a national spirit in Germany "I dtaobh na na Gearmáine"), to counter the French ascendancy there a hundred years ago, recalls an interesting incident which came to light in the German Press a couple of years back. A few months before the outbreak of the Anglo-German War, and quite apropos of nothing at all in the way of actual warfare—the significant campaign in the Russian Press against Germany had not then started—the *Frankfurter Zeitung* drew attention to the reported neglect of a "Volunteer's" grave, dating from pre-Leipsic days, situated in an open heath, now partly invaded by modern buildings, in the neighbourhood of Frankfort. The outlying municipality was charged with permitting the decay of a very touching epitaph, whose appeal to the true spirit of spontaneous, individual patriotism had been appreciated by many generations. Up to fairly recent times the grave had been an attraction to patriotic pilgrims who had not forgotten that only a hundred years before Germany had been completely subject to Gallic power and influence. No name whatsoever had been at any time inscribed upon the grave—only an epitaph, which, as far as memory serves me, runs pretty much as follows:—

Hier lieg ich still und einsam
In dieser Wüstenei:
Mein Volk bleibt noch in Ketten—
Doch ich, doch ich, bin frei!

May I be allowed to translate it in my own way?

OBSCURITY.

His step falls faint and furtive,
For he grasps a musket sure,
And 'tis guilt to join a comrade band
In arms to free their native land,
By Frankfort on the moor.

The city sleeps in moonlight:
The heath drips with the dew:
The dark pines frown on the boglands brown—
"For you, dear land, for you!"
Ah, Frankfort by the moor!

Felon, but soldier, on he hies;
He is lost in the arméd throng:
Ere the morning's gleam his heart's red stream
Has righted his country's wrong—
While Frankfort sleeping lies.

But a fond few his memory treasure;
For them his fame shall endure
Whose honour alone was his lure;
It is told in their curt soldiers' measure
O'er a grave half-hid in the moor—

"Lonely I lie, and forgotten,
On this wild desert lea;
My race still wears its fetters,
But I—but I, am free!"

Frankfort, guard well that shrine,
With its oracle divine!

Here was a volunteer in an apparently hopeless cause—if ever one's country's cause can be regarded as hopeless—who at least saved his personal honour, and liberated his own soul. And it was because there were enough of his way of thinking and acting in Germany at that time, that the fetters were knocked from the nation's limbs long before the last volunteer had bled.

FIACH DUBH.

Leaḃar an Náisiúin Polannaiġ.

Ó Ṫosaċ an Doṁain go dtí Martaireaċt an Náisiúin Polannaiġ.

49.—Agus do truailliġeaḋ na náisiúin ċoṁ mór san ná raiḃ le fáġáil imeasc Gearmáineaċ ná Iodáileaċ ná Francaċ ná Spáinneaċ aċt aon Ċríostaiḋe aṁáin, fear eagnaiḋe agus curaḋ cróḋa. I nGenóa do rugaḋ é sin.

50.—Do ċuir sé sin roimis ċosc do ċur le cogaiḋiḃ sa baile agus tuama an Tiġearna do ġaḃáil arís mar aon leis an Áisia do ḃí naċ mór ina fásaċ agus go bfeudfaḋ tír áluinn, lán de ḋaoine, do ḋeunaṁ di aċt í ḃeiṫ i seilḃ Críostaiḋṫe. Aċt do ḋein gaċ aoinne gáirí uim an nGenóaċ san gá ráḋ gur ag ráḋṁailleaḋ ḃí sé agus gur amadán é

51.—Agus do ċuaiḋ an fear diaḋa san ina aonar ċum an ċogaiḋ; agus, ó tárla gan cara ná saiḋḃreas do ḃeiṫ aige, ba ṁian leis an tír a ḃeireann uaiṫi an t-ór d'fáġáil amaċ agus saiḋḃreas do ṫarrang airti ċum tuarastal airm do ḋíol agus an Tír Ḃeannaiġṫe do ġaḃáil arís. Aċt nuair a ċloiseaḋ é sin do ġlaoiḋ gaċ aoinne amaċ agus duḃairt: Tá sé ar buile.

52.—Aċt do ċonnaic Dia an intinn ṁaiṫ do ḃí ar aigne aige agus do ḃeannaiġ é: agus do fuair sé amaċ Americá, tír d'iompaiġ ina tír saoirse agus ina Tír Ḃeannaiġṫe. Críostóir Columbus ainm an fir sin: agus do ḃí sé ar an gcuraḋ deiriḋ de ċuraiḋiḃ na croise san Eoraip, an curaḋ deiriḋ naċ ar a son féin aċt ar son ainm Dé do ċuaiḋ ar eaċtra.

53.—Aċt do ḃí ag meudugaḋ i gcoṁnuiḋe ar iodalaḋraḋ san i Eoraip. Agus sé mar a ḋein na Págánaiġ ar dtúis na soḃailcí d'aḋraḋ i bfuirm íoḋal agus annsan na doḃailcí, agus annsan daoine agus beiṫiḋiġ, agus annsan crainn agus cloċa agus ioṁáġṫa iolarta, is mar sin, leis, a deineaḋ san Eoraip é.

54.—Dá ċoṁarṫá san, do ċeapadar na hIodáiliġ dóiḃ féin íoḋal ar ar tugadar Coṁṫrom Poiliteaċ. Íoḋal é sin, áṁṫaċ, nár ḃ eol do Págánaċaiḃ na seanaimsire; aċt na hIodáiliġ, an ċeud aicme riaṁ do ḋein é, do ċuireadar aḋraḋ an íoḋail sin ar siuḃal ina measc féin agus, ag coṁrac ar a son dóiḃ, do lagaḋ agus do dallaḋ iad agus do tuiteadar i gcoṁaċtaiḃ tíoránaċ.

55.—Annsan, nuair a ċonnacadar ríġṫe na hEorpa go raiḃ aḋraḋ an íoḋail sin tar éis an náisiúin Iodáiliġ do lagúġaḋ, do tugadar isteaċ ina ríoġaċtaiḃ féin é: do ċuireadar aḋraḋ an íoḋail ar siuḃal agus d'órdaiġeadar coṁrac do ḋeunaṁ tar a ċeann;

56.—I gcár gur ḋein rí na Prúise fáinne do ṫarrang agus go nduḃairt: Sin dia nua agaiḃ Do fleuċtaḋ don fáinne agus do tugaḋ Coṁṗruinniġṫeaċt Poiliticeaċ mar ainm ar aḋraḋ an fáinne.

An tAṫair Clement.

Liam Ó Rinn.

(Tuilleaḋ le teaċt).

A MINIATURE IRELAND.

By A. Newman.

It is remarkable to observe those points of contact which occur in the case of a person unconscious of nationality when confronted with national activity and consciousness. To be plainer, I may try to recollect and put down in this article just those things which struck me while, as a boy, I resided with a tutor in the Isle of Man during a period of two years. I should say "tutors," because for a time I stayed as the only pupil of a parson in the southern slope of the island. But the things about which I am going to write were not so evident. The people seemed to my mind to be clannish, and very kind when you got to know them. I observed a sort of protest over the Island in the form of numerous little Methodist chapels, which drew the people away from the Church of England.

The farm lads and people generally seemed to move and think together. It's rather hard to explain what I mean; but they seemed to have a life, and a consciousness of each other, which was not understandable by us—the foreigners.

The place was pretty well overrun by superstition. Devils and ghosts occupied many lonely spots. There was a tree which, like a gibbet, overhung the road, and from this tree a glowing corpse was said occasionally to hang.

There were gatherings of farm boys in a club which my parson started; and among these lads, at least when they were asked to express themselves, there seemed little that was lovely, and much that was intellectually vulgar. There was an inclination to overdo everything. At parties the men seemed to consider it the height of humour to drink seventeen cups of tea. That total for one youth remains in my mind. When they were allowed to ring the church bell, they nearly pulled the bell down. Love-making was rather a savage affair; and strange expressions of dislike occurred. For instance, a whole coach full of people was lifted and pitched over the parapet of a bridge.

Action seemed always to be exaggerated, as it is among *shoneens* in Ireland; and when we had a bonfire, it turned into a huge furnace in which whole trees were consumed. The love of fire was quite noticeable; and on one occasion the parson's oil barrel was simply poured over all the hedges of the Glebe, and the house of the stranger ringed with fire.

I found deep down in the Manx heart a hatred of the foreigner. And I interpret the clumsy effort of the people in amusing themselves as the outcome of their being deprived of their national and natural outlet. These people had lost their own culture, and in return they had foreign dances and comic songs.

I speak now of a part of the Island which tourists never visit.

After I left the parson's I came to study under a tutor in Peel. This man was an Englishman; a most cocksure, little, wire-haired fellow. And I could not like him. But as a foreigner, the Manx instantly hated him. Their hate of the foreigner is, owing to their numbers, ineffectual; and is consequently expressed ineffectually.

This Englishman, for no reason one could fathom, was permitted to walk a few days after his arrival into an ambush. The high hedge of the Peel Road was lined by an unseen and angry crowd, who sodded him with huge, newly-cut sods, broke his glasses, and ruffled his dignity. After this, his hen-house was visited. Not a chicken was stolen; but every chicken's neck was wrung.

In passing, I may say that the Manx never steal. You could leave your door unlocked for a year, and no one would enter your house.

As a resident in this Englishman's house, I was regarded as a foreigner, and it seemed the instinct of every small boy to hate or to despise me. I know that practically every time I walked through the town of Peel—this was when the visitors' season had closed—my name would be passed with a howl from one lad to another. This ended after I had fought and beaten a fisher-lad. The fact that I could box seemed to constitute a redeeming characteristic in my personality.

Conscious nationality made its appearance on a platform in Peel in the person of a long-haired lecturer, who was said to be a poet. A mystery hung about him. What his name was, I can't remember. But national aspiration was so lacking in any danger to the safety of the Empire, that it was regarded as an interesting specimen by English residents in the Island.

I was recommended by my tutor to attend the lecture, and bring away notes. I did so, and made up an article as a test, which pleased my tutor very much. So I fear it was a poor affair. It's lost at any rate. The main thing is that at that lecture I got a glimpse of the relations between the Manx and the English. The lecturer told us of a Manx patriot called Christian, who was an officer in the Manx Militia some centuries ago. The Manx Militia seemed to be something like the first Irish Volunteers. It was a national affair; and was jealously regarded by Castle Rushen in Castletown, which was the Dublin Castle of the Isle of Man.

Christian led a miniature rebellion, and he was shot as a traitor near Ramsey. In everything he did he expressed nobility of soul; and at his death he refused to have a cover for his eyes, but tore the bandage from his face, and said he would drop it as a signal to the firing-party. So, looking into the barrels of England's muskets, he died nobly and bravely as he had lived, for his native land.

I cannot in the limits of this article give any more details regarding the state of the Isle of Man, and Manx nationality. It is a nationality akin to the Irish. For Man learned much from Ireland; and its ancient arms record the connection between the two Islands. The ancient arms of Man have been replaced by the familiar three legs. And that is symbolic of what change has taken place under the wet blanket of English affection, and under a system of loyal Home Rule.

Of late there has been an awakening. The Manx Society, which has taken up language revival and general culture, will probably effect much. I shall quote, from a most high-class production of the Manx Society, a poem which should prove a warning and an eye-opener to our people in Ireland. The poem appears in a well-bound book called *Juan-y-Pherick's Journey* (Manx Society, Douglas, 1/- net):—

The Lament of the Mother Tongue.

By W. W. Gill.

[A rendering into verse of W. J. Cain's literal translation of Kennish's "Dobberan Chengey ny Mayrey," published in 1840.]

I walked on Snaefell all alone
When night's black banner fell unfurled
Across the skies, and floated down
Over the Manks side of the world.

And while I pondered Mannin's ills—
The change, the strife, the suffering,
Behold! a woman on the hills,
Running towards me through the ling.

Old, old and gray, bowed down with years,
Her tattered garments wet with dew,
Her ancient visage wet with tears,
She rose upon my startled view.

As thus she came I heard her sigh:
"What woe is mine, what misery!
Despised, abandoned thus to die,
By those who should have cherished me."

Each little bird had found its nest,
Each lamb had found its mother's side;
The sea rose up in dark unrest,
Beneath the night-wind's trampling stride.

The sun had set; a shadowy veil
Crept westward over dreem and park,
The moon had spread her silver sail,
And drifted glorious up the dark.

On Snaefell's grassy slope we sate,
I and the ancient woman there:
"O Manxman, hear me now relate
Why thus I wander, thus despair.

"I am thy dying Mother-tongue,
The first speech of this Island race,
Dying, because of the deep wrong
Of their neglect and my disgrace.

"'Twas I who kept the strangers out,
And kept unspoiled our Island home:
'Tis I could put them still to rout,
And spare my children grief to come.

"But now up every hill and glen,
On Cardle booar, in Tholt-y-will,
Come companies of Englishmen,
Their multitudes increasing still.

"From Jurby southward to the sound,
Mad as the beasts the croghan stings,
The Manxmen a strange taste have found
For English words and English things

"As never their forefathers used,
Who loved their land and cherished me,
And in their wisdom still refused
The stranger's gold and flattery.

"Ah! would that those who yet remain
Of loyal heart and loyal speech
Would rise upon the Saxon strain,
And drive them seaward from the beach;

"And turn again to field and boat,
And homely tasks of happier days,
From the bewildering world remote,
Contented in their fathers' ways.

"O men of Mannin, trust not those
Who come with gifts but stop to rule;
Their gold is but the bribe of foes,
Their speech a plaything for the fool.

"But I, forgot, must follow this
The dusty pathway to the tomb;
For see, my head how gray it is
With age, and grief, and nearing doom!"

I think comment is needless.

J. W. SULLIVAN.

A few days ago there was quietly laid to rest in Glasnevin all that was mortal of one of the last of the '67 men, John W. Sullivan, formerly art and book auctioneer at 8 D'Olier Street, Dublin, at one time perhaps the best known and most popular auctioneer in the metropolis, and perhaps the greatest authority on books and art treasures in Ireland, if not in the three kingdoms.

Born in Dublin in 1837, his whole life, with the exception of a few years in America and France on Fenian business, was spent in the city of his birth. Early in manhood he met the late O'Donovan Rossa, and the friendship then cemented and the admiration he had for the old "Phœnix" conspirator continued till the end. The last appearance of John Sullivan was when he struggled from his sick bed to view the remains of Rossa in the City Hall and to stand a sorrowful spectator of his old confrere's funeral as it passed on its way to Glasnevin.

The friend and follower of Stephens, to whom he bore unswerving allegiance as his leader, he was also the friend of Kickham O'Leary, Lecky, and the other leaders of the Fenian generation. Like Rossa, he was uncompromising in his Fenianism, and had no use for anyone who advocated any other methods than his to secure the freedom of Ireland.

In 1881 he was arrested as a suspect under Forster's Coercion Act and detained in Kilkenny and afterwards in Grangegorman prisons for six months. Summoned as a witness before the *Times* Commission, he treated the subpœna with contempt, tore it to pieces before the policeman who served it, telling him that he "absolutely refused to obey any British summons to any British Court." Brought before Adye Curran, K.C., in the Star Chamber Enquiry in Dublin Castle, he declined point blank to answer any questions asked him, and treated with deserving contumely and indifference alike the inducements and threats held out to him there. He consistently refused to act on juries, giving as his reason that he could not assist in any way the Government of England in Ireland.

In social life his great heartedness and generosity knew no bounds. A wonderful raconteur, his fund of anecdotes of the Fenian times was inexhaustible. In appearance he bore a remarkable facial likeness to his friend, John Devoy, the same strong, determined features that index unflinching character.

Though failing in health for the past few years, his old indomitable spirit never wavered from its first pathway, and the great rugged face would lighten up and the dimming eye would brighten at a song or a story that told of hope for his country. He was a great collector of literary curios, and it is probable that amongst his books and papers there are many scarce and valuable relics.

Dublin is the poorer by the death of John Sullivan, and Ireland has lost in him a loving and faithful son.

Beannacht De ar a' arum. J. K.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR.

In the "Buildings" he is regarded as an institution. The women call him "Mister Lacey," and the men envy his easy, steady job. He is married, has a family, and supports his burden with the wages the Corporation give him. He is level-headed, and practical. For some time past he has ceased to act as secretary to the local National Volunteers, and at present his visits to Rutland Square are just enough to identify him in a mild way with the Hibs. Before the war, his facile pen sped off quarter-columns describing the proceedings of mythical League branches; no Hib. announced more stoutly his intent to stand by the Party; but his trained mind has long since grasped the advent of a political transition, and just now he is waiting to see.

Lacey is a skilled man and commands a high price. His speciality is ward politics. If you have Lacey on your side, you have at least five hundred votes from the "Buildings." He knows in what his value consists, and studies the voters. When Mrs. Byrne's eldest had measles, Lacey was the first to bring up saffron, with a little mixture to brace up the mother in her trouble. When Murphy got sacked after a spree, Lacey was the first to suggest Keogh's snug as a balm to the troubled mind and swollen head. And Murphy has not forgotten Lacey.

When Keogh was returned to the Council years ago, to the discomfiture of a Factionist adversary, Lacey urged on the Committee of his Trades Union the pressing necessity for a presentation to the worthy Councillor. The presentation was duly made, and Lacey read the address in tones which caressed the longer words. An agreeable function—so the "Telegraph" put it—and in due time, the assembly dispersed. Lacey's nerves had been strained in the election campaign; the presentation left him a wreck. On the following day he made no appearance at his work, and the next day found him still wanting. Now, his superior was young, inexperienced, enthusiastic. He had read lectures on matters municipal before various congresses, and believed seriously in efficiency. Indeed, his theories on thoroughness savoured of the German. Lacey must be suspended, as an example. The ukase was issued, and the staff shuddered.

At half-past ten, the efficient rose to drive out on his rounds; but he was delayed by the entrance of Councillor Keogh. The Councillor was brief. Lacey's offence was admitted, but, "Glory be to God! any man might make a mistake. Now, you won't be too hard on him—a decent man, with a wife and family." A half promise was given. The Councillor was followed by the High-Priest in the A.O.H. Division to which the efficient belonged. Close on his footsteps came two Poor-Law Guardians. They were followed by a League secretary and a Labour T.C., out to protect the worker. At one o'clock the efficient rang for his office boy. "Tell the driver to get his dinner. I won't go out till after lunch." But hardly was his coat on, when there entered Father Hilary, in his picturesque garb. "How are you, Father?" "I'm very well, thanks be to God. I just called to know could you do anything for that poor fellow Lacey. Look! He is only after signing this," producing a document in which Lacey undertook to abstain henceforth from all spirituous liquors.

Lacey got back, and was paid for his days out.

L.

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Ireland's Fighting Men

By J. J. SCOLLAN.

I am not an Irish Volunteer, that is my misfortune, not my fault, therefore, perhaps, what I say on this subject may from a mere outsider's point of view prove interesting anent The Volunteer display in Dublin on St. Patrick's Day, and the manner in which it was dealt with by the pro-British "kept" Press. For some days previously the "old gang" from Belfast to Cork, and Galway to Princes' Street had, with the help of the Dirty Fowl, Stacpole, been letting off columns of literary abuse against the "Sinn Fein" "Gun-Men" as a Scotch lawyer describes them, who failing to "make good" in the Four Courts now edits a buff hued evening sheet at Parliament Street. This gentleman invariably assumes a "Do(i)g in the manger" policy when all is not going well with the al-lies—he detests obvious truths! To some people the word "Gun-Men" may seem innocent and all right, but the prejudiced "literary" blackguard who wrote it meant it as more than a sneer. In America a "Gun-Man" is known as a thug, footpad, or brigand! Only a low down, base born Britisher of military age, who refuses to do his duty to his country, would be guilty of describing honourable men as "Gun-Men."

Now what I want to say is this: that I have seen many displays of armed men within the past few years of my life, but never have I seen anything to approach the military-bearing, the business-liks appearance, and the grim determination of those Dublin Volunteers on last St. Patrick's Day. I do not wish to leave the impression on my reader's mind, that it was the last word in a military display—there was much wanting—but in comparison wirh Carson's greatly-boomed much-photographed Ulster Volunteers they were far ahead. Compared with some of King George's English troops that are being sent to the Continent they are superior, and with the same equipment would be absolutely invincible! And how did the Castle Press of Dnblin deal with perhaps one of the most momentuous sights ever seen in Dublin since Grattan's Volunteers paraded on the same historic spot at College Green as Professor Eoin MacNeill inspected his Volunteers on St. Patrick's Day of 1916

The Castle-kept "Telegraph" after much-booming of a Church Boys' Brigade parade, dismissed The Volunteers with six lines—of course a boys' brigade parade is less disturbing to the powers that be than a body of trained, armed Irishmen and therefore of more "news" value! It gave the number of Volunteers as being 1,500, the "Independent" gave the number as 2,000 as also did the "Evening Mail," while the "Irish Times" gave 1,600 as the correct figures. Another instance of the allies being at variance! They were, however, unanimous in informing the public that four battallions marched through the City, Taking each battallion as being at three quarters of its full strength—at least two were at full strength—we find that at least 3,500 men armed with rifles and ammunition, took part in the most momentuous display of a century. There was no cheering, no flag-wagging, no blare of trumpets or bugles, not a sound but the tread of marching feet, and [the skirl] of the Irish war pipes away at the head of the long column. There was one English King (or was he a German?) who cursed the laws which deprived him of certain soldiers; but for the country which can produce men like those who marched, (not alone in Dublin on St Patrick's Day, but in Cork, Belfast, Tralee, Galway, and other places) there is still hope, even if her leaders do betray!

Nor was the inspection by Professor MacNeill in College Green the most impressive part of the day's proceedings. The Church Parade and the Volunteer Mass in the Church of St. Michael and St. John was the most unique, significant and solemn event that has been witnessed in Ireland since England first "blessed" her inhabitants with her outrageous and "civilising" PenalLaws. Two members of The Volunteers in uniform attended the priest on the Altar during the celebration of Holy Mass; and at the Elevation of the Host a thrill went through the vast congregation as the Volunteer Officers solemnly saluted with their swords, while the men came to the salute with their rifles and fixed bayonets. It was a solemn and impressive sight indeed. Not a sound but that of the gong and the sharp clank of steel upon steel was heard as the priest held the Sacred Host above the bowed heads of the adoring Volunteers.

Surely it was a hopeful sign in these decadent days of spurious Catholicity and Nationality to see these Soldiers of Ireland standing true not alone to the Faith but also to the political tenets of their fathers, notwithstanding Castle threats and bribes, and politicians chicanery and cajolery to seduce them from the service of their country. Contrast these men with the young men of England. The men who paraded on St Patrick's Day are giving up their leisure time to training, and their pocket money to equipping themselves for "The Day." The English young man to escape the service of his country, which is fighting for its existence, flies to neutral countries, buries himself in a coal mine, becomes a religious maniac, or a conscientious objector. Which is the nobler figure? It is for people such as these that the young men of Ireland are asked by political tricksters to give up their homes, their wives, their children, their sweethearts, parents, brothers, sisters, all that is worth living for—aye, their very lives! What fools some of us Irish are! Half the Irishmen who were murdered at Gallipoli, Flanders or France would have been quite sufficient to have driven the enemy bag and baggage from this country years ago—and they would not have died in vain!

THE CITIE OF THE TRIBES

By J. P. Mortin.

There is no city in all Ireland around which hangs greater interest than that of Galway. Great names are found in its annals—great deeds were wrought within its walls; and up and down its streets still linger traces of past glories and past fame.

When the Normans invaded Ireland the whole province of Connacht was granted by the King of England to Richard de Burgo. A long and bloody war ensued between the new "owners" and the Irish chiefs. The town of Galway was long an object of dispute. It finally yielded to De Burgo, who died in Galway Castle, leaving a son to succeed him. Increasing in wealth, importance, and population, its foreign trade was such that Dermod More O'Brien, in 1277, received twelve tuns of wine yearly as a tribute from the merchants of the town in consideration of preserving the harbour and the port's ships from all pirates an drivateers by maintaining a suitable maritime force for the purpose. The power of the De Burgos grew so enormous (they became Earls of Clanricarde in 1543) as to be intolerable to the people, who in 1584 appealed to the Crown for a charter, which was granted, whereby they were empowered to elect a Mayor and Corporation to hencforth govern the city.

The laws were still very stringent against any intercourse with the native Irish, and the Corporation enacted curious regulations on the subject. Christmas and Easter appear to have been the times when the citizens had the strongest fancy for inviting in their country neighbours; and a fine of £5—a formidable sum indeed in those days—was imposel for the offence, and the desire of the Town Council was strongly expressed that "neither O or Mac shalle strutte ne swaggere thro' the streetes of Galwaye." And fir a very long period an inscription remained over the West Gate of the town to this effect: "From the ferocious O'Flaherties, good Lord deliver us!"

Galway abounded with religious houses; perhaps no city of equal size was so rich in these foundations. The ecclesiastical government was a very peculiar one, inasmuch as it was exempted from the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Tuam. But evil days were to fall on Galway, and more especially on its religious houses—they were to share in the general destruction of monastic property throughout the land, and the "Reformation" was to be thrust upon a people unwavering in their allegiance to their ancient Faith, without a shadow of justice or pretence, save that it was the will of the brutal and sensual tyrant, the eight Henry of England.

The new religion was brought into Galway by an army. Lord Deputy Grey arrived before the gates July 11, 1537, and demanded that the Mayor and Corporation should take the oath of supremacy. They complied and the army withdrew, the Lord Deputy writing home to his royal master an account of the easy victory he had gained. But the obese Henry, shrewder than his servant, wrote back word: "Their oaths, submissions, and indentures are not worth a farthing since they did not give hostages." Notwithstanding the despoiling of the religious establishments the new faith made very slow progress in that part of our country.

The next great event was the arrival of the Spanish Armada. On account of Galway's intercourse with Spain, it was an important place at this juncture. When the Spaniards were returning homewards, several ships were wrecked in the Galway Bay during the rough weather. Many of the crews struggled through the surf to land, but had hardly set foot on shore before they were murdered by English soldiers who were waiting there for the purpose. Some, seeing the fate of their companions, rushed back again into the stormy sea, finding a more merciful death in its waters. Some, however, managed to elude the soldiery, and gained the land, but they were seized, carried to a rising ground near St. Austin's Monastery, and there beheaded. Two only escaped, being hidden by some of the inhabitants.

The accession of James I. brought hope to the people of Galway—as it did to so many others—that their ancient religion would be restored, but their hopes were disappointed. To his son, Charles I., their loyalty was proffered, but it was put to a fearful test when Lord Stafford was Lord Deputy, that worthy claiming all estates in Connacht as belonging to the Crown. Making a progress through the province he compelled jury after jury in the different towns to proclaim that the demand was just. But in Galway he met a firm resistance. Before his face the jury gave an adverse verdict, whereupon, much enraged, Stafford had both jury and Sheriffs apprehended, and took them with him to Dublin. They were treated with the utmost cruelty, Stafford insisting they should not only reconsider the verdict, but declare the first had been a perjury. This they firmly refused to do Some wert pilloried, some had an ear cut off, some had their tongues bored through, and others red-hot iron pressed on their flesh. One of the Sheriffs died under this treatment, and at length the others were released by the earnest intercession of Lord Clanricarde. Stafford then summoned another jury, who, in mortal terror at meeting a similar fate to the first, gave the verdict he required. Notwithstanding all this, when Charles II. was an exile and an outlaw Galway recognised him as their lawful king.

When the troubles of Jaems II. began, Galway warmly espoused his cause; and when William's army drew near, the town prepared for a siege. The battle of Aughrim, however, had decided the real issue of the contest; the sound of the distant cannon could have reached the gates of Galway, and many a heart within those walls beat high with anxiety about a victory on which so much depended. Then the siege of Galway began, but a traitor within the walls gave the attacking party an unfair advantage, and, seeing that defeat was inevitable, the town offered terms of surrender, which were gladly accepted by the Williamites, who were thankful to be spared a econtest in which they would have lost much.

Thereafter a gradual but systematic persecution of Catholics began in Galway, but less open at first than in other parts of the country, because the "Papists" were so numerous and wealthy a body. But, slowly and surely, the work was done. After the Act passed in the reign of Queen Anne "to prevent the further growth of Popery," it was ordered that after March 24, 1703, "no Papist should purchase any house in Limerick or Galway; and all Papists were to give security for their good behaviour in a reasonable penal sum. When the Jacobite war broke out, the rigour against Catholics increased, although no evidence is given of any help or sympathy having been sent or expected by the inhabitants of Galway for the Stuart cause.

In 1711 an order from the Privy Council desires the Mayor "to cause the Popish priests in Galway to be secured." After a time, some were set at liberty, and the Council thanked the Mayor for his zeal and management, and begged him to continue "his endeavours to banish the priests, those enemies to our Constitution, out of that town; and cause those who

had been apprehended to be prosecuted at law with the utmost vigour." In 1731 the Mayor was ordered to make a return of all "mass-houses, Popish chapels, reputed nunneries and friaries,, friars and nuns, and Popish schools"; and, further than all, Popish Archbishops, Bishops, Jesuits, friars, and all ecclesiastical persons, were to be apprehended and committed; all nunneries, friaries, and all Popish fraternities and societies were to be supressed. About ths period it was observed in the English House of Lords as regards Ireland: "The insolence of Papists throughout the nation is very great." Insolence might, no doubt, be interpreted as unwavering adherence to their ancient Faith.

At the present day the people of Galway can worship in peace—but, thanks to the blight of English misrule, enterprise has been checked, stout hands and brave hearts have been driven from her walls, and the Citie of the Tribes stands to-day, with its magnificent natural resources unused, a veritable ruin, a sad memorial of the days ere the foot of the Sassenach polluted our land.

Parnell on Irish Volunteers

On June 13th, 1878, Mr. C S. Parnell at Navan, said: "There is no desire to attribute cowardice to the English soldier, but it is a common saying that in the day of battle the Irish regiments go first to break the line, the Scotch follow to take the prisoners, and the English come last to pick up the booty, which probably accounts for their having been able to acquire wealth more than the people of Ireland. It is unjust to refuse Ireland the right of defending herself while she is compelled to contribute to the defence of England.

IMPORTANT

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British Gold and "German Money."

(From "Gaelic American")

More British gold is being spent in Ireland now than at any time since William Pitt brought about the Union with England by the most colossal and shameless bribery and corruption ever recorded in human history. The daily press is bought by recruiting advertisement, for which enormous sums of money are paid, although they have proved worthless in bringing men to enlist. Practically the whole rotten "Irish Party" are sent round the country making recruiting speeches, for which they receive payment, in addition to their salary of £400 a year, and in a hundred other ways English money is spent lavishly. No such debasing and disgusting spectacle has been seen in Ireland for more than a hundred years.

And yet the recipients of this blood-money are never tired of accusing the men who are true to the country which the Parliamentarians have betrayed of having their pockets lined with "German money." The English Government, with the consent and approval of this traitorous gang, has deprived many of the leading Nationalists of their means of living, has suppressed their papers, put them in prison or driven them from their homes, and several of them have been reduced to dire poverty. Yet the ruffians who helped to reduce them to these straits and who rejoice at their misfortunes have the effrontery to accuse them of corrupt and dishonest motives in preaching and practising the principle of Irish Nationality for which they stood all their lives. These men, by their firmness and devotion to principle, and in spite of their enforced poverty, defeated conscription in Ireland, for the present, and compelled the renegade "Irish Party" to make a show of opposition, after they nad been threatening it on the country for months. And now T. P. O'Connor attacks these men who made Redmond toe the line as paid agents of Germany. In a cable published in the "New York American" last Sunday, he said:—

"All Irish leaders had looked with grave apprehension on a struggle over conscription. They had reason to count upon the intense hostility of Ireland to conscription, and also a secret campaign of well-paid pro-German cranks, who whispered the Irish Party would betray Ireland. Of course, no such thing was possible, but the bold, tactful stand taken by the Irish Party, and their success in getting the unanimous approval of the Ministry, including such strong opponents as Bonar Law, A. J. Balfour, and Lord Lansdowne to agree to the exclusion of Ireland, has given the final blow to this always insignificant and now extinct minority."

One would think that the most notoriously corrupt man in the "Irish Party" would be the last to fling a charge of financial dishonesty against a political opponent, but O'Connor is lost to shame. He has been in receipt of English money from the very beginning of his political career. He never does anything for nothing. He made nearly half a million dollars by starting papers in London, and then using his position as head of the United Irish League in England to compel rich English Liberals to buy them. When, owing to his outrageously licentious life, his very tolerant wife had at last to separate from him, and came to America to start a divorce suit, he was enabled to settle it by getting a group of Englishmen to contribute the necessary money to settle the case and hush it up. Yet this cowardly blackguard, who gets Englishmen to pay for his mistresses, has the audacity to accuse honourable and self-sacrificing Irishmen of receiving German money for their patriotic work for Ireland. He gets good English money for trying to induce his countrymen to go to the front to be slaughtered for England, and he knows that no German money could find its way into Ireland now, but he lies impudently because that is what his English paymasters want.

Not a penny of German money, or its equivalent in English money, has been expended in the anti-recruiting or other campaign in Ireland. The work of Irish Nationalists on both sides of the Atlantic has been done for Ireland, and the small amount of money expended has come from the pockets of patriotic Irishmen alone. The day will come when this will be demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of the Irish people, and when the scoundrel's in England's pay, who now lie about "German money," will be held to a strict account. But Tay Pay will give Ireland a wide berth when that day comes. He has enough English money to last him for the balance of his rotten life.

Hottentot Night Entertainments

The Plague of the Pee-Knuts

Now, the statesmen of Bullionia were famed for their altruistic virtues, and nowhere were these more displayed than in their unceasing efforts to ameliorate the condition of Tiraluinn. They held as an axiomatic truth that the people of the latter country were burdened with a "double dose of original sin," and that only by being elevated to the status of Bullionian civilisation could they be freed from its eternal bondage. For this noble purpose numerous expedients were undertaken. To eradicate this "double dose of original sin" bloodletting was resorted to on the advice of an eminent physician of Bullionia, Dr. Oliver Hellorconnaught. The veins of the Tiraluinnians were opened and the blood was allowed to pour out copiously, but peculiar to relate, those thus operated on, were neither improved nor thankful. Then purafication by fire was reckoned the great cure-all, and bonfires became the rage, the materials for such being generally chapel roofs or cabin thatches. This, too, failed lamentably to bring the natives to the requisite standard of saving culture. Another effort was made which was termed "killing with kindness." Vast numbers of the people of Tiraluinn were, for the good of their health, sent on a long ea voyage. Strange to relate, few of them were ever heard of afterwards. malignant libellers of Bullionia hinted that the vessels on which these voyages were made were manned by pirates, who dropped their passengers overboard in mid-ocean, and they even went so far as to call these vessels "coffin ships."

However, whether these unkind statements were true or false the fact remained that about this time there was a very substantial drop in the population of Tiraluinn, so much so, that the principal journal of Bullionia, "The Crimes," wrote "The Tiraluinnians are going and going with a vengeance."

But the process of amelioration was slow, the results pitifully inadequate, and the altruistic statesmen of Bullionia were at their wits end, until some genius, whose name is lost, bethought him of a simple but beautiful medium of effecting the great end in view. This device was the institution of the Order of the Pee. It was a "fine idea," as the landlord of the Devil's Inn would say. Its primary object was to mark the degree and reward the merits of those who rendered service to Bullionia, and assisted in the glorious work of ameliorating the natives of Tiraluinn into kingdom come.

There were three grades of the Order of the Pee.

First there was the Jay Pee, an honour conferred for minor services, such as demonstrating how miserable a country Tiraluinn was, or singing "Bullionia Rules the Slaves."

Second there was the Em Pee. The recipient of this grade of the Order was required to have intelligence at least equal to that of a weather-cock, and to be thoroughly conversant with the teachings of that great classic of Bullionian literature, "How to Serve God and Mammon Simultaneously."

The third, and the highest grade of the Order, and the one which carried the greatest authority with it, was the Dee Em Pee.

Amongst the Fleecers there was great reverence for the third degree. Such were regarded as exalted above the conditions of ordinary mortals and dowered with a superabundance of ineffiable glory. And the Dee Em Pee was mighty in the land of Tiraluinn.

But amongst the Fleeced this Order of the Pee was an object of derision and satire. "Pees anl Plenty" was a common allusion to it, and one "contemptible little rag," braving the wrath of the recipients of the decoration, referred to them as "The plague of the Pee Knuts."

But to Bullionia the Pee Knuts were of immense utility. The three grades of the Order formed a triple-alliance, and entered into a solemn compact to prove that Abe Lincoln was a liar when he declared, "You can't fool all the people all the time."

"What!" said Hawk O'Vanna, chief of the Em Pees. "Hard to fool the Fleeced.! Read my book on 'The Impossible and Undesirable' and you'll see how we do it."

Next Week:
Hawk O'Vanna's Statute Book

Irish Financial Relations Committee.

Mansion House,
Dublin, 19th March, 1916.

ear Sir,

The Executive Committee Meeting was held at the Mansion House, Dublin, on the 18th instant, when it was decided to send a letter to Mr. J. E. Redmond in the terms of the copy enclosed herewith.

Yours faithfully.
J. E. LYONS, Hon. Sec

Mansion House, Dublin.
18th March, 1916.

To John E. Redmond, Esq., M.P.

Sir—In the "Freeman's Journal" of the 17th March, you are reported as having said to Mr. Lloyd George: "Ireland is mulcted by a very large and heavy portion of the taxes of the war—necessarily. No complaint was been made."

We desire to call your attention to the fact that you have been misinformed on this last point. Complaint—serious, well-founded complaint—has been made, and continues to be made by the Irish people against the burden of extra taxation laid on them by the present war.

To instance some of the more important manifestations of protest:—(1) On February 29th at a public meeting, which filled the Round Room of the Dublin Mansion House, a resolution was unanimously and enthusiastically adopted, calling for the complete exemption of Ireland from the additional taxes imposed last year and foreshadowed for this year. (2) On March 6th, the Dublin City Council unanimously adopted a resolution protesting against the imposition of any further taxation on Ireland. (3) On the same day, March 6th, the Dublin Trades Council discussed the question, and passed a resolution declaming that Irish taxation should be controlled entirely by the people of Ireland. Resolutions of protest have also been adopted by the Monaghan County Council, Limerick City Countil, Thurles Urban Council, Athy District Council, King's Co. Agricultural Committee, the North Dock Ward U.I.L., and by a large public meeting in Wexford; while several public bodies in different parts of the country have given expression to similar complaints.

Of the manifold grounds for these complaints—which are familiar to you as a member of the Financial Relations Commission of 1894-6, and which include the breach of the fiscal provisions of the Act of Union, the admitted robbery of Ireland to the extent of over £300,000,000, the proved injustice of asking Ireland to bear fiscal burdens on the same scale as Breat Britain—we need stress only one, namely, the fact that Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa are not compelled to contribute any sums towards war-expenditure. The people of Ireland have no less right to control freely and expenditure of their own revenues than that enjoyed by those self-governing communities. So long as this right is withheld complaint must and will continue.

Yours on behalf of the Irish Financial Relations Committee,

B. J. GOFF,
J. E. LYONS,
Hon. Secs.

The members of the St Rita's Ladies' Auxilary Division A.O.H., Dublin at their usual weekly meeting on Thursday passed a vote of condolence to Sister Rose Hoare on the death of her mother.

A CURRENT CAUSERIE.

Taxation of Ireland.

The British National Debt in November, 1915, stood at thirteen billion dollars (£2 12s.) per head for each person in Great Britain and Ireland. Each billion dollars added to the debt means another dollar per head per annum for interest. This does not include any of the cost of running the British Government, keeping up the army and navy, and the other expenses which have heretofore been borne by Ireland in an amount greatly in excess of its proportionate share, as determined in 1896 by the Financial Relations Commission appointed by the British Parliament. Now take, for example, an Irish family of ten—husband and wife and eight children—and this kind of family is very numerous even now in Ireland, although families are not as large there as they were formerly because of late marriages. Such a family would have to pay 130 dollars (£26) per annum in taxes as its proportionate share of the interest on the national debt alone, and if the people of Ireland pay hereafter, as they have been compelled to pay heretofore, much more than their proportionate share of taxes into the British Treasury, this family will have to bear an annual tax of 390 dollars (£78) to meet the interest on England's national debt, and pay for being misruled by an alien Government. Irishmen, do you believe that your rights will be secured to you by the 103 paid agents of the British Government now telling you to remain tied to the Empire and paying perpetually the interest on the war debt contracted by England for the purpose of keeping Ireland in bondage, and keeping England mistress of the seas. Past history and past experience tell every Irishman who wishes to read that, as long as Ireland is mistress of the seas, Ireland will remain in bondage and slavery, and her children and their descendants for all time paying interest on England's National debt.—Eugene F. O'Riordan, in the "Gaelic American," 5th Feb., 1916.

What the Germans May Attempt.

My own anticipation of what the Germans will attempt within the next few weeks is that a portion of their fastest-travelling ships will challenge our ships in the North Sea, but always ready to shoot back if they are outnumbered and outranged, and that simultaneously there will be a great Zeppelin raid on London with the hope of putting it in flames, and that somewhere on our east coast, between the Humber and the Thames, an auxiliary German fleet will endeavour to land an invading force. — John Foster Fraser in the "Umpire."

The Bishop of Verdun.

The attack on Verdun by a formidable German army is still being prolonged. The town itself is at the present moment little better than a heap of ruins. In this connection it is interesting to note that Mgr. Ginisty, its Bishop, was, with his clergy, one of the last persons to leave the city, when, on the 25th ult., the civil inhabitants were ordered to quit. Like all other people, Mgr. Ginistry had to abandon everything he possessed, and to leave on foot. He stopped for the night at Souilly, but the next morning he returned to the vicinity of Verdun, and spent the day in encouraging and blessing the soldiers, many of whom were terribly wounded. At nightfall he started back alone on foot, and was ultimately given a shelter in the Vadelaincourt hospital by the priests and medical men. On Sunday he celebrated Mass in a cow-stable, converted into a chapel. Later on, Mgr. Ginisty was able to reach Bar-le-Duc, where the Arch-priest Langois was glad to receive him, and where he remains for the time-being till he can return to Verdun.

Redmond Again Hysterical.

The "Daily Graphic" publishes a St. Patrick's Day message from John Redmond, in the course of which he says: "We feel that in this war we have at last entered on terms of equality into the Empire, and we will defend that Empire with loyalty and devotion. For the first time in the history of the British Empire we can feel in our souls that in fighting for the Empire we are fighting for Ireland." On more than one occasion recently, "The Hibernian" has drawn attention to the sayings and doings of this heaven-sent "leader." Does anyone, in this country, except Redmond and his brother, imagine that Ireland has entered this war on terms of equality with England How are the two countries on equal terms? Is it in the fact that England comes to Ireland, slanders and plunders its people, and that Ireland can then in turn treat England in like fashion? Is it that, while Irish men and boys are being driven by the thousand to dress up in their "grave clothes," English cowards are in snug positions in Ireland, while Irishmen have been dismissed to make room for them? Where is the equality, Mr. Redmond, in cutting this country off from all communication with the outside world, and in all things, commercial and otherwise, subordinating its vital interests to that of England at all times?

Who is Ireland's Enemy?

Who is Ireland's enemy? Not Germany nor Spain,
Nor Russia, France nor Austria, they forge for her no chain,
Nor quenched her hearths—nor raised her homes—nor laid her altars low,
Nor sent her sons to tramp the hills amid the winters' snow.

Who murdered Knightly Shane O'Neill, who poisoned Owen Roe,
Who struck Red Hugh O'Donnell down, who filled our land with woe,
By night and day a thousand times in twice 400 years,
Till every blade of Irish grass was wet with blood and tears.

Who spiked the heads of Irish priests on Dublin Castle Gate,
Who butchered helpless Irish babes their lust for blood to sate,
Who outraged Irish maidenhood and tortured aged sires,
Who spread from Clare to Donegal the glare of midnight fires.

Who sent in thousands o'er the waves in slavery and chains,
The children of the Irish land to end the race and name,
Who sold them like a herd of sheep, and laughed with hellish glee
When Irish mothers mad with grief sought death beneath the sea.

Who scourged the land in '98, spread torture far and wide
Till Ireland shrieked with woe and pain and hell seemed fair beside,
Who plied the pitch cap and the sword the gibbet and the rack,
Oh, God that we should ever fail to pay the devils back.

Who robbed our land in '47 of all her stores of food,
When at her gate with poisoned breath gaunt famine grimly stood,
Who filled the fields with whitened bones and sent beyond the sea
The kindliest hearts in all the world—the Kin of you and me.

Not Germany nor Austria, nor Russia, France or Spain
That robbed and reeved this land of ours that forged her galling chain,
But ENGLAND of the wily word that crafty treacherous foe,
'Twas England robbed our motherland 'twas England laid her low.

Rise up ye dead of Ireland and rouse her living men,
The chance has come to us at last to win our own again,
To drive the English enemy from valley, hill and bay,
And in your name, Oh Holy Dead, our Sacred debt to pay.

—Anon, Tipperary

The Pope and the Pact of London

Has Italy forced the hands of the Allies to exclude the Holy See from participation in a future peace conference. The insertion into the Pact of London of a clause to this effect at the instance of the Italian Government has been asserted by the press, and the statement has not been denied.

The insult implied in such an act would be entirely gratuitous. The Holy See has never begged for admission into any future peace conference. Nor is there any reason to suspect the Allied Governments of partiality towards Rome. None of them is officially Catholic, but all of them except perhaps Belgium are officially non-Catholic, under one form or other. The only reason, therefore, that could prompt them to desire the admission of the Holy Father into such a conference would be the benefit accruing to themselves and their subjects.

That there is great reason for the Pope's presence is obvious to every unprejudiced mind, and would be made doubly obvious by an act such as that ascribed to the Italian Government. He is the one person most impartial and neutral, in the sense that he has not been implicated in even the slightest action that could be interpreted as implying unfriendliness towards any one of the belligerent nations. He is the one person most intimately interested in the conclusion of peace, being the spiritual father of millions of the Faithful on both sides of the great struggle. He is finally the one person most capable of an unbiased judgment, because he alone has no political advantage to gain and because, acting as Christ's Representative, he necessarily has the most exalted conception of his high responsibility.

Most of these reasons flow from purely international and not from Catholic considerations. Yet as head of the many million Catholics, faithfully serving their respective Governments even unto death, he has a special right to be heard in the formulation of terms of peace on either side of the world conflict. As the viceregent and interpreter of the Prince of Peace, the gentle, white-robed figure in the Vatican may not be passed over without setting aside Him who is the King of kings and Lord of lords, without whom there can be neither lasting peace nor true prosperity. Even to those of other creeds who still believe in the existence of a Divinity these reasons must appeal, since they cannot fail to see in him at least an exalted servant of God, sincere in the fulfilment of his sublime ministry.

The Italian Government, it is further said, has obtained the introduction into the same Pact of another clause, excluding any change whatsoever in the Law of Guarantees, asserting that the Roman Question is purely internal and Italian. That the Roman Question is not purely internal has been made more obvious than ever during the present war. Yet the Holy See has raised no issue in this conflict. Again, we must ask, what reason could Italy allege for suspecting the Allied Governments of undue partiality toward Rome? None. Hence the act ascribed to it would be a confession of bad faith and an implicit admission of the open injustice of its demand. Whatever may be the truth contained in the current report, hitherto undenied, the warring Governments on either side cannot disregard with impunity the Christ and His anointed.

Ireland's Roll of Honour

SHOT DEAD
Mrs. Duffy, Dublin
James Brennan ,,
Patk. Quinn ,,
Sylvester Pidgeon ,,

BAYONETTED
M. J. Judge, Dublin,
J. J. Burke ,,
Chas. O'Neill, ,,

DEPORTED
John Dowling, Cove
J. L. Fawsitt, Cork
The O'Rahilly, Dublin
Capt. Monteith, I.V., Dublin.
Jeremiah Reen, Clonmel
J. J, Walsh, Cork
Mark McDerragh, Moycullen

IMPRISONED
James Bolger, Enniscorthy.
J. Bransfield, Midleton
Ernest Blythe, Newtownards
A. Brennan, Tullamore
W. Buckley, Kilcorney, Cork
V. W. Casey, Mitchelstown
Bernard Coan, Stabane
James Cooney, Dublin.
— Donnelly, Carrickmacross
M. Dowling, Queenstown
M. Ducey, Galway
Geoffrey A. Dunlop, Dublin
(two terms.)
Michael Fennell, Dublin
Thomas Finnerty, Galway
Desmond Fitzgerald, Dublin
E. J. Gleeson, Listowel Co. Kerry
J. Grimes, Cork
J. Hegarty, Cork
W. Jones, Curragh of Kildare.
Michael Kelly, Mallow
John Kinsella, Arklow
E. Kent, Castlelyons
James Lowe, Belfast
Liam Mellowes, Dublin
Sean Milroy, Dublin
Ed. Monaghan, Ballaghadereen
A. Monahan, Belfast
P. Murphy, Rafeen, Monkstown
Denis McCullough, Belfast
Alexander McCabe, Sligo.
Sean McDermott, Dublin
F. McDonagh, Moycullen
John McGaley, Tralee
Terence McSwiney, Cork.
Arthur Newman, Belfast
P. O'Sullivan, Mitchelstown
Vincent Poole, Dublin
— Quinn, Carrickmacross
— Ross, Carrickmacross
F. Sheehy-Skeffington, Dublin
Martin Walsh, Galway
Thomas Walsh, Dundalk

ARRESTED, FINED, Etc.
Miss P. O'Leary, Kerry
J. Biggs, Belfast
Bernard Briody, Cavan
J. Barry, Charleville
Claude Chavasse, Oxford
Richard Cole, Cahirciveen
James Dalton, Limerick
Robert Donagher, Listowel
John Fanning, Ballyneale
Daniel Flynn, Banteer
T. Headman, Charleville
Wm. McCarthy, Mallow
W. McLaughlin, Belfast.
Sean Nolan, Cork
Patrick Noone, Kinvarra
George Owens, Cove
M. Smyth, Belfast
Patrick Tobin

INTERNED
i.e. confined within 4 miles of Dublin.
Diarmaid O'Lourgugh,
An American Citizen.

WANTED
J. de Lacey, Enniscorthy

MAGISTRATE REMOVED
James O'Shea, Co. Councillor and Rural Councillor, Killarney.
Mr Jeremiah Lane, Cork
Mr Austin O'Donoghue, Dingle

PAPERS SUPPRESSED
Sinn Fein, Irish Freedom, Irish Worker, Ireland, Scissors and Paste, The Celt, Cork; Fianna Fail, Cork

This Roll of Honour is incomplete. The editor would be glad to receive the names of others who have been deported, imprisoned or otherwise victimised.

OUT OF THE PAST

By J. J. B.

A Green Book of Atrocities has come into my possession.

When I saw the title I at once took it to be the first of the "all sorts" of literature that Keneral Redmond recently prescribed for the enlightenment of the people of Ireland who have so far failed to recognise the benefits which "bayonet in the belly or a bullet in the brain" the accursed British Empire would bring them! However, it is nothing of the kind. And as I feel sure General Redmond, in his wildest flights of Imperial imagination, could not accuse the Germans of the atrocities which an Englishman herein proves against Redmond's masters, I recommend this little book to him as a model to work on. It is a reprint of an article written by the late William Thomas Stead, and was first published in his own paper, the "Review of Reviews, 15th July, 1898, under the title—"The Centenary of 1798."

Remember that Mr. Stead did not write as he did because he loved Ireland. In the opening refarks he says:

"I do nothink that any, even among my worst enemies, dare accuse me of lack of loyalty, or any shortcoming in enthusiastic devotion to the cause of the Empire. . . . It is indeed because of my enthusiastic devotion to the Imperial cause that Ireland always rouses such a storm of passionate regret. For Ireland is the great failure of the Empire. . . . ."

Had England, by the means she employed against us, brought Ireland into complete subjection, I doubt if Mr. Stead would have written as he did about the atrocities in Ireland. Because that end (which would in any Englishman's mind justify the means) was not attained, Mr. Stead is overwhelmed with "passionate regret," and tries "kindness." Beware of England's "kindness"—it is more harmful to our national life than the sword! England's "kindness" in putting the Home Rule Bill **on the Statute Book** did more harm to Ireland in an hour than the King's Own Scottish Borderers could do in a year! All the same, I do not think the extracts I give will do Irishmen any harm in this the age of Small Nationalities, Civilisation and "German Atrocities."

Here is a nice "par" for Stacpole to think over:

No Englishman ought ever to mention the word Ireland in the hearing of the civilised world unless he first arrays himself in the sackcloth and ashes of the penitent. And when speaking of the deeds of 1798, which led up to the Act of Union in 1800, there is little more for him to say but three words, or rather one word thrice repeated, to wit—**Damn! Damn!! Damn!!!**

Of course, we all know that the English are "penitent" at the moment. Goldsmith says something about people "ev'n in penance planning sins anew." He knew the English people very well indeed! And this:

Seriously speaking, there is no need of our damning, for we shall assuredly be damned in grim earnest unless the crime of a century, a crime persisted in down to this very present time, be repented of and atoned for not in phrase but in fact! Of course, I am assuming that it is possible for nations, like individuals, to suffer the vengeance of the wrath of God, poured out upon the finally impenitent.

How prophetic! And yet England did not (?) know the war was coming. Some advice:

"Do not swear, but shoot!" said the American ocers, whose rough-riding soldiers stumbled into the Spanish ambush before Santiago; and his was a wise word. But there are situations where shooting is out of the question, when there is nothing left to do but curse; and if ever there was such a time, it is in Ireland to-day when we think of Ireland a century since.

We need not curst in Ireland to-day—we can shoot! More prophesy:

And when Fitzwilliam quitted Dublin, John Bull hardened his heart and stiffened his neck, took the bit between his teeth, and bolted headlong down the broad way that leadeth to destruction. Down that road he is plunging still, although with occasional haltings, as conscience pricks him and as glimpses of judgment to come flash before his eyes. But 'if God's in Heaven and all's right with the world," then that judgment, though it tarry for a season, will fail not. Nor if our belief in righteousness and judgment is not mere old wife's fable, ought we then to wish it to pass over us. For a world in which such crime as this escaped unwhipped of justice would seem to lie outside the moral order of the Universe.

Of course, Mr. Stead did not know anything about the Defence of the Realm Act! "The Day":

Ireland may be the spot of a malignant destiny. Or the Arm of the Lord the Avenger may be shortened so that it cannot save this afflicted remnant among the nations. But—There's One hath swifter feet than Crime.

Many a proud oppressor has exalted his horn on high and laughed with ribald scorn as the unseen hand traced the warning of doom in characters of living light upon the walls of his banqueting chamber; but none the less for him—and for us—

In the shadow, year out, year in,
The silent headsman waits for ever.

And this may be our fate; nay, in all grim and serious earnest will be our fate, if we repent not. For, be he man or nation who, often being reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall be cut off suddenly, and that without remedy. So the word of the Lord hath spoken it of old time, and He changeth not, from everlasting to everlasting.

One Small Nationality:

If ever one nation stood convicted of crime against a neighbouring nation, England stands convicted of crime to-day in her relations with Ireland. . . . And that crime, which had its origin in centuries far beyond our present survey, culminated in 1798, and is being perpetuated, although in milder fashion, down to the present day. I am not stating anything that can be gainsaid. The indictment is overwhelming. The evidence is incontrovertible.

(To be continued).

Patriotic Irish Women

The Treasurer of the Irish Volunteers desires very gratefully to acknowledge the receipt of the sum of £41 17s 9d which has been forwarded by the Executive of Cumann na mBan for the for the purpose of providing Arms and Ammunition for the Irish Volunteers. If this good example set by Cumann na mBan were followed by other Irish Organisations it would be of very material advantage to the National Movement.

In the presen: circumstances there is no work that can compare in importance with the work of providing Irishmen with arms for the defence of their rights and liberties.

THE I.N.F.

To the Editor.

Dear Sir,

Don't you think it is near time that the Irish National Foresters took up arms for the defence of Ireland or are they supporting the "Irish" Party? It would be grand to see those men in their ancient military costumes marching through the streets of our city fully armed ready to conquer or die in in the attempt. Their organisation runs into many thousands and surely they ought to do something to uplift their country like the Irish Volunteers, A.O.H. (I.A.A.) or the Citizen Army and save their poverty-stricken land from the hands of blood suckers and all other mean reptiles which infests our shores. God grant the day in which Irishmen of all creeds and all classes will realise before it is too late to defend Erin from the Saxon blood hounds.

I am, dear sir,
Respectfully yours,
IRISH VOLUNTEER

St. Rita's (Ladies Auiliary) Division.

The officers and members of the St. Rita's Division gave a most successful all-night dance and social in the Hibernian Hall, 28 N Frederick Street, Dublin on Saturday evening, 18th inst. Dancing and song were kept up until a late hour the following morning. A sumptuous repast was provided during the night and the stewards were very attentive to all their guests. Over 70 couples were present. Altogether, the ladies of the Division are to be congratulated on the success of their efforts.

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HONESTY

An Outspoken Scrap of Paper.

Edited by GILBERT GALBRAITH.

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WHO ARE THE HUNS?

Wherever English intrigue flings its influence today it continues to propagate the idea of an ever increasing likeness of the Kaiser to Attila and of the German forces to the marauding hosts of Huns that left such an ineffacable impress on the history of Europe and Asia. The Huns, according to some classic writers were people of uncouth gestures and strange deformity and "had no respect for the civilization which they attacked and overthrew with extreme ferocity." From time immemorial England has been a past master in besmirching the character of her opponents by every means within her power utterly regardless of whether such means are fair or foul. In the present case, however, where well informed minds are inclined to compare the contributions which England has made to the sum of things that count for the higher civilization with what Germany has done in the same directions it is something of a difficult task to prove that Germany is the home of Huns and that England is the real pioneer of human progress. Here in Ireland the claim is one well calculated to arouse the risibility of every person in possession of the smallest sense of the ridiculous, and when one reads the Rawhead-Bloody bones stories or the Fee-Faw-Fum thrills, served up for the discrediting of Germany by the scribes of Fleet St. one is inclined to ask, are you not largely of the same Hunnish stock yourselves? If the Kaiser is really a second and more ferocious edition of Attila is he not closely akin to your own heaven-sent Royalty? Are they not the same people whom your gushful daily press a few years ago was vaunting and vapouring about as "the grand old Teutonic race-blood of our blood and bone of our bone?" George I. and George II. who reigned on the English throne could not speak scarce six words of the English language intelligibly. George I. of England was son of Ernest Elector of Hanover by Sofia, the Princess Elizabeth's youngest daughter. George II. had for son Frederick Prince of Wales, who married Princess Augusta of Saxe-Coburg and from that union sprang George III., who married the Princess Charlotte of Macklenburg-Strelitz whence came Edward Duke of Kent, whose daughter was Queen Victoria, who could trace an inderect decent from Mary Queen of Scots, and the notorious Darnley by the fact of James VI. of Scotland, who was also James I. of England, marrying Princess Anne of Denmark and having a daughter who married Frederick Elector Palatine of the Rhine. During her reign Victoria never left any room for doubt as to her pronounced pro-German instincts and inclinations. All her tuft-hunt-

ing and sycophantic biographers have held forth with gusto proclaiming that she was "a great constitutional monarch and yet a secret diplomatist of the highest skill." No one questioned this Sovereign's pro-Germanism or "Hunnish tendencies." On the contrary, they did as she did, they "followed Royalty" in patronising Germany as far as possible; and not one of her "able and far-seeing statesmen" or one voice in her gramaphonic Press dared to interfere, although it was a matter of common knowledge during the life time of the pro-German Queen's German husband that the foreign policy of England was directed by the German Baron Stockmar. Stockmar was very largely instrumental in arranging the marriage of the German Prince to Queen Victoria, and the Coburg statesman had done much in other ways to merit respectful attention at the English court. During the period of the France-Prussian war, England was equally as pro-German as the Royal family. Victoria rejoiced at every blow administered to "Froggy France" by the all-conquering German hosts. Her favourite son-in-law, "Unser Fritz," was one of the victorious commanders, and the riff-raff in imitation of their "betters" sang pro-German ditties. At the same period Russia was on the side of the "Huns" and sneered at the bleeding and broken condition of France. Alexander II. signalized the successive surrenders of Metz, Strasburg, and Paris, as well as the disasterous defeat of Sedan by drinking, at the court dinners which happened to take place on the days when the news of these German victories, to the Emperor William, at the same time giving expression to the same unbounded enthusiasm and satisfaction which these "glorious feats of arms" had aroused within his breast.

Some years after, when the old Emperor William invested the Duke of Connaught with the Prussian order "Pour le Merite," after the Egyptian battle of Tel el Keber, there was more "arrestive writing" about the blood-bond of a race. There was not much talk about "small nationalities" then, and Arabi Pasha and his cause were wiped out by British butchers without a protest.

When the present Kaiser cabled his famous message to the late President, at the time of the Transvaal raid, England knew that he was not guilty of any violation of international etiquette, for Dr. Jameson and his following of filibusters had rendered themselves guilty of a serious offence against international law by invading the Transvaal at a time when its inhabitants were at peace with the world. The raid was a clumsy move in the conspiracy to provoke the Boers into war. The Kaiser, however, was not responsible for breaking the "blood bond." In the late stages of the Boer war we know how much he interested himself on behalf of England, and how he congratulated his Royal grandmother by telegraphic dispatch on the surrender of General Cronje and the relief of Ladysmith. England saw nothing of Attila in the Kaiser then, and neither did her "far-seeing statesmen" perceive any trace or taint of the Hun in the German people. King Humbert of Italy also sent congratulatory messages on the subduing of the little Boer Republics, and he, too, was persona grata with the race of the "blood bond." With the implied approval of England, the present wicked and inhuman impersonation of Attila was then looking around for a little place in the sun, but there was no outcry against "German militarism" or "German aggression." As a matter of fact, England was prepared to make a deal in facilitating the "accursed and diabolical spread of Germnism." Fleet Street wallowed in pro-Germanism; and a well-informed ex-Attache, dealing with the situation in the "New York Times Democrat," wrote thus:

"There is every reason to believe that both Italy and Germany are allied to England, if not by any cut and dried treaties, at any rate by some sort of secret, but at the same time very definite understandings, according to the terms of which Italy and Great Britain can rely upon one another's diplomatic naval and military support in a moment of emergency or danger; while, in the same way, England, in return for the Kaiser's withdrawal of all opposition to her acquisition of Delagoa Bay, agrees to Germany's eventual acquisition of Macao, and of Portugal's other colonies in the far Orient, colonies which in Teuton hands are likely to prove far more profitable to German trade and commerce than Kiao Chou Bay. In this connection it may be mentioned that German cruisers have lately been devoting a considerable amount of attention to Macao and Timor—the former situated at the mouth of the Canton River, and the latter an island in the Malay Archipelago—taking soundings, effecting land surveys, and, in one word, indicating in a very unmistakable manner that those Oriental possessions of Portugal are destined ere long to become the property of the Kaiser."

England broke her boasted "blood bond," and discovered that the people she had hailed as "bone of her bone and blood of her blood" were Huns, when she found them becoming serious trade rivals, and thought that the convenient hour had come to "smash Germany"; and when the war is over, she will again discover that

Ireland is the one **black** spot inhabited by a barbarous race of Hottentot cattle-houghers.

BALLYBRICKEN.

A SMALLER LOAF

The workingman's loaf of hard-earned bread is certain to be reduced in size and increased in cost, and though the danger of this crime against **the masses of our people is imminent, yet to rouse** them to a sense of the coming calamity is an offence catalogued among the unforgivable sins. All classes will, of course, suffer from the taxes that are about to be imposed, but the man who has to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow is bound to feel the impost more acutely, even though it is piled on to him by indirect methods. **Some rough calculations which I have made lead to conclusions, which do not in any way** justify a conspiracy of silence among the people of Ireland, while our rulers across the channel are planning a new conquest of Ireland by starvation.

England's Position.

The Government is spending thirty-five million pounds per week for war and general purposes. allowing ten millions to be spent in foreign countries, there remains twenty-five millions for distribution in England, Scotland and Wales.

Two million families in various occupations are engaged to the fullest capacity, producing war material.

The average earnings of each family, per week, is	£12
Before the war	3
War Profit	£9

Two million shopkeepers, ship-owners, and various other commercial enterprises have increased their incomes from 50 to 150 per cent.

One million families, which I might describe as estates, insurance and banking concerns, 10 per cent. increase, including interest on war loan.

Ireland.

£50,000 is expended in Ireland for war and general purposes.

300,000 families, working-class and small farmers, earn on an average since the war began	£2 10 0
Before the war	2 0 0
War profit	£0 10 0

150 thousand shopkeepers and other commercial enterprises an extra 5 per cent. on their incomes. 50,000 landlords, M.P.'s, J.P.'s, etc., 10 per cent. increase

The additional tax on each family in Ireland and Great Britain, per week, is	£0 7 6
Higher freights and prices in consequence of the war	0 7 6
Total	£0 15 0

The Comparison Summarised.

England, Scotland and Wales:	
2,000,000 families. per week, each	£9 0 0
Gross profit, extra taxes and higher cost of food	0 15 0
Nett weekly profit derived from war expenditure	£8 5 0
Ireland:	
300,000 families, per week, gross profit	£0 10 0
Extra taxes and higher cost of food	0 15 0
Nett weekly loss, owing to war	£0 5 0

Shopkeepers and the general commercial classes are not, as a rule, affected directly by financial changes, since they merely occupy the position of dealers; but it is their duty to enhance the position of those engaged on productive work. At the present time, if we in Ireland, were not even asked to contribute one penny of either war or pre-war taxes, and obtained our tea, sugar, coal, flour, etc., at pre-war prices, we would not even then be in the same position financially as the industrial Englishman or Scotchman. So it **appears to Charles Lyder.**

CROSSES RED AND BLUE

Red and Blue Cross Sale Gifts are the order of the day. The former are supposed to be in aid of wounded men, and the latter in aid of wounded beasts of burden. Were it not that one cannot help viewing the present antics of many people in Ireland as one would the actions of a person with mind diseased there would be much to amuse in the organisation of the Cross Sales. In the first place they are carried out chiefly by people, who previous to the passing of the Realm Act, would not dare incur the ridicule their attempt to patronise the common folk would assuridly bring them. Ladies in Ford or other auto cars dash through a country side, and if they succeed in obtaining a gift of a lame gander at one house, have a fair chance of a dozen eggs, a pack of potatoes, or some other thing

among the neighbours. If Mrs. Mahony was trying to get in with the gentry, Mrs. Kelly would not let her have it all her own way. Wives of J.P.'s and wives of would-be J.P.'s are very busy, so, too, are the wives of bank agents and medical men. The latter hope to get an invition from some of the minor gentry to at least afternoon tea. Readers of HONESTY in country districts will know the type, and how the gentry are playing into them. In one instance, I know of, a lady who worked up a Red Cross Concert to compensate herself for a financial loss incurred through her having purchased wool to knit socks for soldiers. She was voted a Joan of Arc in the local Press for her wool purchasing eflort, and won a second lau lation for her Red Cross venture. She is "doing her bit" and at the same time "making her bit." What I suggest is that the lists of gift-givers and subscribers to Red and Blue Cross and other such business, published in the Press, should be kept for further reference. In my own parish we have had one, and they of the roll of subscribers are most interesting. By the way, our parish priest and a curate with us for 25 years were recently changed, and we could not attempt to organise a testimonial to show our regard for them. Were it pre-war times how different it would be. By all means keep the list.

EYE OPEN.

A RECRUITING BALLAD

Come rally to the Empire's call,
Don't see it tottering to its fall
Your King and country needs you all
Small nations' claims defending.
Throw up your home and take your gun,
And start to France to slay the Hun.
It's in the trenches you'll have the fun
While your last hours your spending.

There's every reason you should go,
For in the past as you must know,
'Twas Germany laid Ireland low,
With rapine, pillage, murder.
'Twas Kaiser Bill directed Bess
And Cromwell in their wickedness.
He worked the penal laws, no less,
No need to tell you further.

England must be in the right,
Or else John Redmond, Leader, bright,
Would not send Willie out to fight
Ten miles behind the trenches.
John Dillon and Joe Devlin, too,
Are both Imperial through and through
And loyalty to England, true,
Reigns on the Irish benches.

Remember how Sir Edward Grey
Did almost take our breath away,
With your the one bright spot to-day.
It set all heads a-nodding,
Till Asquith said "boys you are free,
And John's beside me don't you see.
So give your lives to John and me."
You knew they were'nt codling.

The old folk you can leave behind
And do it with an easy mind.
We'll treat them well, and, that you'll find,
They'll trouble you no longer.
We'll load them with a tax to kill,
We'll make them pay our little bill,
Or else, the poorhouse with them fill,
'Till make you fight the stronger.

To raise a point about Home Rule
Would make John Redmond call you "fool,
Are you a wicked Sinn Fein mule,
By George! I'll make you dance, Sir."
So come along and do your bit
And when you get your fatal hit,
You'll find your grave the very It,
Out there in Sunny France, Sir.

SEAN Ó'CAIMEN.

Current Cant.

This is Ireland's war just as much as it is England's war. It is the poor man's war just as much as it is the rich man's war. It is a great fight for humanity and there is a fellow-feeling between rich and poor for the common good of all."—Captain Roche on recruiting tour.

Current Proof.

"Millions of people are suffering hardship owing to the increased cost of living, which is traceable in large measure—though not entirely—to the phenomenal rates of freights."—"Nauticus" in the March "Fortnightly Review."

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HENRY JAMES. By Forrest Reid. *ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY.*

THE IRISHMAN

Edited by : : A. NEWMAN

A Unique Non-Political Journal, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND CARTOON.

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THE IRISHMAN.

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Life and Letters.

A Candid Critic.

An admirer has dared us to print his very flattering appreciation; and after indulging in the requisite number of blushes, we reproduce his letter:—

> "I bought the second copy of your paper to-day, and I'm afraid it will be the last, although you assure your readers that the success of your first has decided you to bring it out fortnightly. Now let me tell you, like a sensible man, that you are making an ass of yourself. Keep quiet, and people will be really more impressed by you; your talk only makes them laugh. You have, in your second number, discovered a genius. God help us!! That's the second genius you found in Belfast. Ponsonby Staples, "Fecit," was your first. When your hair grows greyer you will see, provided there's something below the place where it grows."

The writer of this letter is a Mr. James Mitchell Clancy, of 12 O'Sullivan Avenue, Ballybough Road, Dublin. He informed us of this interesting fact by writing his name and address on the letter and also on the back of the envelope. He explains that he is "a convert to Nationalism," and that we are not likely to publish his letter because "I can understand you have little space for anything but your own."

* * *

Did you bite your aunt?

We are at a loss to understand what Mr. Clancy's conversion to "Nationalism" has got to do with the subject of his letter; but, to avoid any misunderstanding, we wrote at once to Mr. Clancy in the following terms:—"The Editor is much obliged for your flattering appreciation; and as he proposes to deal with the points which you raise, in a future issue of The Irishman, he is anxious to know whether you are the Mr. Clancy who recently bit his aunt. An early reply will much oblige."

* * *

Readers we don't want.

There were certain people in Ireland to whom, at the outset, we supposed The Irishman would make no appeal; for instance, those "ladies" who stand on their doorsteps, and say unpleasant things in a loud voice to each other across the street. Therefore, from the start, we were not overcome with any huge ambition to secure the patronage of gentlemen of the Clancy ilk. Strive how we might, we could not hope to appeal to persons of Mr. Clancy's intellectual attainments. Mr. Orage and Mr. Bottomley will provide him with what he desires. But we hope that people like Mr. Clancy, who feel disposed to write to us, will do so. Such letters ease the burden of life and provide the heart with merriment.

* * *

Snobbery.

A correspondent writes from Bray as follows:—

> "The writer of 'Life and Letters' in your last issue must be a very innocent young man if he really believes there are no snobs in Ireland; most of us know they are as common as leaves of grass. Legal, literary, medical and military snobs are the same here as elsewhere. The snobbery of the successful 'butchers, bakers and candlestickmakers' is more irritating, the snobbery of the 'lower-ocracy' more amusing, than elsewhere. Drapers' assistants in big warehouses consider themselves socially superior to the 'counter hands' in less 'tony' establishments. Senior vandrivers arrogate to themselves the title of *head* vanmen, senior messengers are *head* messengers. The "paid" pupil at the convent school avoids the 'common' children—in fact, sir, snobbery meets us at the cradle and leaves us only after we are buried.—R. D."

* * *

War declared on Snobs.

Alas, we are neither young nor innocent! We shall go further than "R.D." and say that snobbery takes its place in the form of a tombstone over such people as he has described, so that to them death offers no escape! We are perfectly sure that a great deal of snobbery exists in Ireland, just as a great many indecent weekly papers are bought in Ireland. But we assert that genuine Irish culture is death on snobbery, as "R.D." has only to discover if he cares to interest himself in Gaelic matters.

A snob might be described as one who aped a position in life which was not his. And this state of mind arises because the snob is ashamed of his occupation or residence or general position in life. Thus, to deal with snobbery, you must get at its cause. In Irish culture there is no place for false shame at one's occupation, and no place from which one can look down upon another who is "in trade." In the old days no man could enter Tara *who had not a trade!*

We cannot admit responsibility for imported things which are unlovely. Snobbery is probably the least lovely of all our importations.

As we said in the last issue:—"Whatever the Irish people may be, they are not and will not be snobs;" and this remark was based upon a wide and intimate experience of Irish life *all over* Ireland.

But where we meet with snobbery we shall strive to kill it by the most effective weapon—Ridicule!

* * *

A business proposition.

A directory is hardly the kind of book to which one would go for edification; but there is edification, and any amount of material for national self-reproach, in Mr. Kevin Kenny's well edited publication, *The Irish Manufacturers' Directory*. A little patience in counting reveals the fact that there are in Ireland at this moment some eight hundred distinct products manufactured. When we consider some of these we have reason to congratulate ourselves in certain cases. For instance, Ireland exports £455,039 worth of biscuits and imports £134,024 worth. On the other hand, we import one million and a half pounds worth of boots and shoes, and export only £40,000 worth. Butter,

of which we export almost £4,000,000 worth, shows a decrease of about £400,000. There are two items which reveal our national folly to the full. One of these shows the importation of three and a quarter million pounds worth of coal with no export whatever; and the other shows half a million as the price of imported cocoa and £5,000 as the export value! There is no reason why we should import a single ounce of coal. At present we are paying almost two pounds a ton for coal dug in England and Wales, sent by rail through England and Wales, and transferred to Ireland by steamer. The reason why countless millions of tons of coal lie unused beneath the soil of Ireland is because the English coal interest has decreed that we shall burn its products, and because the mineral freights on our Irish railways have apparently been adjusted to please the English coal interest. The man would be a lunatic who blamed the English coal owners for forcing the sale of their coal in Ireland; just as the man would be a lunatic who blamed one shopkeeper for competing with another. But any sane man would be justified in telling a shopkeeper who sat with folded hands and refused to display his own wares, while a competitor snatched his trade,—any sane man would be justified in telling such a shopkeeper that he was a fool. In this matter of coal we are "up against" some of the wealthiest and shrewdest business people in the world; and the moment we commence to develop our own coal and to force the railway companies to reduce their mineral rates, we shall find ourselves "up against" all sorts of deliberately arranged difficulties. But in this, as in all other matters of trade, public opinion, following its own nose regardless of opposition, will prove invincible. In conclusion, let us digest the fact that we spend six millions on imported drapery goods and only get half a million in return; while we waste our time making milk into butter, instead of sending it by express motors to the cities and getting 100 per cent. more for it and reducing the cost of milk 50 per cent.

The following coal mines are at present being worked in Ireland:—

Arigna Mining Co., Ltd., Arigna, Co. Leitrim.
Castlecomer Collieries, Castlecomer, Co. Kilkenny.
Layden, Michael, Knockatean, Spencer Harbour, Co. Sligo.
The New Irish Mining Co., Wolfhill, Athy.
Ulster Fire Clay Co., Coalisland, Co. Tyrone.

The estimate of coal in one of these mines alone is 62,000,000 tons!

A SONNET.

If sorrow has ensnared your delicate feet,
And if the sensible and worldly-wise
Have come to stare into your frightened eyes,
And fill your ears with threatenings, and the neat
Proprieties, each in her winding sheet,
Have strangled your new love and choked its cries;
In due time, and despite them, it shall rise
To claim its true beloved, as is meet.

If blame be mine, I beg for punishment;
Were you afraid, let me be fearful too;
And have you wept, mine shall be tears of shame.
But may no messenger of doubt be sent
To bind these arms that fain would shelter you,
And steal from me the magic of your name.

A. N.

Henry James.

Though we knew he had been in ill-health for some months back, the death of Henry James must have come as a shock to the whole civilized world. Few writers have succeeded in awakening so personal a sympathy in their readers, few have had the gift to come into so close touch with them, and that, after all, was one of the greatest secrets of Henry James's peculiar fascination, of his rare and exquisite charm. He died at the age of seventy-two, and though it is scarcely likely that he found time to finish the autobiography upon which he had been engaged for the last few years, he did not die before he had completed his life-work—he would not, I imagine, have written any more novels. That life-work was a magnificent one: it remains as one of the imperishable glories of America: his genius remains as the very finest flower that soil has yet produced.

Henry James was born on April 15, 1843, in America, and

he died in London on February 28, 1916. His grandfather, William James, was a Cavan man, and his grandmother was the daughter of Hugh Walsh, of Killyleagh, County Down. We, in Ulster, might almost lay claim to him then, were it not that such claims are usually idle. His art was cosmopolitan, influenced in the beginning by the art of Tourguéneff, and in the end establishing itself as a thing entirely original;—not French, though he had a stronger sympathy with French writers than with any others; not English; not American; but simply his own.

He was a great writer, greater, I somehow feel, than we yet realize. His evolution was accomplished slowly and quietly, and as his art developed his popularity, by some ironic fate, seemed to diminish. He did not write what the public wanted, or at all events they wanted *Roderick Hudson* and *Daisy Miller* more than they wanted *The Spoils of Poynton* or *The Awkward Age*. What James, apart from his mastery of form, brought to the art of fiction in a greater degree than anyone else was a kind of subtlety of intelligence, a delicious freedom and lightness in the treatment of dialogue, and the ever increasing pliability of a style which, in its easy sociability, seemed to draw writer and reader closer and closer together. It was one of his articles of

faith that a novel should have charm, and nothing could be more charming than his own manner, nothing more contagious than the delightful irony and humour with which his books are filled. Let me quote the picture of the Brigstocks' visit to Poynton on the occasion of Mona Brigstock's engagement to Owen Gereth, the son of the house:—

"Mrs. Brigstock jarred upon Mrs. Gereth by her formula of admiration, which was that anything she looked at was 'in the style' of something else. This was to show how much she had seen, but it only showed she had seen nothing; everything at Poynton was in the style of Poynton, and poor Mrs. Brigstock . . . had brought with her a trophy of her journey, a 'lady's magazine' purchased at the station, a horrible thing with patterns for antimacassars, which, as it was quite new, the first number, she kindly offered to leave for the house. . . . .

And the next day:—

"Breakfast, this morning, at Poynton, had been a meal singularly silent, in spite of the vague little cries with which Mrs. Brigstock turned up the underside of plates and the knowing but alarming raps administered by her big knuckles to porcelain cups."

And finally Mrs. Gereth's farewell to her guests:—

"For heaven's sake, don't let your mother forget her precious publication, the female magazine, with the what-do-you-call-'em?—the grease-catchers. There!"

"Mrs. Gereth, delivering herself from the doorstep, had tossed the periodical higher in air than was absolutely needful—tossed it toward the carriage the retreating party was about to enter. Mona, from the force of habit, the reflex action of the custom of sport, had popped out, with a little spring, a long arm and intercepted the missile as easily as she would have caused a tennis-ball to rebound from a racket. "Good catch!" Owen had cried, so genuinely pleased that practically no notice was taken of his mother's impressive remarks. It was to the accompaniment of romping laughter, as Mrs. Gereth afterwards said, that the carriage had rolled away; but it was while that laughter was still in the air that Fleda Vetch, white and terrible, had turned upon her hostess with her scorching "How *could* you? Great God, how *could* you?"

Even from this brief extract it will be seen that James's genius is before all else dramatic; but because of its delicacy his work has proved unsatisfying to a public brought up unfortunately on coarser fare. One might point out, nevertheless, that if James is quiet, he gains much more than he loses by his restraint. The atmosphere has been so elaborately prepared beforehand, the effects have been so tremendously led up to, that when they do come, at one little touch the whole scene is set vibrating:—the last words of the boy in *The Turn of the Screw*, for instance, are like nothing else in all fiction: they come like the tearing aside of a curtain: it is as if a sudden blinding scorching light were turned on darkened eyes: the cry of the murdered Agamemnon is as nothing in comparison with this cry of a child.

I do not say that James, like every other writer, has not his limitations. Nature, save in its cultivated aspect of shady garden and stately lawn, finds scant place in his books: the world his characters move in is undoubtedly somewhat narrow and tended, as the years passed, to become more and more shut off from the stir of everyday life. We are shut in with the people whose story he is telling, and we get the feeling that they are shut in also; or rather that everything else is shut out. In *The Princess Casamassima*, in *The Bostonians*, the sense of a vast life somewhere beyond our ken does indeed reach us, comes to us as the hum of an insect in a garden may come faintly through an open window on a still summer day; but in no other of his novels are we conscious of anything but the intrigue so deftly unwinding itself before us. As a matter of fact, Henry James was not a realist as the word is ordinarily understood. It is true he wrote a few realistic novels; his greatest achievement in this line probably being *The Bostonians;* but there was a whole side of his genius which could not find expression in such work. It is to this that we owe the existence of things like *The Friend of the Friends, The Jolly Corner, The Turn of the Screw*. In these and in their fellows there is an underlying vein of mysticism, and his entire treatment of the supernatural and what borders on the supernatural was unique in its suggestiveness. One might even go so far as to say that before him it had never really been treated at all. It is for this reason that *The Turn of the Screw* is the most terrible story ever written. The very idea of a corruption exercised from beyond the grave is in itself a sufficiently grim one; but when it is treated as James treats it, it becomes positively appalling, and the apparition of Peter Quint, with "his white face of damnation," luring the little boy into the hell of its unsatisfied lusts, lingers in the mind for days with a sense of abominable reality.

Leaving out of account, however, these studies in vision and fantasy, which must of course be classed by themselves, the latest work of James was not, strictly speaking, realistic. His manner was all too personal for that; and, quite apart from his manner, there was his curious love of antithesis and contrast. He yielded to this, it is true, only in some of his shorter stories, but there, in such a tale as *The Private Life*, for instance, it leaps straight out at us. Beautiful as that tale is, and deep in its meaning, it yet partakes, in its quite unnecessary ingenuity, of the nature of a conceit.

Let us leave the matter here. In a brief article one can at the best do no more than glance at work so rich, so varied, so large. Henry James is a great master, among the very greatest, and the two strongest emotions his genius inspires in us to-day are admiration and gratitude.

R. F.

Dóiḃ Sin Ṫug Neart a Meanman Do Léiġinn na Gaeḋilge, an Méid so Síos.

An dara duine aca .i. Énrí D'Arboir de Lubainville.

Rugaḋ Énrí D'Arboir i Nancy na Fraince ins an mbliaḋain a 1827. Do ḃí Zeus in a ḟear óg an tam sin, aċt níor ṫosnuiġ D'Arboir ar ṫabairt fá'n Ġaeḋilg go raiḃ an Gearmánaċ mor ag tabairt an féir le cúig bliadnaiḃ deug. Is mór an deifriġeaċt atá idir saoġal Zeus agus saoġal D'Arboir. Luċt oibre do b'eaḋ muinntir Zeus, agus do ḃí air féin múnaḋ ċtaint scoile do ḋeunaṁ ċum sliġe maireaḋtaint d'ḟaġáil. Do ṫeastuiġ uaiḋ go hdeunfaiḋe ollaṁ Iolscola de aċt níor géilleaḋ dó ins an méid sin, agus do cailleaḋ é sul a raiḃ leaṫ-ċeud bliaḋain slán aige. Níor ḃ'ionann do D'Arboir. Fear dluiġe do b'eaḋ a aṫair, agus do tógaḋ é féin ċum an ċéird ċeudna. Do rinneaḋ ollaṁ de ins an Collége de France, ceann de na coláistaiḃ is mó réim ar Roinn na hEóraipé, agus nuair do ḃí leaṫ-ċeud bliaḋain slán aige, ní raiḃ tosnuiġṫe fós aige ar Léiġinn na Gaeḋilge, .i. an táḋḃar léiġinn as a dtárla targaċ eile an clú agus an cáil atá anois air. Le linn ḃeiṫ ag foġluim dliġe dó, .i. an táḋḃar léiġinn do ḃí indúil dó tosnuiġ sé ar stair na Fraince do scrúdaḋ agus dorinneaḋ Archiviste, nó Fear Cosanta Páipeur Stáite, de i gcoṁair Department an Aube, de i mbliaḋain a 1852 agus do lean sé don obair sin go dtí an ḃliaḋain a 1880. Nuair do ḃí sé mar sin ag scrúdaḋ na sean-láṁ scríbéinn do ḃain le stair na Fraince, do cuireaḋ i niúl dó gur fearr ṫuigfeaḋ sé an stair sin dá mbeaḋ eólas aige ar an teanga do ḃí 'gá labairt ins an ḃFrainnc, an tam cuireaḋ ainm ar furmór do na háiteannaiḃ mór timċeall. Annsin ṫosnuiġ sé ag foġluim na teangan Ceiltiġe ba neasa dó .i. an Ḃretonne. I mbliaḋain a 1877. 'Ceud-Áitreaḃaiġ na hEórpa ainm an leabair sin, agus cuirtear síos go cruinn ann ar an réim do ḃí ag na Ceilteaċaiḃ ann allóid. Ní raiḃ se sásta le na raiḃ le foġluim aige ar an mBretonne agus taréis tamaill ṫug sé fán teangain Ceilteaċ in a raiḃ an litriḋeaċt ba seanda le fáġail .i. an Ġaeḋilg. Nuair ṫosnuiġ sé air, ní raiḃ uaiḋ aċt eolas ar an teangain ba neasa don teangain do labraḋ ins an ḃFrainnc ins an sean-aimsir; aċt nuair do ċuir sé aiṫne ar an litriḋeaċt ata ins an Sean-Ġaeḋilg, ṁor staon sé go huair a ḃáis ó ḃeiṫ ag foġluim agus ag scrúdaḋ ár dteangan-ne. Taré is a ḃáis do scríoḃ a ċara Loth mar leanas "Taréis an turais ṫug sé don Ḃreatain ṁór agus dÉirinn i mbliaḋain a 1881, turas cuir sé air féin mar ġeall ar Sean-litriḋeaċt na hÉireann, tug sé neart a ṁeanman ar fad d'ḟoġluim na dteangan nGaeḋlaċ, agus go háiriṫe d'ḟoġluim Sean-Ġaeḋilge na hÉireann, agus Gaeḋilge an Táin."

Ins an ḃliaḋain 1882, darinneaḋ ollaṁ de i gColáiste na Fráinnce i bParis, agus trí bliaḋain ar a ḋiaiḋ sin, do ġaḃ sé stiúraḋan Révue Celtique idir láṁaiḃ, agus do lean se dóbair an Ċoláiste agus dóbair an ṗaipéir sin go dtí aimsir a ḃáis. Do cailleaḋ é, atá sé bliadain ócoin ann. Mar sin, tug sé ós cionn cúig bliadna fiċeud ag obair ar son teangan na hÉireann. Doċuir sé cló ar tuille agus ceud go leiṫ alt agus leaḃair ag tráċt ar teangain agus ar ṁuintir no hÉireann. Is iad so na cinn is taḃactaiġe orra agus an bliadain in ar cuireud cló orra.

Bliaḋain a 1883—Essai d'un Catalogue de la Litterature Erique de l'Irlande.
„ 1884—Le Cycle Mythologique de l'Irlande.
„ 1s92—L'éroreé Celtique en Irlande,
„ 1904—Les Celtes deruis les temps les plus anciens.
„ 1905—Le Famille Celtique.
„ 1907-9—Aistriuġaḋ i bFraincis ar an Tain bó Cuailgne.

Sin obair fir. Agus níl ins an méid sin aċt sompla ar na leaḃraiḃ do ċum sé.

N.Ḋ.E.P.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FICTION.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT. By Fédor Dostoïeffsky. Walter Scott. 3/6.
FREY AND HIS WIFE. By Maurice Hewlett. Ward, Lock. 3/6.
A RAW YOUTH. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. Heineman. 4/6 net.
THE MANTLE. By Nicholas Gogol, with an introduction by Prosper Merimée. Weiner Laurie. 6/-.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IRISH MANUFACTURERS' DIRECTORY AND YEAR BOOK, 1916.
NEWMAN'S CHURCH IN DUBLIN. By R F. Wilson. Dublin: Irish Industrial Publishing Co. 3d.

REVIEWS.

THE IRISH MONTHLY. 6d.

Queer People.

THE BOILER OF BONES.

Those whom Johnston hath fed, and such as have loved Smithfield, whisper one to another that a boiler of bones hath departed from the earth, yea that Jane, whom the world calléd Aunt, is dead.

The world is blind; and to the world which is blind, Aunt Jane was as one who remaineth among the ruins, even a cheerful woman of much girth, that dwelt in an ancient habitation, nigh unto the region which aforetime bore the sign of a spade.

For the world, which is blind, she offered a window, behind whose casement a geranium, exceeding weary and desolate, struggled to live. And they that were blind who passed through her door, saw a great fireplace, and over the flame a vast, smoke-stained cauldron, in which there simmered divers bones. And when the law had laid its hand upon such as sold spirits, some who were cast forth, and they that were athirst, came unto Aunt Jane. And unto them she would say:—"What wilt thou have to drink?" And straightway would she lay wine bottles of the Liffey, one by one, between her knees, and uncork them as though the cork itself were eager to escape.

"None," said the world, which is blind, "is able to draw the cork from a bottle of stout after the manner of Aunt Jane."

And before such as desired food or were an hungered would Aunt Jane lay a platter of steaming bones. And none dared to ask from what manner of carcase the bones were taken.

Makers of wealth would come unto Aunt Jane, and they that were poor, and they whose eyes were darkened, having fought with their own kin. And many there were who declared that Aunt Jane had no store of good repute; and some there were who whispered curious tales. The scribe knoweth none of these things; for upon Aunt Jane his eyes have not rested. But the scribe hath inquired, yea made diligent search; and they whose word is as the laws of the Medes and Persians have declared that Aunt Jane was without blemish, and that her path was the path of the virtuous.

But there came unto the scribe one who told of Aunt Jane and of her glories, and of her cauldron of bones, and of her skill as a puller of stout; so that the scribe longed to see her and to learn her wisdom.

Yet before his desire could be satisfied she was dead; yea even before one, with whom she was familiar, could lead the scribe to her abode, she had passed away.

And the scribe called this one privily unto him and said:—"That which is called Aunt Jane is dead; yea while thou wast abroad upon thy journey she departed from among the children of men."

And he answered and said unto the scribe:—"That which hath been told unto thee is false. She is not dead; and even if what thou sayest be true, there must of a surety arise another like unto her. But take heed what thou sayest; for that which is called Aunt Jane dieth not."

Yet the world—which is blind—hath declared that much gold, even five thousand talents, remained after she had died. And some there are who declare that they whom the law had commanded to keep watch upon such as pulled stout in the darkness received their reward, even four hundred talents of gold given unto the centurion of the constabulary. For that was the will of her that was dead; and such was decreed by those who interpreted the written desires of her who had departed unto another place.

Smithfield is fair. The Willick Woman tradeth in the daylight. That which is called Johnston giveth food upon the pages of salvation, and preacheth to such as have drunken strong wine. But that which is called Aunt Jane was a worker in darkness, and her spirit seemed like unto the darkened spaces of the moon. For she dwelt in the shadow of darkness, and made a sacrifice of bones unto strange gods. She lived through evil days; and was as one who pitcheth his tent near unto a camp of them that rob fools. And it came to pass that such as were of ill repute were driven away and scattered; but the temple of that which is called Jane remained, and from her cauldron there arose the vapour of bones.

Yet shall the scribe sing her praises, and set at naught them that claim to be like unto her.

Let the dwellers in Smithfield mourn; let the Willick Women lift up their voices; and let that which is called Johnston make known that one who was great hath departed, and that from this city of success there hath gone forth a strange beauty. And let them whose eyes are blinded believe that she, who was an aunt unto many, boileth bones no more for ever, and draweth stout no longer for them that are athirst.

Let the constabulary rejoice. Let the centurion of the constabulary be glad; yea let them she hath enriched make merry. But if that which is called Aunt Jane were dead this city of success would be poorer by her entry into the grave; and the place which bore the sign of the spade should know her no more.

Who is this that boileth bones in the darkness? Who is this sister of a parent, she that offereth curious sacrifice? She hath the hill of caves for a companion, and keepeth her place so long as the rivers endure. That which the blind have called Jane is without end; for they who tread the ruins about her temple can testify that she liveth. She it is that offereth sacrifice for fools; and at her bidding the moon revealeth the face which she hideth from the children of men.

A. N.

Poems by My Dead Friends.

MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying:
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may go marry:
For having lost but once your prime
You may for ever tarry.

HERRICK.

The Irishwoman's Outlook.

TEMPLE HILL, TERENURE,
CO. DUBLIN.

Dear Geraldine,

You invite correspondence, and your remarks are such as to press for contradiction. Surely the Irishwoman—for so I presume the feminine sheet of your paper to be designated by you—has some better advice to offer us than to be "perfect ladies" in our avoidance of all flaring colours. The very words "flaring colours" put a longing into the meanest spirited of us to flare in a colour. Hitherto we may have thought of colour as a dead flat thing; now we know that it lives. It flares. And what could be more glorious; had we the good fortune to see it, than a scarlet cloak flaring down Spósed Dásún or a blown purple mantle glowing across droichead iú Chonáill? Has not your own eye lightened at the glimpse of an orange scarf in these dark blue serge days, Geraldine; or are you so utterly inhuman and given over to the civilisation in whose language your paper is exclusively written, as to love a drab uniformity and fear colour as you would fear an angel from heaven? Is it one of the nation who recognised colour in its lifegivingness and reverenced it accordingly when they used the same word for colour and for beauty, who penned those ladylike lines? Is it even a living person at all? Or is it not rather the melancholy refrain "dlun reverbere" from 1870? The signs of the times are all against you. You refer yourself later on to the country people, and fashion plates and books unite with you in making us believe that they should be our prototypes; and yet do not they wear colours that may almost be called crude in places where they have a distinctive dress at all? What we want in this country is not ladylikeness, but courage and simplicity, and the reason stately and beautiful clothes are not worn by women is that there is neither courage nor simplicity "at us." We are naturally reluctant to look conspicuous where we know we shall be supposed to wish to look conspicuous. This is all wrong. Feminine beauty, any more than any other sort of beauty, should never be made personal—a truth that is recognised by the beautiful. The only real reason why bright colours have been decried is because they are made up into loathsome coats and skirts. I believe it was Ruskin who made the remark that wherever men are noble they love bright colour. Possibly this is unprovable, but I hope at any rate that I have convinced you that numerous as are the good reasons for not wearing bright colours, yours is not one of them.

SONCA BAN.

["Flaring *tints*" were the words I used; and they express what I mean. My correspondent tries to introduce the very meaning which my words were not intended to convey. I did not use the words "perfect lady." I used "real lady" satirically, and in quotation marks. I used "lady" by itself in its true sense, in its old non-snobbish sense, which could be applied to nearly all our women: and by "social crime" I meant a crime which offends everyone. I quote the paragraph below. It is a pity that my correspondent was so hasty in trying to misunderstand me. For we are in perfect agreement.—GERALDINE.

"It is a truism that you know a lady by her avoidance of startling colours. And as the desire of most people is to avoid being vulgar, I think our women have only to be told that startling colours are the badge of vulgarity, to avoid them. We can do much in a negative way, by making people give up horrors in tints of hats and clothes generally. And when we have impressed upon the public mind that it is a social crime to insult the eye with flaring tints, we can set about the education of our national taste in the choice of colour and design."]

* * *

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

BUYING SHEETS.—Always buy sheets a few inches wider than is necessary to cover the beds, as when the middle of the sheet is wearing thin it should be cut in two down the centre, the outer edges seamed together, the thin part cut away from each side, and the sides hemmed. The sheet will then be as good as new.

TO DISLODGE A FISHBONE.—A raw egg, taken immediately, will carry down a fishbone that cannot be got up from the throat.

COAL that is kept in a dry and airy place will burn much longer than that which has been kept in a close cellar with no ventilation. When coal is kept in an airless place it gets rid of its gas, and the absence of this renders it less powerful and more wasteful when burned.

HOW TO CLEAN A SPONGE.—To a pint of hot water add a pennyworth of salts of lemon. In this steep the sponge till clean. It will be ready for use after having been well rinsed in clear water. Be careful not to get any salts of lemon on the hands.

HOW TO CLEAN ZINC.—Zinc may be quickly cleaned by washing first with soap and water and wiping dry, then rubbing thoroughly with a cloth saturated with kerosene and polishing until the entire surface is shining. Flannel moistened with paraffin and dipped in bathbrick will answer the same purpose.

TO CLARIFY DRIPPING.—Place the dripping in a saucepan with an equal quantity of water, let it dissolve over a moderate heat, then pour it into a basin. When cold, lift out the cake of dripping whole and scrape the underside of it till it is quite clean, then melt again and pour into stone jars. A little salt added helps to preserve it.

I propose to print an interesting series of items under the above title, including cookery recipes, hints for the toilet, &c.

* * *

Irish Costumes.

It was impossible to reproduce, as suggested by a correspondent, designs for Irish costumes for men and women and boys and girls. The designs, however, are drawn and will appear in 1st April issue of THE IRISHMAN. GERALDINE.

Communications should be addressed to "Geraldine," IRISHMAN Office, 170 North St., Belfast.

Character Studies.

CARROTS.

By Rita M'Corry.

"Will I caddie for ye?"

I looked doubtfully at the urchin. He stood there on the grass, barefooted, with hands deep in pockets, the freckled face upturned, its solemn eyes gazing gravely into mine.

We knew each other by sight, but until to-day, Carrots had not deigned to favour me with his notice. He did not offer his services indiscriminately. Many approached him rashly, only to be told, as he stretched his bare legs more widely apart:

"Me brother Henery will caddie for ye. I'm busy."

Now, Carrots had seen me timidly entering with my clubs. Never before had I ventured on the links as a player. Carrots knew that I was a beginner, and I knew that he knew it. Hence my surprise at the unexpected offer:

"Will I caddie for ye?"

As I still gazed at him doubtfully, the grave eyes relaxed somewhat their intentness, a smile dawned in the grey depths, rose gradually to the surface, finally spreading in a cheerful grin over the whole face. A delicious smile of confidence, acceptance, friendship. I smiled in return, we smiled in unison. Henceforth I was of Carrots' friends.

He shouldered my clubs. "Come on fast." I hesitated—seeing it, he stopped. "If ye're afeard o' bein' seen, we can go on to the third hole. Nobody will see ye from there."

That was it. I dared not make my first attempt in front of the building, which had once been an ancient castle, and was now turned into a clubhouse. The tee was just in front of its windows; on one's right were the entrance gates; on the left, rocks running sharply out to and under the sea. The first holes lay along fairly level ground, but the third was hidden from sight by an uneven mound. It seemed less formidable, so we hurried across, Carrots pattering barefoot beside me.

"Do you never wear shoes, Carrots?"

"Times. A gineleman give me mither a pair for me. I wear 'em to Mass, but I like bare feet best. Bare feet is easier to get along wid."

We reached our hole—now for my first drive! Carrots watched me gravely, hands deep in pocket, legs wide apart. I planted my feet firmly, toes a little inward, and with eyes glued to the ball, swung back my club and drove—missed. Another try—missed again.

"Ah, quit takin' yer eye aff it!"

"But I kept my eye on it the whole time, Carrots."

"Did ye indeed? I'm thinkin' it's me ye saw an' not the ball."

Which was perhaps true, Paddy's unwinking stare being somewhat disconcerting.

"Try agin. I'll turn me back an' thin mebbe ye'll hit it."

I did hit it this time, at least the ball rolled a few yards.

"Is that all?" said Carrots, turning and surveying it scornfully. "Here!" with sudden animation and picking up the ball; "I'll larn ye, gimme yer clubs."

He planted his bare toes firmly on the ground, and balancing his lithe, young body, gave a quick, clean drive. The ball skimmed through the air.

"That's the way. Will I larn ye how?"

"Please," I said, humbly.

So Carrots made me drive ball after ball, until the near approach of some players made me hurry on.

"I'll play it to git ye on a bit," said Carrots, and play my ball he did, till we reached the fourth tee.

"Cut this, and come across to the fifth. It'll give ye more time."

I drove feebly. Carrots took my brassy and drove my ball far ahead.

"I'll do the hard ones for ye. Ye can take the easy ones yerself."

They were all hard ones, it seemed. At least, Carrots did the playing and I the caddying. Now and again he allowed me a stroke or an easy putt.

We had the links more or less to ourselves. It was one of those radiant mornings when the air is sharp, fresh, and keen, with the taste of the sea. To the left was a glorious sweep of rugged headland, beneath which the sea, flashing in the sunlight, broke in countless points of foam on the jutting rocks. About us, gorse and heather bloomed in yellow and purple patches, gulls screamed above our heads, browsing sheep dotted the daisy-whitened grass.

It was rough ground to play over, clumps of furze had to be avoided, rough hillocks to be cleared, natural bunkers to be cleverly dealt with.

Carrots played a beautiful game. As I trudged beside him, my mind dwelt on the shilling paid for the round, the sixpence due to my caddie. Finally I said—

"Carrots!"

"Aye!"

"I suppose you will give me sixpence at the end of the game?"

He turned in surprise.

"What for?"

"Well, you are getting all the play. I am doing the caddying."

He gazed at me gravely, then an acquiescent grin dawned in the depths of the grey eyes.

"Aye! ye're right there. We'll make it thruppence."

As we finally turned homewards, Carrots asked—

"Will ye be here agin the morrow?"

I hesitated, but the loveliness of the landscape, the exhilarating air, decided me. After all, why not? Though I would never be any good at the game, it was exercise, and Carrots' company was stimulating.

"All right," I said.

"I'll wait for ye."

So the next day found me on the links. The next day too; in fact, every fine day after that. Carrots, naturally, took the lion's share of the playing; but even so, I improved somewhat. Our friendship grew apace. One day, as we were strolling leisurely after the ball, Carrots said suddenly—

"Feyther gave our Henery a beltin' this marnin'."

"Did he? Why?"

"'Cos he wouldn't fetch the herrin' for breakfust!"

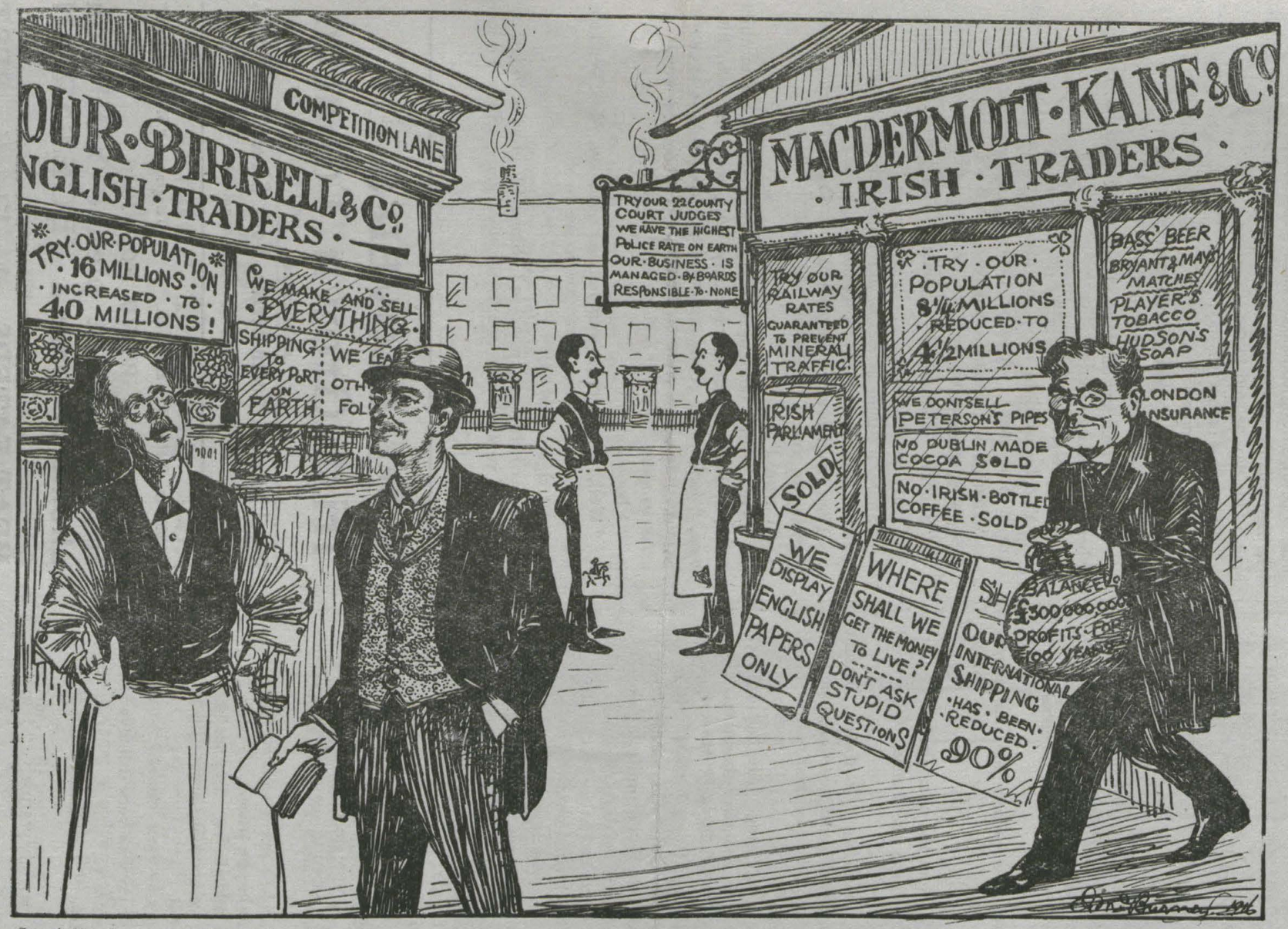
Now, there were eleven children in the Mooney family; according to Mrs. Mooney herself, nine and a twin. The father was greenkeeper, and they lived in a tumble-down, one-roomed cottage at the gates. Thirteen people! livin, eating, and sleeping in one room, large though it was, with chickens pecking their way in and out!!

However, in summer it was not so bad. The children lived out of doors on the links. They all caddied, even the girls. The twin, too young for anything else, helped to find balls, and ball-finding, as practised by the Mooney family, was a profitable industry. Thus, with their various pickings, the Mooney family should have been fairly comfortable, instead of father "havin' the herrin'" and the rest "bread or praties" or "jest scraps."

Mrs. Mooney was, at least, clever with her needle, and clothed the children "out of bits and contrivins."

Paddy wore a shirt, open at the neck, and a pair of trousers "made out of me feyther's ould wans." They came well up to the armpits, where they were secured by shoulder straps, and ended at the knee, in a kind of cuff, always left unbuttoned. They boasted pockets; and Paddy's hands were never out of these, except when caddying or playing.

(Continued on page 10.)



Specially drawn for the Irishman.] [*March 15, 1916.*

THE VENTRILOQUIST.

INTERESTED AMERICAN—"I guess you are 'some' trader, Mr. Balfour. You carry on a slick business and stock your neighbour's shop. I call that real smart business."

BALFOUR—"My dear sir, I'm merely, as it were, well—shall we say? a predecessor of Mr. Birrell. If the neighbouring gentlemen choose to quarrel over two English Kings who died a couple of centuries ago, well—business is business."

I.A.—"I guess your right. But, say, do you encourage the dispute over dead kings?"

BALFOUR—"I suggest that you ask Mr. Birrell."

I.A.—"Well, Mr. Birrell, pardon me, but do you encourage the dispute?"

BIRRELL—"I had not hoped, so late in life, to be suspected of innocence. I shall admit that I have exercised my powers as a ventriloquist with some measure of success."

(Continued from page 8.)

One wet afternoon, tramping through a muddy lane, I met Paddy, or Carrots, as he was more familiarly called.

"Evenin', Miss Denham."

"Good evening, Carrots."

"Will I come and sing for ye the night?"

"Can you sing?"

"Aye, an' dance too. Folks pay me saxpence fer dancin'. I'll do it fer ye fer nuthin'."

"I'm flattered, Carrots. When will you come?"

"At what hour do ye feed?"

"Seven."

"I'll be up about eight, thin."

The cottage my friend and I had taken for the summer was on the road leading to the links. It contained two bedrooms, sitting-room, kitchen and scullery, and had a large, square yard with outhouses. In front was a tiny garden, and behind, a high-walled orchard.

Punctually at eight, click went the garden gate and Carrots came up the path.

"Are ye in?"

"Yes, come along!" I called from the sitting-room.

"If it's all the same, I'll go into the kitchen. Ye're all cluttered up in that room."

So we followed him into the kitchen. It was a pleasant room with red tiled floor and raftered ceiling. Along one wall was a quaint oaken settle which could be opened out, at night, as a bed.

Carrots threw back his head and sang. He had a sweet, tuneful voice, and lilted out ballads one after the other. Then he danced jigs and reels, mostly inventions of his own, I fancy. The while he danced, he whistled softly to himself. It was a good performance, and he knew it, and a slow smile of satisfaction dawned in his eyes at our unstinted praise. Cakes and lemonade were brought in, to which he did full justice. But when I offered him a sixpence, he looked at me truculently.

"An' didn't I tell ye I'd do it fer nuthin'?"

Hastily I apologised and peace was restored.

But another day I asked him to come up in the evening to let some friends see his dancing. With a shrewd glance, he shot the question at me—

"An' what will ye gimme if I do?"

I looked my surprise, so he added hastily—

"When I does it fer yerself, it'll cost ye nuthin', but whin it's to show me aff to yer friends, it'll cost ye saxpence."

One morning Carrots and I were again on the links. I foozled my balls horribly. He looked at me consideringly, his head on one side—

"Ye're no good."

Sorrowfully I confessed it to be the truth.

"I'm no good at games," I added.

"I ken see that. What are ye good at?"

Here was a poser. I reflected.

"Nothing," I said at last.

"Nuthin'! Well, what do ye do with yerself annyway? Ye can't be sittin' with yer hands afore ye."

"I don't," I said indignantly. "I read and sew."

"Shucks!"

"I take long walks; sometimes," hesitatingly, "I write."

"What?"

"Letters, and—and—other things."

His eyes brightened.

"Are ye a writin' wumman?"

"Not exactly; that is—well, I do write sometimes."

"Lor sakes! an' me thinkin' ye could do nuthin'! Do ye make anny money at it?"

"That depends. You see, editors are sometimes hard to please."

"Are they that?" After a pause—"Say, will ye pit me in a story?"

"I'd like to, Carrots, but you won't be just too easy to get right. However, perhaps I'll try some day."

After that Carrots and I were sworn friends. Sometimes I saw him gazing at me with a rapt look of admiration. "A writin' wumman," he would mutter under his breath. Though conscious of sailing somewhat under false colours, I basked in the light of his admiration. Carrots was usually so very crushing. One day he said to me—

"I seen ye bathin' th' day."

"Did you indeed?"

"Aye! ye're no pretty in the water!"

I felt, and looked taken aback.

"No, ye hold yer breath too long, an' ye make tarrible faces when ye come up after the dive."

An expressive silence, then—

"Ye'd be all right if ye cud manage the breathin'. I cud larn ye in no time." A pause, then—

"There was a wumman wid ye."

"Lady, Carrots."

"Shucks! Shure it was a wumman—all gerls is wumman."

"Lady sounds better."

"Shure, it's thim as does be in the shops that calls theirselves ladies. The like o' youse is wummen."

Then he glanced at me shrewdly—"Shure I heard a ginelman say ye were a fine-lookin' wumman."

"Carrots!"

"Aye, he did, but I'm thinkin' if he'd seen ye makin' thim faces, he'd say ye were tarrible ugly. Ah, now," in a wheedling tone, "don't ye be gettin' cross wid me. Shure ye're beginnin' to make a fine brave show at the golf. It's a pity ye have to go away so soon. Will ye be back agin next year?"

"I hope so."

"Well, I'll be lookin' out for ye. And say, Miss Denham, I'll be up at the station to-morrow to see ye aff."

"All right, Carrots."

"An' ye'll be back, won't ye? Shure I'll promise to larn ye well. An' ye won't be forgettin' the story, miss. Shure I'd love fine to be in a story."

Belfast Again.

FAIRY-LED AND OTHER VERSES, by Helen Lanyon, illustrated by E. S. Duffin. Belfast: Baird. 1/-.

"Many a true word is spoken in jest;" and when some wag called Belfast "The Northern Athens," there was probably no city which had less claim to such a title. But as things go at present it certainly looks as though Belfast were going to make a bid for recognition as a stronghold of letters. And that being so, it is all the more consoling to see a book of rare merit produced and published in Belfast.

Miss Helen Lanyon was wise in producing her poems in Belfast. She will be understood and appreciated by those who know how true is the ring in her lyrics.

Herrick was not a great poet: he wrote incomparable lyrics. When he wrote the four lines

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying,"

he created a thing which by reason of its sheer beauty will live as long as language exists.

Now Herrick's form and substance is so distinct from what Miss Lanyon strives to create, that we must forget Herrick for a moment, and judge this delicate poem, based upon the most trivial of episodes.

A WINDY MORNIN'.

The brown sails came into the bay,
The wind was blowin' rarely,
It drove the market flowers astray,
That I had gathered airly.

Three fisher-lads came up the road,
Andra, an' Tom, an' Willy;
They laughed to see my scattered load,
Sure boys bes quare an' silly.

The dear knows what was at us there
To stand and laugh together;
The shawl slipped off my tousled hair,
All in the windy weather.

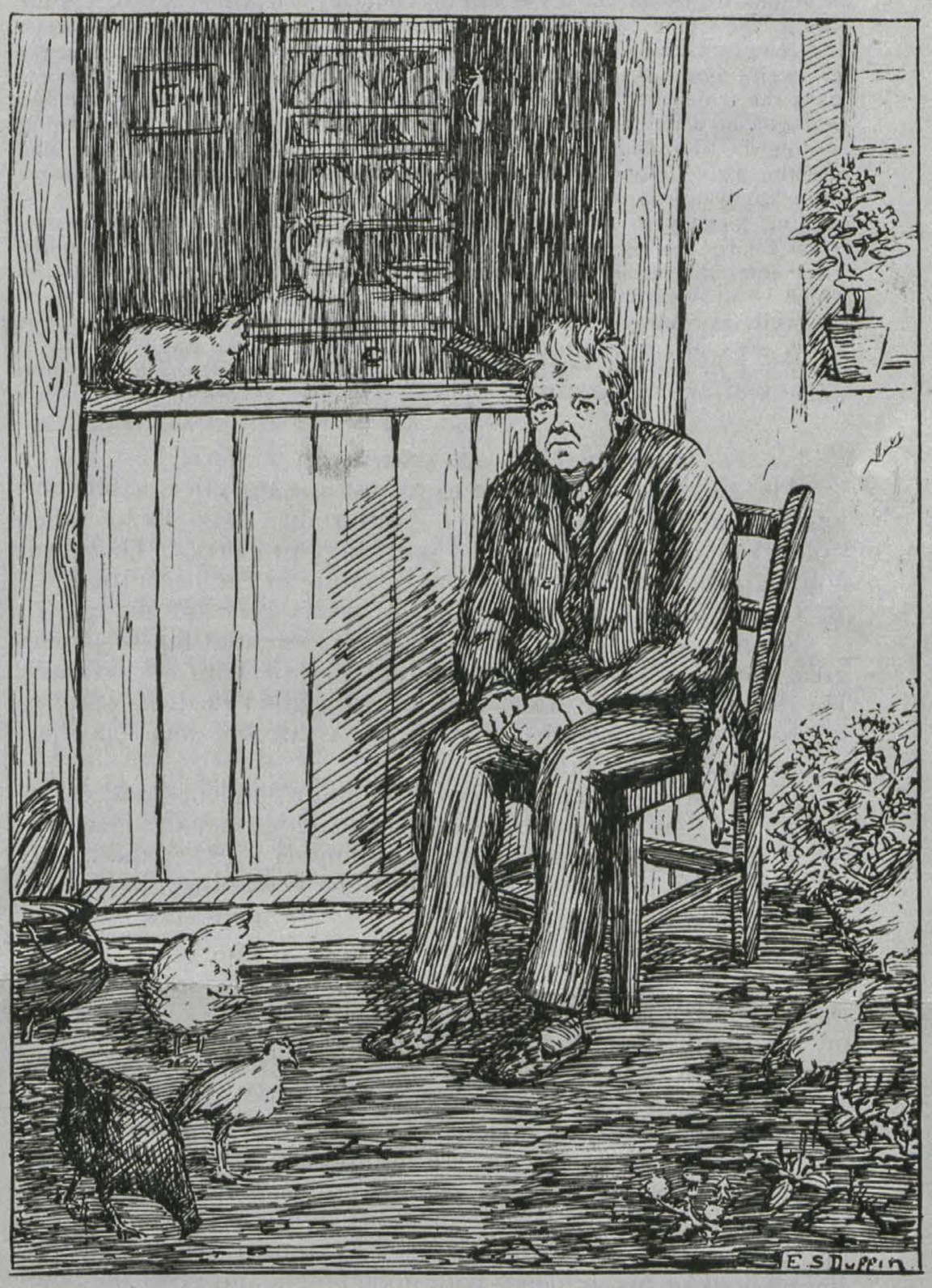
Och! Life is full o' dreary days,
Ould Care comes follyin' afther;
An' who would gridge us, anyways,
A gust o' careless laughter?

An' when I'm ould, an' like to die,
I'll still remember clearly
The bright brown sails, the windy sky,
An' the lads that laughed so cheerly.

Yet there is an echo of Herrick in this quite beautiful poem, as though it were a reply to Herrick's admonition transmuted into another mood and form.

Miss Lanyon's book is illustrated by E. S. Duffin. The drawing is obviously unpretentious, but the artist has succeeded in getting expression into the faces, and has succeeded amazingly well.

As an example of what we mean we reproduce a sketch which illustrates the following poem:—



AT THE LATTHER END.

There's a low green loanin' at the meadow's edge,
Where the young folks come and wandher, two be two;
I hear them talkin' there, beyant the hedge,
The warm dark evenin's through.

I mind the time I was a sleek young lad,
I mind the places where I used to walk;
I mind the girls, an' the soft looks they had,
An' all their coaxing talk.

Inundher the dim trees we used to lie,
An' many was the tender kiss I set
On lips that were half willin' an' half shy—
My mem'ry houlds them yet.

But that's all past, an' I'll not see again
The young girls come like birds intil my hand,
Nor feel my heart leap up wid joyful pain
When summer's on the land.

For at the latther end there's only grief,
There's nothin' only grief for me at all,
An ould done man, dhry as a shrivelled leaf
That thrembles to its fall.

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

Begin this amazing story now.

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. After an exciting journey by motor and gas launch Colonel Wass and Rossiter reach a large house, beside which is a low building with a big chimney. They enter the house, which contains a galleried hall, in the centre of which is an electric drawing-room cab, used by Mr. Grimshaw, and on the walls are many picture frames devoid of pictures. Rossiter, while alone, sees Mr. Grimshaw steering the cab towards him, and he is persuaded to enter it. Mr. Grimshaw says he finds it easier to think while in a cab. Colonel Wass appears and they go to supper.

Chapter IV.—An uninvited visitor.

The meal was a light one to refresh the travellers after their journey, and was served in a comfortable little room which Colonel Wass described as his particular property. There was nothing peculiar about either the furniture or the decoration.

On the table were cold meats and a very good burgundy.

Rossiter noticed that Mr. Grimshaw devoured his food with great rapidity, and that his manipulation of fruit was clumsy. He drank very little wine, and added a good deal of water to it; so Rossiter concluded that as far as alcohol was concerned he was quite temperate.

"You have perhaps noticed," he said, suddenly addressing Rossiter, "that it is sometimes easier to judge a man's character by what one does not see of the man himself; just as the beauty of a lyric lies in what is indirectly suggested rather than in the words themselves."

"Do you mean than man is a walking poem?"

"No—though some men are. What I meant to say was that if one has not met a particular man, his influence upon others, or, more superficially, his influence upon his environment will enable one to form a most excellent picture of the man himself."

"But," said the Colonel, "you must admit that only a few would be sufficiently intellectual to draw such a picture."

"We all possess more or less intuition," said Mr. Grimshaw, "and I was not pleading for your acceptance of a law."

"Now, Mr. Rossiter, I should like to have your candid opinion of the owner of this house, formed from your first impressions of his influence both upon others and upon the house itself."

"I considered that he must be a most self-willed, eccentric, and mysterious person."

"Is that a good description, Colonel?" demanded Mr. Grimshaw.

"I should say so."

Mr. Grimshaw threw back his head, and gave vent to a loud and very irritating laugh. The laugh seemed to disturb the Colonel; for he rose suddenly and led the way to the hall.

"If you will pardon my saying so," remarked Rossiter, "you possess some curious pictures."

"I'm glad you think so," said Mr. Grimshaw. "One gets so weary of the modern oil-painting that beams upon you with superiority, and the tedious water-colour which always suggests to me a highly-educated coal-heaver, that I have had my hall furnished with blank pictures.

"In most paintings the frame is the main thing; so I have provided good frames. Each one of my frames contains for me the reproduction of some masterpiece. A great picture lives just as much in one of my frames as it does in the original, and a thousand times more than it does in the reproduction.

"You will perhaps agree with me, Mr. Rossiter, that even an original painting can interfere with one's appreciation of it! But when I mentally create a picture which already exists, nothing interferes with its presentation to me. When one perceives or thinks of an object, that something exists, though it be nothing; and just because it is perceived or thought about, it is an object presented to consciousness. So you see I am not unreasonable or unscientific."

"I have no wish to say you are either," said Rossiter.

"Your use of the perfect proves that you could not help feeling that I am," said Mr. Grimshaw, laughing.

Rossiter was about to reply, when a bell rang loudly, and a servant appeared from somewhere to open the hall-door.

When the door had been opened, a rather tall man entered the hall. He wore a light motor coat, and appeared to possess no hat. His clothes and face were smeared with mud, and across his right temple was a black and ugly-looking scar. He looked the picture of misery and weariness.

Colonel Wass immediately stepped forward to meet him, and asked him what was the matter.

"I have had a slight accident to my car," he said. "It is safely stuck in a hedge about three miles from here. I was stunned for a while—over an hour, I think,—and when I came to myself, I saw your lights in the valley, and struggled along to see if you could let me have a lodging for the night, and some assistance in getting my car on the road again. I should be very grateful if you would allow me to rest as I feel horribly weak."

The man's face had been growing more strained each moment; and at last, when he had finished speaking, he put his hand to his head, and sank down into a chair.

By this time, Mr. Grimshaw had come forward, and stooped to examine the extent of the injury to the man's forehead.

"Stay where you are," he said, "and I'll get you something that will do you good."

He disappeared down a passage which led to the room in which they had just had supper, and returned in a very short time bringing with him a glass of brandy, while a servant followed with a dish of water and a towel. The brandy seemed to revive the injured man at once; and when he had finished it, Mr. Grimshaw proceeded to bathe his forehead with the towel dipped in water.

He suddenly stopped his work and turned to the Colonel, and said something in a low voice, which Rossiter did not hear. The Colonel immediately departed; and Mr. Grimshaw resumed his attentions to the injured man.

After a while the Colonel returned carrying a piece of rag which he handed to Mr. Grimshaw, and the latter at once applied it to the bruise; and then, to Rossiter's unutterable astonishment, he slapped the man on the back, and said—"You'll have to do a little better next time, if you desire to fool us."

The man rose to his feet and smiled broadly.

"I shall try," he said.

"And the drink?" asked the Colonel

"Some soda water to dilute all the brandy that you made me swallow."

"You shall have the soda water," said Mr. Grimshaw, "and a little more brandy. And when the drink comes, you must join me in a toast."

"Certainly, Mr. Grimshaw."

"Then we shall drink the health of the man who attempts the impossible."

After the toast had been drunk, the visitor said farewell politely and departed.

The Colonel walked with him to the door, and then suddenly called for a hat, and accompanied the man to the gates, which Mr. Grimshaw informed Rossiter were not more than two hundred yards away.

"He wants to see him safely off the premises; although, personally, I don't consider him worthy of such attention. Give me an enemy strong enough to be dangerous, and I'll rejoice to make war with him. So far the defeat of anything that has been sent against us has proved mere child's play."

He spoke as though he assumed Rossiter knew everything about him and his house; and Rossiter, on his part, felt that he had no right to ask questions about what Colonel Wass had not chosen to explain.

For the same reason he refrained from seeking for an explanation of the extraordinary episode which had just taken place.

The Colonel returned in a few minutes; and when he entered the hall, a curious metallic thud sounded behind him, as though some heavy object had fallen. Sounds of a similar character immediately proceeded from various parts of the house. As Mr. Grimshaw and Colonel Wass appeared to take these noises as a matter of course, Rossiter was careful not to appear sur-

prised. He determined, whatever might occur, to avoid an exhibition of astonishment; as he felt sure that the Colonel had some good reason for withholding an explanation. He therefore pretended not to have heard the sounds; and as he felt extremely tired, he declared his intention of going to bed.

Mr. Grimshaw said good-night to him at the foot of the stairs which led to the gallery, and the Colonel walked with him to his room.

"I hope you'll sleep well," said Colonel Wass rather anxiously. "Your friend Herriott described this place as a combination of fortress and lunatic asylum. It is at present in the former condition; for I must explain that the windows and outside doors of this house are protected by heavy iron shutters which are quite invisible during the day, but fall into their places at night. The sounds which you could not have failed to hear just now, were caused by the falling of these shutters. We exclude the outer world almost entirely here."

"What you tell me is very interesting," said Rossiter. "But what about fresh air? With my windows closed up in this way, on a hot night such as to-night, I shall be poisoned and roasted. If you don't mind my saying it, I think the lunatic asylum side of the business is about as obvious as the fortress. I expect I shall be a raving madman myself after a few days' experience of this house."

"You've nothing to fear on the score of ventilation. Electric fans drive fresh air through every room. With regard to the asylum business, if you feel like going mad over what you have seen, you certainly will be a maniac by the time you leave. But I haven't any fears for your sanity."

"I'll be all right," said Rossiter. "What about breakfast?"

"Grimshaw and I breakfast at nine o'clock. The shutters will be raised at five; so if you like to get up early and come down, after your man has brought you some chocolate, you'll find us both out on the beach; and you may see something that will interest you."

"I'll be up with the lark," said Rossiter.

"You will indeed," exclaimed the Colonel; "and the poor lark will be dreadfully surprised!"

Rossiter looked at the Colonel, who wore a broad smile, and wondered whether the man's mind had suddenly given way. He was astonished not so much by the words which Colonel Wass had used, as by the way in which he had said them: he had laid an extraordinary amount of emphasis on the word "will," as though the matter was of much importance, and there was no doubt whatever that Rossiter would "be up with the lark." In fact there was something about the words that made him nervous, though he could not imagine of what he had to be afraid.

"Tell me, Colonel," he said, in order to reassure himself, "why do you have shutters and doors of iron to protect this house? What have you to fear?"

"Because we have to take every precaution, Mr. Rossiter. Our visitor this evening should have proved to you that we require to keep our wits about us."

"The visitor does not help me much. There have been so many mysterious occurrences since I met you that I have accepted them on trust, and have not tried to understand them. Why the man begged for shelter and then left the house without explanation, I cannot imagine."

"Do you mean to say you did not understand why he left so quickly?"

"I may be stupid; but even now I am quite in the dark."

"Then you did not notice the cloth?"

"I did not notice any cloth which would have assisted me to an understanding of the mystery. A man staggers into the hall, bruised and fagged, craving hospitality and help; and then he suddenly drinks an absurd toast and goes away. I defy anyone to make any sense out of that. What cloth do you mean?"

"The one which I brought."

"What has that got to do with the man's sudden departure?"

"Everything. The man was a poor schemer, if he had thought he could deceive us by a painted bruise. Grimshaw suspected that the wound was not genuine; and he asked me to get some turpentine and a cloth; for the water had no effect on the colour. When he applied the turpentine, the paint came off in a lump; and the smell of the turpentine and the fact that Grimshaw held the cloth with the stains of the paint on it under his nose, was a strong enough hint to our visitor that his little plot had failed. Well, I suppose you see what I mean now."

"I am not quite so stupid as you would make me appear."

"That does not require a reply," said the Colonel laughing. "Well, I hope you'll sleep well. Good-night."

"Good-night," said Rossiter.

Colonel Wass walked down the gallery, and entered a room at the end; and it was not until Rossiter had closed his own door that he discovered that the Colonel had gone without really telling him why the house was fortified.

Chapter V.—What the night held.

When Colonel Wass had gone, Rossiter undressed rapidly. While doing so he made a careful examination of his room. He pulled up one of the blinds on the windows and found that about six inches from the glass was a shutter of dark metal. The shutter, which had been lowered from above, fitted into a groove in the sill. The sight of this heavy thing between him and the outer world gave him a feeling of security. He pulled down the blind, and sounded the walls, which seemed solid enough. He then locked his door, and carried a chair and placed it with its back legs raised about three inches from the ground, and resting against the door. His object in doing this was to make sure that it would be impossible for anyone to open the door without knocking the chair over and waking him. He examined the floor with care, and satisfied himself that there was nothing in it resembling a trap-door. He then locked the door of the bath-room which adjoined his bedroom, and placed a chair against it also. Finally he lit a small electric lamp on a table at his bedside, placed his revolver within reach, and got into bed.

Though he was extremely tired, for about an hour Rossiter could not sleep. He felt peculiarly helpless and at the mercy of a very extraordinary man; and he would have been overcome with nervousness had he not remembered that his father knew of his whereabouts. There was something very comforting in the knowledge that Major Rossiter had allowed him to set out on so mysterious a journey without protest; and the only thing which really caused him to be slightly alarmed was the remembrance that, as a result of his parent's advice, a revolver formed part of his luggage.

He lay for some time wondering of what use the weapon could possibly be to him. The room was pleasantly cool; for a stream of fresh air poured through two ventilators just above the windows.

Rossiter's mind was not very active. He was on the alert, however, for any sound; and his eyes wandered from one object to another.

"Unless I get some sleep," he said to himself, "I shall be a wreck."

He drew the table closer to his bedside, and turned off the light; and just as he did so, he became conscious of a gigantic

vibration, resembling the deepest note of an organ. The atmosphere quivered and the whole house seemed to tremble. There was practically no sound.

"It's some blessed machinery," said Rossiter to himself; and turned on his side with the intention of going to sleep.

He had slept for only a few minutes when he woke up rather suddenly and discovered that his door was open, and that a light from the gallery outside was shining in. At first he thought that he must be dreaming; for he had such a vivid recollection of having locked his door.

He noticed immediately that the chair which he had placed against the door was lying on its side. He concluded at once that the sound of the falling chair must have wakened him. Rossiter was no coward. He deliberately got out of bed, turned on the electric light, and walked to the open door.

Two lights on the gallery, and one at the foot of the stairs in the hall below, were lighted. No one was visible; but Rossiter felt quite sure that there was someone moving about the hall, and he went back into his room and came out again with the revolver in his hand. To his surprise he discovered that the hall was now brightly illuminated. Some person must have switched on the electric light while he had been getting the weapon.

Rossiter stepped out to the rail of the gallery, and saw just what he expected to see—Mr. Grimshaw standing with his back to the entrance door, looking up at him with a curious smile on his face.

"Are you searching for a shooting-range, Mr. Rossiter?" he asked.

The question took Rossiter completely by surprise, and caused him to feel very childish.

Mr. Grimshaw noticed at once the effect of his remark, and smiled broadly.

"Is there anything the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing much. I locked my door, and then woke to find it standing open."

"Are you quite sure that you locked the door?"

"Perfectly."

"You have just cause for complaint. I'll come and examine your door."

Mr. Grimshaw continued to smile when he came close to where Rossiter was standing.

"You look as though you really meant business," he said.

"I was very much in earnest, and perhaps a little nervous," answered Rossiter, turning to enter his room and leave the revolver on the table. To his astonishment he found himself confronted by a closed door. He turned the handle, and found that the door was locked.

"Did you lock yourself out and lose the key?" asked Mr. Grimshaw.

"I don't want to be rude," said Rossiter. "But do you really see anything very funny about placing a guest in an absurd position?"

"That depends upon whether the guest possesses a sense of humour."

"There is some humour which is not likely to earn universal appreciation."

"For that reason it is all the more valuable. My dear Mr. Rossiter, I hope you're not angry?"

"I should very much like to get back into my room."

"Nothing easier," said Mr. Grimshaw, turning the handle and opening the door without the least trouble.

"I'm convinced," declared Rossiter, "that my door was locked when I tried to open it just now."

"Of course it was locked."

"And it is unlocked now!"

"I won't contradict you," said Mr. Grimshaw, smiling broadly.

"I'm half inclined to believe that you employ the Devil to assist you in playing practical jokes."

"I employ a most practical devil."

"Look here, Mr. Grimshaw," said Rossiter, "I'm infernally tired, and I appeal to you to let me have a night's sleep. I think I've had quite a sufficient number of adventures for one day. I'm not used to adventures. Up to a certain point they are stimulating; but when one is really tired, they lose their charm."

"I understand," said Mr. Grimshaw. "You may rest yourself for the remainder of the night; for I promise that nothing will disturb you."

"Thanks awfully."

"Don't thank me until you have had your sleep."

Mr. Grimshaw was standing with his back to the rail of the gallery as he spoke. The hall was still brilliantly lighted.

Rossiter was about to close the door, when he noticed something about his host which caused him nearly to faint with surprise:—Mr. Grimshaw's feet were not resting on the ground! He was standing in the air, and apparently upon nothing.

With a great effort of will, Rossiter pulled himself together and closed the door. Then he went to the glass and looked at his face. It was very white, and his eyes were shining brightly.

"I believe I am going mad," he said. "All this adventure in one day has turned my head."

Then he suddenly felt an inclination to open the door again and call for Mr. Grimshaw; for he was beginning to believe that perhaps he had imagined a great part of the events from which he had concluded that Mr. Grimshaw was a practical joker. Perhaps Mr. Grimshaw had thought him mad or dreaming. He did not open the door again, however; for the thought of seeing that smiling face suspended in mid-air was too much for his nerves. Instead, he got into bed again, this time without locking his door.

"When I wake in the morning," he said to himself, "I shall probably find myself sleeping under the bed with the door locked on the inside. The Colonel certainly promised me adventure; and I suppose I must take what is given to me, and be grateful."

Just as he was about to switch off the electric lamp at his bedside, the extraordinary vibration, to which he had almost become accustomed, ceased. There was absolute silence for about ten minutes; and then an electric bell rang. It was followed immediately by another bell with a much deeper note. Then Rossiter heard someone walking quickly along the gallery. After that he went to sleep.

(To be continued.)

Lionel Johnson.

"The pure flame of one taper fall
Over the old and comely page:
No harsher light disturb at all
This converse with a treasured sage."

Those lines are certainly not the most beautiful Lionel Johnson wrote, but they are curiously characteristic. They express the peculiar temper of his mind; they express, one imagines, that state of spiritual and intellectual tranquility in which he found such happiness as he ever was to find. He was not a great poet any more than he was a great critic, but he was an excellent writer. Setting aside a few affectations, which are of his time, his style is singularly pure. And he writes better in verse than in prose. His prose is a little ponderous, overweighted, as it is, by an abuse of quotation. To those who had read but two or three of his essays—including the masterly study of Pater—the publication of the "Post Liminium" came as a sharp disappointment. The narrowness of the outlook was apparent, and the book, as a whole, was not easy to read. In his verse Johnson seems to reach a greater freedom of expression. It is the poetry of a recluse, of a scholar. His imagination appears to catch fire most readily when he is writing of his old school, of Oxford, of an ideal Ireland, of "the church of a dream."

"The Saints in golden vesture shake before the gale;
The glorious windows shake, where still they dwell enshrined."

Some of these poems are very beautiful, in a fine, fastidious way. All that is slovenly and flashy and meretricious was detestable to Johnson. There is in everything he ever did a kind of perfection of sobriety and restraint. Yet he can be passionate enough when his subject really moves him. Then, the somewhat formal manner breaks, and a deeper music surges up, expressive of a more intense and personal vision.

TE MARTYRUM CANDIDATUS.

"Ah, see the fair chivalry come, the companions of Christ!
White Horsemen, who ride on white horses, the Knights of God!
They, for their Lord and their Lover who sacrificed
All, save the sweetness of treading, where He first trod!

These through the darkness of death, the dominion of night,
Swept, and they woke in white places at morning tide:
They saw with their eyes, and sang for joy of the sight,
They saw with their eyes the Eyes of the Crucified.

Now, whithersoever He goeth, with Him they go:
White Horsemen, who ride on white horses, oh fair to see!
They ride, where the rivers of Paradise flash and flow,
White Horsemen, with Christ their Captain: for ever He!"

Not many of Johnson's poems reach this level, not more than a dozen perhaps in all; but, on a slightly lower plane, he has written much that is worthy of preservation, much that is touched by a spirit of beauty and dignity. His verse is marked by a nobility of thought and feeling. It is worth reading even when it fails perhaps, just fails, of being poetry. We need not look in it for that mysterious glamour which we find in the great lyric poets, but what we get, nevertheless, is valuable and admirable; its aim is high, it has an ethical as well as an æsthetic significance, it is the gift of a mind, of a spirit, that loved what is finest in life and in art.

R. F.

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