



## NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF IRELAND

Archives are subject to copyright and should not be copied or reproduced  
without the written permission of the Director of the National Archives



10148

CSO/5D/2/153 (1)

(1858.) Wt. 5333—66.4000.12/14. A.T. & Co., Ltd.  
(6559.) Wt. 3103—96.20,000.8/15.

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

DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE.

S.  
2073  
D.M.P.

Detective Department,

Dublin, 8th. December, 1915

Subject, MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 7th. Inst.,  
the undermentioned extremists were observed  
moving about and associating with each other  
as follows :-

With Thomas J. Clarke, 75, Parnell St.,  
John T. Kelly, T. C., and F. Fahy for half  
an hour between 3 & 4 p. m. John McDermott  
for a few minutes at 8. 30 p. m. Thomas  
Byrne for a quarter of an hour between 8 & 9  
p. m. Arthur Griffith and William O'Leary  
Curtis for twenty minutes from 10. 15 p. m.

Bulmer Hobson, Herbert Mellows, M. J.  
O'Rahilly, and E. O'Duffy in Volunteer Of-  
fice, 2, Dawson St., together at 11. 30 a. m.

Charles S. Power left Broadstone by 5  
p. m. train en route to Westport. R.I.C.

informed

The Chief Commissioner.

*The Under Secretary  
Submitted.*

*W.C. Dunne*

*Canine 8/12*

*Under Secretary  
Submitted  
W.M.C.  
8/12*

*W.M.C.*

*8/12*

*Chapman  
W.M.C.  
9/12*



10148

informed.

John McDermott and Joseph McGuinness

in 41, Parnell Square from 8. 45 p. m. to

9. 45 p. m.

J. J. Walsh in his shop, 26, Blessing-

ton Street between 9 & 10 p. m.

Attached are copies of this week's

issue of Honesty and The Hibernian both of

which contain notes of an anti-British

character.

Owen'Brien

Superintendent.



# The Hibernian

Incorporated with the  
NATIONAL HIBERNIAN

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

Vol. 2. No. 28 New Series

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11th, 1915

One Penny

## The HIBERNIAN

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

Offices:

Hibernian Hall, 28 North Frederick Street, Dublin.

All literary communications must reach the Editor  
not later than the first post on Monday morning.

### EGO SUM SULLIVAN.

Verily, the vials of wrath are being poured on the head of the revered Bishop of Limerick. The English Press—of all shades and variety—has shrieked and raved, and, to their own satisfaction, no doubt, have metaphorically made of the Irish prelate a thing of shreds and patches. Even the organ of the High Church Party of England, the Anglican "Guardian," takes Dr. O'Dwyer to task for his daring to raise his voice in protest against the treatment meted out to our fellow countrymen on the banks of the Mersey. But as the "Catholic Times," a Liverpool publication, naively remarks in an editorial comment on the "Guardian's" strictures—and in which that journal referred to Dr. O'Dwyer as "this snarling prelate"—our contemporary advances the opinion that the mouthpiece of the pseudo Church of England "was ill-advised to break a lance with the Bishop of Limerick, and also that it displayed considerable rudeness when it applied to him the term 'this snarling prelate.'" The "Catholic Times" continued to say that the "Bishop can take care of himself; he is not afraid of controversy. His language may seem frank and bold to the "Guardian," but he may with much reason complain of the action of the Liverpool crowd towards the group of emigrants, not all of whom were Nationalist Irishmen, by the way. And when the Bishop says that this war is England's war, not Ireland's, surely he is merely stating the truth. In any case, it is foolish to talk of 'potential traitors,' as if the Bishop were one."

That is a nice little wrap across the knuckles for the "Guardian," and it deserves it. When it is borne in mind that the "Catholic Times" voices purely English views, and that its opinions on the war are in direct disagreement with those held by the majority of the people here in Ireland, its sane attitude is to be commended. It, alone of its cross-Channel contemporaries, concedes the right to Irishmen to be allowed to think for themselves.

However, we thought that the tirade of abuse which the Bishop of Limerick's letter aroused, had simmered down. In this we have been mistaken. A Dublin evening paper which, a considerable time after Dr. O'Dwyer's letter first saw the light, realised that it was being discussed and assid-

uously canvassed throughout the country, suddenly awoke to the fact and gave it a belated publicity in its columns, now has the temerity to insert what purports to be a trenchant reply to his Grace. And whom do you think is the latest protagonist who thrusts himself forward to beard the Lord Bishop of Limerick? None other than a hungry lawyer—to wit, A. M. Sullivan, Kings Counsel, the great I AM, son of the late A. M. Sullivan, the author of the "Story of Ireland" in conjunction with his brother, the poet T. D. Clarum et venerabile nomen! But this degenerate scion of an olden Gaelic house wots not of Ireland and her ancient history. The labours of his father and uncle to inculcate love of country in the hearts of their fellow-Irishmen are swamped in the inordinate greed for place which actuates this minion of the law. We know that in the stirring days in which the Sullivans moved, the Fenians of their time looked upon them with unkindly eye, but—de mortuis nil nisi bonum. Their literary labours covered a multitude of sins.

Ego Sum Sullivan has a niche to himself in that book of snobs, the English "Who's Who." From it we learn that is now 44 years of age, that he was called to the Bar in 1892, and took silk in 1908, that he is the President of the Irish Association for the Prevention of Intemperance (liquor not language), and has taken an active part in politics, on the platform, and in the Press for many years. We have no knowledge of his contributions to the Press—they must have been relegated to the limbo of strangled or abortive effort—but as regards his "activity" in politics they are well-known. When the late Redmond Barry, afterwards Lord Chancellor, sought the suffrages of the electors of North Tyrone in the Liberal interests, there travelled in his big train of place-hunting lawyers the great I AM. The latter certainly spoke during the period preceding the election, but his voice, like that of an emasculated parrot, served more to rouse the risibility of his hearers than his vapid utterances and worn-out shibboleths seemed to convince them. His appearance was an amusing interlude—like the clowns in a circus—in the electoral arena.

When his kinsman, Tim Healy, with his back to the wall, was fighting the powerful influences of the Irish Pawty in North Louth—on the two occasions in which he had to defend his seat I AM was more than conspicuous by his absence. Oh, no; there was nothing to be gained, no place loomed in his mind's eye by such adventitious aid. The Liberal M.P. could dispense patronage. It is a consolation to know that no plums fell to his picking. His "services" were ignored, and meaner fry—in I AM's estimation—were rewarded.

So now, with his eye again focussed on place, he, obeying the behests of his patrons, scatters ink in a more than futile

effort to "answer" the Lord Bishop of Limerick and to impugn Dr. O'Dwyer's patriotism. Perhaps our readers have seen this needy lawyer's alleged reply; if not, they have not lost anything. And we have no desire to inflict any extracts therefrom on your patience, suffice to say that all the threadbare arguments which are the stock-in-trade of the present-day West Briton regarding the war are trotted out with nauseating repetition. Some day—if this weedy individual lives long enough—I AM may attain the ermine. Then, no doubt, he will dutifully fill the role in a manner commending itself to his masters. True type of the needy lawyer, he will have sold his soul for pelf.

## Pat McGrath.

Talk o' your aeros, monos or bi's,  
Or other machines that take you up to the  
skies:  
Just come round to Pat's and I will Xplain  
The wonderful power of McGrath's Jaroplane.

71 Upper Dorset Street.  
The Biggest Snug in Dublin

## Watch Buying

A guarantee of  
accuracy and  
reliability is of the  
utmost importance  
in buying a watch.  
Purchase only

from a dependable firm. Our reputa-  
tion is a guarantee in itself. A very  
large stock of  
watches & clocks  
of all kinds and  
at all prices  
awaits your  
selection.

**GANTER**  
BROTHERS,  
63 South Great  
George's Street,  
DUBLIN.

Write for catalogue.



## :: CROMWELL ::

### AS WE SHALL KNOW HIM

The Celt and the Saxon are one. Two peoples, different in origin and in history, striving toward different ideals, having nothing naturally in common, have united not, after seven and a half centuries of ruthless tyranny on one side and brave resistance on the other. Now the Saxon shares in the glories of the ancient Celtic past, and offers the Celt in return, a stretch of painted barbarity. The Island of Saints and Scholars disappears from history, and its great niche is re-filled by an Empire of Sinners and Slaves. The Saxon can boast of the smashing-up of Danish power at Clontarf, and the Celt may feel ashamed that the Norsemen humbled Britain to the dust. The sweet length of Irish history from 1171 to 1915 can be forgotten. The extent and wealth of Empire are great enough to absorb the souls of Celt and Saxon. Both can revel in the progress of Saxon civilisation, and its bestowal on peoples once independent, who now drag out their lives through dreary blighted years.

The Arran Islanders delights in the vast treasures of Saxon literature, and soon will have Carlyle at their finger-tips. How ravished the London cockney who reads in pure Gaelic the "Táin!" St. Patrick will be installed with gorgeous ceremony in St. Paul's; and halo-headed Bentham will lend his name to be the most popular swear-word in Ireland. The Celtic view-point shall be the Saxon and soon there shall flourish an Empire in kilts.

Celt and Saxon "one in name and one in fame." "Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished!"

Irish history is a thing for the Celt to forget and the Saxon to remember. Never again will the Celt parade his murdered ghosts; nor will the Saxon seek to vindicate and eulogise the murderers. The dread past is blotted from memory. Only the devil knows what the Imperial future holds.

Turning finally from that past, a huge figure, standing boldly in the most awful period perhaps, holds our gaze for some time—Oliver Cromwell.

The Arran-Islander who has established no communion between his soul and Thomas Carlyle's, will recognise at last the grandeur and nobility, the sincere Godliness of Cromwell; will say with Carlyle, "I, for one, will not call the man a hypocrite!"

"No, we cannot figure Cromwell as a Falsity and Fatuity; the longer I study him and his career, I believe this the less. Why should we? There is no evidence of it. Is it not strange that, after all the mountains of calumny this man has been subject to, after being represented as the very prince of liars, who never, or hardly ever, spoke truth, but always some cunning counterfeit of truth, there should not yet have been one falsehood brought clearly home to him? A prince of liars, and no lie spoken by him. Not one that I could get sight of. It is like Pocke asking Grotius, where is your proof of Mahomet's Pigeon? No proof! Let us leave all these calumnious chimeras, as chimeras ought to be left. They are not portraits of the man; they are distracted phantasms of him, the joint product of hatred and darkness. Looking at the man's life with our own eyes, it seems to me, a very different hypothesis suggests itself. What little we know of his earlier obscure years, distorted as it has come down to us, does it not all betoken an earnest, affectionate, sincere kind of man? His nervous melancholic temperament indicates rather a seriousness too deep for him. Of those stories of 'Spectres'; of the white Spectre in broad daylight, predicting that he should be King of England, we are not bound to believe much—probably no more than of

the other black Spectre, a devil in person, to whom the Officer saw him sell himself before Worcester Fight. But the mournful over-sensitive, hypochondriac humour of Oliver, in his young years, is otherwise indisputably known. The Huntingdon Physician told Sir Philip Warwick himself, he had often been sent for at midnight; Mr. Cromwell was full of hypochondria, thought himself near dying, and 'had fancies about the town-cross.' These things are significant. Such an excitable deep-feeling nature, in that rugged stubborn strength of his, is not the symptom of falsehood, it is the symptom and promise of quite other than falsehood!

"The young Oliver is sent to study law; falls, or is said to have fallen for a little period, into some of the dissipations of youth; but if so, speedily repents, abandon's all this; not much above twenty, he is married, settled as an altogether grave and quiet man. 'He pays back what money he had won at gambling,' says the story;—he does not think any gain of that kind could be really his. It is very interesting, very natural, this 'conversion' as they well name it; this awakening of a great true soul from the wordly slough, to see into the awful truth of things—to see that Time and its shows all rested on Eternity, and this poor Earth of our was the threshold either Heaven or Hell. Oliver's life at St. Ives and Ely, as a sober industrious farmer, is it not altogether as that of a true and devout man? He has renounced the world and its ways; its prizes are not the things that can enrich him. He tills the earth; he reads his Bible; daily assembles his servants round him to worship God. He comforts persecuted ministers, is fond of preachers; nay, can himself preach—exhorts his neighbours to be wise, to redeem the time. In all this what 'hypocrisy,' 'ambition,' 'cant,' or other falsity? The man's hopes, I do believe, were fixed on the other Higher World; his aim to get thither, by walking well through his humble course in this world. He courts no notice: what could notice here do for him? 'Ever in his great Taskmaster's eye.'

"Cromwell's habit of prayer is a notable feature of him. All his great enterprises were commenced with prayer. In dark inextricable-looking difficulties, his officers and he used to assemble, and pray alternately, for hours, for days, till some definite resolution rose among them, so 'door of hope,' as they would name it, disclosed itself. Consider that. In tears, in fervent prayers, and cries to the great God, to have pity on them, to make His light shine before them. They, armed Soldiers of Christ, as they felt themselves to be; a little band of Christian Brothers, who had drawn the sword against a great black, devouring world, not Christian, but Mammonish, devilish—they cried to God in their straits, in their extreme need, not to forsake the cause that was His. Cromwell's prayers were likely to be 'eloquent,' and much more than that. His was the heart of a man who could pray.

"Poor Cromwell—great Cromwell! The inarticulate Prophet; Prophet who could not speak. Rude, confused, struggling to utter himself, with his savage depth, with his wild sincerity; and he looked so strange among the elegant Euphemisms, dainty little Falklands, didactic Chillingworths, diplomatic Clarendons! Consider him. An outer hull of chaotic confusion, visions of the devil, nervous dreams, almost semi-madness; and yet such a clear determinate man's energy working in the heart of that. A kind of chaotic man. The ray as of pure starlight and fire, working in such an element of boundless hypochondriac unformed black of darkness! And yet withal

this hypochondria, what was it but the very greatness of the man? The depth and tenderness of his wild affections: the quantity of sympathy had with things—the quantity of insight he would yet get into the heart of things, the mastery he would yet get over things: this was his hypochondria. The man's misery, as man's misery always does, came out of his greatness.

His successes in Parliament, his successes through the war, are honest successes of a brave man; who has more resolution in the heart of him, more light in the head of him, than other men. His prayers to God; his spoken thanks to the God of victory, who has preserved him safe, and carried him forward so far, through the furious clash of a world all set in conflict, through desperate-looking envelopments at Dunbar; through the death-hail of so many battles; mercy after mercy; to the 'crowning mercy' of Worcester Fight: all this is good and genuine for a deep-hearted Calvinistic Cromwell.

"The successes of Cromwell seem to me a very natural thing! Since he was not shot in battle they were an inevitable thing.

"Fact answers, if you see into Fact! Cromwell's Ironsides were the embodiment of this insight of his; men fearing God, and without any other fear. No more conclusively genuine set of fighters ever trod the soil of England, or of any other land.

But with regard to Cromwell's 'lying' we will make one remark. He that cannot withal keep his mind to himself cannot practice any considerable thing whatever. And we call it 'dissimulation,' all this? What would you think of calling the general of an army a dissembler because he did not tell every corporal and private soldier, who pleased to put the question, what his thoughts were about everything? Cromwell, I should rather say, managed all this in a manner we must admire for its perfection.

"Neither will we blame greatly that word of Cromwell's to them; which was so blamed: 'If the King should meet me in battle, I would kill the King.' Why not?

"Nor will his participation in the King's death involve him in condemnation with us. It is a stern business killing of a king! But if you once go to war with him, it lies there; this and all else lies there. Once at war, you have made wager of battle with him; it is he to die, or else you.

"I, for one, will not call the man a hypocrite! Hypocrite, mummer, the life of him a mere theatricality; empty barron quack, hungry for the shouts of mobs? What had this man gained; what had he gained? He had a life of sore strife and toil, to his last day. Fame, ambition, place in history? His dead body was hung in chains: his 'place in history'—place in history forsooth!—has been a place of ignominy, accusation, blackness, and disgrace; and here, this day, who knows if it is not rash in me to be among the first that ever ventured to pronounce him not a knave and liar, but a genuinely honest man! Peace to him. Did he not in spite of all accomplish much for us?

"We have had but one such statesman in England; one man, that I can get sight of, who ever had in the heart of him any such purpose at all. One man, in the course of fifteen-hundred years; and this was his welcome. He had adherents by the hundred or the ten; opponents by the million. Had England rallied all round him—why, then, England might have been a Christian land.

"A heroic Cromwell comes; and for a hundred and fifty years he cannot have a vote from us.

"For being a man worth any thousand men, the response your Knox, your Cromwell gets, is an argument for two centuries whether he was a man at all."

"Whether he was a man at all"—in spite of the Celtic-Saxon union of hearts, there shall be ever some to vex their minds with this; and still a few to vex Empire by reason of their emphatic opinion.

BRIAN FAGAN.



## IRISH GRAVES.

Oh! they sleep, the true and noble, in many  
a distant land,

In many a nameless grave they lie, by  
foreign mount and strand,

And Erin mourns her children, torn away  
from her fair, green breast,  
'Neath alien skies to find their tombs,  
'neath an alien sod to rest.

There's not a land 'neath the golden sun,  
no shore that ocean laves,

No isles so lone, no woods so deep, but  
shelter Irish graves.

Oh! some are laid in the native earth, be-  
neath the emerald moss,

Where the church tower, o'er the holy spot,  
shadows its wreathed cross,

And others lie in the ruined aisle, where  
wand'ring breezes moan,

And the ivy drapes the crumbling arch and  
broken altar stone,

And not a few of the faithful band are  
sleeping where they bled

When the Sassenach's steel their names en-  
roll'd among the martyred dead.

And many lie on the rusted shield, upon the  
battle-hill

With their trusty blade grasped in their  
hand, dead, but unconquered still.

The shouts of Saxon triumph now may not  
break their hallowed rest

As calm they sleep, with their country's  
flag, red-stained, around their breast.

Oh! far away from their own loved land,  
the sons of Erin lie,

On many a hard-won battlefield, beneath  
a foreign sky.

In the sister earth of lovely France the  
Celtic chiefs are laid,

In the bloody graves of Fontenoy, Ramil-  
lies, and Belgrade,

No prouder deeds than theirs will shine on  
history's page of fame,

No bay more bright than that which  
wreathed a Clare's, a Sarsfield's name.

Among the graves of fair Castile the Irish  
warriors sleep,

By dark Badajos' hard-won heights, Vit-  
toria's ramparts steep,

Ever foremost at the battle-charge, still  
victors in the fray,

Till e'en the "Old Guard" feared to hear,  
"For Connaught, clear the way."

The northern snows for many a year have  
whiten'd Russia's strand,

Where Irish heroes lonely rest, in the far  
Crimean land,

At Balaclava, Inkerman, their hearts' best  
blood was pour'd,

Slaughtered at haughty England's will, to  
save her ill-got hoard.

The northern sun looks redly down upon  
their lonely graves,

And Irishmen have died to guard the land  
that made them slaves.

But oh! the holiest graves of all are 'neath  
Italia's sky,

Where, the red cross on their pulseless  
breast, St. Patrick's children lie;

From o'er the shining seas they came,  
from native land and home,

With hearts that throb to give their blood  
for the sacred cause of Rome.

By mountain, plain, and vineyard bright,  
their shouts of triumph ring,

As lion-like they fight and fall for Church  
and Pontiff-King.

And now they rest in dreamless sleep where  
pearly myrtles bloom,

And Metana's dark-eyed maidens pray o'er  
Irish Zouaves' tomb.

And far away in that great land across the  
western wave,

Beneath the starry banner's shade there's  
many an Irish grave.

Beside its rushing streams they're made;  
in its forest's lonely gloom;

Division reports for insertion in following  
number of "The Hibernian" should reach  
the Editor at latest on Saturday.

Hopkins & Hopkins  
Manufacturing Jewellers.

Silversmiths, Watch &amp; Clock Makers

Makers of Original Designs in Medals and Badges

Suitable for all kinds of Organisations.

QUOTATIONS FREE.

ORIGINAL AGENTS IN IRELAND  
for the Perfected  
AMERICAN WALTHAM WATCH.Opposite O'Connell Monument  
DUBLIN.

Telegrams—

"Meyther, Dublin."

Telephone 3569

No mount or plain of that wide realm but  
bears an Irish tomb.A tomb! ay more, a hearth, a home; these  
are thy gifts, fair land;Heav'n bless the shores that welcome still  
old Erin's exiled band.God guard thee, great Columbia, still  
glorious as thou art,Is the prayer that comes to Irish lips  
from every Irish heart.

## Manchester Martyrs

CELEBRATION IN DUNDALK

On Saturday evening, 27th November,  
Mr. Sean Milroy and the National Secretary,  
Mr. John J. Scollan, paid a visit to the mem-  
bers and friends of the Dundalk 98 Division,  
and received a very hearty reception. The  
large hall was crowded to its utmost capacity,  
and Bro. Milroy's discourse was listened to by  
the big audience with rapt attention during  
the hour and three quarters in which he por-  
trayed the self-sacrificing spirit of the Man-  
chester Martyrs. The orator dealt with his  
subject very ably, and this was testified to  
during the evening by the loud and continued  
applause which punctuated most of his stir-  
ring passages.

The National Secretary also spoke, and  
dealt also with the progress which the Order  
had made in England, Scotland, and Ireland  
within the past year, giving in detail the num-  
ber of old Divisions re-organised, new ones  
opened, and applications for the opening of  
new Divisions. The members and their  
friends were afterwards hospitably entertained  
to a sumptuous repast, and when the cloth was  
removed speech, music, and songs were in-  
dulged in until the morning was well ad-  
vanced. The proceedings were brought to a  
close by the entire company singing "God  
Save Ireland" and "A Nation Once Again."

Aonach

AT

Rotunda

Dec 9-18

Na Nodlag

Great Christmas Fair  
Irish Art, Industry, Music

LARGE CONCERT HALL.

Opening Thursday Dec. 9

at 8.30

DAILY from 2 till 10 p.m.

Admission 3d  
SEASON TICKETS 1/-

Irish Goods Only.

## JOHN GIBBONS,

IRONMONGER AND  
FANCY WAREHOUSE MAN,Shop Street and Bridge Street,  
WESTPORT.CHEAPEST HOUSE IN CONNACHT  
FOR EVERYTHING.

STRICTLY ONE PRICE.

GUNS.

GUNS, REVOLVERS,  
RIFLES, CARTRIDGES.

AND

SHOOTING REQUISITES OF ALL KINDS

CATALOGUES FREE.

Repairs of All Kinds Executed on the Premises

L. KEEGAN,

GUNMAKER,

INNS QUAY, DUBLIN.

Telephone 2574

## KENNEDY'S BREAD

FINEST QUALITY  
MADE.

BAKERIES:

124 to 130 Parnell Street

AND

St. Patrick's Bakery,

DUBLIN.

Neat Overcoats  
from 21s.AT DOYLE'S,  
2 Talbot Street,

WATCH-GUESSING COMPETITION.

The Watch-Guessing Competition in con-  
nection with the equipment fund of the  
Hibernian Rifles, which for various reasons  
has had to be postponed from time to time,  
will now take place on Wednesday evening,  
15th inst., at 8.30 o'clock, at the Hibernian  
Hall, 28 Nth. Frederick Street.

On the same date, immediately after the  
result has been announced of the Watch-  
Guessing Competition, a drawing will take  
place for a Lee-Enfield Magazine Rifle (in  
perfect order), with bayonet and scabbard  
complete. The tickets are now on sale,  
only cost sixpence each, and may be had at  
the Hibernian Hall, or from any of the  
members or the Ladies' Auxiliary.

## DENTAL SURGERY

High-class Sets of Teeth supplied by  
Mr. HAYES, 39 STONYBATTER, DUBLINEXTRACTIONS PAINLESS  
REDUCED FEES to People of Limited Means



# MEMORIES OF MOUNTJOY

By SEAN MILROY

XII.

In 1889, Mr. E. Dwyer Gray published a pamphlet on "The Treatment of Political Prisoners in Ireland," which contains some highly useful information, but which, I am disposed to think, certain notable public authorities in Ireland to-day would consider a noxious and embarrassing publication. Referring to the treatment of the Fenians in 1865, he says:

"Nevertheless the fact remains that, in 1865, the Government boldly took the plunge, and, ignoring the custom of that constitution which has broadened down from precedent to precedent," deliberately subjected political prisoners to the rules drawn up to meet the case of ordinary criminals. The subjection of these men to strictly prison discipline told upon them with awful effect. In two years death claimed eight victims, whilst numerous others of the prisoners became afflicted with paralysis or insanity. The names of the dead were Lynch, MacGeogh, Fottrell, Stowell, Kelly, Meagher, Kennedy and Habisson. Of the others, Joyce, Burke, Sweeny, White, Barry and McFeely became afflicted with various forms of nervous disease. These records of death, paralysis and insanity supply a striking indictment against the attempted treatment of political prisoners as common felons, on whom prison treatment wrought no such effect. The enforced association with common criminals was the wrong which perhaps the Fenian prisoners resented most."

Upon which statements I make this comment: Mr. Dwyer Gray is totally wrong in thinking that the British Government erred in acting thus and in dispensing with that constitution which has broadened down from precedent to precedent. For, after all, what is precedent if it is not an example to copy if it has led to the reaching of some end in view, or a mistake to avoid if it has failed in reaching such end, and this latter was, of course, the view-point of the Government. The laxity permitted to O'Connell and his fellow-criminals in prison was barren of result from the Brittanian standpoint—emphatically barren. Did it change their political views, impair their influence, or extinguish themselves or their principles? No. Therefore was it decreed a failure, a dismal melancholy failure, by Britannia; and hence the change which Mr. Gray laments, but which was natural and inevitable from the standpoint of England, and, judging by "these records of death paralysis and insanity" recounted by Mr. Gray, eminently satisfactory and effective from the same standpoint. In considering these matters, we err gravely if we do not look at them from the standpoint and requirements of England, which standpoint is the old maxim revered in the councils and traditions of the Pale that "end justifies the means." Now the end in view is the utter extirpation of Irish nationalism, the wiping out of all those traits of insubordination and elements of resistance and individuals who do not agree to the desirability and utility of such end. To make the very name and thought of Irish Nationalism stink in nostrils of all honest citizens, till it becomes a thing abhorred and ultimately abandoned and forgotten. Now what to the Imperial mind of Britannia could more conduce to such than to label Irish Nationalists as felons, to merge them and their cause and principles in the common herd of evil-doers which they round up in their jails? No, Mr. Gray, you it is who erred in misunderstanding the foresight and felonising wisdom of England. You quote in your pamphlet the words of one of those who was murdered by the treatment, Brian Dillon: "Manchester and Clerk-

enwell spoke from the frowning brows of our jailers. If the facts do not reveal exceptional treatment, it cannot be denied that they were eminently calculated to undermine the health of body and mind. I have no doubt of the gradual destruction of the former. The latter, I pray Almighty God, to avert."

"Undermine the health of body and mind." These words are adduced as a reproach to this jailing method of Britannia, but surely they are its highest recommendation from the Brittanian standpoint; surely the end in view is to undermine the health of body and mind of the Irish nation. Else have I totally misconstrued the purpose and mission of Britannia here; but that cannot be, history written on her jails, scaffolds, and other civilising appurtenances, bear too eloquent testimony to the accuracy of my conception of such mission. Such, then, being the end in view, do you imagine that Britannia is going to surrender an instrument which wins through so thoroughly merely because a few churlish Hottentots deprecate its inconvenience to them. If there be any to-day who harbour such imbecile notions, let me clinch Britannia's arguments in its favour by recalling the case of John Mandeville briefly as a classic example of the effectiveness of the system.

Mr. Dwyer Gray, again, is my authority: "John Mandeville, a man of herculean strength and health, when he entered Tullamore Jail, emerged a mere wreck of his former self, and died within a few months after his release of the fatal delicacy and disease contracted through the brutality (no milder word can express it) to which he was subjected in prison. Every obstacle was thrown by the police (doubtless acting on instructions from headquarters) in the way of an inquest. It was hinted to Mrs. Mandeville that the charge of drunkenness—a charge which the evidence subsequently showed was without the shadow of foundation—would be made against the dead man if the inquiry was permitted to proceed; but the inquiry proceeded, notwithstanding. The coroner's jury had been specially packed by the police. There were on it, if our information serves us, nine Protestants, and the verdict of the jury was as follows: "We find that the deceased, John Mandeville, died on the 8th of July of diffused allulus inflammation of the throat, as defined by the doctors, brought about by the brutal and unjustifiable treatment he received in Tullamore Jail. That we enter our solemn protest against the system of the present Government in awarding similar treatment to Irish political prisoners as to common criminals, and the method by which the rules are enforced."

Now, observe how these jurymen fall into the same error as Mr. Gray in protesting against the brutality which had murdered John Mandeville. If they had commented in tones of admiration upon the despatch and thoroughness with which the British jail system had finished off this "felon," they would have shown that they had risen to the exalted heights of civilisation which British Providence designed. Mark how swiftly the system operated in this particular case. Mrs. Mandeville, in her evidence at the inquest of her deceased husband, said that he was sent to prison on 21st October, 1887. He came home on Christmas Eve—only 64 days—but ample for the jail machine to squeeze the life out of this Irishman. And yet there be scribblers who think Britannia is going to relinquish it to meet their complaints. Fudge!

The event which opens up the real tragedy of this episode is recorded in this para-

graph, which is the verdict of the jury who sat on the inquest of Dr. Ridley nominally responsible for this treatment of John Mandeville. "That Dr. James Ridley died on the 20th July, 1888, at Fermoy, from wounds inflicted by his own hand with a razor on the same day, whilst labouring under temporary insanity, produced by the apprehension of disclosures at the Mitchelstown inquest, and that he was impelled to act in his official capacity in contravention of his own humane and considerate views. A truly effective machine, surely, this felonising apparatus of Britannia, which not only sends the prisoner to his grave, but drives mad those who operate it."

My readers may consider that I have wandered very far from the subject of Mountjoy and my experiences there in touching on these various matters, but I am anxious that the historic development of the system of felonising should be comprehended, and then it will be understood that my brief experience of Mountjoy is not an isolated incident which has no connection with anything else, but is just one small link in the chain of criminal degradation with which England has sought to shackle and overpower the Irish Nation.

Did you ever, gentle reader, laugh over Mangan's queer "Treatise on a Pair of Tongs." Here is a passage from it: "I proceed now to point out to observers what a blessed thing it is for mankind that there is nothing like a pair of tongs. A pair of tongs is an unique object. There is nothing exactly resembling it upon the surface of the earth. It is alone, a Phoenix, a study for the amateurs of the singular. This is fortunate."

A description which might be applied even more aptly to Britannia's felonising machine than to poor Mangan's tongs.

It has no analogy in other civilised nations. It is a product of the brain, the wit and the genius of Britannia alone. Is it surprising, then, that she takes such pride in it as to be reluctant to throw it to the Devil? But mayhap she may incline to the belief that that latter individual has already been fed sufficiently from her treasury of Cromwells, Pitts, Castlereaghs, and other Empire projectors. And I doubt not that he has gleaned a prolific harvest in this way. But Britannia, my dear lady, there is an old adage which commands that one must give the devil his due. And I fear me much that when the Bill of Empire which he has backed for you has been met in full, there will be pretty little of your goods and chattels to enumerate. However, that is your business. What I am concerned with is, that in your negotiations with the Prince of Darkness you shall not inform him that this country called Ireland is one of your assets and mortgage, the lives and well-being of its people to his credit. No, there is no precedent in other nations for the infernal apparatus of Britannia by which she inserts a good true Irishman at one end of the machine and expects him to emerge at the other end either a corpse or a criminal. At least, it is neither the fault of Britannia nor her machine if such result does not accrue. Such failure is entirely due to the innate perversity of such Irishman to either adopt the criminal ethics which she provides or to shuffle off this mortal coil. One of the most enlightening portions of this pamphlet of Mr. Dwyer Gray is that in which he indicates how political offenders are treated in States other than those over which England holds sway. He tells us that the custodia honesta exists in Germany and in Austria, and that all over the Continent political prisoners are distinguished from criminals. "Even Russia," he says, "which is supposed to be semi-barbarous, treats Nihilists as men who may be guiltless morally. The prisoners are taken to Siberia apart from common criminals; they are allowed to possess books and furniture, and to bring their families with them. He quotes from a book "Through Siberia," issued in 1882.



"Political exiles go to prison for a short time or not at all, and are then placed in villages and town, where they follow trades or professions and earn their living. The severest case of punishment of a political prisoner I met with was that of, I think, a Nihilist at Kara, who had daily to go to work in the gold mines, but on his returning he had a room to himself, some of his own furniture, fittings and books."

Whereupon Gray comments that the system of common jail degradation in vogue in Ireland "is not only in contradiction to constitutional custom at home, but is also opposed to the practice of every civilised and even semi-civilised nation in the world," a commentary which is no less emphatically true at this very hour.

The treatment of political offenders and debtors in France as portrayed by Mr. Gray in his pamphlet is illuminating. He describes the dietary prescribed for them, which would make a Mountjoy felon's teeth water, and continues:—

"Independent of the foregoing dietary political prisoners are granted about a pound and a third of white bread daily, and nearly a pint of wine. Besides all this, they could purchase extra supplies of food at the canteen or from without, but as regards visits, political offenders had the right to receive their friends in the Governor's parlour. Prisoners convicted of political offences connected with the Press were allowed to receive their families in their own apartment, and these might, and as a matter of fact did very often, spend the whole day with the prisoners, taking even their meals with them. But the most important point is the absolute non-existence in France of association with convicts."

Then follow some regulations devised by the French Government of that time regarding such prisoners, one of which states:—"The prisoners may communicate amongst themselves in the interior of the quarter reserved for them. They will communicate in a parlour attached to the quarter by permission granted in the Bureau of the Prefecture of Police, as well with members of their families, as with strangers who have shown legitimate motives for visiting them. These different communications will take place on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, from noon to four o'clock, and on other days from eight o'clock a.m. to noon."

Now we can understand somewhat why our pro-Britains in the days before France became one of "our Allies" in the fight for religion, civilisation and small nationalities were so strenuous in warning the people of Ireland against such dangerous things as French principles and French institutions. I conclude this chapter then with this question: Are we going to tolerate this felonising system of Britannia? The voice of reason and human dignity, and the instincts of Irish nationalism revolt against it. True, British Providence sanctions and venerates its usage. But which is going to prevail?

(To be continued).

## Against Conscription!

### ALL-IRELAND PUBLIC MEETING

WILL BE HELD IN

Mansion House, Round Room  
(By kind permission of the Rt. Hon. the Lord Mayor)

Tuesday, December 14th, 1915  
At Eight o'clock

Special General Meeting of Division 86 (Clanna-Gael) will be held in the Hibernian Hall, 28 North Frederick Street, on Thursday evening (December 9), at 8.30 p.m. All members attend Business important. by Order.

## :: A CURRENT CAUSERIE ::

### Poor Carson.

The "Catholic Standard and Times" of Philadelphia never minces its words when dealing with the topics of the day. A recent issue to hand deals with that poseur politician, the member for Dublin University, as follows:—"Sir Edward Carson's coup, by which he seemed to have thought to create a panic in nervous London, shattered by Zeppelin raids, has sizzled out like a wet powder cracker. He has no party; he finds himself deserted now. Yet the thick-and-thin out-and-outers, the Ulster die-hards, keep on harping about the great Ulster Covenant as if it were not already ancient history, and Irishmen at home had no proper occupation but that of hating each other while the country was going to the dogs. Lord Lyndhurst, who was the son of a travelling Irish sign-painter (Protestant)—after he had got to the Bench by the devious ways usual at that period—once, in giving judgment in a legal case, described his countrymen as 'aliens in blood, language and religion.' A similar view of their status seems to be the only one possible to Carson and his 'merry men,' the dour 'Covenanters' of hard Belfast. The Press of the 'Black North' (the irreconcilable side) keeps dinging away at the same old tune, 'No Home Rule'—which means 'no peace with Papists.'"

\* \* \*

### A Catholic Masterpiece.

The same paper sympathetically deals with the last work written by the eminent American novelist, Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, who, before his death, completed the final revision of the proofs of his most important literary achievement—viz., "Felix O'Day." This is a novel of New York, in which scenes depicted are of real places, described with wonderful colour, and the people are drawn with the intensely human, broadly sympathetic characterisation that has made classic the work of Dickens. At the same time there is little similarity in style between the workmanship of Dickens and the brilliant American author who has passed away, but there is a resemblance about their respective methods that justifies the suggested comparisons. "Too many, who aspire to write great novels neglect the dictum that 'genius is the art of taking infinite pains' either in the making of a novel or a poem or the making of lace. Still, even among those who have mastered the secret of taking unsparing pains there is not always genius. Honore de Balzac was microscopically laborious, but although a Frenchman, he could bore one with his tedious minutiae. Hopkinson Smith's technique is never dull; it fills in the canvas with a multitude of touches that help to make his picture entirely revealing and tangible to the mind as well as to the eye. He knew the foreign populations of New York. His Irish characters are no caricatures of the 'Life' or 'Harper's Magazine' order. He does not overlook the fact that intense piety is a dominant motive force in the Hibernian immigrant's make-up; and this, together with the irresistible love of the Irish priest for the weak ones of his flock, forms the pivot upon which the claim of 'Felix O'Day' as Hopkinson Smith's masterpiece revolves."

\* \* \*

### A Ministerial Shake-Up.

Still quoting the "Standard," the following will be found a true appreciation of political affairs in France:—"A shake-up of the French Ministry, in imitation of the British Parliamentary dice-box rattle, has resulted in much the same sort of expedient—a Coalition Ministry. The personnel of the new arrangement makes the names sound startlingly reminiscent of a war now almost forgotten—the one that brought

about the fall of the Third Empire and the rise of the second Republic. At least two of the names are connected with the period—Charles de Freycinet and Leon Bourgeois. Jules Cambon, who was for a long time Ambassador here, is also one of the Ministers. Briand is the Premier; Viviani, though not on the active list, is holding on to help with advice on the important question of celestial extinguishers. Gustax Herve, the Socialist Jupiter Tonans, is also giving his advice and harking on the dogs of war. The whole world, in fact, seems to have been turned topsy-turvy—a case of what usually happens when the kings go mad—the people they rule are the real sufferers in the end."

\* \* \*

### Centenary of St. Columbanus.

The Irish residents in Rome celebrated the thirteenth centenary of Ireland's great missionary son, St. Columbanus, by attending High Mass in St. Agatha dei Goti, the basilica attached to the Irish College. In the evening, at solemn Vespers, at which His Eminence Cardinal Bisleti presided, an eloquent panegyric in Italian was preached by the Very Rev. Dr. Petroccia. As our readers are aware, St. Columbanus is the patron of the diocese of Bobbio, in the north of Italy, where his ashes are preserved in a nich shrine. The "Observatore Romano"—the official organ of the Vatican—in an article on the centenary, had the following comments:—"Thirteen centuries ago, in the quietude of the monastery which he founded where the Trebbia bathes the last offshoots of the Penice and receives the waters of the Bobbio torrent, passed away calmly, amidst the grief of his faithful monks, one of the most extraordinary figures of mediæval monasticism, San Columbano. It is not possible to relate to-day, it is not possible to go over again in thought the intellectual and religious glory which, like an imperishable ameole, surrounds his foundation at Bobbio without paying grateful homage to the land from which came forth the inestimable pilgrim of Christ and which scattered abundantly throughout mediæval Europe the seeds of sanctity and knowledge—Ireland."

\* \* \*

### A Fitting Celebration

Commenting on the religious celebration in the Eternal City of the great Irish Saint, the "Catholic Times" says "The same was very fitting, for Columbanus was not only an apostolic promoter of the Faith so jealously guarded by Peter's successors, but a special benefactor to Italy. Though his habits were austere, his life was full of romance and adventure. There are no pages in histories of missions more fascinating than those which tell how, leaving his native land with twelve companions, he passed through Britain to Gaul, how Gontran, the grandson of Clovis, induced him to settle down in Burgundy, how his voice subdued brigands and wild beasts, how the birds came to be caressed by him, how squirrels descended from the trees to greet him, how he drove a bear from a cavern to make it his cell, how Thierry, incited by Branchant, expelled him from his beloved Leuxenel, and how, landing on the shores of the Rhine, he preached the Gospel to the Alemanni, converted many idolaters with the aid of his fellow-countryman, St. Gall, and crossing the Alps, went on to Lombardy to continue there his fruitful missionary labours. St. Columbannus was a plain speaker, but at the same time a firm believer in the authority of the Pope as the head of the Church."



## FOR LIBERTY.

### Demand of the Ukrainians,

By Svetozar Tonjoroff.

The aspirations to liberty of 35,000,000 of Ukrainians, classified in the Russian official publications as "Russians," found expression at the joint congress of the Ukrainian National Association and of the Ruthenian National Union, which has been held in New York.

The congress placed before the American public the fact that the Ukrainians who inhabit Eastern Galicia and the broad belt of Southern Russia known as the Shernoziom (or Black Earth), although Slavs, are not Russians, and that their national existence is menaced by the movement directed from Petrograd, known as Pan-Slavism, which aims at the Russification of all Slavic nations, whether within Russia or outside of it.

Their passionate desire to maintain their language, customs and traditions—all the elements that constitute nationality—has been stimulated by the prospects of a rearrangement of the boundaries of Europe at the close of the war.

A glance at the actual status of the Ukrainians in Russia will show some of the difficulties under which they are struggling to maintain their racial identity and to develop their literature, their industries and their civilisation—a civilisation which they insist shall not be Russian but Ukrainian.

"There has never been and never will be a Ukrainian language or nationality," is the principle, enunciated in 1863, which has governed Russian policy towards the people of the Ukraine, the countrymen of Mazepa, who number 30,000,000 in Russia alone. The Ukrainian language was proscribed first in 1690, and this proscription was made more stringent in 1876. In 1887 the Russian censor forbade the publication of the Ukrainian grammar on the ground that the language was "doomed to extinction."

This prohibition extends even to theatrical performances and the printing of Ukrainian text to music. In the schools of the Ukraine the use of the Ukrainian language is absolutely forbidden and the instruction is carried on in Russian (or Great Russian), which although of the same Slavic stock, is practically a foreign tongue to the pupils.

In Eastern Galicia the Ukrainians, who under the Austrian flag are designated as Ruthenians, are much better off so far as educational facilities are concerned. Under Austrian rule they have more than 2,500 of their own schools, and the University of Lemberg has become the centre of the Ukrainian national revival. This has been accomplished in the face of the opposition of the dominant Polish nobility.

The hopes of the Ukrainians for a new order of things under a liberalised Russia, pledged by various imperial decrees soon after the outbreak of the war, met with bitter disappointment with the advance of the Russians into Eastern Galicia in the initial phase of the struggle.

The proclamation issued by Count Bobrinsky in September, 1914, upon his appointment as governor-general of Galicia, to the mayor of Lemberg, foreshadowed the policy which was rigorously adhered to as long as the Russian armies remained in Galicia.

"I think it necessary to acquaint you with the leading principles of my policy. I consider Lemberg and East Galicia the real cradle of Great Russia, since the original population was Russian. We will immediately introduce the Russian language and Russian customs.

"We shall forbid the convocation of your legislature during the war. All social and political organisations must be discontinued and may resume their activities only by permission."

This policy was carried out with energy.

The schools and Lemberg University were closed and the re-opening of the primary institutions only was permitted in a small number of cases. In every instance, however, only Russian textbooks were used. The Russian calendar was introduced. Ruthenian books were destroyed by the Russian authorities and the exchange of telegrams and letters in the Ruthenian tongue was prohibited. M. Hrushevsky, a professor of history in the University of Lemberg, who had lectured in Ruthenian, was arrested.

The activities of the Russian authorities were directed with especial force against the Ruthenian Uniate Church, which recognises the authority of the Pope. Count Andrew Shepitsky, metropolitan Bishop of Lemberg, who ranks as the local head of the Ruthenian Church, was arrested and banished.

All the documents and books in the prelate's collection, practically representing the entire history of Ruthenian Uniatism, together with all the church treasures, were seized, and some of them were destroyed.

Many priests were exiled; hundreds of nobles were sent to Siberia, and Russian orthodoxy became the rule of the day in accordance with the well-known Pan-Slavist maxim: "One law, one tongue, one faith."

Only the return of the Austro-Hungarian armies put an end to the system of terrorism in East Galicia.

The Ukrainians, in their struggle for self-government and the preservation of their nationality, see only one hope in the future. That hope centres in the Douma, which has included in its programme of reforms a demand for the cessation of race persecution and the introduction of equal treatment for all the nationalities in the Russian Empire.

## Russia Plotted Present War

By Svetozar Tonjoroff.

The authorship of the war is credited to M. Izvolsky, Russian ambassador to France, in an article published in the "Russkoye Slovo," (the "Russian World"), a Russian daily newspaper issued in New York.

The article points out that Izvolsky's diplomacy would have precipitated the great conflict in 1908, at the time of the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina by Austria, had it not been for the intervention of Great Britain, aided by the sound judgment of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, who was subsequently assassinated by a Serb youth at Sarajevo.

An interesting feature of the article in the "Russkoye Slovo" is the disclosure that Russia backed Raymond Poincaré's aspirations to the Presidency of France in return for a veiled promise by Poincaré, when he was French premier, of aid to Russia's project for the acquisition of Constantinople. This promise was repeated in definite and concise form by Poincaré after he had become President of the French Republic.

"The French," says the article in the "Russkoye Slovo," "place the responsibility for the outbreak of the war upon Russian Pan-Slavism. They regard as the chief author of this disaster the Russian ambassador to France, M. Izvolsky.

"Izvolsky is not a great strategist, nor is he a soldier. But to him was given the opportunity to drag the nations into a diplomatic controversy, culminating in a general war. He is distinguished, not so much by brilliant abilities as by ambition, perseverance and unscrupulousness in his pursuit of a given purpose.

"Izvolsky is an ardent Pan-Slavist. He designed the present war at the time of the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria (in 1908). He decided to wreak vengeance upon Austria, not because he personally or the Russian government sincerely desired to help a weaker brother-

nation, but simply because he saw an opportunity to strengthen the Pan-Slavic movement.

"Appointed Russian ambassador to France, Izvolsky, as an initial measure, bribed the French Press in favour of Russia; by that method he disposed the French government favourably to his little father, the czar.

"As a means towards the disruption of Austria, Izvolsky opened negotiations with the Italian ambassador to France, Tittoni, who was strongly anti-Austrian. Izvolsky and Tittoni planned at that time to precipitate a conflict between Austria and their respective countries, without involving France and Germany, but the project failed of realisation.

"Subsequently Tittoni conceived the idea of the war in Tripolitania, in the hope that Austria would be dragged into the hostilities by action in the Balkans or in Turkey. Italy at that juncture wished to seize Albania, but Great Britain declared herself against such a move. The operations were confined to Italy and Turkey, in Tripolitania, and the machinations of the two diplomats were frustrated.

"In the beginning of 1912 Poincaré became premier of France. Before that time he had interested himself in Izvolsky's schemes and eagerly accorded his co-operation to the Russian ambassador. In August of that year Poincaré paid a visit to Petrograd and was received in audience by the Czar. To the Czar's inquiry whether he would extend aid to Russia for the seizure of Constantinople, Poincaré replied diplomatically:

"I am only premier of France, and your imperial majesty is well aware that the temporary head of the cabinet is not in a position to give a positive answer to such a question. Only a president of France could speak definitely, and probably in a favourable sense, on this subject."

"Izvolsky and the Czar penetrated the hidden meaning of Poincaré's words. Very soon large sums of Russian money were poured into France. Izvolsky corrupted every journal in France with a fund of six million francs, and Poincaré became president of the Republic in 1913.

"Supported by Poincaré, Izvolsky conducted in Russia a propaganda to bring about a declaration of war upon Turkey by Bulgaria, Greece and Serbia. When hostilities broke out Poincaré, in offensive language, warned Austria to maintain her neutrality unless she wished to run the risk of involving herself in disaster.

"After that Izvolsky by means of various provocations sought to force Austria to action, but Great Britain once more defeated his cunning purposes. Austria wisely refrained from intervening, not so much through the restraining influence of other Powers as because of the sound judgment of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand.

"This last-mentioned fact Izvolsky realised clearly, and initiated a campaign to bring about the assassination of the Archduke who was blocking his nefarious projects. It is known that the head of the conspiracy was the Russian minister in Serbia, who died three days after the assassination of the Archduke. The Austrian ultimatum to Serbia followed.

"On the day of the publication of the ultimatum President Poincaré was in Petrograd. When the Czar this time repeated to him the question concerning Constantinople, he replied:

"I am now President of France, and as such I pledge the aid of France to the acquisition of Constantinople by Russia."

"Thereupon Russia, under the pretext of defending weak Serbia, initiated the general mobilisation which precipitated the world conflict. Izvolsky attained his purpose. The aspirations of Tittoni for an Austro-Italian war were destined to be realised at a later date.

"But the diplomats failed to realise the inevitability of German intervention. They were sure of victory and of glory, and never dreamed of defeat and ignominy.



"However that may be, Izvolsky and Tittoni, and especially Izvolsky, have reason to be proud of the manner in which they succeeded in confusing the counsels of their own and of other governments. France was involved into the war by Russian intrigue, and the chief intriguer was Izvolsky. Izvolsky might well call the present struggle his own war, inasmuch as he more than anybody else is its actual author."

## MUSTARD AND CRESS

Sir John Simon is a great man, no doubt; but there is a much greater in England. His paternal cognomen is Harmsworth, better known in these warm times as Lord Northcliffe. Sir John in his verbal attack on some London newspapers the other day reminded us of the dog that barks but dare not bite.

\* \* \*

The gentleman responsible for the English debacle in the Dardanelles (where so many brave Irishmen were brought to slaughter like sheep), and who afterwards had to give up his job at the Admiralty, is now a major in the British Army, and there is a strong rumour that he is about to be made a Brigadier-General. A failure such as he in any other country in the world would hide his head with shame for ever.

\* \* \*

We have had Hilarious Belloc here on behalf of the pro-English Junker party, and Hysterical Bottomley put in an appearance in Dublin last week on the same "peaceful" mission. He was also to have desecrated Old Dunleary by his presence, but through what seemed an intervention of Providence, the inhabitants were spared this latest pest.

\* \* \*

By the way, how is it that all of the old "Blackmouths," who held up their hands in holy horror at any person attempting to do any mortal thing on Sunday, indulge in wholesale Sabbath breaking Sunday after Sunday, by attending meetings organised for the purpose of raising men to go out to maim and kill fellow human beings who never did them any injury. The Prince of Peace, whose disciples they are supposed to be, never preached war; but then, of course, that was some centuries ago since He was on earth. There were no Huns to be wiped out in His days on earth—but there were "Scribes" and "Pharisees," and they remain with us still.

\* \* \*

Will some person be kind enough to tie up that "eminent strategist" beloved of the "Independent," known as Col. F. M. Maude, C.B. Not since the "Daily Mail" squashed Hilarious Belloc has anything like this officer's strategy been inflicted upon a long-suffering and patient people. It seems such a waste of good material to be keeping Col. Maude rusting his talents rolling up enemy Army Corps, and dividing up whole Continents on paper, when so many men have tried and failed so sadly. Why not give him command of a brigade. He surely can make no greater mess of the business than "Brigadier" Winstone—say, at Antwerp or Suvla Bay as couple of instances.

\* \* \*

The "G-man's Journal" is the only newspaper in the country that has failed to make any return as to the number of men it has furnished to the Empire in its time of travail. We understand that the percentage is almost nil. The reason for this is, we are informed, that the staff are waiting for judgments and soft civil appointments in Germany when the Hun and his Allies have been disposed of.

\* \* \*

Lady Carlisle has forbidden hunting on her Castle Howard estate in Yorkshire. To remove any misapprehensions we desire to

BREAKFAST  
LUNCH

DINNER  
TEA

# D-B-C

## RESTAURANTS

The Best Restaurant in the United Kingdom.

## FINEST TEAS.

We buy all our Teas by comparison and First hand.  
We therefore can offer the Pick of the Market

At the following Prices: 2/-, 2/2, 2/4, 2/6, 2/8, 2/10, 3/-

### BECKER BROTHERS (LTD.)

Tea Dealers and Importers. 8 South Great George's Street,  
17 North Earl Street, Dublin.

Telephone 156

## IRISH MUTUAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY

Head Offices—50 DAWSON STREET, DUBLIN

All Classes of Life and Endowment Business transacted. A Purely Irish Society worked by Irishmen for Irishmen. Agency Applications Invited.

LAWRENCE CASEY, MANAGER AND SECRETARY.

say that hunting for Naval and Military recruits will still be allowed on the demesne.

\* \* \*

Mr. Lloyd George says that the Germans must be beaten. There is nothing original in Mr. George's utterance, as we have a distinct recollection of having heard and read something similar to his statement during the past eighteen months. Will someone oblige Mr. George!

\* \* \*

At a recruiting talk the other evening in Dublin, a private soldier said that last week while serving in a front line trench he had for breakfast porridge, bacon and eggs, hot scones, butter, jam and tea. We marvel at what the dinner must have been. Now, what we want to know is, why that soldier left "His Little Wet Trench in the West" when he was doing himself so well. We are curious!

\* \* \*

Thus the "Independent":—"Aid for Blind Soldiers and Sailors—In the present terrible war no spectacle is so moving as that of the soldier or sailor who has been deprived of sight. All efforts for the relief of these victims are meeting with generous responses everywhere." We respectfully contend that as our Irish soldiers and sailors have been blinded wilfully by papers like the "Independent" before the poor fellows lost their sight, by filling them up with all sorts of falsehoods such as the "small nationalities" gag, now so well exploded, that they are morally responsible for these men's infirmities; and it speaks volumes for the parsimony and callousness of the English Government, which leaves these afflicted men to the tender mercies, in great part, of the charitable public to look after them. It is England's plain duty to look after the men who have been maimed in her service. The workhouse, the jails, the lunatic asylums, the roads, the street corners, will be good enough for Irish soldiers when England is through with them. It was ever thus.

\* \* \*

Lost—"Somewhere at the back of the Front," an amateur artilleryman. Finder will be rewarded on bringing him to Aughavanagh, Co Wicklow. N.B.—It is rumoured that William (a well-known Hun) is looking for him, and it is essential to his

relatives' welfare that he be brought to Aughavanagh by a friend of the "small nationalities."

\* \* \*

Hysterical Bottomley, in the current issue of "John Bull," congratulates John Redmond on his fighting speech in London, in which the "leader" stated that, "So far as the Western front is concerned Germany is beaten." Bottomley, the Atheist and Junker, however, naively inquires "Why Mr. Redmond does not make the same speech in Dublin?" Now, this is unkind of Bottomley, as he knows that from the kind of treatment that he himself received in Dublin, Gunner Redmond's would be infinitely much warmer. By the way, Mr. Bottomley, there is some of your wearing apparel still littering the streets of Dublin. "Will ye no come back again?"

❖❖❖

## MR. DILLON AND TAXATION.

DUBLIN, 23/11/1915.

Dear Editor,—After a little delay I received the official report of the House of Commons. It would be of interest to your readers, as I see the name of only one Irish M.P. voting against the four million Taxation on Ireland. John Dillon evidently thought it would embarrass the Government if he voted against the taxation, although his speech in the "Freeman" would lead one to believe that he was the saviour of the country. Don't you think it is time that the actions of our M.P.'s were more closely investigated, and that their constituents were advised on every vote they gave on the question of Taxation to the extent of four millions on Ireland. We find John Dillon making an advertising speech, and not having the courage to vote as he spoke. What I want to know is, where were the other Dublin M.P.'s?—Yours,

RATEPAYER.

❖❖❖

Divisions requiring stationery, neatly printed in green, with the crest of the Order, with blanks for the No. and Name of Division, can have supplies sent to them from 28 Nth. Frederick Street, Dublin, at the nominal rates of 2s. 6d. per 100, postage extra. Cash to accompany order.



**PROF. H. MILFORD**

The Irish Conjuror

At liberty for the Season and Xmas Holidays.  
An Entertainment which mystifies and amuses  
young and old.

Special low terms for Equipment Fund Concerts

Secretaries of Country Companies should not  
miss this item.

Terms and Testimonials on application to c/o  
25 FITZROY AVENUE, DRUMCONDRA

## FINDLATER'S INDIAN TEAS

### Restaurant Continental

1 Up. Sackville St. &amp; Earl St.

Where to Stay in Dublin:

**The Wicklow Hotel,**  
WICKLOW ST. OFF Grafton Street

CENTRAL, MODERATE,

AND

MOST COMFORTABLE.

FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT ATTACHED  
Phone 658. T. Mahon, Manager.

WRITE OR CALL TO

**J. J. WALSH (OF CORK)**

26 Blessington Street } DUBLIN  
19 Berkeley Street }

TOBACCONIST, CONFECTIONER, NEWS EMPORIUM

Sixpenny parcel of Irish-Ireland Papers forwarded  
Weekly, on shortest notice

Phoenix Park and Glasnevin Trams pass the Door  
Smart Hairdressing Saloon Attached,

Estd. 1876

**RELIABLE TAILORING.**

## C. MARTIN & SONS,

27 WELLINGTON QUAY.

Irish Tweed Suits from - 45s

Costumes from - 55s

Volunteers' Uniforms from - 35s

Officers' Uniforms a Speciality.

Makers of Official Uniform to Mounted Corps

For Your Framing and Picture

GO TO

**WIGODER'S,**

75 Talbot Street, Dublin.

Cheapest and Best in the city

YOU MAY WITH CONFIDENCE

Buy the goods advertised in this  
paper. If you knew the care  
exercised in your behalf, before  
an advertisement is inserted, you  
would realise that the confidence  
you have in the advertisements  
is not misplaced.

BUY ADVERTISED GOODS

**"HONESTY."**

An Outspoken Scrap of Paper,  
Every Tuesday, One Halfpenny.

:: Instantaneous Success ::

COMMUNICATIONS TO BE ADDRESSED TO  
The Gaelic Press, 30 Upper Liffey Street  
DUBLIN

### UNDER THE CLOCK, 99 Up. Dorset St.

— Call and See J. T. RYAN, —  
Tea, Wine, and Spirit Merchant.

GAELS—Where to get your News,  
Stationery, Cigarettes, General  
Fancy Goods, etc., etc.,

**O Faolain,**

35 LOWER DORSET STREET.

**Pure China Teas**

2/4, 2/10 &amp; 3/4 per lb

**KELLY BROS., LTD.,**

39 Up. O Connell Street,

Telephone 292x

PHONE 3319

**M. & F. LOUGHNAN**

Typewriter Experts,

15 EUSTACE STREET, DUBLIN,

8 And at 14 Howard Street, Belfast.

All makes of Typewriters—New and Secondhand—  
sold, repaired and hired. All kinds of Copying  
Work undertaken.

You are invited to inspect our stock of CLOSE FIRE  
KITCHEN RANGES before ordering elsewhere. We  
guarantee them to cook perfectly, and to be economical  
in fuel. Our prices are right. Estimates Free.

**GLEESON, O'DEA & CO. Ltd.**

21 &amp; 22 Christchurch Place, Dublin Telephone: Dublin 261

**Groome's Hotel & Restaurant,**

8 CAVENDISH ROW, DUBLIN,

8 doors from Sackville Street, opposite Rotunda  
Gardens. Trams pass the door every minute.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

J. GROOME, Proprietor.

Telephone 3392

**W. YOUKSTETTER,**

Pork Butcher &amp; Sausage Maker,

21 North Strand and 51 Lr. Dorset St., DUBLIN

Sausages Fresh Daily. Tripe, Cowheel and  
153 Trotters. Best Brawn.

**J. O'CONNELL**

PROVISION MERCHANT,

38 CORNMARKET,

DUBLIN

**USE****"Green Cross Night Lights."**

MANUFACTURED BY LALOR, LIMITED.

**Irish Goods Only****GLEESON & CO.**

TAILORS and DRAPERS

UPPER O'CONNELL STREET

IRISH GOODS ONLY

**PHILIP MEAGHER**

4 NORTH EARL ST., DUBLIN

John Jameson and Son's 10 years old and 7  
years old Malt, and Power's Three Swallow

The Laundry which should be  
supported by all is

**The National Laundry Co.,**

60 STH. WILLIAM ST. DUBLIN.

Special Terms to Clubs, Institutions, etc.

Eat Less Meat. Dine at THE  
**COLLEGE CAFE**

[VEGETARIAN]

COLLEGE STREET.

The Popular Dublin Resort for Excellent Luncheons  
and "Select" Teas

Special 6d Teas. Best Value in City.

Terms Moderate :o: Separate Bedrooms

**The Grattan Hotel & Restaurant**

15 &amp; 16 ESSEX QUAY, DUBLIN

Convenient to all Railway Stations and Boats

Trams pass the Door every Three Minutes

CLEANLINESS, COURTESY, and GOOD ATTENTION

MRS. MCCARTHY, PROPRIETRESS

"There is but one Tailor,"

**THOMAS J. LITTLE,**

38 DRURY STREET

(One door from Exchequer Street).

Terms: Cash or Credit DUBLIN.

**P. CONWAY & CO.,**

31 Exchequer St. and 10a-Aungier St.,  
TOBACCONISTS.

Telegrams—"Watt, Dublin" Telephone 4268 Dublin

**GEO. WATT, Ltd.**

Soho Engineering Works,

Bridgefoot Street, Dublin.

ESTIMATES given for all Classes Machinery  
and Repairs.

Creamery Work a Speciality.

Telephone 1891

**WM. OLHAUSEN,**

Pork Butcher,

72 Talbot Street, DUBLIN

All Pork Guaranteed Irish.

**WILLIAM DELANY.**

5 and 6 North Strand.

HIGH-CLASS GROCERIES

John Jameson's Extra Old, John Jameson's  
7 Years Old, Power's Three Swallow.

**THE IRISH TWEED HOUSE**

Employ First-Class Cutters and Tailors. Suits  
to order 42s to 84s. Special Irish Frieze  
Overcoats 42s. All made on the premises by

IRISH LABOUR.

4 Capel St., Dublin, and Up. George's St.  
Kingstown

Uniforms and Regalia a Speciality

**SIMPSON & BYRNE**

Merchant Tailors,

66 BLESSINGTON ST., DUBLIN.



650/50/2/153 (11)

# HONESTY

**An Outspoken Scrap of Paper.**

Edited by **GILBERT GALBRAITH.**

Vol. I. No. 9.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1915

ONE HALFPENNY

**"HONESTY."**

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY.

All communications and remittances to **GILBERT GALBRAITH**, c/o: Gaelic Press, 30 Upper Liffey Street, Dublin.

Terms of Subscription—13 weeks, 1/1; 26 weeks, 2/2; 52 weeks, 4/4.

## A LAWYER ON THE MAKE.

Of all present Nationalist Irishmen, perhaps the last we should expect to see taking up the cudgels on behalf of England in the present European war would be Mr. A. M. Sullivan. "A.M.," with his brother, "T.D.," achieved a collaborative fame as the compilers of one of the best of our histories of Ireland, and as an essential to the preparation of this great work we think "A.M." should have had sufficient breadth of outlook, and sufficient knowledge of the subterranean windings of English international policy to remain undeceived as to Britain's responsibility and share in the present catastrophe which has overtaken civilisation. Judge of our astonishment then to find "A.M.," in his rather disjointed and illogical reply to the letter of the Bishop of Limerick published last week, talking rhapsodical nonsense as to Ireland's duty to Serbia and Belgium, which one might smile at in a Bottomley, but which could only be deplored in an A. M. Sullivan. If Irish Nationality were not so impressed with the importance of going through its present fight no matter who turns tail and no matter who shies at obstacles on the road, well might it hail the deflection of "A.M." with

the "Et tu, Brute!" of Cæsar, and forthwith resign itself to inevitable death and damnation.

The burden of A. M. Sullivan's two-column letter in reply to Dr. O'Dwyer is that Germany plotted the war, Austria's ultimatum to Serbia was its immediate cause, and that England fought to maintain peace, and only joined in to protect Belgian neutrality. There is nothing new in all this, and there are very few people who have not yet made up their minds upon the various issues presented. In referring to Germany's forty years' preparation for this war, "A.M." did not enlighten us, however, as to why England embarked on her eventually successful effort to weave round Germany a "ring of iron," which was calculated to effect the economic and political strangulation of the Teutonic Empire. Neither did he illumine our understanding as to why the violation of Belgium was two days old before England determined to intervene. We are still waiting his explanation on the peculiar treaties entered into between England and Belgium, arranging the occupation of the latter's soil by the former power, under certain circumstances—papers proving which were found in the Belgian State archives and reproduced in the Press of neutral countries. In the aspects of the case which he has touched and left untouched, "A.M." brings us no further than we were before, and for all the difference his interference has effected he might as well have preserved a continued silence—and a better niche in our esteem.

One would infer from this laboured production that "A.M." has unaccountably developed two attitudes of mind towards the causes and effects of the present war. One is confessedly Imperialistic, the other is almost that of an orthodox Irish Nationalist—before the Sharp Curve period. He speaks, in fact, with two voices, somewhat after the fashion of a circus



ventriloquist with a pair of lay figures in wax. At one moment he says that the only claim the much criticised Liverpool emigrants had upon the sympathy of the Bishop of Limerick "consisted in their attempt to fly from Ireland in her day of difficulty and danger," and later on he says: "There would be no use in appealing to our people to risk their lives to please an English Minister. They would not do it."

Another illustration of "A.M.'s" success in this species of vocal duplicity occurs when he tells us that "Ireland has in this crisis acted as a nation for the first time in her history," and further on, in discussing "Would Cowardice Pay?" he shakes the threat at us that "the predominant partner will take care that what we have saved by cowardice shall be extracted by taxation." Such instances of ventriloquy can be multiplied, and we are sure that Irish Industrialists and economists will be pleased to learn, on the authority of "A.M.," that "the more prosperity there is in England the better for us." Macauley's dictum that Irish poverty was a necessary corollary to English prosperity has now been clearly refuted, despite its acceptance as an economic axiom for over half a century.

According to "A.M.'s" dictum there is no room for what is called the neutral in this war. "Right is right and wrong is wrong, and that capacity to help the one and resist the other imposes a duty to act that no honourable race can shirk." This is an extraordinary doctrine, and if accepted literally, it means that the whole human race should range itself on one side or the other, and conduct the war to the point of extermination. The following excerpts best illustrate his attitude:—

"If there has arisen in Europe a Power claiming that might alone is right . . . are we to be told that our moral obligations are to be determined by taking out our pocket-books and calculating what course of conduct will return the largest dividend?"

"No prelate could suggest that his flock should view with dispassionate neutrality an outbreak of murder and outrage in an adjoining diocese."

"Any quarrel about them (Right, Justice, and Liberty) is and has been our quarrel wherever it has been fought."

Is it true that Christendom is unconcerned whether the charges of Prussian brutality be true or false?"

"A.M.," in the course of his reply to Dr. O'Dwyer makes several unhappy references, which for the sake of his argument, he had far better avoided. We will content ourselves with quoting one:—"Did Patrick Sarsfield contribute nothing to securing freedom of conscience for His Lordship's (Dr. O'Dwyer's) flocks when he

fell upon the field now desecrated by the tramp of Prussian savages?" "A.M." seems to ignore, or quite forget, that Sarsfield died at Landen and not at Limerick, for the very reason that freedom of conscience was disallowed him in Ireland, not by Prussian savages, but by English savages, whose regard for the sanctity of treaties, Sarsfield, above all other Irish historical figures, had cause to know only too well.

But when "A.M." begins to take Dr. O'Dwyer to task for attacking "by the subterfuge of hint and innuendo" the Nationalists—that is the Irish (sic) Party—a little light begins to dawn upon us as to the real purport of his extraordinary concoction. Dr. O'Dwyer's worst offence consists in having outraged the Party sentiment and the Party policy which now, as ever, is above reproach in the eyes of the Place-hunter. "A.M." is now revealed in his true role—a lawyer on the make. Come Home Rule or not, the Irish Party will still have at their disposal the bestowal of nice fat Government jobs of which, not improbably, one might innocently s'ide in the direction of A. M. Sullivan—for services rendered to the "National Cause." No member of the Party could compromise its attitude towards our Catholic hierarchy by attacking Dr. O'Dwyer for his courageous stand against the maudlin leadership of Redmond and Co. Hence "A.M." stepped into the breach—in his private capacity, of course—and whether invited or not we do not know. When a little time has elapsed to give the short-lived memory of the public space to forget this incident, we need not be astonished to find A. M. Sullivan, K.C., blossoming into a comfortably-salaried Judge or Privy Councillor, or other Castle Hack of the approved type. Then we will know the real worth, in English currency, of his present attack on Dr. O'Dwyer.



## HOW IRISH-AMERICA FEELS.

In one of our Northcliffe newspapers the question was raised recently as to the attitude of the Irish-American people towards England in the present war. It would be very easy to answer Lord Northcliffe by quoting the opinions of such genuine Irish-American papers as the "Irish World" or the "Gaelic-American," but this course would be open to the objection that these papers were hostile to Mr. Redmond and could not, consequently, be accepted as "representative" by that notability. Consequently, it is no harm to see what Redmond's—and the "Free-

Green, White, and Orange Celluloid Badges—One Penny each.—WHELAN & SON, 17 Upr. Ormond Quay, Dublin.



man's Journal's"—pet organ, the "Chicago Citizen," has to say on the subject. The "Chicago Citizen" has supported Mr. Redmond through thick and thin, but it will find it difficult to explain to its illustrious "leader" the promptings which caused it to make the following editorial pronouncement in a recent issue:—

"We wish to inform the Press of England that here there is no such thing as pro-British feeling or sentiment, if they prefer it that way. At least, if there is such, it may be termed an inappreciable if not negligible factor. It by no means follows that because England and France borrowed 500,000,000 dollars here that we entertain any kindly feeling towards either of the borrowers, had those who loaned the money not made certain of the most ample security for their loan, as well as a rate of 7 per cent. interest upon it, the mission of the Allied envoys here would have been a most dismal failure. Of this there cannot be even a scintilla of doubt. Englishmen living here in America do not entertain any delusions on this point. Hence then if the great bulk of our people here have remained neutral in the present European conflict, it is because of the fact they did not wish to retard the settlement of the Irish question, and had confidence in the integrity and high sense of honour of John Redmond and his parliamentary colleagues.

"As far as the twenty or twenty-one millions of men and women here of Irish blood are concerned they are with Ireland, and Ireland only, and if we are not mistaken, should conscription be forced upon our people there, they shall be heard from, and that quickly."

## THE LADIES OF DUBLIN,

In the letter, "Employers and Recruiting," which was quoted in a recent issue of the "Spark," the writer—Sir John Irwin, we are told—says "it is up to the ladies of Dublin to refuse to be served by shirkers," and that if concerted action be taken, an end will be put to the scandal of young Irishmen working in Dublin shops and warehouses instead of dying for the British Empire. He recommends that "the ladies of Dublin call a public meeting to give effect to their wishes." I hope this suggestion will be followed. I hope the ladies, or I would prefer to say the women, of Dublin will call a public meeting, and put on record their detestation of the means proposed to put this most infamous form of conscription in force in their city. They should not

let the advice given them in that letter pass without some public rebuke and condemnation. "Citizen" asks them to place themselves on even a lower level than the girl who offers white feathers to young men in the street. She only gives her victims the choice between enlisting and encountering her insolent rudeness, but "Citizen" desires the ladies of Dublin to give their victims the choice between enlistment and starvation. "It is up to the ladies of Dublin"—or, at least, to the decent women of Dublin, to give him the answer he deserves.

If I might offer them another suggestion, it would be that they should pledge themselves, and try to get others to pledge themselves, to boycott all employers who take part in this famine-conscription conspiracy.

Dublin is the capital of Irish Ireland; the fighting power of democracy and nationality is stronger in Dublin than in any other part of Ireland, and if this new form of tyranny by the rich over the poor and by the Imperialist over the Nationalist is allowed to succeed in Dublin, it will probably not be successfully resisted anywhere else. I hope the name of every firm found practising it will be published in full in all the Nationalist Press.

Some time ago a Nationalist writer lamented the difficulty of finding words adequate to describe the West British Press of Ireland. The difficulty of finding words to describe the employers' Press gang is just as great. None of the ordinary terms of contempt or loathing seem to fit them. But whatever words do fit them, the same will fit the ladies who co-operate with them by refusing to be served by "shirkers." Safe in comfortable homes themselves, and forcing comparatively poor men to starve, and see their dependents starve, or risk their lives for a country which is not theirs and in no way deserves their help—it is a problem to find words for such ladies. You could no more call them women than you could call the employers men.

F. W.

## Read 'THE HIBERNIAN'

The Official Journal of the Parent Body of the  
A. O. H. (IRISH-AMERICAN ALLIANCE).

A Paper for Thinking and Unbought Irishmen

ON SALE WEDNESDAYS.

Price 1d



## DEFENDING THE REALM

### A TRALEE CASE.

While breaches of the Defence of the Realm Act are considered to be adequately dealt with in England by harmless and inconsequent Home Secretarial denunciations of the Northcliffe Press in the House of Commons, and the breaking up of Peace meetings in London by organised uniformed blaguardism, a very different procedure continues to be adopted in Ireland. On the slightest pretext, this unjust and one-sided piece of legislation is strained to its utmost capacity for the persecution and jailing of Irishmen—generally innocent Irishmen—while notorious offenders on the other side of the Channel are allowed to defy its restrictions, blacken the character of its authors, and set all military and civil authority at naught with the utmost impunity. If all our past history were obliterated at one stroke, Ireland would still continue to nurture the growing seeds of rebellion against that English misrule which interprets her own laws so harshly in our instance and so mildly in her own?

One recent Defence of the Realm prosecution in Ireland is worthy of careful consideration as a case in point. In Tralee, a local athlete of good standing, John McGaley, has been the subject of the cruellest piece of judiciary muddling we have heard of since this Act came into operation. On the occasion of the Tralee race meeting a British Recruiting Sergeant, with a band, received a rather hostile reception at the hands of a crowd, who made the fatal mistake of taking any notice of the military people. The officer in charge appears to have called a policeman to his aid and vaguely waving his hand to include about one-half of the surrounding horizon of faces, he said, "Arrest that man!" The policeman, acting on these singular instructions, which the Recruiting officer did not even wait to see carried out, first arrested a companion of McGaley's who was in the neighbourhood of the occurrence, and subsequently McGaley himself, releasing the first prisoner. At the trial McGaley's three companions, and a fourth, who was himself a British Army sergeant, all swore that certain conduct and certain words imputed to McGaley by the Recruiting officer had no foundation in fact. Yet, on the unsupported testimony of the latter, the brilliant bye-products of Dublin Castledom on the Bench sentenced McGaley to three months' imprisonment. Did anyone ever hear of a greater travesty of justice?

But there is a sequel to this case. After a few days imprisonment McGaley was suddenly released on bail, and a new trial ordered. Evidently this piece of judicial bungling and maladministration was too glaring, even for the Castle

Government-of-the-Irish-people-in- spite - of - the - Irish people. Possibly McGaley will be acquitted when he is next brought face to face with his accuser. But what will be done with that Bench of magistrates where decision, over and above everything else, has wrought this result—that the number of rebels against English misgovernment in Tralee is now about quadruple its former proportion?

## THE "VICTORY" AT LOOS

It is a matter of common knowledge that a great British victory over the Germans was secured at Loos some three months ago. Previous to that there was a similar victory on a large scale reported at Neuve Chappelle. The Neuve Chappelle victory cost between 12,000 and 13,000 casualties, and as it was considered to have been dearly purchased, some prominent officers were cashiered and otherwise severely dealt with to calm down the public scandal created.

The victory at Loos, however, has surpassed everything in the way of expenditure of human lives which has yet been chronicled. Replying to a question in the British House of Commons, Mr. Tennant said that the casualties in the neighbourhood of Loos for the past three months amounted to 95,000 of all ranks. This amounts to fully one-quarter of the total British casualties in France since the commencement of the war.

Mr. John Redmond, we are told, visited the plain of Loos and addressed several Irish regiments in the neighbourhood of that place. He has placed on record his belief that so far as the West is concerned, the Germans are beaten. We should like to know whether he really considers it worth while beating the Germans if the cost of victory is to be commensurate with that paid for the triumph at Loos.

## SIGNIFICANT

For a recent Recruiting Conference held in Limerick, Earl Wimborne issued a large number of invitations. The Unionists of the locality attended in large numbers, but far more important was the number of absentees. None of the Limerick members of Parliament turned up, the Mayor and Corporation were unrepresented, and only three of the County Council representatives put in an appearance.