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Telegrams: "DAMP, DUBLIN."
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DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE.

S.
1764
D.M.P.

Detective Department,

Dublin, 7th. October, 1915

Subject,

MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 6th. Inst.,
the undermentioned extremists were observed
moving about and associating with each other
as follows :-

With Thomas J. Clarke, 75, Parnell St.,

George Nichols - Galway - from 1 p. m. to

1. 30 p. m. James Murray and Arthur Griff-

ith for a quarter of an hour between 9 & 10

p. m. F. J. McCabe for twenty minutes from

9. 30 p. m. Wm. O'Leary Curtis for ten min-

utes from 10 p. m.

D. Lynch left Kingsbridge by 9. 15 a. m.

train, en route to Cork.

Geo. Nichols returned to Galway by 5 p.m.

train. R. I. C. in both cases informed.

C. Collins,

The Chief Commissioner.

9533

C. Collins arrived at Kingsbridge from Limerick at 7. 10 p. m.

P. Hughes, who arrived at Amiens St., from Dundalk, at 7. 30 p. m., returned to Dundalk by 8. 20 p. m. train. R. I. C. informed.

John McDermott, J. O'Connor, Pierce Beasley, Edmund Kent, P. H. Pearse, M. J. O'Rahilly, John Milroy, C. Colbert, H. Mellows and P. Ryan, together in Volunteer Office 2, Dawson St., from 7 p. m. to 10 p. m.

Attached are Copies of this week's issue of Nationality and The Irish Volunteer, neither of which, with the exception of a few paragraphs appears to contain anything deserving special attention.

Owen Brown
Superintendent.

NATIONALITY

Vol. 1. No. 17.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1915.

One Penny.

Notes.

A delightful sequel to the publication by the English Government and free distribution by the Castle police in Ireland of a pamphlet admonishing the Irish to be economical—to save! save! save! (hereafter the English tax-gatherer may have the more to lift) is the announcement of the appointment of a Mr. Hynes as County Court Judge. Mr. Hynes is in himself of no importance—an item in the Catholic Placehunters' Brass Band—it is the fact that a vacancy in the swollen ranks of the County Court Judges in this victimised country should be filled up at the present time that is of interest.

A County Court Judge in Ireland is a person appointed to receive a minimum salary of £1,400 a year for two months' light work. There are over two dozen of him. Some are obliged to work as long as three months in the year—but that is the limit. No County Court Judge in Ireland is appointed on the grounds of legal knowledge and personal character. The appointments are made from a list of barristers of the second and third rank who have served the English Government in Ireland in public or in private ways. The number of petty judges *required* for county business, provided they worked an average of 42 weeks in the year, is six. The number maintained in Ireland is more than four times greater. The County Court Judge system is one of the chief instruments wielded by Dublin Castle for the corruption of the Irish Bar. The mediocre and inefficient barristers who cannot hope for a Judgeship in the Higher Courts, live and dream of a County Court Judgeship as the prize of their docility and their readiness to barter the interests of their country. With some two dozen of these in their hands, many scores of Removable Magistrates, numerous Revising Barristerships, and Court appointments, hundreds of lawyers in Ireland are kept in servility to the English Power. Why Irish parents of Nationalist principles, and with affection for their sons, educate them to be barristers in this country is a minor mystery. There is no profession in which an Irishman's principles are so exposed to temptation, and in which an Irishman's soul has a harder fight to escape damnation. No man who remains honest at the Irish Bar will ever sit on the bench—even as a police-magistrate. If he maintains his honesty and earns a modest competence he will be one in a hundred.

The cynicism of the appointment of another County Court Judge by the English Government at the time it is sending around its police to tell the people, whom it mulcts in £1,400 a year apiece for these idle placemen, to be

economical—not to employ bricklayers, carpenters, painters and so forth—nay, not to eat so much meat as usual, lest the supply for England should run short—may be better appreciated by studying the following *official* English Government return of the cost of "Law and Justice" in England and this country:—

ENGLAND.

(Population 36,000,000.)

	Cost.
Supreme Courts	£327,889
County Courts	491,050
	£818,939

IRELAND.

(Population 4,250,000.)

Supreme Courts	£114,325
County Courts	109,963
	£224,288

The tax imposed on the English for the upkeep of their supreme and County Courts is under fivepence per head. The tax imposed on the Irish is fifteen-pence per head. It is a tax imposed on the Irish to pay the cost of bribing the Irish Bar to sell the Irish people. It is a tax, not for the necessary maintenance of law courts, but for the maintenance of hundreds of sinecure positions for men who help England to keep this country weak and oppressed.

* * *

According to the London "Daily Chronicle" Mr. John Redmond and Lord Kitchener have been in consultation about improved methods of supplying Irish peasants and townsmen to England for use in her war. Mr. Redmond's followers will read with some interest the following letter from Lord Kitchener's father, published in the London "Times" in 1852, explaining how he exploited the Irish in his time. The elder Kitchener came to Ireland "seeking health," and was, he wrote to the "Times," struck by the advantage of purchasing under the Encumbered Estates Act. He found a property "beautifully situated, but in a wretched state of farming, with a number of small tenants," and bought it at ten years' purchase. "My first step," continued Col. Kitchener, "was to get rid of the tenants off that portion of the land which I determined to commence improving and farming." There was the usual hanging gale due by the tenants, and this facilitated the expropriation of the Irish peasants. The Colonel "forgave them" the hanging gale, "paid their rates and charges, and bought their crops by valuation." He allowed the cattle of the unfortunate people who declined to emigrate to remain "on my land" until they found "farms elsewhere,"

and this generosity of his so edified himself that he wrote:—

"By these means I got all the land I wanted without any trouble, *generally receiving the blessings of those* who are represented to England as ready to murder under such circumstances."

This Englishman held himself entitled to be blessed by the mere Irish because when he evicted them from their farms he yet permitted their cattle to remain while they were looking for some patch of earth elsewhere to exist upon.

But not all of the ancient proprietors did the Colonel get rid of. Some of them he prudently allowed to remain to supply him with cheap labour.

"Some of the smaller tenants," he wrote, "still occupy their houses, work for me as labourers, and are well contented. I pay them 8d. per day, but most of my work is put out by the piece. I average 75 men and 50 women daily; the former are employed in draining, making roads, knocking down fences, and other general improvements; the latter in weeding, carrying turf, and picking stones. They are under the management of a Scotch steward, and are very amenable, but require much looking after, *as they are inclined to be lazy.*"

This indeed was the great fault Colonel Kitchener had to find with the Irish. They had some virtues—they were very honest for instance, but when an Englishman had improved them out of their farms, had levelled their houses, had reduced them to fellaheenism, and employed them on the land they once had tilled for themselves as day labourers—giving them a Christian opportunity of earning their bread in the sweat of their brows at Three Farthings an hour—the rascals were "inclined to be lazy," and had to be looked after. Ah! these lazy Irish!

Kitchener wound up his letter to the London "Times" by exhorting his countrymen with moderate capital to come to Ireland and profit themselves and improve the land by doing as he had done—buying up encumbered estates cheap, clearing off the bulk of the tenantry, and employing the remnant as day-labourers at Three Farthings the Hour. Had they responded as they might have done the Irish question might have been solved fifty years ago by the total extirpation or degradation of the Irish peasantry. However, only a comparatively small number of the English were as enterprising as the elder Kitchener—and so it comes to pass that Kitchener Junior and Mr. John Redmond lay their heads together to-day to consider how best to use up the mere Irish for the profit and glory of old England.

Mr. John Redmond had not the courage to put forward officially a parliamentary candidate for the Harbour Division of Dublin—the electors of which were waiting the opportunity of showing what they thought of Redmond by snowing under any candidate he endorsed. But in conjunction with the Recruiting Committee for Ireland, he privately arranged that the humbug who usurps the title of The O'Mahony should go forward, and be jointly and privately supported by the Unionists and the followers of Mr. Redmond. The "Irish Times," the "Daily Express," and the "Evening Mail" gallantly backed the coalition. In lurid leading-articles they exhorted every Unionist in Dublin to vote for "The" O'Mahony and preserve the English Empire. In the result the united support of Dublin Unionism and Dublin Redmondism secured for the Imperial candidate 900 votes against 3,000.

“Crushing Militarism.”

Latterly we have heard less of “German Atrocities” and of “the War for the Small Nationalities.” These lines are played out. This is now pre-eminently and before all a “War to crush Militarism”—the financial shoe is pinching, and the “economic” argument is trotted forth.

Militarism, it appears, is “the curse of Europe.” It burdens the poor man with taxes. It must be crushed. Then there will be little or no taxes, and Peace and Plenty will reign in a regenerated world.

This is the “argument” served up for the vulgar. It is added that Germany and Austro-Hungary are the inventors of Militarism, and that but for these two nefarious powers England, Russia, France, and Italy would have long since beaten their swords into ploughshares and filled the welkin with canticles of joy.

“God bless the man who first invented sleep,” quoth honest Sancho Panza. We seem to have heard of a Militarism which marched through Europe and Asia when Germany was a feeble and distracted congeries of states and Austria was wearily fighting for her life. We seem to have once believed that Militarism was as old as the world, and that its cruellest exemplars in modern days were the English. We seem to have seen the statues and monuments of a Cromwell and a Hastings in the heart of the British Empire, and to have found the memory of these merciless Militarists enshrined at the head of the roll of English Saints. We believed the French Napoleon, the Russian Suwarrow, and the English Wellington had something to do with inventing modern Militarism, and we have seen in our own brief life a Militarism with which neither Germany nor Austro-Hungary was connected destroying, looting and subjecting the Tonkinese, the Bedouins, the Burmese, the Canadian half-breeds, the Egyptians, the Boers, the Finns, and the Persians—not to speak of mere blacks—these peoples having something the non-German Militarists wanted for nothing, and lacking the power to prevent “Christian and Civilised” Militarism shedding their blood to wrest it from them.

However, granted, out of respect for the

Defence of the Realm Act, that Germany and Austro-Hungary did invent Militarism during the 43 years that they alone of the Great Powers did not make war upon the little nations—granted that when Russia was Civilising the Finns, the Georgians, and the Persians; when England was doing as much for the Egyptians, the Arabs, the Burmese, and the Boers; when France was equally concerned for the Tonkinese and the Moors, and when Italy was engaged similarly with the Abyssinians and the Tripolitans—granted that this was not Militarism, and that Germany and Austro-Hungary's 43 years of peace *was*,—why then let us consider how this Militarism is financed.

In the mind of several people there is a vague idea that Germany has been spending enormous sums of money on creating “a great military machine” for which she had no just necessity. Germany lies in the centre of Europe, with a frontier line between 4,000 and 5,000 miles long to defend, Russian threatening her on one extremity, France on the other. Austro-Hungary, her neighbour, has a long frontier on which she is exposed to attack by Russia, Italy, Servia, Roumania, and Montenegro. When it is remembered that France, on the land side, has practically but one frontier to defend, and that England, as an island, has no land frontier to protect against Militarist hordes, it may be admitted that, however awful and shocking the fact, yet there is a better reason for Germany and Austro-Hungary expending money on Militarism than for any other two Powers in Europe. So let us examine what the “Militarist” and “Anti-Militarist” Great Powers *did* expend annually before the war in preparing death and destruction for each other.

The figures of expenditure and population are the officially-certified figures cited in “The Statesman's Year Book,” 1915. (London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 10s. 6d.)

BEFORE THE WAR.

ANNUAL EXPENDITURE OF THE GREAT POWERS ON ARMIES.

(1) Russia	...	£79,704,145
(2) France	...	48,146,388
(3) Germany	...	43,527,987
(4) Austro-Hungary	...	31,250,734
(5) England	...	28,346,000
(6) Italy	...	19,747,685

ANNUAL EXPENDITURE OF THE GREAT POWERS ON NAVIES.

(1) England	...	£48,833,000
(2) Russia	...	26,251,840
(3) Germany	...	24,397,607
(4) France	...	23,406,307
(5) Italy	...	11,188,685
(6) Austro-Hungary	...	3,094,051

BEFORE THE WAR.

TOTAL ANNUAL MILITARIST EXPENDITURE OF THE GREAT POWERS.

(1) Russia	...	£105,955,985
(2) England	...	77,179,000
(3) France	...	71,552,695
(4) Germany	...	67,925,594
(5) Austro-Hungary	...	34,346,785
(6) Italy	...	30,936,370

On the basis of gross annual expenditure on Militarism, it thus is shown that Russia was the great Militarist Power, England holding second and France third place, while Germany

was an “outsider.” Austro-Hungary, with a much larger population than either France or England, spent considerably less than half the amount annually on Militarism that each of these powers expended.

Vast financial figures convey but dim realisation to many readers. Roughly translating the annual expenditure of the Great Powers on Militarism (before the present war) into shillings, the proportion would stand thus:—

For every £3 8s. expended by Germany on Militarism, Italy expended £1 11s., Austro-Hungary expended £1 14s. 3d., France expended £3 11s. 7d., England expended £3 17s. 2d., and Russia expended £5 6s., or between them the Allied Great Powers expended annually

£14 5s. 9d.

for every £5 2s. 3d.

expended by the Central Powers whom the Allied Powers are now making war upon “to crush Militarism.”

Out of every £20 spent upon Militarism yearly by the Great Powers of Europe, before the war, *nearly three-fourths was spent by the Allies.*

Gross expenditure on Militarism, however, is not an exact criterion. How far Militarism is a burden on the people of a country is best determined by the impost per head on each inhabitant. The taxed populations of the six Great Powers (either legitimate citizens or, as is the case of Ireland, forced contributors) are as follows:—

	Taxed Population.
(1) Russia	170,893,900
(2) Germany	64,925,993
(3) Austro-Hungary	49,882,331
(4) England	45,221,625
(5) France	39,601,509
(6) Italy	35,597,784

Approximately the Militarist Tax on the citizen or unwilling subject of each of these powers is as follows:—

	Militarist Tax per Head.
(1) France	£1 16 5
(2) England	1 14 3
(3) Germany	1 1 8
(4) Italy	0 17 5
(5) Austro-Hungary	0 13 9
(6) Russia	0 12 5

On the test of Militarist Taxation per head, France is shown to be the chief Militarist power, with England a good second, while Germany, the denounced Militarist, is a bad third.

The gross annual expenditure per head of the population of the Allies and the Central Powers on Militarism before the war was—

Allies	£5 0 6
Central Powers	1 15 5

The *Average* Militarist tax per head on the inhabitants of the Allied Powers' territory and the inhabitants of the Central Powers was, it will thus be seen, before the war—

Average Allied Militarist Tax	£1 5 1½
Average German and Austro-Hungarian Militarist Tax	0 17 8¼

Here we may leave the cant of “crushing Militarism.” Not Germany nor Austro-Hungary but England, France and Russia are the great Militarist countries of Europe. In gross expenditure on Militarism Russia alone has yearly spent several millions sterling more than Germany and Austro-Hungary combined

Where the best and cleanest pictures are first shown: ::

PILLAR PICTURE HOUSE.

MARY STREET I CICTURE HOUSE.

PHIBSBORO'.—The House at Blauquiere Bridge.
THE VOLTA, MARY STREET.

expended. Russia spent more on her fleet, although she had no great trade to protect with it, than Germany did. England spent nearly ten millions a year more on Militarism than Germany did, and for every sovereign Austro-Hungary, with its population of fifty millions, expended on Militarism, England, with a lesser population, spent over two guineas. France, with a population twenty-five millions less than Germany, spent three and a-half million sovereigns each year more on Militarism than Germany did; and Italy, a poor and semi-bankrupt country, forced its people to pay a 20 per cent. heavier Militarist tax than prosperous Austro-Hungary imposed on the Austro-Hungarians.

The problem of "crushing Militarism" is, it appears, to be solved by the Powers that have for years expended the substance of their people on menacing armies and swaggering navies, destroying the two Great Powers which for over 40 years engaged in no wars and levied the lightest Militarist taxes in Europe.

Poor Ananias!

Sursum Corda.

BY MAIRE DE BUITLEIR, BEAN THOMAS
UI NUALLAIN.

III.

Not all are called upon give such heroic service, the supreme proof of love—"Greater love than this no man hath, that he lay down his life for his friend," or his land. But we are all bound to serve Ireland somehow. Nothing dispenses us from this duty, not even the august and awful shadow of sorrow, which seems as if it conferred a sad privilege on those it falls upon, to stand apart from the common life and share no longer in the common weal and woe. But it does not—we have no right to shut ourselves off, and to allow our personal grief to interfere with our National duty, any more than we have a right to become selfishly absorbed in a personal joy. Someone I know, whose whole life had been shattered in pieces by a crushing blow, felt for long that it was quite impossible to go back again to work in the National ranks, to do alone work which had been once shared by another. But there came a time when this Nationalist realised the duty enjoined on everyone who loves Ireland, the duty of serving her in her present desperate need.

"Before the goal is reached many will have fallen and all will have suffered." So wrote Arthur Griffith many years ago in *The United Irishman*. I remember being startled and almost terrified at the time by that sombre prophecy. It haunted me for days, though I tried to push the thought from me that the ranks of our gallant band of comrades would be thinned before the Promised Land was reached. But, alas! before long I saw the prophecy fulfilled, and, as Padraic Mac Piarais expresses it, many a delegate had been summoned to "the Ard Fheis of God."

Think of the terrible casualty list among our National combatants. William Rooney,

Father O'Growney, Ethna Carbury, Michael Breathnach, Senor Bulfin,—to name only a few of the more prominent Gaels who have passed away "in the flower of their youth and the blossoming of their genius." And there are others who were less prominent in public life than those just named, but who were, like them, richly dowered in mind and soul, and whose very heart-beat pulsed "for the glory of God and the honour of Ireland." Day in and day out they "served their country and loved their kind;" they worked quietly, unobtrusively, without reward or recognition, proving by their very lives that Nationality and Gaelicism were living forces. They learned Irish after school-days were over, at the cost of infinite pains and labour, learned it so thoroughly as to be mistaken by native speakers for native speakers; they fostered Irish manufacture; they made their homes centres of Gaelicism; they refused to emigrate, choosing poverty at home in preference to prosperity abroad; they helped every movement for the uplifting of the land, giving their time and talents gratis and ungrudgingly; they prayed every day for the freedom of Ireland. Many an unchronicled hero of this type has lived and died unknown to fame. But surely a place has been kept for them in the "unforgetting heart of Ireland." It rests with us to uphold the tradition, to keep alight the torch once held aloft by those splendid heroes of the Gael. "Let us follow in the wake of the heroes."

Do they know, do they care that we are trying to carry on the work to which they devoted themselves? I think they do. The Church to which the majority of Irish people belong teaches that as God alone is Omniscient, only He knows everything that happens everywhere and always, but that He permits the blessed to know what is desirable for them to know, allowing them to draw on the infinite fund of His knowledge. "In Thy light they shall see light," says the Psalmist. This seems such a reasonable doctrine that many subscribe to it who do not belong to the Church whose theologians propound it. The two alternative theories repel one; namely, the theory that those who have reached life everlasting are aware of and are concerned with every trivial little happening of this temporal life, and the theory that they are necessarily deaf and always heedless of our anguished cries for solace and succour. If we believe that the blessed are allowed to know what is of real import to them, and if we also believe that they retain their human affections and interests, we must hold that those who loved and served Ireland would be aware of and concerned in such an event as the freedom of Ireland. We cannot imagine them to be indifferent.

There is a poem called "How the heroes came to Heaven." I forget the author's name. It describes the joy and triumph among the heroes of the Gael gathered there when the news is brought to Heaven that at length Ireland is free from the centre to the sea.

What a glorious pageant is called up before our mind's eye by that great hosting of the Gael rejoicing over our victory?

Fanny Parnell's poem, "After Death," is exquisitely beautiful, but one turns from the poignant pathos of the picture she paints of one bursting from the bondage of the tomb to hail the freedom of her country, and then going back contented to the grave "now mine eyes have seen her glory." One turns with relief to this other picture of "How the news came to Heaven," for it is better to think of radiant beings in realms of light and gladness than earth-bound spirits in pain and bondage. I read recently in the *Claidheamh*, a fine paper in Irish by Padraic O'Donnalláin, in which he spoke inspiringly of his belief that the dead who died for Ireland and the dead who lived for Ireland still share in our longings and strivings. The communion of saints is a comforting theory for those who serve a cause served by a long line of hero souls.

The innate nobility of Ireland's cause is shown by the quality of those who in each generation have chosen to serve her. "What gallant gentlemen they were who walked the way of sorrows for Eire's sake." Those words were written long ago by the Editor of *The United Irishman*, and they have lived in my memory for years. A few days ago I saw another worker in the cause (A. Newman) allude in similar terms to the chivalrous, noble nature of the men whose "Speeches from the Dock" constitute an amazing paradox, showing that over and over again justice stood in the dock and infamy sat on the bench. Nearly all our heroes have been singularly noble-natured men, and their intellectual gifts equalled their ethical worth. "You can send me to gaol, but you cannot make a criminal of me," said one of the men at present in prison for Ireland's sake to the judge who sentenced him; and I thought it one of the finest sayings of the many noble and notable words spoken in the dock by our long line of National heroes. "All the unbribed intellect of Ireland was against the Union," wrote bluntly Lecky, the Unionist historian; and the saying is as true of the Ireland of to-day as it was of the Ireland of 1801. Cardinal Newman said once he had a preference for being on the side of the angels. Anyone who throws in his lot with Ireland a Nation might say the same. He joins a godly company. His comrades will be brave, sincere, honourable, and often gifted men and women.

With the blood of martyrs in our veins, and such an incentive to fresh endeavour as is supplied by our strenuous self-sacrificing fellow workers, can we flag or fail?

"Happy are you after all, oh youth of Ireland, fortunate if you did but know it, for if ever a generation had in hope something worth living for, and in sacrifice something worth dying for, that blessed lot is yours." That was addressed to the Young Irelanders, but it applies more forcibly to our generation, for we have opportunities which they never enjoyed. (To be continued.)

NATIONALITY.

Saturday, Oct. 9, 1915.

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 BULGARIAN ATROCITY.

The War for Christianity, Civilisation, and the Small Nationalities provides its paid supporters in this country with unrivalled opportunities for mental gymnastics. A few days ago some of the citizens of Dublin were eye-witnesses to Belgian priests being marched through Dublin streets, like criminals, rounded up to return to Belgium to engage, not in priests' but in soldiers' work. Neither Germany, Austria, nor Turkey forces clergymen to take up arms. France and Belgium, the latter with the aid of the English Government, do. Germany, Austria and Turkey are the enemies of Christianity—France, Belgium and England its defenders. It is so clear once you learn how to stand alternately on your head.

Again, there are some who cast doubt on Russia and England—who partitioned Persia between them a couple of years ago, and who have strange associations with Poland, Ireland, Finland, Egypt, the Transvaal, Georgia, and other once independent Nations—as genuine champions of the Small Nationalities. Yet nothing is clearer to the india-rubber mind than that England is in this war on behalf of the Small Nationalities. It is impossible to doubt it, because she has said so herself, and passed a Defence of the Realm Act to enable her to lawfully imprison anybody who asserts the contrary. She is in this war on behalf of the Small Nationalities of Serbia and Belgium—the former of which she broke off diplomatic intercourse with in 1903 on the ground that it was governed by assassins, and the latter of which she denounced to the world in 1909 as a nation whose atrocities in the Congo placed it beyond the pale of civilisation. These two Small Nationalities, however, it now appears are Chivalrous, Humane, Brave and Deserving, and England is naturally their friend, being herself a Brave, Inoffensive, Humane, and Chivalrous Power. *Noblesse oblige*.

Bulgaria is also a Small Nationality, and was until a few days ago highly esteemed by England. We regret to find from Saturday's and Sunday's English newspapers that the generous foreigners of Albion have been compelled to withdraw their high esteem from little Bulgaria. From the aforesaid newspapers we take the following descriptive epithets of this Small Nationality which John Bull was willing to rank with Serbia and Belgium—for the time being:—

"Foulest traitor."

"Infamous nation."

"A country which turns its back upon its saviours."

The hideous crime of the Small Nationality of Bulgaria is that, unlike some of the present governors of the United States and the Venerable Mr. Choate, its rulers persist in regarding it as a free nation and not as in essence an English province.

The English Sunday press, as befits a Sunday press, has much edifying comment on the supposed imminence of Bulgaria's entry into the war on the opposite side to that on which the Union Jack flies. It informs its readers that Russia liberated Bulgaria, that England helped Bulgaria to develop, and that Bulgaria now should turn her sword against Russia and England—ah! it is too much. Who would believe (ask the allies of Italy, now engaged in attacking the Powers whom by Treaty she was bound to support) that human nature could fall so low!

It is as Pecksniff we best recognise Old England. The moral depravity of Bulgaria must now become as fixed a part of the pro-

Englander's creed as the chivalry of Serbia and the nobility of Belgium—that is, for the duration of the present war. But, like the German Atrocities, the facts will bear investigation. It is not a fact, for instance, that Russia liberated Bulgaria, nor is it a fact that Bulgaria owes gratitude to England. Russia for years thwarted and prevented Bulgaria from becoming an independent kingdom, and the debt Bulgaria owes England is this—that when Bulgaria had in the blood of her people redeemed Macedonia, part of her national and natural territory, and when by a solemn treaty drawn up and signed in London, with England as a guarantor, Macedonia was recognised as hers—then the hour of her weakness from loss of blood was chosen by her enemies to fall upon her and despoil her of her hard-won territory, and Honest England, Honourable England, Gallant England, and Guaranteeing England stood by placidly while the Treaty of London was violated, and watched unmoved what seemed the death-throes of Bulgaria as a power to be reckoned with in European affairs.

It is no doubt very annoying that Bulgaria should not be impressed by England's present battle-cries of Small Nationalities and the Sanctity of Treaties, but unless to suggest that England should fish up Mr. Pierce Mahony from the bottom of Dublin Harbour, and send him back to Sofia to preach to the Heathen, we can make no suggestion to aid our afflicted neighbour.

The deep ingratitude of the Bulgarians to the Russians who liberated them so much shocks the English press that we are impelled to print the details of the ungrateful affair, as our foreign contemporaries have unanimously forgotten to do so. Bulgaria lay for 500 years in political subjection to Turkey and ecclesiastical subjection to Greece. Of her tyrants the Greek was the worse. The Turk denied her a free government, and taxed her heavily; but he did not oppress her religion nor interfere with her traditions, customs, and social life. The Greek worked to destroy her national soul. The resurgence of Bulgaria began in 1760. In 1830 it took a definite form, aiming at the revival of the Bulgarian nation as a Bulgarian-speaking independent state freed from the political dominion of the Turk and the meaner oppression of the Greek. The Russo-Turkish War of 1877 gave Bulgaria its opportunity, and that opportunity was thwarted by the Great Powers. A half-Bulgaria, semi-independent, came into being with two millions of the Bulgarian people left outside. Russia's price for not hindering Bulgaria was that Bulgaria should become, in fact, a Russian province, with a mock monarchy and a mock independence. That price Bulgaria's ruler, backed by the patriot Stamboloff, refused to pay, and Russia kidnapped the Crown Prince of Bulgaria and set up a government of its creatures in Sofia—a government which Stamboloff overturned by a counter-revolution, regaining Bulgaria, such as its extent then was, for the Bulgarians. Stamboloff paid for his patriotism with his life, for he was done to death by assassins, but he saved his country and left her, in Prince Ferdinand, a ruler whom Russia failed to intimidate, and who regained for Bulgaria its full independence, the dignity and status of a kingdom, and had regained for it all its former territory, when Serbia and Greece, tearing up the Treaty of London, fell upon the war-worn Bulgarians and robbed them of their reconquered country.

Such is the story of the base ingratitude of Bulgaria to Russia and to England that makes the first cousins of the angels weep. Bulgaria has an interest for Ireland. For 500 years it was oppressed and forgotten. It is now a free, independent, and powerful state. It had its shoneens, its West Britons, its Imperialists, but it never was fatuous enough to breed a Parliamentary Party to help its oppressors. Fifty years ago Bulgaria was not even a name in Europe. It was a memory of a nation that had disappeared some 450 years before. To-day it is a great European factor, a sovereign state, with a territory a fourth larger than Ireland and a population half-a-million greater. It is neither to be cowed by Russia

nor bribed by England. It goes its own way, thinks of its own interests, and fights for its own land. This highly immoral conduct has regretfully compelled the Allies who are fighting for the Small Nationalities—not for themselves—to declare it anathema. Gallant little Belgium is to be redeemed, pious little Serbia is to be exalted, but wicked little Bulgaria this is to be its fate—according to the London Press—

"It may mean—we hope it will mean—that Bulgaria will disappear from the map of Europe."

That is, Bulgaria is to be partitioned *a la Pologne* by the champions of the Small Nationalities and Freedom because it exercised its right to choose its own side. Rapt in admiration of English Truth, we can only add that before the desired consummation, Germany, Austria, Turkey, and Bulgaria itself have to be overcome by the unselfish Powers which are fighting for Christianity, for Civilisation, for the Sanctity of Treaties, and for the Small Nationalities—not to mention the great god Cant.

ESPIONAGE IN IRELAND.

Last week we published Mr. Victor Collins' (late representative of the Associated Press in Madrid and the "New York Sun" in Paris) statement of the manner in which he was treated by the English military and police when, relying upon an English passport, he proceeded to visit his daughter in Switzerland. This week we publish some of the correspondence that ensued.

The "Pemboro,"

4 Pembroke Sq., London W.,

18th August, 1915.

Chief Inspector Quinn, Scotland Yard.

Sir,—On 30th ult., when crossing to France on the "Victoria," I was arrested at Boulogne by a Captain Chapman, was searched by a detective, had my papers taken from me, and also the keys of my luggage which had gone on to Neuchâtel. I could not find out with what I was charged, but from questions asked by Captain Chapman: "Do you know Ireland?" "Wexford?" I gather it is on some information sent from Dublin Castle; for it is a matter of notoriety in Co. Wexford that I am closely watched by the police at Mount St. Benedict, where I am actually replacing the French master, who has been called to the front.

Captain Chapman told me I could go ashore in company with a French gentleman, in whose custody I was to remain.

I said that I refused to do so; that any charge that was being made against me was under the British flag, and that I should remain under it to answer any such charge.

I was then told I must go back to Folkestone on the "Victoria." At Folkestone I was conducted by a Scotland Yard officer to an office, where, in the presence of other officers of police and a Captain Dillon, I was again searched, and some books and papers which had not been taken at Boulogne were now retained. Captain Dillon then told me I was free to go ashore, but I must promise not to write or telegraph to anyone or leave the town without letting him know and giving my address.

I stayed at the London and Paris Hotel till Saturday, the 7th August, suffering considerable inconvenience for want of my things.

I made several applications for the return of my travelling trunk which had gone on to Neuchâtel, the key of which trunk had been taken from me by Captain Chapman at Boulogne.

On Saturday, 31st July, I wrote out a telegram to my daughter, who would be expecting my arrival at Davos (Switzerland) about 5 p.m. that day, and took it to the officer who had received me in custody at Folkestone, and asked if I might send it. On getting his leave I did so.

On Saturday, 7th August, having failed to get my luggage and being in want of linen and other things, I sent a note to Captain Dillon to say I was going to town by the 4-30 that afternoon and my address would be the Savage Club.

The papers that had been taken from me at Folkestone had meanwhile been returned to me.

I went to the Club and slept there that night. It so happened that the Club closed for cleaning on Sunday at midnight, so I could not sleep there again, but came on here, where I have since been very patiently waiting the return of my luggage.

Meanwhile Captain Dillon has sent me on the papers taken from me at Boulogne, and has said he would try and expedite the return of my things that had been registered through to Neuchâtel, the keys of which had been taken from me at Boulogne.

I bring these facts to your notice in order to ask if you can do anything to help me. No charge has been made against me for a very good reason—there is none to make. My whole past is open to inspection. Yet I have been most cruelly used, owing (I imagine) to some enemy misleading the Dublin Castle authorities about me.

It is well known that I am a Nationalist, but that is not, I believe, a statutory offence.

Believe me, faithfully yours,
VICTOR COLLINS.

Criminal Investigation Department,
Special Branch,
New Scotland Yard, London, S.W.
20th August, 1915.

Sir,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 18th instant, which is receiving attention.

I am, your obedient servant,
B. H. THOMSON.

Victor Collins, Esq.
The "Pemboro',"
4 Pembroke Square, W.

New Scotland Yard,
London, S.W.,
4th September, 1915.

From the Assistant Commissioner of Police,
Criminal Investigation Department,
Special Branch.

Sir,—With reference to your letter of the 18th ultimo, addressed to Superintendent Quinn, regarding your detention at Folkestone on the 30th July last, I should be glad if you will be good enough to call at this office when next you are in London, to have an interview with the Assistant Commissioner.

I am, sir,
Your obedient servant,
MAURICE TOMLIN.

Victor Collins, Esq.
Warminghurst House,
Thakeham, Sussex.

2 The Parade, Folkestone,
9th August, 1915.

Dear Sir,—I have received your letter, and will endeavour to expedite as far as possible the return of your papers and luggage. This, however, may take some little time owing to their transference from the French to the British authorities.

Yours truly,
S. S. DILLON (Capt.),
Att. the Gen. Staff.

Victor Collins, Esq.

2 The Parade, Folkestone,
10th August, 1915.

Dear Sir,—I herewith forward your papers received from the French authorities. Will you be so kind as to acknowledge their receipt?

Yours truly,
S. S. DILLON (Capt.),
Att. the Gen. Staff.

Victor Collins, Esq.

Bagneux (Seine),

August 17, 1915.

My Dear Friend,—Upon receiving the letter of your son informing me of the strange action taken against you, I called at the Foreign Office to ascertain why a man of your character, who had given many proofs of his friendly feelings for France, should be forbidden to visit that country. But I could not learn anything. I have no longer any friends there, and have no means of obtaining from another quarter information of this kind, which are at this moment of a delicate nature.

Perhaps you were taken for some other person. Perhaps you have been connected with some paper friendly to Germany.

If such is not the case I would advise you to write to one of the members of the Foreign Press here. You know more than one of them assuredly, and I am sure he or they could find out what is the truth on this matter.

Pardon, my dear Collins, my inability to serve you in this case. I am out of the world; the little influence I had is gone, and my friends, among which you are one of last, have deserted me.

Affectionately yours,

HENRY VIGNAUD.

Mr. Henry Vignaud was for many years First Secretary to the American Embassy in Paris.

Conarchy's Hotel,
7 Rutland Square, Dublin.
Ar. 923749.

Sir,—Your communication dated 4th inst. reached me at Warminghurst House on Monday, the 6th inst. It so happened that, having vainly waited in England from the 30th July, the date of my arrest at Boulogne, when I expressed to your officials both in Boulogne and Folkestone my readiness to go to Scotland Yard or anywhere else to meet the charge (if any) against me, I had made all my arrangements to return to Ireland that day. I left accordingly, and arrived here this morning.

I have various things to do before the 18th, the date when the school, to which I am temporarily attached in the absence of the regular French master, now at the front, reopens.

I hope therefore you will not attribute my non-appearance at Scotland Yard to any want of courtesy on my part, as I wish emphatically to put on record that your officials both at Boulogne and Folkestone treated me with all the politeness consistent with the performance of their very unpleasant duties. But this civility cannot condone the very gross outrages to which I was subjected by their superiors acting on information which I now challenge as being at once false and childish, and only capable of issuing from such an office as Dublin Castle.

When I applied for a passport I could easily have been refused one. Instead of that the application was returned for a fuller description of the reverend gentleman who guaranteed my worthiness to receive one, viz., the Very Rev. J. F. Sweetman, who had omitted to describe himself as a minister of religion. He supplied the omission, and a passport signed by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs was duly forwarded. I then obtained the visas of both the French and Swiss Consuls-Generals in London, and set out on my trip.

My passport was honoured by both the French and English authorities at Folkestone and by the French authorities at Boulogne. It was only when it came to the English authorities there to honour it that it was held of no value, and I was arrested.

I was thus induced to incur very considerable expense relying on the signature of an English Minister of the Crown; I was separated from my luggage, treated ignominiously, subject to heavy expenses in hotel bills and replacing my wardrobe, my holiday ruined, and my invalid daughter deprived of my visit and of the delicacies I was bringing to her.

I may further mention that for a year past my correspondence with my daughter has been full of my proposed visit, and every letter has been opened by the British censor.

Under all these circumstances I think I was well entitled to appeal by my letter of the 18th August to the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard to ask its assistance in recovering my property.

I am now told by Captain Dillon, D.S.O., Att./General Staff, Folkestone, that it is the French authorities who will not allow me to land. But my old friend, Mr. Henry Vignaud, for over 25 years First Secretary to the American Embassy in Paris, writes me under date 17th August:—"I called at the Foreign Office to ascertain why a man of your character, who had given many proofs of his friendly feelings for France, should be forbidden to visit that country. But I could not learn anything!"

That the French authorities should forbid me to go through France is, to my mind, the most surprising incident in this remarkable affair. For the quai d'Orsay has known me well and for many years.

Of course I reserve to myself the right to make public the outrageous manner in which I have been treated.

Your obedient servant,

VICTOR COLLINS.

The Assistant Commissioner of Police,
New Scotland Yard,
London, S.W.

SCHEDULE OF DOCUMENTS TAKEN AT BOULOGNE AND FOLKESTONE.

Rough draft of a speech for a boy to use in a school debate on a motion: "That Mr. Redmond has done wrong in advocating that Irishmen should enlist in the British forces in order to fight Germany."

Tract for the Times: No. 4, "When the Government Publishes Sedition."

Tract for the Times: No. 3, "The Secret History of the Irish Volunteers."

The Great War: Ireland's part in it.

The Truth About German Atrocities.

"Scissors and Paste": February 27, 1915.

"The Irish Volunteer," Saturday, May 22, 1915.

"New Ireland," Saturday, July 24, 1915.

Somersetshire Dialogues. A Review of Miss Wilson's Amusing Book.

Ajax's Speech to the Grecian Knabbs. By Robert Forbes, late Schoolmaster at Peterculter. (Buchan Dialect.)

T. á Kempis De Imitatione Christi, Antuerpiae, 1664.

A private diary from 7th November to 29th July giving daily record of my movements. Private correspondence.

When Ajax's speech was seized, says Mr. Collins, I could not forbear saying, "Surely that is no harm!" The retort was something like: "Then why have you got it? Its oddity is suspicious!" I tried to explain I was interested in dialects, and that such an occupation was not usually thought to be criminal, or it would go ill with my old acquaintance, Dr. Joseph Wright, of Oxford.

From my diary I think the military and police officials can bear witness to the number of times I have "been to my religious duties" this year, and they have doubtless placed these statistics before H.M. Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who may have communicated this information to M. Viviani, whom, by the way, I once interviewed, and that statesman may accordingly think the presence of a good Irish Catholic undesirable in France just now. Lumina coeli!

We reprint the rare and century-old "Ajax's Speech to the Grecian Knabbs," which was impounded by the English authorities in Boulogne (formerly France).

The wight an' doughty captains a'
Upo' their douns sat down,
A rangel o' the common fouk
In bourachs a' stood roun'.
AJAX bang'd up, whase targe was shught
In seven fald o' hide;
An' bein' bouden'd up wi' wraith,
Wi' atry face he ey'd
The Trojan shore, an' a' the barks
That tedder'd fast did ly
Along the coast; an' raxing out
His gardies, loud did cry:
O Jove! The cause we here do plead,
An' unco' great's the staik;
But sall that sleeth ULYSSES now
Be said to be my maik?
Ye ken right well, fan Hector try'd
Their barks to burn an' scowder,
He took to speed o' fit, because
He cou'd na' bide the ewder.
But I, like birky, stood the brunt,
An' slocken'd out that glead,
Wi' muckle virr, an' syne I gar'd
The limmers tak the speed.
'Tis better then the cause we try
Wi' the wind o' our wame,
Than for to come in hanny-grips
At sic a driery time.

At threeps I am nae' sae perquire,
Nor auld-farren as he,
But at banes-braking, it's well kent
He has na' maughts like me.
For as far as I him excell,
In toulzies fierce an' strong,
As far in chaft-ta'k he exceeds
Me wi' his sleeked tongue.
My proticks an' my daughty deeds,
O Greeks! I need na' tell,
For there's nane here bat kens them well?
Lat him tell his himsell:
Which aye were done at glomin time,
Or dead hour o' the night,
An' de'il ane kens except himsell;
For nae man saw the sight.
The staik indeed is unco great,
I will confess alway,
Bat, name ULYSSES to it anes,
The worth quite dwines away.
Great as it is, I need na' voust;
I'm seer I hae nae neef
To get fat cou'd be ettl'd at,
By sic a mensless thief.
Yet routh o' honour he has got,
Ev'n tho' he gets the glaik,
Fan he's sae crouse that he wou'd try
To be brave AJAX' maik.
But gin my wightness doubted were,
I wat my gentle bleed,
As being son to Telamon,
Right sickerly does plead:
Wha, under daughty Hercules,
Great Troy's walls down hurl'd,
An' in a tight Thessalian bark
To Colchos' harbour swirl'd.
An' Æacus my gutcher was,
Wha now in hell sits jidge,
Whare a fun-stane does Sisyphus
Down to the yerd sair gnidge.
Great Jove himsell owns Æacus
To be his ain dear boy,
An' syne, without a' doubt I am
The neist chiel to his oye.
But thus in counting o' my 'etion
I need na mak sic din,
For it's well kent Achilles was
My father's brither's sin.
An' as we're cousins, there's nae scouth
To be in ony swidders;
I only seek what is my due,
I mean fat was my brither's.
But why a thief, like Sisyphus,
That's nidder'd sae in hell,
Sud here tak fittinniment,
Is mair na I can tell.
Sall then these arms be deny'd
To me, wha in this bruilzie
Was the first man who drew his durk,
Came flaught-bred to the toulzie.
An' sall this sleeth come farrer ben,
Wha was sae dev'lish surly,
He scarce wou'd gae a fit frae hame,
An' o' us a' was hurly.
An' frae the weir he did back hap,
An' turn'd to us his fud:
An' gar'd the hale-ware o' us trow
That he was gane clean wud:
Untill the sin o' Nauplius,
Mair useless na himsell,
His jouckry-pauckry finding out,
To weir him did compell.
Lat him then now take will an' wile,
Wha nane at first wou'd wear,
An' I get baith the skaith and scorn,
Twin'd o' my brither's gear!
Because I was the foremost man,
An' steed the hettest fire,
Just like the man that aught the cow,
Gade deepest in the mire.
I wish the chiel he had been wud,
Or that it had been trow'd;
That mither o' mischief had not
To Troy's town been row'd;
Syne, Pæan's son, thou'd not been left
On Lemnos' isle to skirle,
Whare now thy groans in dowy dens
The yerd-fast stanes do thirle.
An' on the sleeth ULYSSES head
Sad curses down does bicker;
If there be Gods aboon, I'm seer
He'll get them leel and sicker.
This daughty lad he was resolv'd
Wi' me his fate to try,
Wi' poison'd stews of Hercules,

Bat 'las! his bleed was fey.
Wi' sickness now he's ferter-like,
Or like a water-wraith,
An' hirplin after the wil' birds,
Can scarce get meat an' claith,
An' now these darts that weered were
To tak the town of Troy,
To get meat for his gabb, he man
Against the birds employ.
Yet he's alive, altho' to gang
Wi' him he was fu' laith;
If Palamede had been sae wise,
He had been free frae skaith.
For he'd been livin' till this day,
An' sleep in a hale skin,
An' gotten fair play for his life,
An' stan'd he had nae been.
Because he prov'd he was na wud,
He was sae fu' o' fraud,
He slack'd na till he gat the life
O' this peer sackeless lad.
For to the Grecians he did swear,
He had sae great envy,
That gou'd in goupens he had got,
The army to betray.
An' wi' mischief he was sae gnib,
To get his ill intent,
He how'd the gou'd which he himsell
Had yerded in his tent.
Thus wi' uncanny pranks he fights,
An' sae he did beguile,
An' twin'd us o' our kneefest men
By death and by exile.
Altho' mair gabby he may be,
Than Nestor wise and true,
Yet few will say, it was nae fau't
That he did him furhow.
Fan his peer glyde was sae mischiev'd,
He'd neither ca' nor drive,
The lyart lad, wi' years sair dwang'd,
The traitor thief did leave.
These are nae threeps o' mine; right well
Kens Diomede the wight,
Wha wi' snell words him sair did snib,
An' bann'd his cowardly flight.
The Gods tho' look on mortal men,
Wi' eyn baith just and gleg;
Lo he, wha Nestor wou'd na help,
For help himsell does beg!
Then as he did the auld man leave,
Amon' sae fierce a menzie,
The law he made, lat him be paid
Back just in his ain cuinzie.
Yet fan he cryed, O neipers help!
I ran to tak' his part,
He look'd sae haave as 'gin a dwam
Had just o'erast his heart.
For they had gied him sik a fleg,
He look'd as he'd been doited,
For ilka' limb an' lith o' him
'Gainst ane anither knoited.
Syne wi' my targe I cover'd him,
Fan on the yerd he lies,
An' sav'd his smearless saul; I think
'Tis little to my praise.
Bat 'gin wi' Batie ye will bourd,
Come back, lad, to yon place;
Lat Trojans an' your wonted fears
Stand glowrin' i' your face:
Syne slouch behind my daughty targe,
That yon day your head happit:
There fight your fill, sin' ye are grown
Sae unco' crouse an' cappit.
Fan I came to him, wi' sad wound
He had nae maughts to gang,
Bat fan he saw that he was safe,
Right souple cou'd he spang.
Lo! Hector to the toulzie came,
An' gods baith fierce an' grim,
He slegged starker fouk na' you,
Sae sair they dreaded him.
Yet whan he did o' slaughter voust,
I lent him a sic dird,
As laid him arselins on his back,
To wumble o' the yird.
Fan he spang'd out, rampag'd and said
That nane among us a'
Durst venture out upo' the lone,
Wi' him to shak a fa';
I dacker'd wi' him by mysell,
Ye wish't it to my kavel,
And gin ye speer fa' got the day,
We parted on a nevel.
Lo! Trojans fetch baith fire and sword,
Amo' the Grecian barks;

Whare's eloquent ULYSSES now,
Wi' a' his wily cracks?
I then a thousand ships did save,
An' muckle danger thol'd;
'Gin they'd been brunt, de'il ane had seen
The land whare he was foal'd.
But 'gin the truth I now durst tell,
I think the honour's mair
To them than fat it is to me,
Tho' they come to my skair;
At least the honour equal is:
Syne fat needs a' this din;
For AJAX them he dis na seek,
Sae sair as they dee him.
Then lat ULYSSES now compare
Rhæsus and maughtless Dolon,
An' Priam's son, and Pallas phizz
That i' the night was stolen;
For de'il belicket has he deen,
Fan it was fair-fuir days;
Nor without gaucy Diomede,
Wha wis his guide alway.
Rather na gi' him his propine
For deeds that feckless are,
Divide them, and lat Diomede
Come in for the best share,
But fat use will they be to him,
Wha in hudge mudge wi' wiles,
Without a gully in his hand,
The smearless face beguiles?
The gowden helmet will sae glance,
And blink wi' skyria brinns,
That a' his wimples they'll find out
Fan i' the mark he sheens.
Bat his weak head nae farrach has
That helmet for to bear,
Nor has he mergh intil his banes,
To wield Achilles' spear;
Nor his bra' targe, on which is seen
The yerd, the sin, and lift,
Can well agree wi' his cair cleuk,
That cleikit was for theft.
Fat gars you then, mischievous tyke!
For this propine to prig,
That your sma' banes wou'd langel sair,
They are sae unco big?
And if the Greeks sud be sae blind,
As gie you sic a gift,
The Trojan lads right soon wou'd dight
You like a futtle heft.
And as you ay by speed o' fit
Perform ilk daughty deed,
Fan laggert wi' this bouksome graith,
You will tyne haaf your speed.
Besides your targe, in battle keen,
Bat little danger tholes,
While mine wi' mony a thudd is clow'd,
And thirl'd sair wi' holes,
Bat now, fat need's for a' this din?
Lat deeds o' words tak place,
And lat your stoutness now be try'd,
Just here before your face.
Lat the arms of Achilles brave,
Among your faes be laid,
And the first chiel that brings them back,
Lat him be wi' them clad.

Irish Week.

An appeal for a window display of Irish goods during Irish week has been sent by the Dublin Gaelic League to several hundred city firms. The gold medal which is being offered for the best dressed window will, it is expected, attract many competitors.

The inaugural meeting of the week will be held in the Mansion House, which the Lord Mayor has placed at the disposal of the League.

The Abbey Theatre has been engaged for two nights, Tuesday and Wednesday, November 2 and 3. On Tuesday night Irish plays will be staged by two companies of players, the Aisteoin and the Cluicheoiri. An Irish concert will be given on Wednesday night. The concert will be a festival of Irish music and song, for which the best violinists, pipers and singers are being engaged.

Thursday and Friday evenings will be given to propagandist work, and to recruiting for the Gaelic League.

A grand ceilidhe will be held on Saturday evening in the Mansion House. The ceilidhe will afford an opportunity for a re-union of all Dublin Gaels.

Keating Branch, Gaelic League.**OPENING OF NEW SESSION.**

The spell of fine weather which prevailed during the greater part of September seems to have inevitably given way to more seasonable conditions; a hint to Gaelic Leaguers that the time to start the winter session has arrived. All the Gaelic League bodies of Dublin are fully alive to this fact; the Coiste Gnotha and Coiste Ceanntair are making arrangements for a great Gaelic Week commencing 1st November, and the various Branches throughout the city have decided to resume the primarily important work of Language Teaching immediately.

Craobh an Cheitinnigh, 18 North Frederick Street, is not backward in this work. Its new session was ushered in by a Ceilidh on Saturday evening, and the event proved most successful and enjoyable. A large number of the old members and their friends, as well as many new members, were present. Many from an Ard-Chraobh, Craobh na gCuig gCuigi, and Craobh Mhic Eil were also in attendance.

During the course of the evening, the President, in a few well-chosen remarks, impressed on his audience the national importance of the study of Irish, and of its use in all phases of daily life.

Classes started this week, and will be held on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays from 8 to 9-15 p.m. It has been decided to organise, in connection with the other Dublin Branches, a series of lectures, historical and otherwise, to be held on Thursday evenings.

Children's classes will be held on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays from 5 to 6 p.m. Irish language, singing, and dancing will be taught. All further information can be had on application.

The following Irish Language Classes are held every week at the Colmcille Branch of the Gaelic League, 5 Blackhall Street, Dublin:—Tuesdays and Thursdays, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd year; Wednesdays, at 7-30, Junior Classes; Friday, Advanced Classes. A Scuidheacht is held every Sunday at 8 p.m. Volunteers should avail of the splendid opportunity afforded them by Craobh Colmcille of gaining a knowledge of the Irish Language. The branch subscription is only 1/- per quarter; 4/- a year.

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By JOHN MITCHEL.

CHAPTER VIII.**RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN IRELAND.**

The only period—and it was a very short period—in which Liberty of Conscience was recognized in Ireland by express law, from the time of Henry VIII. until the reign of Queen Victoria—the *only* bright moment of respite—was that in which the Parliament of King James II. sat in Dublin. And this was the only Parliament that ever represented the Irish nation even unto this day. For the Parliament elected after "Emancipation," upon the basis of wholesale disfranchisement, certainly did not represent Ireland; and neither has any one of the Parliaments from that time to the present moment. That famous Assembly was composed indifferently of Catholics and Protestants, but Catholics in the great majority. Some exclusive Protestant boroughs, whose Corporate authorities did not admit a Catholic to live within their bounds, did not, indeed, send any members. There was no representative from Derry, nor from Coleraine. But Bandon sent two gentlemen of the MacCarthy clan; Dublin, City and County, and the University were represented, the County by Simon Luttrell and Patrick Sarsfield; the City by Sir Michael Creagh, Lord Mayor, and by Terence Dermot, Alderman; the College by Sir John Meade and Michael Coghlan; the Borough of Belfast by Marcus Talbot and Daniel O'Neill; Newry by Rowland White and Rowland Savage; Down County by two of the MacGennises. On the whole, I find in the roll of that famous Parliament—the only genuine Parliament Ireland ever saw—a large and liberal admixture of gentlemen of English race and of Irish families; a list which does one good to read; Fitzgeralds and O'Reilly's, O'Briens and Nugents, Aylmers, Eustaces, and Archbalds. The borough of Wicklow was represented by an O'Byrne and an O'Toole—very proper members for that constituency. Naas, in Meath, returned Charles White and Walter, Lord Dongan, a near relative of that Thomas Dongan (properly O'Donagan), who had been obliged, a year before, to resign his office as Governor of New York; and he was the best Governor New York ever had. There were but six or seven Protestants in the House of Commons; but in the House of Peers we find, besides the temporal Lords, four Protestant Bishops, Meath, Ossory, Limerick, and Cork. Mr. Froude counts amongst them the Bishop "of Munster;" (I quote Scribner's edition); but there never was any Bishop of Munster; and the Historian must mean Dr. Dopping, Bishop of Meath, who is his especial favourite amongst all the Irish episcopacy, being in fact the very Bishop who shortly afterwards, on the conclusion of the Treaty of Peace, preached before the Court in Christ Church Cathedral, on the sinfulness of observing any compacts or treaties with Papists. The greater number of the Protestant Peers absented themselves, as they were generally devoted adherents to the usurper, the Prince of Orange. Substantially, however, there was a good and respectable representation of the Irish nation at that day.

This is a matter perplexing and even disgusting to the Imposter Historian; so he passes it over very lightly. Yet the acts of that assembly deserve to be held in remembrance a little. One of its earliest enactments was "an Act for securing Liberty of Conscience, and respecting such acts or clauses in any Acts of Parliament which are inconsistent with the same." I need not here dwell upon the other measures passed by that excellent Parliament—an Act declaring the Parliament of England incapable of binding Ireland; an Act repealing the unjust Navigation Laws; an Act for attainder of rebels—that is, of persons who had borne arms against their Sovereign King James; an Act for removing all incapacities and disabilities of the natives of this kingdom, &c. For the present, it is enough to attend to the Act for Liberty of Conscience, and to see how the English Historian deals with that:—

"We hereby decree that it is the law of this land of Ireland that neither now, nor ever again, shall any man be prosecuted for his religion."

This looks plain enough; sounds fair and straightforward; but the British Historian has found out the secret and malign intention: he says in his book—and it is the only notice he takes of the Act for Liberty of Conscience:—

"In harmony with the *language* which James had ingeniously used to advance Romanism behind principles which were abjured in every Catholic country of Europe, laws interfering with liberty of conscience were declared repealed."

What an artful tyrant! Not only to invent such *ingenious language*, declaring that no man should be punished for his religion, but also to impress this cunning artifice of speech upon his Parliament in Ireland. There may be some persons who could wish that Oliver Cromwell could have learned this sort of ingenious language, instead of saying to General Taaffe, who attempted to stipulate for liberty of conscience before surrendering Ross—"I meddle," said Cromwell, "with no man's conscience; but if, by liberty of conscience, you mean liberty to exercise the Mass, I judge it best to use plain dealing, and let you know that where the Parliament of England has power, *that* will not be allowed."

And, what a blessing it would have been if the grandfather of this same James the Second had learned, in his day, the use of that "language" (for there was nothing in it, Mr. Froude assures us, but empty words), instead of issuing his famous proclamation of the 4th of July, 1605, wherein he "declared to his beloved subjects of Ireland that he would not admit any such liberty of conscience as they were made to expect."

Froude's account of the matter is that King James had committed to memory certain vile, hypocritical phrases about freedom of conscience—probably under the tuition of some Jesuit—in order "to advance Romanism *behind* those principles." What advancing of Romanism did he ever seek, either in England or in Ireland? He did wish to be at liberty to go to church himself, *behind those principles*; he wished such of his subjects as chose to be Catholics to be free to hear Mass, and make

Confession without being fined, whipped, pilloried, or transported! But neither he nor any Government official in his reign, whether in England or in Ireland, ever sought to injure, punish, or disfranchise any Protestant for not going to Mass.

In fact, the thing which offends our English Historian the most, and admonishes him to touch lightly on that whole subject, and drop it like a hot potato, is the fact that King James's own actions, and the measures of the Parliament which he called, and the administration of law in the High Courts of the Kingdom, were all guided and governed by the very same ingenious "language." Here was the infernal cunning of it. That Jesuit who tutored the King, I daresay, thought himself a deep schemer; but no Romish devices can escape the searching probe of Froude. In his last New York lecture he says of King James:—

"He was meditating the restoration of Popery in England, and he took up with toleration that he might introduce Catholics, under cover of it, into high offices of state, and bribe the Protestant Nonconformists to support him."

And so he advanced the treacherous declaration for liberty of conscience only to advance Romanism behind that principle! And what did James the First, what did Oliver Cromwell, then wish to advance behind those opposite principles of *No liberty of conscience*? It must have been Protestantism they wanted to advance; or, at any rate, the Protestant

interest. But, after all, what was this insidious form of words which the Jesuits had invented for King James? Mr. Froude does not give it; but here it is:—

"KING JAMES'S SPEECH TO BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT IN IRELAND, PUBLISHED BY HIS MAJESTY'S ORDER, MAY 10TH, 1689.

"My Lords and Gentlemen—The exemplary loyalty, which this nation express to me, at a time when others of my subjects so undutifully behaved themselves to me, or so basely betrayed me; and your seconding my deputy as you did, in his bold and resolute asserting my right, and preserving this kingdom for me, and putting it in a posture of defence, made me resolve to come to you, and to venture my life with you, in the defence of your liberty and my right; and to my great satisfaction I have not only found you ready and willing to serve me, but that your courage has equalled your zeal. *I have always been for liberty of conscience*, and against invading any man's property; having still in my mind the saying of holy writ, 'Do as you would be done by; for that is the law and the prophets.'

(To be continued.)

A Grand Concert and Dramatic Entertainment will be held on Sunday, October 17th, at the Foresters' Hall, 41 Parnell Square, in aid of the Equipment Fund of E. Company, 3 Batt.

Full particulars will be announced later.

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THE IRISH VOLUNTEER

EDITED BY EOIN MAC NEILL.

Vol. 2. No. 44 (New Series).

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1915.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

NOTES

The exigencies of printing have made it necessary to interrupt the history of the Crossmaglen Conspiracy, the Dublin Castle Conspiracy that took its name and its victims from Crossmaglen. Readers will take note how the Castle prepared the ground by a succession of suggestive paragraphs in the obedient Press. They may also have remarked that a similar series of paragraphs having reference to the Irish Volunteers, German propaganda and German gold has recently been going the rounds of the obedient and obliging newspapers. The government of Ireland is a continuity and the old methods never grow stale. They only grow slightly more artistic and elaborate.

The effect of taxation on national prosperity is a subject that has received comparatively little attention even from economists. Most of the writers on economics have belonged to great industrial countries, and most of their writings have been written during times when these countries have been rapidly increasing their surplus wealth and have consequently been able to bear large increases of taxation. The effect of taxation on a country like Ireland has not interested the economists of England, France, Germany, or the United States.

Before the new taxes come forward. Ireland was the most expensively and wastefully governed country in the world. This has been shown by many writers and politicians, but even the full extent of it has not been shown. They have considered Ireland as a country under civil government, and have directed attention to the enormous cost of civil government. The civil government of Ireland is largely a cloak over the real regime, which is purely militarist. When there is talk of what the Germans might do, we find certain people quick enough to recognise that Ireland could be turned

into an "Imperial gateway,"—people who have not the sense to see, or else honesty to say, that Ireland since the Union has always been governed as an Imperial outpost, a heavily guarded frontier fortress, and that every penny spent for military and naval purposes in Ireland is a part of the cost of Irish government.

Every day that passes is bringing more clearly to light the insensate folly of English statesmen in their attitude towards Ireland. They may attempt by and bye to throw the blame on Mr. Redmond, Mr. Dillon, and Mr. O'Connor. That will not do. When Mr. Redmond seemed on the point of winning something for Ireland by constitutional methods, they rounded on him most shamefully and unfairly, and rendered him, or made him believe they had rendered him and his cause powerless by means of an anti-constitutional conspiracy. They cannot plead the support or the acquiescence that they have obtained under this kind of fraud and duress. It is now becoming evident that English statesmen of both parties have succeeded in adding to the history of English statesmanship in Ireland one more chapter that is in perfect sequence with the chapters that have gone before, and that they have not recklessly but callously trampled upon their opportunity. They have treated the Irish Nation and the elected representatives of Ireland with contempt and ignomy, and to this moment one of the Ministers and chief advisers of the Government is permitted without protest to renew his threat of violence, based on English support, against the fulfilment of the Home Rule policy of Mr. Redmond and the late Liberal Cabinet. When Sir Edward Carson, Cabinet Minister and Attorney-General for England, can safely reaffirm, as he publicly and emphatically reaffirmed the other day, the Unionist anti-constitutional policy, and when he can do this at the most critical stage of the gravest Imperial crisis, we have at once a measure of the regard in which the Irish

Party and the constitutional Home Rule policy are now held in England, and a measure of the prospects of that policy in the absence of an Imperial crisis. We are told, the Dublin electors have been told by The O'Mahony, that England is more and more favourable to Home Rule. Why then does England permit a Cabinet Minister to repeat with impunity the Unionist menace of violence and bloodshed, of all times, at the present critical time in the Imperial fortunes?

The Imperialist statesmen knew well, or ought to have known, that Mr. Redmond and Mr. T. P. O'Connor could not work miracles in Ireland. What they required Mr. Redmond to do was by a wave of the hand to effect a complete reconciliation between Ireland and England—appealing at the same time to that very prospect which Ministers in the Government are allowed to publicly threaten and repudiate. I do not deny that, if English misgovernment were to be withdrawn from Ireland and if Ireland were to be safeguarded against any fresh Pitt and Castlereagh conspiracy to violate the treaty, then Ireland in the passing years might become friendly to a friendly and well-disposed England. Thomas Davis entertained that hope seventy years ago, knowing well that we Irish are not a vindictive and intractable people. But it was nothing short of political insanity to imagine that this state of things could have been accomplished in a turn of the hand and on the strength of an offer which those in power are free to repudiate and have repudiated. The prancing pro-consuls and Imperialist spouters and "Defenders of the Realm" who have been let loose upon Ireland since the war began have not helped to make the impossible possible.

Mr. Redmond, in his own position, claimed and accepted for support of his attitude what was no more than the prudent reluctance of the Irish people to allow their political affairs to drift into chaos and confusion. They have not been conciliated and won over by the

recent arts of English statesmanship. On the contrary, they have acquired new grounds for indignation and distrust. Two Parliamentary elections have taken place recently in the Irish capital. In one of these, one-third of the voters went to the poll without enthusiasm for Mr. Redmond's candidate. That was several months ago. Since then, the situation has continued to develop. The second Dublin election came off last week. There were three candidates. Each of them sought to be elected as a member of the Irish Party. Two of them, Alderman Byrne and Alderman Farrell, had, however, taken a prominent part in opposing the Government's policy of repression towards the Irish Volunteers. The third candidate, The O'Mahony, was once a highly-esteemed member of Parnell's party. For some months past, he has again become prominent as a thorough adherent of Mr. Redmond and of the doctrine that the war is Ireland's supreme interest to which all her other interests must be subordinated. Besides thus making his programme absolutely at one with Mr. Redmond's, The O'Mahony was able to command the support of the Dublin Unionist Press, in which every Unionist voter in the constituency was exhorted to vote for him. His poll thus represented both Unionism and the extent of Nationalism that has been fully, even if only for the time, won over by Mr. Asquith's recent statesmanship. Only a minority of the electors went to the poll. The result is significant: Byrne, 2,298; The O'Mahony, 913; Farrell, 677.

This is the fourth election in Nationalist constituencies since the Liberals joined the anti-constitutional combination against Mr. Redmond. In one of the four Mr. Redmond's candidate was defeated. In the second Mr. Redmond's candidate was elected, but polled only a third of the voters. In the third and fourth it was found prudent to avoid proclaiming the support of the Irish Party or its leaders for any of the candidates before the voting. The meaning of all this should be plain enough to Mr. Birrell. The Irish electorate is not going to facilitate the backsliders by breaking the Irish Party into fragments. Even the King's County electors, who rejected Mr. Redmond's candidate, insist upon having their chosen representative accepted by the Irish Party. But the electors have made it plain in every election that they take no satisfaction in the plight to which the Irish Party has been reduced by the Liberal and Unionist combination. The leading feature of the recent Dublin election was the disgust—to put it gently—of the electorate with the policy of using the Imperial crisis and the Defence of the Realm Act as political factors for party purposes in Ireland.

For my part, if it were right for the Irish Volunteer movement to mix itself up with political elections, and if I were to have any part in elections, my first care, in the present situation, would be to bring the meaning of the new and future taxation home to the minds of every elector, Unionist as well as Nationalist. The gravity of the taxation question for Ireland is receiving careful inattention from the Nationalist and Unionist daily papers and from nearly all the politicians on both sides. Either they are deliberately shirking the question or they are reckless of the consequences or they are too ignorant to appreciate them. There will be a day of reckoning.

This man and that man in Ireland may be able to bear more taxation without going to the wall, but whereas taxation may be only eating into the surplus wealth of England, it is draining the life-blood of Ireland. Ireland as a commonwealth has no margin to supply these enormous taxes. She has not sufficient margin, under the present system of government, for the development of her own resources. To increase Irish taxation means driving more and more Irish people out of the country, it means less employment, less enterprise, more discouragement—in short, an aggravation of all the economic evils that the Union has inflicted on Ireland. At the end of the war there will be unprecedentedly low prices for Irish produce, and a larger charge for the relief of the poor than ever before in our time. It will be a heavy price to pay for driving the real meaning of "Ireland a Province" into the heads of our Provincialists of various parties.

EOIN MAC NEILL

Correspondence Column

It is intended to devote this column to answering such military questions as our readers may care to put to us. If the questions are sent in before Friday we shall do our best to have the answer in the following number of the paper. Questions must be written clearly and briefly on notepaper or foolscap, and signed with initials or short pseudonym. In addition the writer's real name and address must be enclosed, but not for publication. Questions must be addressed

"Correspondence Column,
IRISH VOLUNTEER Office,
2 Dawson Street."

It may be necessary to note that this column is not a drill book, and questions whose answers can be found in the drill book will be disregarded.

Irish Volunteer Convention

The second Irish Volunteer Convention will be held in the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, on Sunday, 31st October, at 11 a.m. All Corps desiring representation should see that their affiliation fees are fully paid up, and that the General Secretary has received detailed reports on their strength, training, etc. Any affiliated Corps is at liberty to send forward motions which it is desired to submit to the Convention, but only motions which are received by the General Secretary by the 18th October will be in time to appear on the agenda. The names of the representatives of the various Corps should also be notified to Headquarters by the 18th October.

The Secretaries of all Corps are particularly requested to attend to their affiliations and reports without delay, as it is most important that the Convention should be thoroughly representative of the Irish Volunteer movement.

Drumcollogher Recruiting Campaign.

A very successful Irish Volunteer recruiting meeting was held in the Irish Volunteer Hall, Drumcollogher, on Sunday night, September 26th. The meeting was representative of prominent people both of the town and parish, who, for various reasons, could not join the Irish Volunteers, but pledged their support by joining the Irish Volunteers' Auxiliary.

An tAthair Tomas Bhall, C.C., addressed the meeting and explained the aims and objects of the Irish Volunteers, and the great need at the present day for an Irish Military Organisation to protect the rights and liberties of the people of Ireland. He also dwelt on the Na Fianna Eireann and Cumann na mBan, and exhorted the fathers to bring or send along their sons to the weekly drill held in the hall every Thursday night, and the young ladies of the parish to come along to special classes to be held in the hall on First Aid and Ambulance work. After the meeting about twenty young men came forward and signed the enrolment forms. Subsequently a special meeting was fixed for Thursday night to organise a branch of the Cumann na mBan. The hall then echoed with that fine old marching song, "Horo re do bheatha a bhaile."

The Irish Volunteers on the Field of Aughrim

We were in camp at Ballinasloe, and being only four miles from the famous and historic field, we decided to visit and examine it. The Captain formed us up, infantry and cyclists on foot, and out we went through the town in the fine style that is becoming characteristic of the Irish Volunteers on march. The distance between us and the village of Aughrim was soon traversed; and mounting the hill, we had at our feet the memorable battle-ground which now for a moment holds us all in silent but close attention. One spot overshadows all others in interest,—this spot here, where St. Ruth fell in the hour of victory, and disaster overtook the Irish Nation, second only to that of Kinsale.

The feelings with which we looked around us were of mingled regret and hope,—at least so it was with me,—the regret only faint, so much was it now submerged in that deep confidence we all felt for the future; for the strongest feeling animating us now was a strange and deep exultation, too deep indeed to altogether understand, and with it a hope not visionary except as the prophets give vision, clear and definite as the sun, and all-mastering as the light of Heaven.

Why was the regret faint? "Was it not for the best, after all?" said I, half musing to myself. "Why?" said an astonished comrade who overheard me; and again quickly in his surprise, not waiting for the answer, "why?" Because with the assurance that an enduring victory was now at hand, I could even see the compensating feature in that defeat, happily shrouded in the past. If Ireland had never recovered from the disaster, the disaster would indeed have been unqualified; but with our manhood in arms and our redemption at hand, this thought came home to me that a victory then might have established a decadent line on our Irish throne. Let the North, or rather a part of the North, shout as it will for William, Ireland will raise no rival shout of James. Ireland, indeed, can only say bitter things of the degenerate who ran away from the Boyne, leaving his unbeaten army to follow and curse him.

That at least was my thought as we stood on the hill overlooking the battle-ground, and dwelt on the incidents of that fight that went so near to being a smashing victory for Ireland. And as is our way when challenged in a half-thought, I was now assured it was for the best. For now we are about to establish the rights of Ireland on no unstable basis, and in the line of no false tradition, but solely by the integrity of Irish minds and the valour of Irish arms, through the

allegiance of the people of Ireland to the destiny, not of a king or a throne, but to the independence of their ancient nation, to the indivisibility of their heritage, and to the pride of place of their country's honour and freedom above and beyond all lesser considerations of the rights of a ruler or the ephemeral splendour of a throne.

TERENCE J. MACSWINEY.

Ireland United against Conscription

41 York Street, Dublin,
28th September, 1915.

The comparative silence maintained of late on the question of Conscription by the English Press might lead one to believe that the Conscriptionists had taken advantage of the introduction of the Budget to retire from an impossible position. This is not the case. **At this very moment the matter is being decided in secret.** The London "Times" in its issue of the 24th inst., stated that the supporters of national service were deliberately refraining from raising the question in public as it was at present being considered by the Cabinet. The anti-Conscriptionists in England, while declaring they would never submit to Lord Northcliffe's dictation in the matter, very cleverly manoeuvred into stating they would submit to Conscription only if the Cabinet and Lord Kitchener decided it was necessary. The obvious policy of the Conscriptionists had been, therefore, to slow down the Press agitation and work at the Cabinet secretly.

It would considerably help the Cabinet in its decision if the Irish people availed of every opportunity to make it clear that they will not have conscription. Our view is that only a free Irish Parliament is competent to settle this question for Ireland. Ireland has lost too heavily within the past century in population to allow the small balance remaining to be forced to the slaughter-fields of the Continent. Why should an attempt be made to levy a blood-tribute on the Irish people when there are three-quarters of a million men of enlisting age in London alone? Nationalists of all sections, no matter what views they hold on the question of Voluntary enlistment, are united in their opposition to Conscription. The Dublin anti-Conscription Committee has held a large public meeting in opposition to Conscription. A conference recently held in the City Hall, Dublin, at which Nationalists of all sections were represented, declared:—"We will not have Conscription," and this resolution has been adopted by such prominent public bodies as the Dublin, Limerick, and Kilkenny Corporations, and many others.

The Irish Party and Press have voiced the opposition to Conscription, and a United Irish League Branch has declared the Irish people will "resist Conscription to the utmost extremity." The annual Convention of the Gaelic League has pledged that organisation against Conscription, and the Irish Volunteers at their first Convention last October definitely stated their intention to fight Conscription.

If ever a people were of one opinion in opposition to any proposal this is a case in point. The abject failure of the Registration Act in Ireland and the exodus of the Irish farm labourers from England rather than register, are further proofs. The most Mr. Asquith asked of Ireland is the "free gift of a free people." Is the freely-expressed opinion of the country to be ignored at the present time, especially by a Government which declares it is making war in defence of small Nationalities?

It may be asked is Ireland to have a separate defence law from the rest of the United Kingdom. Our reply is that Ireland has always had a separate defence law. The law for the establishment of Volunteers and, later on, of Territorials, was never extended to Ireland. **Even** the recent Registration Act was applied to Ireland in a different manner from England. Ireland's wishes in this matter must be respected. Russia has respected those of Finland and has not put in force her conscription law in that country.

Our case is that no compulsion must be applied to Ireland. It rests with the Irish people to see that no such obnoxious measure is put in force. It is immaterial whether the proposal is described as "national service," "compulsory training," "militia ballot," "quoto," or plain conscription. Whatever its description and whether applied to the whole people or merely beginning with certain classes or sections, it must have our unqualified opposition. That the Irish people have the power to prevent it is admitted even by the London "Times," which recently stated:—

"If the whole of Nationalist Ireland were organised in opposition to military service, **it would obviously not be worth while carrying out the campaign to enforce it.**"

Nationalist Ireland must, therefore, organise, and **organise at once**, in opposition to Conscription. It is our intention to give the citizens of Dublin an opportunity shortly to re-affirm their declarations on the subject. We should be glad to make the protest an All-Ireland one.

Nationalists of all shades of opinion who feel on this subject as we do are asked to communicate with us at above address.

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The Irish Volunteer

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9th, 1915.

Headquarter's Bulletin

Tionól do bí ag Comhairle Shóda Féinne
fáil ina nDúnrosc D. Céadain an 29ú
lá de'n mí ro, agus Seán Mac Diarmada
ina cátaoirleac oíche.

Do léigead tuaragbála ar cúirib
Oíruighe, Oileamna, Armála, Ainsio agus
eile.

1 uataib na hArmála, do rinnead tag-
airt do'n gábad atá le harmaib na Féinne
do congáil plán, agus aubairt an Com-
airle agus iad ar don aigne an nio
aoubairt ceana, i. go scaitir gac
Oglac a cúir arim do coraint agus go
bpuil ré de dualgar ar Oglac a beata do
cailleanaint, mair gabad é pul caillear
ré a gunna.

Tug an Ceann Cata Pádraic Mac Diarmair
cunntar ar fluaisgead fear ó gCinnreál-
aig D. Domnaig; tug an Lear-Ceann Cata
Seán Mac Giobúin cunntar ar comhionól
fear Uirí Cualann; agus tug an Lear-
Ceann Cata Diarmair beartaí cunntar ar
oail muinntire lugbair i Spáir-Daile

Dúin Dealgan. Do bíotar lán-tráta
leir na cunntarib rin.

Do rriot deag-tuairgí ar fluaisgead
na hoibire i n-áiteannaib éagrála i gConn-
taetib Corcaige, Ceataraic, Cille Dara,
áta Cliaic, na Sailline, agus an Cabáin.

Dúnrosc na Féinne,
áta Cliaic, 29 m. fóg., 1915.

[TRANSLATION.]

The Central Executive of the Irish
Volunteers met at Headquarters on Wed-
nesday evening, 29th September, Mr.
Sean MacDermott in the chair.

Reports dealing with Organisation,
Training, Arming, and Finance were sub-
mitted.

On the question of Arming, a discus-
sion took place as to the safekeeping of
arms, and the Executive unanimously
reiterated its previous decisions that all
Volunteers must take adequate steps for
the safekeeping of their rifles, and that
it is the duty of a Volunteer in final resort
to lose his life rather than suffer himself
to be disarmed.

Reports were handed in by Comman-
dant P. H. Pearse, Director of Organisa-
tion, as to the review of the Wexford
Brigade at Enniscorthy on Sunday, 26th
September; by Vice-Commandant Fitz-
gibbon, Director of Recruiting, as to the
successful meeting at Bray; and by Vice-
Commandant Beasley as to the important
conference of representatives of Co.
Louth Companies at Dundalk on the
same date, at which he represented the
Executive. All three reports were con-
sidered very satisfactory.

Encouraging accounts of progress in
organisation and training were received
from various points in Counties Cork,
Carlow, Kildare, Dublin, Galway, and
Cavan.

Headquarters, 2 Dawson Street,
Dublin, 29th Sept., 1915.

NOTES FROM HEADQUARTERS.

OBair Domnaig

Do rinnead a lán deag-oibre D. Dom-
naig, an 26ú lá de'n mí ro do caitead.
Do bí mór-fluaisgead ag Fiannaib ó gCinn-
reálais i nInir Córtair; complacta ann ó
Loe gCarmain, ó Ráit Daingín, ó Ror Mhic
Treoín, ó bFeanna, ó Shóir, agus trí com-
placta ó Inir Córtair féin; trí céad go
leir a lion, agus a bfuirmóir armta. Do
labair Pádraic Mac Diarmair leo 'gá molaib
agus 'gá ngríorad. Cruinnigad do bí i
mDri Cualann an lá céadna, do labair Ua
Rataille agus taoirig nac é leir an fluag,
agus do cuiread complact ar bun. Dail
comhairle do bí i Spáir-Daile Dúin Deal-
gan, do triall Diarmair beartaí ann ó'n
gComhairle Shóda, agus táimis téadairí
ann ó Dhoicéad áta, ó áta fíroia, ó Dúin
Leir, ó Spáirig Beillia, ó'n mbótar Duirde,
agus ó'n tSpáir-Daile féin. Aepideact
do bí ag an gCeataraic Cat i mDaile áta
Cliaic, do labair Eoin Mac Néill leir an
bpoal 'gá ngríorad. Fágann an méir

rin gan áiream a nbeannaib ar fuo na tíre
gan don cabair ó'n gComhairle Shóda.

COSNUIGHEAR NA GUNNAÍ!

D'féidir nac raib gabad leir an méir
aoubairt an Comhairle Shóda an treact-
main ro i uataib na gunnaib, agus b'féidir
fór go raib. Ir fearr dúinn beir áiread
i n-am. Ní beannaib ré cúir an uoair do
dúnaib tar éir na fógla. Tá airm ag
Saebelaib anoir. Ir maic do fadóirig-
easair iad. Ní leigirí ríad uata dā
nbeoin iad, agus uoirtear fuil pul bain-
feair uoir dā n-aimbeoin iad. Táimis ar
fao ar don aigne ina átaib rin. Ní mór
beir áiread. Uoir a gunna i bfoiaic ag
gac Oglac, agus má tagtar airm caillear
an tOglac a beata pul caillear ré a
gunna.

THE SAFEKEEPING OF ARMS.

The fact that Irish Volunteers are now,
under order from the proper authorities,
parading more frequently with arms than
was the case some months ago, must not
be allowed to induce any carelessness in
the custody of our rifles. Rather the
contrary. At Howth in July, 1914,
Irishmen vindicated again, and finally,
their right to be an armed people. That
right was consecrated in the blood that
was shed on Bachelor's Walk. It is a
right that as a nation we will not again
surrender, a right that no individual
among us must surrender in his own per-
son. The Volunteers will never willingly
give up their arms; and before they are
taken from us against our will blood will
flow in every town in Ireland. All this
is of course implicit in our fundamental
declaration of policy, and is fully ac-
cepted by every Irish Volunteer. It is well,
however, to restate it now and then for
our own and for other's benefit. The
Executive at its meeting last week reite-
rated previous pronouncements on the
subject. Its directions to every Irish
Volunteer are that he must take adequate
precautions for the safeguarding of his
rifle, and it adds that in final resort it is
a Volunteer's duty to lose his life rather
than suffer himself to be disarmed. No
more need be said on the subject at the
moment.

A SUNDAY'S WORK.

Sunday, the 26th ult., saw the Irish
Volunteers busy in almost every county
in Ireland. At Enniscorthy the Wexford
Brigade was reviewed and addressed by
Commandant P. H. Pearse. At Bray a
very successful rally, promoted by local
workers acting in conjunction with the
Director of Recruiting, was addressed by
Commandant The O'Rahilly and others,
and resulted in the formation of what pro-
mises to be a good Company. At Dun-
dalk a conference of Volunteers from
Drogheda, Ardee, Dunleer, Grangebel-
lew, Boherboy, and Dundalk, attended
by Vice-Commandant Beasley on behalf
of Headquarters, took effective steps for
the organisation of the movement on a

sound basis throughout County Louth. In Dublin, Professor Eoin MacNeill addressed an Aeridheacht held under the auspices of the Fourth Battalion. Week-end operations and route marches are reported from various quarters, North and South.

THE WEXFORD RALLY.

The Wexford Brigade paraded in Enniscorthy in larger numbers than on any previous occasion since what is incorrectly known as the split. A Coy. of the Enniscorthy Battalion, a stalwart and well-armed body of men, had the longest muster-roll; the two other local Companies also made a good show. The Ferns Coy. was conspicuous for its smartness and the completeness of its arming. Gorey had a small, but earnest, contingent. The Wexford Battalion sent the Wexford Town and the Rathangan Companies; and the New Ross Battalion was represented by the New Ross and Ballymum. Genuine training is going on throughout the Brigade area, and every man has a weapon. Sunday's inspection is expected to result in not a few recruits. On the whole, Wexford is living up to its traditions. In some few quarters terrorism exercised by local employers prevents the men from meeting openly. It does not, however, and cannot, prevent them from learning how to shoot.

IRISH VOLUNTEERS.

At Fairview Park a Sunday morning Company is being organised for men who cannot attend drill on week nights, commencing Sunday next, October 10th, at 11 a.m. Recruits are welcome.

IRISH LANGUAGE CLASSES.

Any person living in the North-west of Dublin who wishes to gain a knowledge of the Irish Language could not do better than attend the classes at the Colmcille Branch of the Gaelic League, 5 Blackhall Street. Classes are held on Tuesdays and Thursdays for 1st, 2nd, and 3rd year; Wednesdays at 7.30 p.m.; for junior and advanced class under native speakers on Fridays. Special attention is paid to beginners. A Scoruidheacht is held every Sunday at 8 p.m. The branch subscription is only 1s. per quarter; 4s. year.

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A MILITARY CAUSERIE

THINKING MILITARILY.

The adverb has a finnick sound, and it would take an Englishman's tongue to pronounce the succession of neutral vowels without getting tied up. But, after a careful diagnosis of Ireland's present condition, we have placed it there as the main ingredient of our prescription. What we Volunteers should long ago have made Ireland do was to think militarily. Ireland had become or been made a nation of civilians, and was at the point of death from inanition when the Volunteers came into existence. The spark of militarism was kindled, burst into a bright flame of jingoism, apparently consumed all the available fuel, and died down into a dull red glow. Thank heaven it didn't go out, for the need of it is beginning to be felt once more, and the present position seems to be this: that a small and enthusiastic body of young men is working away at the harder and duller side of the militarism almost unnoticed save by the spies of the enemy, while the opportunity of impressing the most impressionable and gullible people in the world—the people who can be impressed by any silly speech or resolution that's full enough of adjectives—is being allowed to slip by. The Irish people have been shown the glories of Parliamentarianism, and have succumbed to them. Show them the glories of militarism, and—you'll see.

No very great change in our present behaviour is really necessary in order to achieve this. What change we want is summed up in the words at the head of the page—Thinking Militarily. We Volunteers at present think of ourselves as a revolutionary body. We ought to think of ourselves as an army. There is nothing but habit opposed to this. We have our headquarters quite openly; we drill quite openly; our officers are known, and wear distinctive uniforms; we publish our orders in our official gazette; in fact we do everything in the military way except our thinking. By this I don't mean that we are too obviously ignorant of warfare. It is quite true that both officers and men on manoeuvres have shown quite a childish lack of imagination as to what war is like; but this will come in time. Where our unsoldierly way of thinking is best shown is in small things.

Take, for example, a common sight in our streets nowadays. Watch the progress of a British officer for a few minutes, and see how every private he meets salutes him, and how he returns it. (You may notice that the young fool very often fails to return it—but that's by the way.) Some of us, in our demo-

cratic way, are inclined to resent the salute. That is because we misunderstand it, imagining it to be a sign of inferiority on the part of the private. As a matter of fact it is a sign of equality. Officer and private recognise each other as members of one service, and the private salutes the officer, and the junior officer salutes his senior, as recognising his leader (not his master). It's a kind of vote of confidence.

Now, what happens when a Volunteer meets his officer? Occasionally the Volunteer salutes, but only occasionally. Usually the two nod to each other. There is generally the conspiratorial idea behind the Volunteer's head, "I shouldn't give away my fellow-conspirator to the G-man round the corner." Or perhaps there is the democratic repugnance just mentioned. Well, I hope I have said enough to knock the latter idea on the head, and as for the other, wouldn't it be better to replace it by the thought, "Won't a smart salute impress that deuced G-man and give him something to report anyhow?"

The before-mentioned gullible public will also be impressed, and a soldier should always regard the public not as onlookers, but as possible recruits.

This question of saluting is merely an indication of the lines on which we should act in order to transform ourselves into soldiers. There are lots of other things we can do. We should not, for instance, give up all soldierly bearing the moment we leave the drill hall. A Volunteer should be recognised anywhere by his way of carrying himself. I hate to see Volunteers, especially when in uniform, slouching along to their drill halls with their hands in their pockets. When the "fall-in" is given we should obey the order at the double and instantly. When we fall-in on the streets or roads we should be specially careful to do this well, as nothing looks worse than a slovenly fall-in.

Let us carry our military manner into our ordinary life, regarding ourselves when not on parade as soldiers on leave. Then at last the Irish people will realise that an army of their own is growing up in their midst, and will begin to think politically in terms of rifles and bayonets.

You will observe that in this militaristic article I have said nothing bloodthirsty. This will come later. You will be introduced to the battlefield gradually, as befits a nation of civilians. For the present, chew upon this. None of the manoeuvres you have yet been present at bears the faintest resemblance to a battle.

With the Wexford Brigade

An inspection of the Wexford Brigade took place at Enniscorthy on Sunday, 26th September, the inspecting officer being Commandant P. H. Pearse of the Headquarters General Staff. The Brigade fell in on the Abbey Square at 1.30 p.m., Sean Synnott in command. The 1st or Enniscorthy Battalion, under Commandant Whitmore, mustered in almost full strength, consisting of the three local companies, and of the Ferns and Gorey Companies. The 2nd, or Wexford Battalion, the 3rd, or New Ross Battalion, sent large contingents from their respective areas, the 2nd Battalion being represented by the Wexford and Rathangan Companies, and the 3rd by the New Ross and Ballymum Companies.

At 2 p.m. the Brigade marched off to Vinegar Hill, on the slope of which it deployed into line. The inspection then took place, and Commandant Pearse commended the soldiery bearing of the men and noted the fact that most of them were armed. In some cases arms were not carried, but this does not mean that the men were without arms. The Brigade staff reports that there is a weapon for every man, and that it will also be possible to arm recruits.

After the inspection the Brigade formed in column of Companies, and was addressed by Commandant Pearse. A large assembly of the general public had also gathered. A considerable crowd occupied the crest of the hill, whence a fine view of the whole movement was obtainable.

Commandant Pearse said that he congratulated the men before him on bearing the most honourable name that could in our day be borne by a body of Irishmen,—the name of Irish Volunteers. The Irish Volunteers organised, trained, and armed to secure and safeguard the rights and liberties common to all the people of Ireland. That meant not some of the rights of Ireland, but all the rights; and it meant not the rights of a section of Ireland, but the rights of all Ireland. In other words, it meant Irish freedom. Who would say that freedom was not their right? They were not a new political party, and did not follow a new standard raised by a new generation. They followed the standard under which all the generations of Ireland had gone into battle. They sought no more than their fathers had sought; and they would accept no less.

The men before him were for the most part armed. He understood that those who did not parade with arms had arms at home. There was one thing he would say to them with all the earnestness and

deliberateness of which he was capable. They must never give up their arms. Their arms were the guarantee of their citizenship and the symbol of their manhood. They must guard them as they would guard their personal honour and the honour of their wives and daughters. At Howth the Irish Volunteers had won for Ireland again the right to be an armed people. That victory had been consecrated by innocent blood shed in Dublin streets. A right so won, so consecrated, must never be relinquished. Ireland must never be disarmed again. It was the duty of every Volunteer to lose his life rather than lose his gun.

They must be genuine Volunteers, not make-believe Volunteers. That meant

Lectures for Section Commanders

I. ADMINISTRATION.

When such a broad term as "Administration" is selected for the first lecture of the series addressed to Section Commanders it will help to prepare you for pretty big demands to be made on you. This is quite right. If you are not prepared for hard work and plenty of it, and work that will last all the time, you have no business being a Section Commander, and had better ask your Captain to relieve you of your stripes. Remember its up to **him** to relieve you; don't run



SECTION OF COMPANY A, 4th BATTALION—WINNERS OF COMPETITION AT ST. ENDA'S AERIDHEACHT.

that they must follow a genuine and suitable course of training. The essentials of Volunteer efficiency were discipline, marksmanship, and good scouting. Failure in any of these might prove a fatal failure.

The place of every Wexfordman who was not either purchased or intimidated was with the Irish Volunteers. The Volunteers were surely the men in the danger gap. Was it not Wexford's tradition to be in the Bearnna Bhoaghail?

After the address the Brigade marched back to Enniscorthy, paraded the principal streets, and dismissed in the Market Square, having saluted the '98 Monument.

Wexford is sound.

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away with the idea that you can resign your command. You can't. You are only an N.C.O., and can't do anything so fashionable as resign—that's for officers. Later on when you become an officer you can resign if you feel inclined.

But although you're not an officer, the officers would be in a pretty poor way without you and the others in your rank. In fact it's the Section Commanders who are supposed to keep the Volunteers together. A lot of them are by no means bad, but all of them could be a bit better. Each one of you has sixteen men under his charge; he has absolute power over them, and should do all he can to justify the amount of responsibility entrusted to him.

You should first of all get your men to have confidence in you. One way to manage this is to get quite familiar with their circumstances—to know what are their callings in civil life, where they work, where they live, their record in the Volunteers, any special branch for which they seem fitted in your opinion, and also

any special branch they profess a liking for themselves. You should know to a certainty where you can "put your hand" on any one of them when you want him, and make them all realise that you'll not hesitate to requisition them when need arises.

Then you should make yourself fully acquainted with the equipment of your men. Are they all armed? If not, see that such of them as are not get the best arms they can at the first possible moment. See also that they have enough ammunition for their immediate needs. If there is anything else in the matter of equipment or anything like that which they are anxious about, it is your duty to make things easy for them. You can exact obedience from them—true enough; but can you feel as if you deserved that obedience so long as you're not doing everything you can to help them out? Indeed, the more ready you are to give them a helping hand, the easier you'll find it to make them obey you.

If you are thoroughly familiar with the circumstances and characters of your sixteen men—and sixteen men isn't the hell of a number—you can be of untold value to your captain. It's much easier for you to know your sixteen than for him to know his hundred. Suppose he wants a dependable man for some particular piece of work, whether in the field or otherwise, he will most likely ask you whether you know a suitable man. Then won't it be handy if you can say off-hand: "Take so-and-so, he'll know what to do," than to run round trying to get someone to volunteer?

Then, again, if you know your men you'll be able to work them up; help this one to make better scoring at the target; let the other one attend some special lecture he wants in something he's keen on—only make sure he's not just going to meet his girl. By helping your fellows along this way you'll raise the standard all round.

See that your men are smart and soldierly; it's to be presumed you are yourself or you'd never have got your stripes. Have they their haversacks and water-bottles hung right? Are their uniforms and stuff tidy and clean? In short, is your section the smartest in the company. If not, why isn't it? If you do make it the smartest, the man who had the smartest before that won't get jealous—he'll only try and get ahead of you again. Don't let him.

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