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

DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE.

Detective Department,

Dublin, 14th. October, 1915

Secret

Subject, MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 13th. Inst.,
the undermentioned extremists were observed
moving about and associating with each other
as follows :-

The Under Secretary

Submitted

W. E. Johnston

C. Connolly

With Thomas J. Clarke, 75, Parnell St.,
John McDermott, for a quarter of an hour bet-
ween 11 & 12 a. m. John McGarry and D.
Lynch, from 1. 15 p. m. to 1. 30 p. m. T. J.
McSweeney, Cork, for twenty minutes between
4 & 5 p. m. Dr. P. McCartan, from 4, 50 p.
m. to 6. 40 p. m. Thomas Byrne, C. J. Kick-
ham and James J. Buggy being present during
most of the time. J. Murray, for twenty
minutes, between 7 & 8 p. m. J. O'Connor,
and John Fitzgibbon for half an hour between
9 & 10

Under Secretary

Submitted

Jan

14/10

W. E. Johnston

C. J. M. P.
W. E. Johnston
20/10/15

The Chief Commissioner.

1441

9 & 10 p. m.

Bulmer Hobson, H. Mellows and Ml.

O'Hanrahan, in Volunteer Office, 2, Dawson St., at 11. 30 a. m.

Ernest Blythe left Amiens St. by 3 p. m. train, en route to Cootehill.

D. Lynch left Kingsbridge by 3 p.m. train, en route to Cork. R. I. C. informed of the departure of these men respectively.

John McNeill, Bulmer Hobson, John McDermott, M. J. O'Rahilly, J. J. O'Connell, J. O'Connor, J. Fitzgibbon, H. Mellows, C. Colbert, P. Ryan and E. Daly, in Volunteer Office 2, Dawson St. together from 7 p. m. to 10 p. m.

Attached are Copies of this week's issue of The Hibernian, Nationality and the Irish Volunteer, neither of which appears to contain anything deserving special notice.

Owen'Brien
Superintendent.

NATIONALITY

Vol. 1. No. 18.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1915.

One Penny.

Notes.

Sir Nugent Everard, who has been touring Ireland as a recruiting-agent for the English Army, has also a financial interest in the Irish tobacco trade, and, injured by the refusal of the English Chancellor of the Exchequer to grant any abatement in the duty upon Irish-grown tobacco, he has temporarily forgotten that all the enemies of England are Huns, and written that the English Chancellor

"Has sounded the death-knell of an industry that, although still in its infancy, employed large numbers of women and children, and, with reasonable encouragement, might have become of national importance, providing profitable employment to thousands of small holders and their families. The industry is of special importance to Ireland, as 75 per cent. of the holdings are of less than 30 acres statute."

"So late as 1830 the tobacco-growing industry was of considerable importance in Ireland, a thousand acres being grown in Wexford alone. The industry was suppressed by Parliament because it interfered with British trade."

"After twelve years of experimenting the Department of Agriculture have succeeded in re-establishing the industry on a small scale in certain districts in Ireland and have induced the experimenters to invest private capital in the enterprise. Now, once more, the industry is to be annihilated, this time by the imposition of a crushing tax."

"The opportunity will thus have been lost of mitigating the hardships of indirect taxation by enabling the working man to supply himself at a price within his humble means with a luxury which is almost a necessary of life to him, and his wife and family will be deprived of a source of profitable employment on the land."

Sir Nugent Everard's concern for the Irish workingman is, no doubt, genuine, but his concern for his dividends on a business in which he has embarked is beyond suspicion. The threatening of his dividends, in the interest of the English Empire, excites to anger and public denunciation a man who for months has striven to compel poor Irishmen to give their all—their lives—for the same institution. The Irish farmer, artisan, labourer, or clerk's life is as nought against the interests of the Empire—what Irish knave dies if England lives? but when the Empire interferes with Recruiting Orator Nugent's financial investments, then the eloquent gentlemen does not hesitate to denounce the atrocity and to recall how the England he exhorts the Natives (as his newspaper calls the Irish people) to fight for suppressed the Irish tobacco trade within living memory "because it interfered with British trade." A perfect reason for any action England takes in the oppression of this country.

The wail of Sir Nugent Everard at being wounded in his pocket for the England he is

willing to see the Irish Natives killed to sustain is echoed by Mr. Andy Kettle. Mr. Kettle, who has discovered in his old age that Germany, not England, is the oppressor and enemy of Ireland, and has offered the English Government an infallible plan for capturing the Dardanelles, is justly indignant that Dear Old England—for whose sake he exhorts vicariously the poor Irish to realise that it is their duty to die—wants to commandeer his hay at less than he could sell it for elsewhere—to reduce his profits in fact. So Mr. Andy Kettle lifts up his voice in protest. He loves Old England, he is wedded to the Crown and Constitution, he is willing and eager that certain classes of Irishmen should die that England might live—but he draws the line at letting England have his hay at less than he could sell it for elsewhere. If "the Empire" be in danger he is sorry, if the Empire be financially embarrassed he regrets it, if the Empire wants Irish blood he is willing it should have so much of it as will not interfere with his business—but if the Empire wants to pay him a penny less for his hay than a pro-German or a Hun would pay, Kettle puts the lid on.

Now, Sir Nugent Everard and Mr. Andy Kettle are types of all the Imperialists in Ireland—the first of the Unionist variety, the second of the Redmond fungus. They are Imperialists because they believe—or did believe—Imperialism was the winning card and the paying card. They are quite willing to call on the Nationalist rank and file and even on the Ulster Unionist rank and file to sacrifice themselves to uphold the strength of England, but where *their* pockets are concerned they want, at least, the *status quo*. Sir Nugent Everard is not willing to lose his tobacco profits nor Mr. Andy Kettle to abate the price of his hay to help the Empire—which is England. They are willing to do the talking, the letter-writing, the denunciation of "Sinn Feiners," "Pro-Germans," and "Huns," but they are not willing to lose their dividends or sell their produce cheaply to the Empire. When the Empire threatens Everard's tobacco business, Everard sounds the alarm, and when the Empire wants Andy Kettle's hay, Andy cries with a loud voice in the daily press for all Ireland to come to his aid to see that the Empire pays him his full pound of flesh.

So goes the game of Imperial Humbug in Ireland. We shall be sorry to see the Empire wiping out the Irish tobacco industry, but as the Empire wiped it out twice before by Act of Parliament when it began to compete successfully with the English trade, and as the Empire will always wipe out any serious Irish trade development, we are not horrified and

outraged. The price of belonging to the Empire is, for Ireland, national, political, and economic negation. Sometimes an Irish pro-Englander gets accidentally hurt in the process, but it can't be helped.

Mr. Fullam, of Drogheda, who is also anxious that the Empire should triumph over the Huns, is wrathful about this matter of stealing hay. Mr. T. W. Russell and Mr. T. P. Gill worked the oracle for the Empire in the beginning by getting up a bogus meeting of farmers, at which the hay required for England was fixed to be sold at a price which saved England's pocket. England's agents, who are now commandeering Irish hay at under-market prices, reply to the enraged farmers—"Well, didn't you fix the price yourself." Why should T. W. Russell and Neutral Gill be paid £4,000 a year between them except to facilitate the English Government? But Mr. Fullam closes his eyes to facts. "What mandate," he asks, "had the Department for calling this meeting; and, in the next, who were the men who composed it. It may have been composed of well-known parasites of the Government, who combine looking for and getting fat jobs with their farming operations. I notice the Co. Dublin Farmers' Association is moving—it was nearly time—but what are the other Farmers' Associations doing? The Government hay presses are at work in the country; timid men are being intimidated; poor men must sell, and so the devil's work of robbery goes on. I told Col. Hunt at our interview in Dublin that the Government dare not treat the miners of Wales or the munition or railway workers of England as they are treating the farmers of this country, and if we allow ourselves to be so treated we deserve all we will get."

All the same Mr. Fullam, according to a report of a speech of his somewhere in Ireland, is convinced that in this war England represents Christianity, Civilisation, the Rights of Small Nationalities, the Sanctity of Treaties, and the Seven Cardinal Virtues. Under the circumstances, if she wants hay at less than the cost price from Mr. Fullam it seems as if he ought to take it as equivalent to a heavenly command.

The "Belfast News-Letter" is embarrassing Mr. Redmond and Mr. Devlin at the present time. These statesmen have told their friends to whisper around the country that the Ulster Unionists have privately agreed to accept Home Rule—after the war. The "News-Letter," the organ of Ulster Unionism, ignoring the difficulties of John and Joseph, published a leading article last week reminding Ulster Unionists that their business was—what?—to help the Empire? to die in the Dardanelles? or

to fertilise Flanders? No; but to see that the Home Rule measure never comes into operation in Ireland. Since then Sir Edward Carson has been co-opted to the Inner Council of the English Cabinet, according to the rumour in the London political clubs. It is time for another vote of confidence in Mr. John Redmond.

Sursum Corda.

BY MAIRE DE BUITLEIR, BEAN THOMAS
UI NUALLAIN.

IV.

When the European war broke out Mr. John Redmond said, "A test has arisen to search men's souls." He spoke truly. It was an occasion on which all Irishmen had to examine their national consciences, and ask themselves the simple question, "Am I on Ireland's side or against her?" This is really all they had to ask, but unfortunately Gaels have a way of breaking ranks sometimes and of going to chase hares instead of keeping to the matter in hand. Eoin Mac Neill stated the case simply when he said, "An Irishman should be neither pro-German nor pro-English. He should be just pro-Irish." How simple it looks when put like that without any confusing issues; and how a Frenchman or German or Englishman or Russian or Italian would stare if asked to be anything but *pro-patria* in a great national crisis. An Irishman alone of all civilised peoples is expected to put the interests of the Republic of San Marino before the interests of Ireland. A good many of our compatriots went gaily off to chase hares all over Europe during the past year, but happily a good many more kept their heads, and it is these level-headed people who will save the country.

Wolfe Tone, in his pamphlet on the Spanish War, sets forth clearly and calmly how it is perfectly possible and eminently desirable for Ireland to remain neutral in a war engaged in by England, when England has not consulted Ireland in declaring war. She need not take up an antagonistic attitude to England if she decides not to fight for her—she can maintain strict neutrality.

In the present war two old friends of Ireland are ranged in opposite camps—France and Austria. To neither can Ireland wish ill. The only honourable attitude under these circumstances is neutrality towards the belligerents. This is the attitude rigorously upheld by the Pope, from whose paternal heart goes forth the bitter cry: "How can I take sides? They are all my little children, my sheep and my lambs. I pray for peace. I dare not pray for victory to one which would mean defeat to the other." And the Pope, like many of us in Ireland, has near and dear relatives fighting in this war.

Out of the chaos of war and the terrible welter of suffering good will come eventually. The nations are not going through this travail in vain. Even already, while the anguish is still at its height, there are shafts of light piercing the darkness. Religion and nationality are the two noblest sentiments animating human nature, and on all sides there is evidence that faith in God and love of country have been strengthened in those who have been through

the fiery crucible of this war. The blasphemer who boasted he "would put out the lights of Heaven" may find he has only succeeded in putting himself and his colleagues out of office when his soldier compatriots come back from the front.

Then the Internationalists, so aggressive a short time ago, are now quite out of date. They used to say, these singers of the Internationale, "if war breaks out between our country and another we will shoot our own officers and embrace our brethren in the opponents' ranks. Our class is more to us than our country." But when war did break out there was no more talk of this kind. Men suddenly found that country was more to them than class when "a test arose to search their souls."

Nationalism became intensified in every race, even in England, where it has less force than in other countries. The English, taking them as a whole, are not patriotic in the sense that we are. "Trade follows the flag," they say, and so they try to keep the flag flying,—a rather low ideal. They could never have lived through our history and come out at the end of seven hundred years a nation. They don't understand making sacrifices for their country. Of course this is speaking in a general way; there are fine exceptions among them, but the masses in Britain are not intensely Nationalist. Well, even among them national consciousness is awakening, is stirring. Journalists and public speakers are expounding the discovery that their nation is "not a fortuitous concourse of stems," a collection of employers and employed or producers and consumers. No; they say to be English is all that matters now in England.

How about Ireland? How do we stand? Three years ago an English Trades' Unionist declared at a public meeting in Dublin that all that separated Ireland from England was a drop of water. (This was his figure of speech for the Channel; but fortunately for us there is more than a drop of water in this same channel by means of which Nature has defined for all time the frontiers of Ireland.) I expected a thousand voices to cry out in protest against this new theory; but as they did not, I wrote to the *Claidheamh* to point out that not a drop of water but rivers of blood divided Ireland from England. I thought it was better for someone to make a protest than for no one to do so, remembering what Dr. O'Hickey (a prince among men) once said in the very early

days of the Gaelic League: "If you are in a minority of one make your voice heard." But of course I knew I was not really in a minority of one when I protested against the "drop of water" idea, for, as remarked previously, there is much more Nationalism in the country than is apparent.

Now that "a test has arisen to search men's souls," it is time for us to ask ourselves some "importunate questions," in Bishop Berkeley's style.

For instance, "Whether, when the sanctity of treaties and the independence of small nationalities is to the fore, we have no treaty to maintain, no small nationality to guard?"

Or again, "Whether this country is not incomparably richer in natural resources, more extensive in territory, more favoured in geographical position, inhabited by a people more physically and intellectually gifted, and the inheritors of a more ancient and more glorious history than several of the small nationalities about which there is so much to do at present?"

Looking round our land we find it hard indeed to have patience with those who prate of being satisfied with its subjection, and many a Nationalist feels inclined to echo the passionate cry of a young priest, who exclaimed some years ago at a National Convention in Dublin: "Curse your concessions! We want our country."

It seems as if the hour were about to strike when, content no longer with concessions, we are about to claim our country. The Gaelic Movement has preserved the essence of our Nationality, and the Irish Volunteers are going to assert its existence.

Whatever course the leaders of the really national movement decide on the rank and file will surely support them loyally. In this critical time the co-operation of all is essential. Let it not be said once more, as it has so often been said before, that while our enemies join in hate we never join in love. I often think that some Nationalists would be more tolerant to each other if they had passed part of their lives in an anti-Irish atmosphere. Those who have lived always in pro-Irish surroundings have no conception of the intensity and malignity of the hatred felt towards Irishism by its opponents. Converts to Nationalism are often more tolerant to their fellow-Nationalists than life-long Nationalists (while they are not outdone in zeal by the latter), because they

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realise thoroughly that if we don't hang together we will hang separately.

Saint John the Evangelist in his old age, when too feeble to walk, and almost too feeble to talk, used to get himself carried into the church in order to address his flock, and the whole of his sermon consisted of these five words: "Little children love one another." This was the sole message the seer of blinding visions of glory, the writer of the strangely sublime Apocalypse, thought of importance to give his people as a last legacy.

Many an orator in Ireland would do well to cast aside all his eloquence for a simple message of fraternal charity when addressing his compatriots.

The time has come for the fulfilment of Saint Malachy's prophecy. Is it not something more than remarkable that, now that the hour of his prediction has struck, Europe should be in the throes of a gigantic upheaval, and all existing political conditions in the melting pot?

When Malachy lay dying he cried out, "How long, oh Lord, how long?" Then suddenly a vision of glory and of gladness burst on his sight, and he cried in a different voice: "Ireland, thy day also shall come. A day of ages, a week of centuries shall be numbered unto thee, equalling the seven deadly sins of thy enemy. . . . Then . . . thy enemies that are in thee shall be driven out and humbled, and their name taken away. But inasmuch as thou art depressed, shalt thou be exalted, and thy glory shall not pass away." After a pause he resumed—"Now, oh Lord, dost Thou dismiss Thy servant in peace. It is enough. . . . And though long shall it be desired by country shall yet stand forth in its might, and bloom in its beauty like the rose."*

END.

* Predictions regarding the religious aspect of Ireland's future are also included in Malachy's prophecy, but the political predictions only are appropriate for inclusion in a political paper.

The Kings.

The Belgians were fortunate in their choice of a king. Leopold I. was a man who had lived his life, and he devoted his remaining years to the service of his adopted country. Like all his house, he was a man of great personal bravery and of great shrewdness in money matters. His first care was to set about putting the army on a sound basis. There were difficulties in his way. It was not easy to effect reforms in a successful citizen army that was a stranger to discipline and considered it knew all that was to be known about the art of war. However, with tact and strength of will he successfully accomplished his task.

Now that their liberty was firmly established the Belgians were contented to settle down to enjoy life after their old pastoral manner; but he saw the possibilities of Belgium, and left the Belgians no rest until he had won them over to his own way of thinking. It was his

shrewdness and energy that laid the foundations of Belgium's commercial greatness.

England, as Mitchel said, has the ear of the world, and into it she pours what stories she likes about the Irish and the other nations she despoils or she hates. Leopold was inimical to her, and therefore all we in Ireland were permitted to know of him and the scandals connected with his name.

Leopold II. had the advantage of his father in being born a Belgian, and he grew up to think as a Belgian. As a king he came up to our old Irish standard in many ways. Physically he was a magnificent man, looked every inch a king, and his ideas, too, were regal. It is to his initiative that Brussels owes the Palace, the Palais de Justice, that super-building the Congo Museum. It was his idea to metamorphose the Condernberg, and he has left behind him royal plans for the rebuilding of other parts of the city. He made a fortune out of the Congo, as hundreds have done before and since, out of virgin soil and untapped sources of wealth. But if he made money he spent it, and spent it in a royal manner on his country and his capital.

Columbus went first to England with his plans for the discovery of America, but it was the Spanish King that financed him and it was Spain that benefitted by his discoveries. Stanley was an Englishman, but his voyages in Africa were largely financed by Leopold II. out of his own pocket, and it was Belgium that eventually benefitted by his discoveries. England was distressed at being deprived of the Congo, but she did not as yet lose all hope. Unfortunately Leopold knew all about John Bull and the base use which he had so often made of the Bible, and he refused permission to English missionaries to enter the Congo. At that, of course, England boiled with virtuous indignation—to be cheated out of your lawful and favourite occupation of exploiting the natives in the interests of Christianity and civilisation by a little country one-fourth the size of Ireland was unthinkable. Thereupon began the old game of calumny and mud-throwing, of which England is such a past mistress. She raked up the tales of atrocities, etc., which had done duty in Ireland for the 1641 period, added and improved upon them, and brought them up-to-date, just as a new and enlarged edition is now doing duty as "German Atrocities" in 1915.

Ireland.

We sigh over "Poor" Ireland—"the most distressful country that ever yet was seen." Well, why is it so? And need it be *always* so? Ireland is considerably larger than many of the free and independent countries of Europe. Belgium is only the size of Munster. Belgium has only 37 miles of coast line, and along that coast there are only three places with even the vestige of a harbour—Nieuport, Zeeburge, and Ostend; yet in 1914 she ranked fourth among the commercial nations of Europe.

Ireland is rich in harbours, natural and man-

made; but that for which I am most grateful to Providence is that it has been placed beyond the power of any Congress to fix our frontiers. A cautious Belgian in reviewing the situation in 1830 might, perhaps, have been excused if he decided that it was hopeless. The heart of the country was indeed sound, the people longer for freedom, but what were they—a handful, unarmed, absolutely unorganised, with the powerful Dutch forces to contend against, and behind them again England, Russia, Austria, etc., all pledged to support the findings of the Congress of Vienna.

What could "poor" Belgium do? And when "poor" Belgium did do something, even the very leaders were taken at a disadvantage; the people waited for no signal, as far as the Belgians of the capital were concerned; their blood was up, and they did the right thing, and trusted to the country to follow their lead and back them up, and the country did not fail them.

In a certain book there is an excellent piece of advice—"You ought not to give yourself up to any trouble or go out to meet it as if all hope of overcoming it were gone." A despondent attitude is fatal to any cause, and we in Ireland are so prone to despondency. "All those means may have succeeded in Kauratska—but Ireland; Ireland is different."

Who can blame us, after seven centuries of slavery? Nevertheless as good patriots we should fight despondency as we would the most dangerous temptation. Despondency will unnerve the arm and rob the spirit of that élan so vital to success.

Ernest Blythe Released.

On Saturday, October 2, Ernest Blythe was released from Crumlin Road Jail, Belfast, at 12 noon, on the expiry of his sentence. He was met at the jail gates by a number of Belfast and Dublin friends who had held vigil from an early hour.

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AN EYE-OPENER!

In the year 1888 France and Germany were on the brink of war. England was anxious that in the event of war France should be defeated, for in that year the French Navy was, next to England's, the most powerful navy in the world, while the German Navy was negligible. The English press, therefore, hallooed on Germany to advance to the attack on France across the plains of Belgium, for—wrote the "Morning Post," the "Pall Mall Gazette," the "Standard," and other English newspapers—

To permit passage to the army of Germany across Belgium in the event of war would not involve an infraction of Belgian neutrality. Provided Germany guaranteed the inviolability of Belgium and made good any loss incurred, no case could lie against her.

However, the expected war between France and Germany in 1888 was averted, and England was obliged to adopt measures other than the passage of a German Army across Belgium to get rid of the menace of the French fleet. These measures were so successful that when ten years later the Fashoda insult was hurled in France's teeth, and the people of France clamoured for war against England, the Government of France defended its abject submission by the confession that the French fleet had been allowed to rot away. It was true. Certain eminent people in France grew wealthy over that rot, but it was a fact. France had ceased to be a great naval power in the ten years 1888-98, and England was freed from some anxiety.

In the year 1899 the united fleets of all Europe and the United States were inferior to the English fleet. This, of course, was not Militarism on England's part—it was peace, balmy peace. In that year England made war upon the Afrikaner republics of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. The total Afrikaner population of the two republics was a quarter of a million—equal to more than half the population of Dublin City and County. Within the territory of the two republics lay the richest goldfields in the world and a diamond-field area which, if it did not come under English control, would have reduced the selling value of the diamonds mined in English territory by fifty per cent. After a three years' war England overcame the resistance of the 250,000 Boer people. England in this war fought for Justice, for Equality, and for Freedom—and the Prime Minister declared, "We want no Goldfields—we want no Territory," but Providence insisted when it was over that she should take, in addition to the goldfields, the territory of the Boers, and she bowed to a pious Fate.

Now out of this war sprang the war of

to-day. At the opening of the attack upon the Afrikaner Republics, Germany was a fourth-rate sea-power. Several Germans had exhausted their lungs in shouting into the ear of the German Nation that Germany needed a strong navy. In the year 1900, the German East African Steamship Company linked up the ports of East Africa from Durbar to Tonga with the Mediterranean and the North Sea. The English Companies had overlooked the possibilities, and in the year 1900 the English fleet, on pretext of the war with the Boers proceeded to interrupt and even to arrest the German mail steamers. Then the German public woke up with a start, realising that in the absence of a strong navy their overseas commerce lay at the mercy of Navalism. They set to and built a navy.

This crime against the English sovereignty of the seas transformed England's Gallo- and Russophobia. Her eyes were opened. She had long misunderstood the chivalrous Frenchman and the good-natured Russian. In the German she beheld the Enemy of Christianity, of Civilisation, of Morality, of Honour, and of the Small Nationalities, and to rid the world of the monster she ringed him around with steel from the Danube and the Vistula to the Meuse.

The German, musing on the contention of the English in 1888 that to pass an army through Belgium would not be an infringement of Belgian neutrality, knocked at the gate of Belgium and requested passage, guaranteeing Belgium's inviolability and compensation for damage done. Belgium refused passage, and Germany passed through without permission. Belgian Neutrality was violated, and the English press—the "Morning Post," the "Pall Mall Gazette," the "Standard"—cried aloud for the fires of heaven to fall and smite the abominable Germans who had done in 1914 exactly what they had urged them to do in 1888.

All the Hypocrites, Humbugs, Dupes, Gulls, and Shams in Ireland in a loud voice shrieked:—

"Belgian Neutrality. The Horrible Huns. Remember Belgium!"

Fourteen months have passed, and England's troops seize the port of a country smaller even than Belgium—Greece. English troops land against the protest of the Greek Government. England's troops are received "in curious silence" by the hapless Greeks, who are sought to be forced into entering this war on England's side. Greek territory is alienated, the Greek Government protest is treated with contempt, Greek neutrality is violated, and the English press unanimously declares that England has conferred a great benefit on Greece.

And among our Hypocrites, Humbugs, Dupes, Gulls, and Shams no loud voice shrieks "Greek Neutrality. The Horrible English. Remember Greece!"

For every Humbug, Hypocrite, Gull, Dupe, and Sham in the land bleats that England can do no wrong. It is the simple creed that works miracles, turning a hack barrister into a County Court Judge, a rationalist into an Archbishop, and an Irish Parliamentary Party leader's hopeless son-in-law into Chief Jailor of the Irish at £2,000 per annum. Remember Belgium and Forget Greece!

REMEMBER BELGIUM.

Remember Belgium! Most excellent advice.

The opera billed for the night of August 25th, 1830, at the Theatre de la Monnaie, Brussels, was Auber's "Mentle de Porticé." The audience cheered every song of revolt, and the climax was reached with the famous song,

"A mon pays je dois ma vie

Il me devra la liberte."

The crowd burst from the opera house shouting "Vive la Liberte," and presently the whole city was aflame. Gunshops were rifled, and there were some encounters with the Dutch soldiers. A movement was made towards the Town Hall, where the Dutch flag was torn down and the tricolour hoisted in its place, and with small loss the rioters of a night found themselves their country's regents on the morrow.

Such briefly is the history of the freeing of Belgium.

The Belgians had suffered from a multitude of conquerors, and their hopes were high in 1815 when Europe was being re-arranged after Napoleon's retirement to St. Helena. They had expected to be made an Independent State, but the Great Powers thought otherwise and decreed that Belgium and Holland should form one State, though, as the historian has remarked, "it was easier to declare these two peoples formally united under one rule than to make them in any real sense a single country." The Belgians differed in language, religion, and ideals from their overlords, and friction was the result. Discontent grew apace and things were nearing a crisis when, in 1829, the Liberals and Catholics joined forces over the question of tariffs.

The word Liberal on the Continent has a stronger meaning than that which it bears in these countries. A Liberal professes liberal, or, as what we would consider them in Ireland, semi-socialistic ideas about education, religion, etc. Catholics are, as a rule, absolutely forbidden to vote Liberal at elections, so that when these two conflicting elements were making common cause, things were becoming indeed serious.

The Paris Revolution of July, 1830, when the French drove out Charles X. and put Louis Philippe in his place with comparative ease, set the Belgians thinking. The Dutch, seriously alarmed, sought to win over and distract the populace by fetés, etc., but the time was gone by when they could be appeased by such simple means. Preparations were made to celebrate the King's birthday, August 24, with greater splendour than usual, but when the placards appeared on the walls,

"Le 23 Feu d'artifice,

Le 24 Illuminations,"

a third made its appearance,

"Le 25 Revolution."

Finally, the festivities were abandoned, the unsettled state of the weather being the excuse offered, and calm was apparently restored.

The performance of Auber's opera had been forbidden from time to time owing to the dangerous feelings it aroused, but on this occasion, August 25th, its performance was permitted, chiefly as a sop to popular feelings, and so it

came to pass that Auber's sweet strains heralded the phycological moment when Belgium was to strike a blow for freedom, and with success.

There was wonderfully little bloodshed that evening, only five people being killed, but for two days the city was in an uproar.

On the morrow the revolutionary leaders met in conclave, formed a Council of Regency, and set about reducing chaos to order. Their first act was to replace by the old tricolour of Brabant, now the Belgian national flag, the tricolour of France, which the crowd in their quest of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity had hoisted the night before. Then they set to work about throwing up barricades and making preparations to defend their newly-won liberties with their lives, and finished by drawing up a statement of their country's griefs to lay before the Dutch King.

At this period the Belgians were not absolutely determined to cut off all communication with Holland. There were some who wished for a Republic, some for a French King, the young Duke of Nemours, son of Louis Philippe, for preference, but a kind of Austro-Hungarian agreement, with the Prince of Orange as ruler, would have given fairly general satisfaction.

Soon word came from the Hague that the rising was to be put down by force, but the efforts of Holland in this direction proved weak and ineffectual. The Prince of Orange, the Crown Prince, was at the Royal Palace at Laeker, a few miles outside Brussels. He had comported himself with great bravery at Waterloo and was something of a popular hero. He now proved himself no statesman, and by his want of tact in the treatment of the revolutionary leaders, spoiled his chance of the throne. Finally he withdrew in a huff to his brother at Vilvoorde, withdrawing at the same time all the Dutch troops from the Belgian capital.

All this time Dutch troops, to the number of 6,000, were encamped at Vilvoorde, eight miles away to the north of Brussels. If those troops had been marched on Brussels at the outset there would have been an end to the Revolution. Why it occurred to no one to give the order remains a mystery to this day. Fortune favours the brave, and this is not the only instance in history of the enemy omitting to do the obvious.

As to King William, he had a horror of bloodshed, and also he declared that Europe would laugh if he made concessions to rebellious subjects. For a month he threatened, promised, and deliberated with his ministers and endeavoured to come to some terms, a mode of procedure which served only to give the Belgians time to organise their defences. The Council of Regency sent emissaries through the country explaining what had happened and asking for men and help, and volunteers simply poured into the capital.

Finally, on September 23rd a Dutch army arrived to subdue the rebellion by force. The Dutch penetrated the town as far as the Royal Palace, but with difficulty and loss, for at every window was a rebel, and every rebel had a gun. They could get no farther, for here the barricade which barred the entrance to the Place Royal defied every effort to destroy it,

and progress was impossible. Finally they retired to the Park and encamped there. They had marched into a trap, and their position was critical. The Belgians carried on operations after a manner of their own. They fought from sunrise to sunset, then the signal was given to cease firing, and they retired to the cafés to discuss the events of the day, while their leaders took counsel in the Town Hall.

On the morning of the 27th the Park was discovered to be empty, the Dutch had withdrawn in the night, having lost in those three days 1,500 men. The people went wild with joy, but were kept so well in hand that, considering the circumstances, wonderfully little damage was done. They entered the Royal Palace, where they contented themselves with tearing the portraits of the King and Queen in pieces.

The Council of Regency, being mostly composed of lawyers and politicians, did not follow up their military advantage, but, fortunately for Belgium, set to work to frame a constitution, and refrained from acts of vengeance, which would only have meant Dutch reprisals later on. The first necessity was a new mode of election, and the most popular possible was agreed upon. It is the boast of the Belgians that their rule is the freest in Europe, certainly the constitution is a marvellous work and would be considered to-day an enlightened and democratic document. The method of election in Belgium is that so often advocated in the pages of "Sinn Fein"—proportional representation.

Antwerp was still in the hands of the Dutch, and the Belgians now sent an army to demand its surrender. The Dutch Governor refused, but the gates of the city were thrown open by the populace. There was some sharp fighting in the streets, but eventually the popular army gained the day. The Dutch bombarded the town from the river, in a fit of pique bombarded indiscriminately the Cathedral, the public buildings, and the great warehouses, and in so doing ruined for ever their chances with the Belgians and alienated the sympathies of the other Powers.

King William now blockaded the mouth of the Scheldt and appealed to England and the other Powers, signatories of the Congress of Vienna, to support his authority. England, France, Austria, Russia, and Prussia met in conclave in London. At first the Belgians decided to ignore this Congress of Nations and to arrange their own affairs after their own manner, but later they were persuaded that it would be to their advantage to have someone there with a watching brief to guard their interests, so they sent over Sylvan Van de Weyer as Envoy to the Congress on their behalf. The truth of the old adage, "When rogues fall out, etc," was proved on this occasion. Each Power had its own little game to play, a state of affairs which barred the way towards a speedy settlement. King William, by blockading the Scheldt and interfering with the great trade of the Powers, defeated his own ends and engendered kindly feelings on behalf of the Powers towards his rebellious subjects. Matters dragged on; the Congress sent innumerable protocols to the Council of Regency, to which the Council of Regency sent spirited replies in the negative; but though the Council

of Regency on November 18th formally declared Belgium an Independent Kingdom, and four days later, November 22nd, decided in favour of a constitutional monarchy, it was only in the following March they set about choosing a king on their own account, and on March 28th, 1831, they decided to offer the crown to Leopold Duke of Saxe-Coburg.

Here again fortune favoured them, for just as Russia was contemplating asserting her dissatisfaction with the arrangements by force of arms, the Polish Revolution broke out.

The remaining Powers, who were not so intimately concerned, decided to wind up Belgium's affairs without delay. They defined the boundaries of the new kingdom, which included the left bank of the Scheldt (and the freedom of that river), and declared its perpetual neutrality. They apportioned to it 16/31 of the national debt of the two countries, and left Belgium to its own devices.

Censored Sudden Release of Herbert Pim.

The Censor has refused to grant the daily press permission to announce Mr. Pim's sudden and early release from Jail. The Belfast Volunteers had made arrangements to receive him at the gate on Thursday, 14th inst., the date on which his sentence expired. But, without warning, he was released on Thursday, 7th inst. He is in good health and spirits; and his only regret was to leave Denis MacCullough behind him. In an interview with the Press Association Mr. Pim stated that he had made no application to the authorities for special treatment or an early release. Commenting on the Censor's refusal to allow his release to be known, he said, "At the present moment I feel rather muddled, for I slept very badly in jail, and I can only suppose that they have released A. Newman and kept Herbert Pim in jail. To make certain I shall keep a watch on the gate on Thursday to see myself come out. England seems to have solved the problem of bi-location!"

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Spár—Orlaó.

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Den Leatanaó.

Teapaint maí.

Cake, Cake, Cake.

(Suggested by an article in the current number of "Studies.")

Cake, cake, cake,
And Catholic cups of tea!
And I would that my feet could enter
The drawing-rooms I long to see.

O, well for the Protestant boy,
A willing, legitimate prey,
As he sits by the side of Ascendancy girls,
Keeping the Papist at bay.

And the wasted years roll on,
As my youth departs from me;
But O for the munch of a Protestant bun
And a draught of Established tea.

Cake, cake, cake,
At Catholic homes I see,
But the piquant taste of a Protestant scone
Is ever denied to me.

—Arthur of the Square Table.

The War for Small Nationalities.

"The chances are that Bulgaria will be wiped off the map, and that Greece and Serbia between them will take her over. Well, in case she joins the Central Powers, it would be dramatic justice anyway."—*The Pink Reptile* (alias Dublin "Evening Telegraph," Sept. 25).

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An Ulsterman on the Ulster Question

The study of the present day Irish politics presents a very difficult problem for which no definite solution has yet been found acceptable to all parties. This study brings us through the different and variable stages of the equally different and variable methods of procedure without any appreciable advance to the solution of the difficulty becoming apparent. Of these diverse ways proposed to obtain complete or partial Irish National Independence we'll mention the three we consider most prominent. They are: the Irish Parliamentary or Home Rule method of begging a subordinate Parliament from the English Democracy; the Sinn Fein method of passively resisting every enactment of the British Parliament on the plea that it is unlawful for that Parliament to make laws for Ireland owing to the Irish Volunteers of 1782 forcing it to relinquish the right to that claim by passing the Renunciation Act, which has not yet been repealed; and the total separation by physical force method. All three agree on the principle that Ireland should and must have some kind of free political, fiscal, and social autonomy. The obstacles in the way of the latter two are that they are not now acceptable to the majority of the Irish people chiefly through misrepresentation, deep-rooted prejudice, and the assumption that they are impracticable. The Home Rule method, hitherto having no great internal or national opposition, is now encountering such mighty obstructions and impediments that its very existence as a rational policy is questionable. Of course its leaders are to blame for this change of opinion. They have during these past few years entirely changed the policy of the Home Rule movement. They formerly begged a subordinate Parliament for all Ireland, but now they are prepared to take much less. Some of them say not, and make strong pronouncements on the subject, which may or may not delude public opinion. Thus, if those pronouncements are believed to be genuine, public opinion may be lulled into a false security; but if not believed, the crank and croaker brickbats will be freely slung at the soreheads who are not so credulous.

As we are unbelievers in double dealing or in deceiving the people, though not in the least pessimistic concerning Ireland's future, and as the people want the truth, we'll discuss one finite phase of latter-day Home Rule politics; and as that one political phase is vital to the future welfare of the Irish Nation we'll discuss it from the viewpoint of the ordinary Irishman. It is: Is Ulster to be excluded for any period of time from the scope of the Home Rule Act? We are, of course, assuming that the Home Rule Act will come into operation in some form after the war. And if Ulster is proposed to be excluded for any number of years by any English Minister, what means of nullifying that proposal should best commend itself to the Irish people? That is the phase of Home Rule politics that we as Ulstermen and as unbelievers in the "sharp curve" will criticise and examine.

At Castlewellan, August 29th, Mr. J. Devlin said: "The idea of any division of Ulster or of Ireland never was seriously entertained. It is now dead and buried." That is, the "exclusion question," and that question covers the Amending Bill and the coercion of the Ulster Unionists or Nationalists as the case may be.

At Letterkenny, August 17th, the Secretary of the U.I.L. officially, we suppose, declared that "the Amending Bill and the Government which proposed it as a basis of common agreement are things of the past." So the Amending Bill is dead, therefore the opposition of the Ulster Unionists can easily be negated. But if not, why not?

But there is a little more to be said on the exclusion of Ulster. The Prime Minister of England, speaking on the Home Rule Suspensory Bill, August 15th, 1914, declared "the Home Rule Bill could not come into operation until Parliament had had the fullest opportunity by an Amending Bill of altering, modifying, and qualifying its provisions in such a way as to secure the general consent of all Ireland." While at Waterford, August 23, 1915, John Redmond, referring to the same thing, said "that no Amending Bill could be introduced until after the Home Rule Act had come into operation," because "it would end the Coalition Government in a week and it would throw the whole country into a welter of confusion and turmoil." Nothing need be said by way of comment on these declarations of the two Whig colleagues, as they seem to coincide to a remarkable degree. Again, although "nothing can undo the enactment of Home Rule by the Imperial Parliament," and "to make large concessions to win the hearty assent of all sections of Irishmen to a settlement which will bring liberty to all" are agreed upon by the "Irish Leader," and although the Liberal Government belongs to the past, still the dominant factors—the Liberal-Unionist Coalition Government and the "Won't-Have-Home-Rule Ulster Volunteers—remain.

Is Ulster to have Home Rule? "Ulster won't have Home Rule" vow the Covenanters; and the Coalition Prime Minister says, "The employment of force for what was called the 'coercion of [Unionist] Ulster' was an absolutely unthinkable thing. As far as he and his [Liberal] colleagues were concerned it was a thing which they would never countenance or consider." And we are perfectly certain that neither Balfour, Law, Carson, Lansdowne, Londonderry, nor any of the rank and file of the Unionist Party would "countenance or consider" the "coercion" of the Ulster Covenanters into accepting the Home Rule Bill now on the Statute Book, except that they may be compelled into so doing. How will they be compelled to recognise that Ireland a Nation will not allow herself to be partitioned at England's or the Covenanters' request? That is the question for us to consider.

Now, truth should be the essence of our politics, and not eloquence. And it was in searching for this truth that we came upon the origin or root of the present chaos. At a meeting of the National Directory of the United Irish League in September, 1906, the

Chairman, Mr. John Redmond, moved a resolution empowering the Irish Party to accept a lesser measure than Home Rule from the British Liberal Government. This proposal was strenuously opposed by the bulk of the members present; but, however, the opposition was practically all withdrawn when Mr. Redmond threatened to resign the chairmanship of the Party if his resolution was not carried. This resolution of Redmond's was made by England, the foundation stone of what is now known as the Exclusion of Ulster. It has been the pivot of all the consequent retrogression in the policy of the orthodox Home Rule Nationalists.

In the following year, 1907, the Liberal Government introduced a measure, afterwards known as the Councils Bill, that was proffered in lieu of Home Rule and which the Irish Party was prepared to accept as a final settlement, but owing to the Sinn Fein Party rousing public opinion this paltry substitute for National self-government was emphatically rejected by the Irish people. Apparently the Irish people took this as a specimen of the usual Whig treachery, but it was in reality due to the imbecility of the Redmondite Party. With popular opinion aroused in Ireland, the Liberal Government thought it wise to postpone the Home Rule controversy until some formidable obstacle to it was engineered. For a number of years England could not find the way or the means to stifle the ever-increasing growth of national consciousness in Ireland. Anyhow she managed to have the opposition to Home Rule on a firm basis before the Irish people appeared to see the imminence of the danger; so when this danger was made clear to them they immediately acted.

Once more Sinn Fein and the teaching of the Gaelic League came to the rescue; and the Irish Volunteer organisation was started. But the British Government was not sleeping. It had apparently provided for this counter-move on the part of the Nationalists. It told the Irish Party to discountenance the Irish Volunteer movement, and at the same time it struck at the root of the organisation by proclaiming as illegal the importation of arms to Ireland. The Irish Party for some reason did not see the move and did the work England required. But England's policy was becoming clear to the Irish people, and they were not going to allow themselves to be humbugged either by warnings or threats, whether they came from English or Irish parties. They flocked in thousands to drill and arm for Ireland until over 200,000 Irishmen were in the National Army.

England was perplexed, but she again counted on Redmond, and he did not fail her. She told him to assert the rights of the Irish Party over those of the people, and his aid was only too effective. He demanded control of the Volunteer organisation, and rather than divide the country the leaders of the movement capitulated. That was bad enough, but it was not the worst. The division of the Volunteer ranks was averted, and England again became uneasy. She had met her match in tactics this time. But alas! 'twas only for a short time. Soon again—only too soon—she would be in the ascendant.

The European war clouds were now growing

darker and more threatening, and England saw the danger of an organised and hostile Ireland on her flank. So she turned to Redmond and said, "If you promise me 30,000 Irish Volunteers for the oncoming war and if you make recruiting for my army your policy I'll place the Home Rule Bill on the Statute Book." And she did. "Splendid," says Redmond, "I'll do it," and 'twas done. Redmond, at England's bidding, split the country into two hostile camps. This done, benevolent England turned towards her bewildered dupe, and putting her thumb on her nose spread out her fat fingers at him and said, "I'll tell Carson and the Ulster Volunteers that you fear to ask them to take Home Rule, and, I assure you, I'll not compel them to accept it. And now, John, au revoir; you have served my purpose well. I am taking Carson into my Cabinet, and he'll be able to manage the Exclusion of Ulster without any trouble and without a bit of hindrance from any Englishman."

Every time Home Rule was introduced there was some method of dealing with it. There was no move, as far as we know, on the part of the Unionists for the Exclusion of Ulster or any part of it until quite recently.

For the rejection of the Home Rule Bills of 1886 and 1893 England's Liberal Party depended with success upon the English House of Lords. The power of the Lords gone, and Redmond's weakness had made Ireland strong, therefore constitutional opposition would be of no advantage. What then? Armed opposition of course. Unionist Clubs first, then Volunteers with rifles. The Unionist Clubs were harmless, but were the foundation for the more harmful Volunteers coming after. Redmond was sucking his thumb all this time. Sinn Fein had no great political power, but saw and made clear all these movements. However, its teaching and the teaching of the Gaelic League had taken root, and in a short time the armed opposition to Home Rule was countered by a defensive action equally as strong.

Now after having taken all the facts into consideration we are forced to come to the conclusion that the origin of the Exclusion of Ulster is *not* due to Irish Unionist or Protestant opposition to Home Rule, but to Redmond's weakness and incapacity and to England's centuries-old policy of Divide and Conquer. And the *only* preventative to the same exclusion is not the meaningless mouthings of J. Devlin, but *is a strong, powerful, and well-armed and disciplined force of determined Irish Volunteers.*

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It was this liberty of conscience I gave which my enemies both at home and abroad dreaded, especially when they saw that I was resolved to have it established by law in all my dominions, and made them set themselves up against me, though for different reasons, seeing that if I had once settled it, my people, in the opinion of the one, would have been too happy, and in the opinion of the other, too great. This argument was made use of to persuade their own people to join with them, and too many of my own subjects to use me as they have done; but nothing shall ever persuade me to change my mind as to that; and wheresoever I am master, I design, God willing, to establish it by law, and to have no other test or distinction but that of loyalty. I expect your concurrence in so Christian a work, and in making effectual laws against profanings and debauchery. I shall also most readily consent to the making such good and wholesome laws as may be for the general good of the nation, the improvement of trade, and the relieving such as have been injured by the late acts of settlement, as far forth as may be consistent with reason, justice, and the public good of my people. And as I shall do my part to make you happy and rich, so I make no doubt of your assistance, by enabling me to oppose the unjust designs of my enemies, and to make this nation flourish. And to encourage you the more to it, you know with how great generosity and kindness the most Christian king gave a secure retreat to the queen, my son, and self, when we were forced out of England, and came to seek protection and safety in his dominions; how he embraced my interest, and gave supplies of all sorts, as enabled me to come to you, which, without his obliging assistance, I could not have done; this he did at a time when he had so many and so considerable enemies to deal with; and so still continues to do. I shall conclude as I began, and assure you, I am as sensible as you can desire me of the signal loyalty you have exprest to me, and shall make it my chief study, as it always has been, to make you and all my subjects happy."

Here the designing creature actually says that he had been, at all times, for liberty of conscience; and the puzzling matter to the Froudes is that he had been so in fact; of which one illustration was seen, even here on Manhattan Island—such was the malign cunning of that artful tyrant, in spreading far and wide over the dependencies of the British crown, that same shocking delusion of liberty of conscience.

When King James was Duke of York, in the reign of his brother Charles, he was "Proprietary Governor" of the Province of New York, and in the year 1682 he commissioned Colonel Thomas Dongan, of an ancient Irish family, who had commanded a regiment in the French service, to proceed to New York as his Lieutenant or Resident Governor. He proceeded at once, according to his instructions, to issue his warrants for the election of a General Assembly. This was an auspicious beginning of his administration, as it was a concession from the Duke of New York for

which the people had long struggled. This illustrious body, consisting of the Governor, ten Councillors, and seventeen Representatives elected by the people, assembled in the city of New York on the 17th of October, 1683. As he was the first, so he was the most liberal and friendly royal Governor that presided over the popular legislatures of New York; and the contests between arbitrary power and popular rights, which distinguished the administration of future Governors, down to the Revolution, did not have their origin under his administration. The first act of this General Assembly was the framing of a charter of liberties—the first guarantee of popular government in the province. This noble charter ordained:

"That supreme legislative power should for ever reside in the Governor, Council, and people, met in General Assembly; that every freeholder and freeman might vote for Representatives without restraint; that no freeman should suffer but by the judgment of his peers, and that all trials should be by a jury of twelve men; that no tax should be assessed, on any pretext whatever, but by the consent of the Assembly, that no seaman or soldier should be quartered on the inhabitants against their will; that no martial law should exist; that no person, professing faith in God, by Jesus Christ, should, at any time, be in any way *disquieted or questioned for any difference of opinion in matters of religion.*"

So Colonel Dongan also had learned the ingenious language which King James had been taught by that "Jesuit!"

There had been penal laws in force against Catholics in all these provinces; and seeing that Governor Dongan was himself a Catholic, and desired the liberty of going to church without penal consequences, just as James himself always wished, he thought it would be no harm if the people of New York could be prevailed upon to let one another alone on that one matter, at least. He had a great amount of popular prejudice and ignorance to encounter; and there was plenty of jealousy and ill-will against him as a "Papist;" yet as he was, in fact, not only a very good and honourable gentleman, but also a most zealous and efficient Governor, as all authorities agree, he did succeed in procuring the adoption of that famous charter. The clause assuring religious liberty was found to hurt nobody, and people lived peaceably enough under it, until what is called the abdication of King James, in England, and the invasion by William of Orange. Then the Governor retired from office. He perceived that the days of "Ascendancy" and the Protestant interest were returning, and he went to live quietly on Staten Island, where he had a

cottage and a mill. But he was not to be allowed to escape observation in this retreat; a revolutionary government, called a "Committee of Safety," was established in the city; Catholics were hunted down in every direction, and orders were issued for the arrest of Governor Dongan. He took refuge on board a vessel in the harbour, where he remained in concealment many weeks. In the meantime his servants were arrested and his effects seized at his residence. The "Charter of Liberties," passed in 1683, under a Catholic governor, was repealed, with all other laws passed by the late General Assembly of New York in 1691, and a so-called "Bill of Rights" passed, which expressly deprived Catholics of all their political and religious rights. In 1697 this "Bill of Rights" was repealed, "probably as being too liberal," says Bishop Bayley; and in 1700 an Act was passed which recited that "Whereas divers Jesuits, priests, and Popish missionaries have of late come, and for some time have had their residence in the remote parts of this province, and others of his Majesty's adjacent colonies, who, by their wicked and subtle insinuations, industriously laboured to debauch, seduce, and withdraw the Indians from their due obedience to his most sacred Majesty, and to excite and stir them up to sedition, rebellion, and open hostility against his Majesty's Government;" and enacted that every priest, etc., remaining in or coming into the province after November 1st, 1700 should be "deemed and accounted an incendiary and disturber of the public peace and safety, and an enemy of the true Christian religion, and shall be adjudged to suffer *perpetual imprisonment*;" that, in case of escape and capture, they should suffer *death*; and that harbourers of priests should pay a fine of two hundred pounds, and stand three days in the pillory.

In short, the Penal Laws of England and Ireland were carefully copied by the Colonists on this side the Atlantic. Even in Maryland, whose Catholic founders had made liberty of conscience an organic law, the same scenes of persecution were now enacted; and it need not be said that New England was ready to go all lengths against Papists, and against Protestants, too, if they were not the right kind of Protestants.

(To be concluded.)

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THE IRISH VOLUNTEER

EDITED BY EOIN MAC NEILL.

Vol 2. No. 45 (New Series).

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1915.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

NOTES

Those who read sensational paragraphs in the newspapers about German propaganda in Ireland and so forth will do well to follow closely the history of the Crossmaglen Conspiracy. They will see there the uses to which Dublin Castle can turn a subservient Press and subservient departments. The government of Ireland is a continuity, and its tradition remains unbroken.

One of the greatest crimes of that government has been the studied and seditious poisoning and degradation of the minds of Protestants in Ireland, especially in the North-east. The historian of the Crossmaglen Conspiracy quotes some striking examples of how this process was carried on some thirty years ago. Under Gladstone and Forster, Liberal Ministers of no less eminence and respectability than Asquith and Birrell, we see how the Tory Press in Ireland is used as the privy channel for bloodpoisoning its readers. Do Irish Unionists ever reflect on their degradation under this system? What have they gained by it in reputation or otherwise? What can they hope to gain by it? Their prejudices are played upon to make them the tools for the degradation and impoverishment of their country.

Irreconcilable hatred between Irish parties is the chief specific for the domination of Ireland and incidentally of Ireland's resources. The Disestablishment gave a special opportunity of extending the field of operations among the Presbyterians and other Protestant dissenters. The opportunity was not lost. The Belfast "Northern Whig," once friendly to Catholics, has long surpassed the "Newsletter" as an exponent of sectarian rancour—in the name of Christianity. The exact gain to the declining Presbyterian population, to whom the appeal of hatred is chiefly addressed, need not invite estimate. The achievement is

at all events a triumph for Imperial statesmanship, whose obedient tool the "Northern Whig" had already become at the time of the Crossmaglen Conspiracy.

It is a further triumph for Imperialism when the Irish Parliamentary Party and its organs can be pressed into the service to supply munitions of war against Nationalist Ireland. The irreconcilable "Whig" informs us that the munitions thus kindly supplied are being stored up for the ruin of that Party and the defeat of its policy. In due time the columns of the "Freeman's Journal," the "Irish News," and other such papers, and the speeches of gentlemen like Mr. Thomas O'Donnell, M.P., who has nearly boxed the compass of Irish politics, will be brought home to roost. Every Nationalist who differs from these organs and exponents of the Sharp Curve is declared by them to be pro-German. In their present factious condition of mind, they can only think of Irishmen as partisans of British Imperialism or of German Imperialism. This is a folly which will have to be paid for, like most follies.

Extremes meet, and the British Jingo and the British Socialists are finding common ground in the demand for "national service." It is true that Lord Selborne says that Capital must not be sacrificed, but when the British millions have tasted the blood of "national service," they are not likely to confine the obligation to their own lives and labours. The Socialist National Defence Committee has the logic of the Compulsionists on its side, and will not lose sight of the argument in future. Mr. Birrell is quite safe in predicting that this war of the Empires will have some unexpected consequences. That is the very reason why we Irish people, who have neither power nor responsibility for setting the world right, should devote ourselves with single-minded purpose to our own concerns.

There are only two parties in Irish politics, the Nationalists and the Provincialists. The political issue in Ireland

is between "Ireland a province" and "Ireland a nation." The test of political action in Ireland is, shall we act as a nation, using freely the recognised powers of a nation, or shall we act as something less than a colony or a dominion of an Empire, doing what we are required to do by an authority which is not ours.

The present state of the Law in Ireland has received a beautiful illustration. Under the new dispensation, with Home Rule on the Statute Book, the procedure is to send a man to jail and to inform him officially, when he has fulfilled the term of his imprisonment, of the nature of the offence for which he has been punished. Just before his release, Ernest Blythe was presented with a document signed by General Friend who states that the order banishing Mr. Blythe from Ireland "was made in consequence of there being **reason to suspect** that, as an organiser of the Irish Volunteers, you were, by your propaganda, prejudicing the recruitment of Irishmen for his Majesty's forces, in contravention of No. 27 of the Defence of the Realm (Consolidation) Regulations, 1914."

So we experience the continuity of Lord Cowper and Chief Secretary Forster, under whom, by a special statute for the benefit of Ireland, any Irishman whom the Castle could "reasonably suspect" could be locked up with no more ado. Mark well that the General does not say that he personally has "reason to suspect," nor does he say who has reason to suspect. It may be the Czar, or Viviani, or Garibaldi, or The O'Mahony, or Sir Matthew Nathan, or the Dalai Lama to whose mind the suspicion appears reasonable. In any case, it cannot matter much to Ernest Blythe, since he is first locked up for three months and then told why.

General Friend is probably aware by this time that, whoever may have reason to suspect Ernest Blythe, there are millions of people who have **reason to know** that certain other persons, not Irish

Volunteers nor organisers of Irish Volunteers, who, "by their propaganda," have very seriously prejudiced the recruitment of Irishmen for his Majesty's Forces. We may sympathise with General Friend, who is doubtless a gallant soldier anxious to do a soldier's duty for his own country, when we find that the exigencies of the Continuity compel him to become a political tool for the persecution of Irishmen whose offence is that they too have a country whose service has first claim on them.

The new order goes on to tell Mr. Blythe that "should your conduct at any time in future give grounds for suspicion that you are again endeavouring"—but hitherto, as the order itself bears witness, there was no more than "reason to suspect," now there is a definite charge of previous endeavouring—"to prejudice recruiting or the public safety, the original Order will become effective, and, if necessary, be enforced summarily by powers recently given."

The powers recently given are contained in a brand-new regulation, adopted in view of what has happened in Ireland, by the English Privy Council, sitting in Buckingham Palace, where, with a knowledge that war was imminent, the gentleman who has since been chosen a Cabinet Minister and Attorney-General for England, threatened Mr. Redmond with the consequences if the Liberal Government should abide by its pledges to Ireland. The date of the Privy Council meeting was Sept. 24th. There is a Privy Council in Ireland, with some eminent Home Rulers as members; but since Home Rule went on the Statute Book the English Privy Council saves them the trouble of making regulations for the defence of this realm. Under this new measure of Home Rule, "if any person remains in or enters into any area in contravention of an order under this regulation, he may be removed therefrom by the direction of the competent naval or military authority."

This is the only answer so far made public to the unpublished resolution of the Irish Party in condemnation of the banishment orders. The ordering of Irishmen into banishment aroused a certain degree of indignation. Now any competent authority who is told that any competent policeman has any competent reason to suspect any man of "prejudicing recruiting or the public safety" has been empowered by the English Privy Council, Buckingham Palace, to remove the obnoxious person from the "area" called Ireland. We are now in Year Two of the New Era.

According to our Imperialist Press of all varieties, there are now three political

divisions of the Irish people,—the Unionists who are confident as to the prospects of the Home Rule Act, the Home Rulers who are confident as to the prospects of the Home Rule Act, and the Pro-Germans. In the recent Dublin election, the first and second of these two classes were represented by less than one-fourth of the votes recorded.

In "The Irish Book Lover," the editor writes: "I am sincerely sorry to learn that my friend Herbert Pim, better known in literary circles as 'A. Newman,' the author of that powerful novel 'The Pessimist,' has been sentenced to imprisonment under the Defence of the Realm Act for refusing to expatriate himself. Mr. Pim, a charming man and an excellent specimen of the fine flower of learning, was brought up a Quaker but embraced the Catholic faith, and owes his conversion to Nationalism to his reading the 'Speeches from the Dock,' which induces the saddening reflection that no matter what changes take place or what circumstances prevail in Ireland, the prison cell is still considered the fitting place for one who loves her and would serve her according to his lights."

Herbert Pim has been released from prison on the expiration of the term of his sentence. The Government of Ireland, as administered by the English Privy Council sitting in Buckingham Palace, where the Home Rule Act was signed and where other things have happened, has mended its hand and notified to Herbert Pim and his fellow-prisoners that "the fitting place for one who loves Ireland and would serve her according to his lights," and not according to the borrowed lights of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, is outside of Ireland, and that in future if they do not consent to go out they will be dragged out.

There is a tacit understanding which is now openly acted on in many quarters to regard the Irish Nation as a thing of the past. The platform champions of small nationalities are the spokesmen of this doctrine. Their choice of language shows that they wish to see the Irish Nation, the Scottish Nation and the Welsh Nation wiped out, and to replace them by what they call a British Nation, meaning in fact the English Nation. I note the appearance of this British Nation by name in a recent address by a prelate of the Church of Ireland. If the prelate belongs to the British Nation, why does he belong to the Church of Ireland? It is a plan of denationalisation by homeopathic doses. The Viceroy tells us that Ireland is a daughter of the British Empire, and we have Lord Mayor Gallagher's Nation and Mr. T. M. Healy's Country, of which Ireland is

what Lord Justice Molony calls a geographical unit and what the English Privy Council calls an area. Not that there is much fear of the Irish Nation being got rid of so easily. The bare proposal to bleed us of eight or nine millions of extra taxation is an effective antidote to all the homeopathic doses of the anti-national virus. If the new taxes fall most heavily on the people who are readiest to denationalise themselves, they may be the less unjust; but those who stand true to the Irish Nation must stand for "the rights and liberties common to all the people of Ireland," including even Irishmen who for the time being use the servile cant of the denationalised. If the British Government proposed to levy a tax on the West Britons in Ireland, it would be the duty of Irishmen to oppose that tax.

EOIN MAC NEILL

Cumann na mBan

The past few weeks have seen a considerable development in the work of Cumann na mBan. Six first aid squads have been organised by the joint energy and capacity of Miss Plunkett and Capt. O'Connell. One of the squads is attached to each battalion of the Dublin Regiments of Oghlaigh na hEireann, and the manoeuvres carried out a few Sundays ago gave an opportunity for the acquiring of practical experience by the squads. They profited in full, and were lucky enough to have three casualties to deal with. These were attended to by Inghinidhe na hEireann Branch squad, somewhat to the envy of the less fortunate 1st aiders, under the direction of An Dochtuir O hAodha and An Dochtuir O Ceallaigh, and the wounded have since recovered. An afternoon 1st aid class under the direction of Miss Plunkett starts on Thursday, 6madh Deireadh Foghmuir for those who find it most convenient to attend during the daytime. Those wishing to do so will please inform the Runaidhe, Cumann na mBan, Sraid Dasuin, Ath Cliath, at once. The course will consist of ten lectures, supplemented by five night lectures, conducted by a doctor, who will be capable of giving certificates to those passing the examination to be held at the end.

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A MILITARY CAUSERIE

ON KEEPING ONE'S HEAD—MACBETH AS MILITARIST—ETC.

Some of my readers may take exception to some of the doctrines I preached last week. "Better leave Ireland as she is," they may say, "than put her under the heel of a military caste." Well, friend pacifist, I agree with you in a kind of way, because I see what you are driving at. You think of militarism in its hardness and brutality; of lame cobblers sabred by swaggering junkers; of perpetual cavalcades of jingling horsemen disturbing the quiet of our streets. You picture your son, now so quiet and law-abiding, come striding into your peaceful household, spreading his putted legs out before the fire, and flinging his bayonet down with a crash among the tea things. But you are mistaken. This is not the militarism I preach—though it may come about. These little incidentals may be a nuisance or a spice to life, whichever you choose, but they are the incidentals of militarism at peace. We are at war.

Let us realise this. We are at war. We have abundant proofs of this, which I needn't mention. The enemy has struck at us, and is striking at us, and we have not yet hit back. But, as in all defensive warfare, we should be learning our trade during the period of our inactivity. Our army was raised during war time, and has never known peace. Two years of warfare should have hardened us—made us old campaigners in fact. Have they done so? I am afraid not, and I can assign but one reason for it. We have been at war without knowing it, and, as I said last week, we have not been thinking militarily. Let us now begin to appreciate our position, and endeavour to cultivate at least one of the characteristics of the seasoned warrior: the capability of keeping cool.

Let me digress for a moment. You have probably heard of an eminent Scottish nobleman, Macbeth by name, who by murder and other arts obtained the crown of Scotland many years ago. He was a promising militarist at the beginning; ruled the land with the edge of the sword, destroyed castles and towns that resisted him; etc., etc. Then along comes the defeated side with overwhelming forces. Macbeth prepares to fight, when lo! some unfortunate prophecies begin to come true. He gives up all hope; abuses his staff; boxes his orderly's ears; and at last in despair abandons his fine position, takes the offensive, and is completely defeated. A sad story.

Poor Macbeth, you see, was really no

militarist; only a stabber in the back. But his malady is pretty common; he is like the chess-player who gives up all hope when he loses his queen; the man who can't play a losing game; the man who can't face odds.

Volunteer officers, I have watched you in manoeuvres, and I fear that many of you die like him. Some of you, when you think the task assigned to you is too hard for you are inclined not to do your best to accomplish it. Some of you lose all power of action when faced with the necessity for a sudden decision. Some of you lose your heads completely when anything unexpected crops up. All of you think too slowly. Isn't that so? And we have already been two years campaigning.

Moreover, our campaigning has been of the sort that should cultivate this faculty above all. Coolness and Decision—what a shool we have in which to practice them. You all know the occasion on which you will require them most; you all know how imminent it may be. You will require them in the field too. The lives of hundreds of men may depend on your possession or lack of these faculties. I gave you Macbeth's instance as an extreme case, but don't regard it as a farcical one. That kind of thing has happened over and over again in military history.

And how to acquire these qualities? Principally one should learn from the past. Read plenty of military books, whether official or not. We have already given accounts in these pages of a couple of dozen battles, most of which will contain some illustrations of this subject. The Battle of Baylen is probably the best example. Read this again, and go on reading about battles whenever you get the chance.

And then, in manoeuvres, keep it before your mind that, whatever happens, you must keep your head. Then the worse positions you get into the better for you, for this requires practice. Remember that it is infinitely better to do something, however bad, than to sit still in despair and do nothing. You can always learn from your mistakes by afterwards inquiring from the umpire, or in some other way.

On our last manoeuvres there were too many officers to whom I wanted to shout "Do something! For Heaven's sake, get a move on!"

E. O'D.

On Leaving Gaol. Gen. Friend's Letter to Mr. Blythe.

Headquarters, Irish Command,
Parkgate, Dublin,
1st, October, 1915.

TO MR. ERNEST BLYTHE, OF
MAGHERAGALL, LISBURN, CO.
ANTRIM.

WHEREAS an Order under No. 14 of the Defence of the Realm (Consolidation) Regulations, 1914, was made by me on 10th July, 1915, directing you to leave and cease to reside in or enter Ireland (for non-compliance with which Order you have been convicted and imprisoned).

AND WHEREAS the said Order was made by me in consequence of there being reason to suspect that, as an organiser of the Irish Volunteers, you were, by your propaganda, prejudicing the recruitment of Irishmen for his Majesty's Forces, in contravention of No. 27 of the Defence of the Realm (Consolidation) Regulations, 1914.

NOW, NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN YOU that action under the said Order is suspended from the date of your release, subject to the condition that should your conduct at any time in future give grounds for suspicion that you are again endeavouring to prejudice recruiting or the public safety, the original Order will become effective, and, if necessary, be enforced summarily by powers recently given.

Signed at Dublin this 1st day of October, 1915.

L. B. FRIEND,
Major-General,
Commanding Troops in Ireland,
Competent Military Authority in Ireland.

Headquarters, Irish Command,
Parkgate, Dublin.

ORDER IN COUNCIL.

At the end of Regulation 14 the following paragraph shall be inserted:—

If any person remains in or enters and area in contravention of an Order under this Regulation he may be removed therefrom by the direction of the competent naval or military authority.

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The Irish Volunteer

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1915.

Headquarters Bulletin

Tionól do b'í ag Comhairle Shnáda Féinne
fáil ina nDúnphort D. Céadaoin, an 6ad
lá de'n mí ro, agus an Ceann Cata Tomár
Mac Donnchada ina cátaoirleac oíra.

Do leas an Uirdean Ceannuir a lán
tuairirgí or comair an éruinnighe. Do
bí oíra rin tuairirgí an éruirib Oíruighe,
Oileamha, Ármála, Uíortuighe, 7 feara.
Do léig an Cirtioir tuairirgí an éruirib
áirighe.

Tus an Lear-Ceann Cata Seán Mac
Siobáin, Riaraide an Uíortuighe, cunntar
ar gluairead na hoibre i mBri Cúalann, i
nDeilgini, i oTáimleac, i gCluain Dól-
cáin, i Léim an Uíoraín, i nDún Bóinne,
agus i n-áiteannaib eile i gCúalann agus
i Muig Lipe, agus ar an obair atá ré do

cun cum cinn i nUib Fáilge 7 i gConntae
Múigeo.

Tus Séamur Ó Concobair cunntar ar
an oáil do b'í i oTíobraio Oíra D. Dom-
nais, an 3ad lá, ar a raib teactairí ó n-a
lán bailte i gConntae de Tíobraio Áramh
agus Séamur féin ina teactaire ann ó'n
gComhairle Shnáda. Do b'íotar an trárta
le rgealaib Séamuir.

Friot cunntar ó timtírib agus ó múin-
teoirib atá ag obair i gConntaetib Cor-
caige, Cille Coinnig, Cille Dara, Áta
Cliait, na Míde, Lugbair, an Cabáin, agus
na Saillime.

Do hainmnigead roinnt oirigead.

Dúnphort na Féinne,
Át Cliait, 6 D. Fóg., 1915.

[TRANSLATION.]

The Central Executive of the Irish
Volunteers met at Headquarters on Wed-
nesday evening, 6th inst., Commandant
Thomas MacDonagh in the chair.

The General Staff submitted several
reports. Among these were reports on
Organisation, Training, Armament, Re-
cruiting, and Communications.

The Treasurer submitted a financial
statement.

Vice-Commandant John Fitzgibbon,
Director of Recruiting, handed in a re-
port on the progress of his work in Bray,
Dalkey, Tallaght, Clondalkin, Leixlip,
Dunboyne, and other places in Cuala and
Moy Liffey, as well as work projected in
Offaly and in Mayo.

Mr. Seamus O'Connor reported on the
County Conference at Cashel which he
had attended as the representative of the
Executive on Sunday, the 3rd inst., and
at which there were delegates from a
large number of towns in Co. Tipperary.
His report on the ripeness of Tip-
perary for organising was regarded as
highly satisfactory.

Accounts of the activities of organisers
and instructors were received from Cos.
Cork, Kilkenny, Kildare, Dublin, Meath,
Louth, Cavan, and Galway.

Some appointments were made.

Headquarters, 2 Dawson Street,
Dublin, 6th Oct., 1915.

ainmnighe.

gluaig áta cliait.

An Céad Cat.

Complaet C.

An Lear-Captaon Uac. Proinnriar Ó
Fataig cum beir ina Captaon.

An Lear-Captaon Ioc. Séamur Ó Ura-
daig cum beir ina Lear-Captaon Uac.

An Ceann Roinne Seorám Mag Aongura
cum beir ina Lear-Captaon Ioc.

Míre,

pádraic mac piaraís,

Ceann Cata,

Riaraide an Oíruighe.

Dúnphort na Féinne,
Át Cliait, 6 D. Fóg., 1915.

[TRANSLATION.]

APPOINTMENTS. DUBLIN BRIGADE.

1ST BATTALION.

C. Coy.

1st Lieut. Proinnrias O Fathaigh to be
Captain.

2nd Lieut. Seamus O Bradaigh to be
1st Lieut.

Section Commander Seosamh Mag
Aonghusa to be 2nd Lieut.

P. H. PEARSE,

Commandant,

Director of Organisation.

Headquarters, 2 Dawson Street,
Dublin, 6th Oct., 1915.

NOTES FROM HEADQUARTERS.

gluairead na hoibre.

Do rinnead obair maí lae eile D. Dom-
nais, an 6ad lá. Oáil do b'í i gCaireal na
Múhan agus Séamur Ó Concobair ina
teactaire ann ó'n gComhairle Shnáda, do b'í
teactairí ann freirín ó Ror Cúe, ó
Cluain Meala ó Fíot Áro, ó Uírlara
Eile, ó Tíobraio Áramh, ó'n Teampall
Mór, ó'n mBáinrig, ó Baile na hInre,
ó Uí-Clara, agus ó bailtib móra na
íad. Do b'í rriortat maí inr na teac-
tairib agus ronn oibre oíra. Do ceapad
a lán comairli cum leara na cúire agus
do harrad ar an mBuidin Ceannuir tim-
tíre do cun 50 oí an ceannuir. Déan-
far rin. Do rinne fianna Cille Coinnig
obair maí lae an Domnac céada, agus
do caitead an Domnac 50 maí i gConn-
tae Corcaige freirín.

an comóadil.

Tionólar an dara Comóadil bliadan-
tamail o'fiannaib fáil i nÁmarclainn na
Mainirthead an 31ad lá de'n mí ro.
Tácar ag fáil le cruinnigead móir. Tá
ré de céad ag sac don Complaet teac-
tairí do cun uairtí cum na Comóadla, áet
na coingeaillaca do cóimlionad. Ar na
coingeaillacab atá: (1) an oíolairthead
páirte o'íoc; (2) tuairirgí ar obair na
Complaetairí na bliadna do cun irthead;
agus (3) ainm an teactairí do cun i n-íal
do'n Áro-Rúnaide roim an 18ad lá. Ir
féidir sac rior agus eolar i oTaoib na
Comóadla o'fagáil ó'n Áro-Rúnaide áet
rriortad cúire i n-am.

COUNTY CONFERENCES.

The Director of Recruiting has origi-
nated what promises to be a very useful
series of county conferences of Volun-
teers. The successful conference of Co.
Louth Volunteers at Dundalk was briefly
noted last week. An organising instruc-
tor supplied by the General Staff is now
co-operating with the local men, and the
result will doubtless be a much-needed
improvement in cohesion among the
various units and a general advance in
sound and sustained training. At the
last meeting of the Executive Mr. Seamus
O'Connor handed in a report on a similar

conference of Co. Tipperary Volunteers at Cashel which he attended on behalf of the Executive on Sunday, 3rd inst. The meeting was representative of Volunteer Companies and groups in Cashel, New Inn, Ballinahinch, Dualla, Roscrea, Fethard, Clonmel, Clerihan, Carrick-on-Suir, Tipperary, Ballagh, Thurles, Templemore, Newport, Mullinahone, Bansha, and Ballystarsna. In many of these places the Companies have not been active since the Expulsion of the Nominees, but there is now a general wish to resume training, and the public opinion of the county is ripe for a forward move. Headquarters will co-operate with the local men by sending an organising instructor.

FURTHER CONFERENCES.

The Director of Recruiting has now arranged for county conferences in Offaly and Mayo, from which similar good results may be expected. In districts in which the local workers feel that the time is ripe they should promote such conferences themselves without waiting for the initiative of the Director of Recruiting. Headquarters will always be glad to send a representative if application is made in time. Conference, organisation, training schemes: these are sound lines of progress, and will lead to permanent results. A conference of representative Volunteers from various quarters in a county will usually give a much better and a much more lasting fillip to Volunteer work than any public meeting, however enthusiastic.

PROGRESS.

The whole district north, west, and south of Dublin, including the marsh lands of Meath and Kildare, is rapidly organising itself on very sound lines. There is hardly a town or large village in the area which has not its groups of Volunteers. The chief obstacle to progress is lack of competent instructors, but this is an obstacle which must not be allowed to baulk us. Headquarters and the Dublin Brigade Staff are lending what help they can. In the meantime the local units must keep at work, learning to march, to scout, and to shoot: all of which can be done quite well in the absence of a skilled instructor. The really important things in our programme are happily things which earnest men can teach themselves.

OUTPOSTS.

The Director of Organisation found an active Company of Irish Volunteers in London last week. The difficulties of Irish Volunteering in London under war conditions may be imagined, but this hardy group is able to keep up training in all the essentials. The Bootle (Liverpool) Company also reports with renewed zest. It is very encouraging to have faithful little bands in such distant outposts. One of the most useful things that Volunteers

in foreign centres can do, perhaps the most useful thing of all, is to organise the Irish Volunteers' Auxiliary. There are many hundred Irishmen and Irishwomen in every large centre in England and Scotland who would gladly give the Irish Volunteers the moral and material support involved in joining the Auxiliary. Friends on the spot would approach them and organise their support.

THE DEFENCE OF IRELAND FUND.

Efforts on behalf of the Defence of Ireland Fund must not cease with this week. Rather this week should be regarded as the starting-point of a systematic effort to reach the pocket of everyone who says that he is with the Irish Volunteers but that, for one reason or another, he cannot train. Let all such people at least help others to train.

THE CONVENTION.

Companies will note that October 18th is the last date for receiving notices of motion for the Agenda of the Convention, and also the last date for receiving the names of delegates. Affiliations and reports should also be sent in without delay, as only duly affiliated corps which have been following a genuine course of Volunteer training will be entitled to representation.

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.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We have received a communication in regard to the Volunteers in Blackrock, County Dublin. Will the writer please send his name and address to the Director of Recruiting, 2 Dawson Street?

Lectures for Section Commanders

II. TACTICS.

Some Section Commanders may be of the opinion that Tactics is something altogether beyond them. They cannot make a greater mistake. Naturally we are not talking of Tactics in wide sense—the manoeuvring of combined forces of all arms. That's the business of the higher command—if the higher command is equal to it. But whatever about the higher command, see to it that your lower command is equal to its part. If every section fights its hardest and fights intelligently the whole force will require a lot of beating.

There are innumerable minor activities in war that come directly into the sphere of the Section leader. Take one very important matter—and one that doesn't get all the attention it deserves amongst the Volunteers—the service of Outposts. The Section may be detailed to find one or two sentry groups and a picket: just have a look what this means for the Section Commander. Where will he place the sentries so as to see without being seen? Where will he post the groups so as to be concealed and protected and yet within call of the sentry? Hardest of all: where will he station the picket? At an equal distance from all the groups there may be no position whatever suitable, or it may be too close to the sentry line or too far back, or the best position may be close to one group and far away from the other. How will you weigh these matters so as to get the best results all round? Remember your responsibility is very great: if your solitary picket is rushed it may mean a general disaster. On the march it will often happen that you'll have similar questions to answer. And remember you must get into the habit of making up your mind quickly. Napoleon was once discussing a tactical point with a staff officer, and the latter suggested that the necessary change of disposition to meet the case discussed could be effected in a minute. "A minute would be too late," said the Emperor, "for in that time the cavalry would be on you and you'd be cut to pieces." The Emperor was right: charging cavalry will easily cover a quarter of a mile in a minute.

The best way to learn to make up your mind quickly and correctly, is by careful observation at manoeuvres on any situation. There your men won't be shot down out of hand if you make mistakes, and you can ponder over the situation later and discuss it and try whether such and such a different course of action would not have been better. In this way you'll gradually work yourself into a sound, business-like system.

Remember that in Ireland especially where the country is so broken and intersected, situations would be always turning up where you'd be out of touch with any superior, and will have to act on your own. Moreover, the decision you make will often be of vital importance. Suppose your side are falling back and your section is strongly posted in a patch of close ground, and well able to hold out. If your fellows resist determinedly you may easily gain time for the others on your flanks to rally and come on again. At the very worst you can make their retreat secure. If your side is attacking it is quite possible that you may be in a position to seize a locality that you can hold for a time at all events. Make a dash for it, and possibly you may be the means of enabling the entire line to advance.

So constantly study ground—enough ground to cover your dozen or so riflemen, whether it's a hedge or a fold of ground or a garden wall, or a clump of trees, or some large rocks. Don't be ambitious until you're sure you can really get good results from your section in a fight. And practice the manoeuvring of your men in different formations, extending line, single file, etc. By having a good eye for ground and having your fellows handy to your control you'll almost always be able to do the right thing in the right way. At the very worst you'd do a fairly correct thing, fairly well. That is a great deal. Wellington said the man who won in war was the man who made fewest mistakes. And Wellington was essentially a general who did fairly correct things fairly well.

GENERAL COUNCIL MEETING.

The next meeting of the General Council of the Irish Volunteers will be held at Headquarters on Sunday next, 17th October, at 12 noon. Members of the Council are particularly requested to note time of meeting.

SPORTS AT RATHFARNHAM.

E. Coy. of the 4th Batt., Dublin Brigade, is holding sports under G.A.A. rules in the grounds of St. Enda's College, Rathfarnham, on Sunday next, 17th Oct. A very interesting series of events has been arranged, embracing drill competitions, rifle shooting, tug-o'-war, running, jumping, weight throwing, hurdle racing, and a three miles cross-country run. It is expected that there will be a large turn out of Volunteers, athletes and the general public. Events commence at 12 noon. Admission 3d.

Your chance to secure one of my famous Cycles, all prices reduced. Repairs to Cycles, Motors, Small Cars, etc., at D. T. O'Sullivan's Cycle and Motor Cycle Garage, Cook Street, Cork.

The Censor & Herbert Pim

We have received the following from Mr. Pim just as we go to press: "I was released with amazing suddenness at 11.30 on Thursday, 7th inst., just as the thought of dry bread and suet pudding was becoming, with the approach of dinner, the one important idea of my mind.

"The release was so sudden that I arrived home and surprised my people a week sooner than they expected to see me. But a peculiar situation has arisen.

"What I believe has happened is that the friendly Government have released 'A Newman' and have left Herbert Pim in jail. The censor has prohibited the publication of Mr. Pim's release; so he must be in jail. I feel rather dazed and bewildered and merry; so it is possible that I am merely my num-de-plume.

"When my sentence expires next Thursday, 14th inst., I expect to read that Mr. Pim, having completed his sentence, has been duly liberated. In an interview with the Press Association I assured them that I had wrote no application whatever for a reduction of sentence.

"Readers of the VOLUNTEER, who know the ways of the Friendly Government, may be able to solve the problem.

"At any rate, I shall see that a proper watch is kept on the jail door on Thursday to report whether my double is released on that day.

"Speaking as a liberated nom-de-plume, I may convey the best of news about McCullough. He is fit and in good heart, and has a fine beard, which I pleaded with him to retain. He gets special exercise every morning in the open air, and his extra month, which, from the Garrison standpoint, he richly deserves, will soon be over.

"He declared he would be lonely when I left, so perhaps that is why the Friendly Government has liberated only a nom-de-plume. Whoever I am, I was awful sorry to leave him behind.

"A. NEWMAN."

POSITION VACANT.

The Director of Communications invites applications from Volunteers in Dublin for a position now available. The position is an outdoor one involving frequent use of a bicycle. Further particulars on written application to Headquarters.

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Belfast Irish Volunteer Meeting

Clonard Street was the venue on Tuesday evening, 5th inst., of a largely attended and enthusiastic meeting organised by the Belfast Company of the Irish Volunteers. The speakers arrived in a brake shortly before nine o'clock, and by that time the spacious thoroughfare was thronged with friends of the national cause. The audience included a remarkably large force of police, together with official note-takers and other governmental appendages; but, however, as there was a strong guard of Irish Volunteers present, they contented themselves with listening to the fearless vindication of Irish Volunteerism given by the speakers. The meeting marked the inauguration of the Defence of Ireland Fund collection in Belfast, and also signalled the release of one of the four Irish "aliens," Mr. Ernest Blythe, from his gracious Majesty's jail in Crumlin Road.

Mr. Thomas Wilson, who presided, said at the outset that he wished to apologise for the unavoidable absence of their Chairman, Mr. Dennis McCullough, and Mr. Herbert Pim, for as they were honoured guests of his Majesty King George the Fifth, therefore they must hold themselves in patience until the time specified by his Majesty had been spent. But though these men were absent from their midst, the work on which they were engaged still went on—(applause)—and in furtherance of that work that meeting had been convened so that they might publicly inaugurate a collection for the Defence of Ireland Fund.

Mr. Samuel Heron, Secretary of the Irish Volunteer Committee in Belfast, proposed the following resolution: "That we, the Nationalists of Belfast, rejoice that the Irish Volunteer movement is progressing and gathering strength in this city. That we pledge ourselves to do all in our power to aid its further progress, and that we take this opportunity of thanking the friendly British Government for their recent actions and policy, which have so powerfully assisted our cause." In recommending the resolution to the meeting the speaker said that a misunderstanding had arisen as to the nature of that meeting. It had got abroad that it was a protest meeting. It was nothing of the kind. As Irish Volunteers it was not their function to protest. They were going to press forward the movement to its ultimate success and victory (applause). It was in the power of no man to prevent its ultimate success, but it was in the power of every man to make the day come sooner (applause).

In seconding the resolution, Giolla Cuipig Ma Heron said Dennis McCullough, Ernest Blythe, Herbert Pim and

Liam Mellowes, and other Volunteers in jail formed more effective recruiting agents for the Irish Volunteers than a thousand men at liberty. But if the Government intended to pursue their policy of coercion it was up to every Irishman to stand in with the Irish Volunteers and get a rifle.

The resolution was then put to the meeting and passed unanimously amid cheers.

LIVERPOOL IRISH VOLUNTEERS.

The Liverpool Volunteers have come under the notice of the friendly Government. On our return from the O'Donovan Rossa funeral in Dublin, to which 40 men of B. Company travelled, we found that Greenwich Park had been seized by the Government. This meant that the only available field for open order drill in Liverpool was gone. However, this did not trouble us, as we continued our programme in the hall and occasional route marches. Even route marches are carried out under serious difficulties in Liverpool, as all the roads round here are held by the military. Everything went on all right until last week, when we received notice to get out of our hall, and as we held no lease of the premises, we had no alternative but to accept same. Not satisfied with forcing the landlord to evict us, the authorities raided the hall during the week in the hope of finding rifles no doubt. All they found was a few dozen sticks which the Volunteers used for drilling purposes. Immediately on receiving notice we set about getting a new hall. This was not easy in Liverpool. We searched far and near, and at last discovered one. The new hall is at 1A Ardsley Street (off Wellington Street), Scotland Road, Liverpool. We go into it on Tuesday, 12th October, and we appeal to all Liverpool Irishmen who read this report to come along on that night and swell the ranks of the Volunteers. Now B. Company has something to boast of, after being evicted from one hall to go straight into a new one without losing one drill night.

The officers and men of B. Company take this opportunity to thank the ladies of Cumann na mBan for the manner in which they have supported them both financially and otherwise, and also for their decision to hold their meetings weekly in our new hall. It is indeed encouraging to see such a good fighting spirit exist in the Irishwomen in the Liverpool Cumann na mBan. New recruits will be enrolled at above address on Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 8.30 o'clock p.m. sharp. Cumann na mBan meet on Friday night at 8 o'clock. New recruits are welcome.

CAPTAIN P. O. DRAIGHNEAIN.
LIEUT. S. HICHEADHA, Hon. Sec.

Seachtain na Samna.

Lá Samna—(Día Luain), Cruinníú, Árur an Árthaoise.
Día Mairt—Dramáí, An tMairt.
Día Céadaoin—Cuirim ceoil, An tMairt.
Día Sathairn—Céilíde, Árur an Árthaoise.

TO ALL LIVERPOOL IRISHMEN. EVICTED BUT UNDAUNTED IRISH VOLUNTEERS. "B." COMPANY, LIVERPOOL.

The above Company have been evicted from their old hall at 78 Duke Street, Liverpool, by the friendly British Government. The Company will drill at their New Hall in future at 1A Ardsley Street (off Wellington Street), Scotland Road.

The first drill at the New Hall will be on Tuesday, 12th October, commencing at 8.30 sharp.

Programme for week in future will be—
Monday at 8, N.C.O.'s Class.
Tuesday at 8.30, Semaphore Class and Company Drill.
Wednesday, Target Practice and Lecture.
Thursday at 8.30, Ambulance Class.
Friday, Cumann na mBan will meet at our rooms at 8.30 o'clock.

New recruits will be enrolled on any of the above nights.

We appeal to all Irishmen in Liverpool to join the Irish Volunteers and drill for Ireland alone.

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Haversacks, 1/., 1/6, and 2/-.
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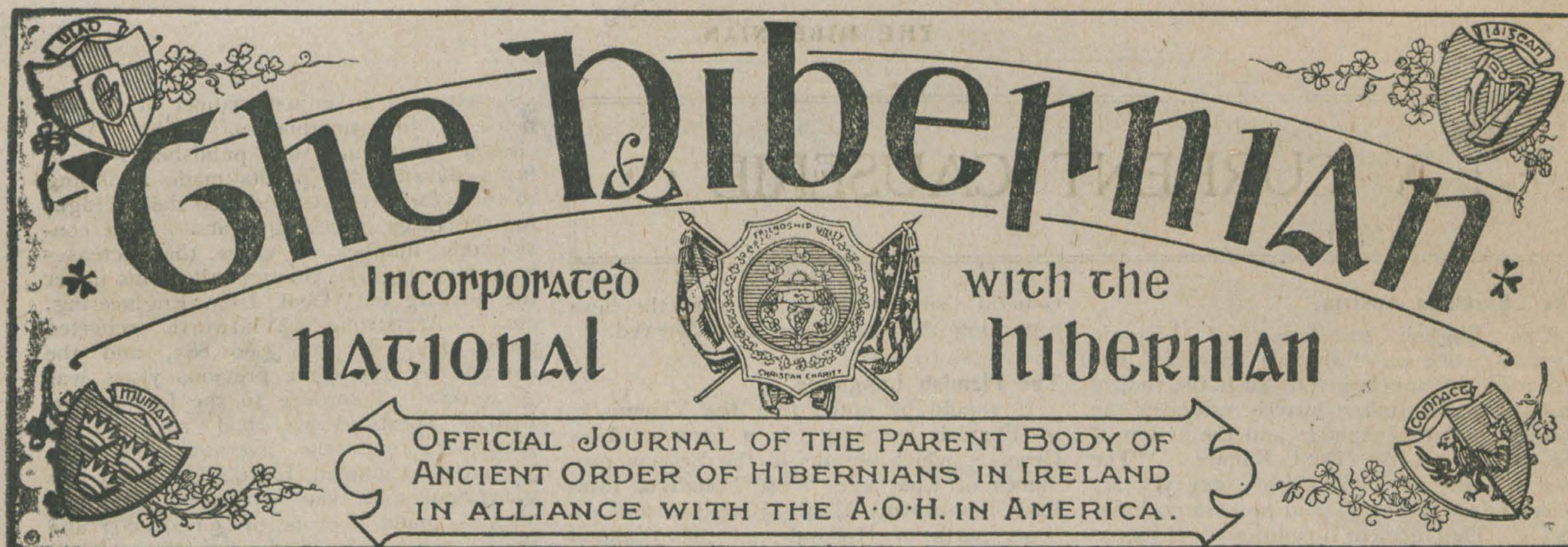
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CUMMINGS SCORES PRO-BRITISH LIARS

The "G—man's Journal," following the lead of the "Evening Mail," in a recent issue gave copious extracts from the New York "World" of that subsidised pro-British journal's story of the "unsuccessful attempt made by agents of the German and Austrian Governments to buy strikes and mob violence in the United States." The organ of the Sham Squire even went the length of publishing a leader in which the Hon. Matt. Cummings, past National President of the A.O.H. in America, was accused, by the aid of German money, of attempting to foment strikes in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Newport News, Charleston, New Orleans, and Pacific Coast points. We were told that Cummings' ostensible purpose was to prevent the shipment of war supplies to the nations at war with Germany; the actual reason, to provide a cloak for disorders with far-reaching consequences. Mr. Cummings was supposed to have declared he was acting for interests that would put up one million dollars immediately the strike was arranged. The strikers were to be paid 10 dollars per week while out, that the strike would last six weeks, by which time its purpose would have been accomplished.

We are now in a position to state that the whole plot regarding this widespread strike was hatched in the offices of the New York "World." The whole thing is a fabrication pure and simple—an attempt to felonise in America. The "G—man's Journal" and its writers are past-masters at that game at home.

Here is a first-hand denial from Matt. Cummings, and we give it in its entirety:—

"I am perfectly willing to make an affidavit that I was never asked by any German or by any person representing Germany to bring about a strike, and I also deny that I ever represented German interests anywhere. Some one is being buffaloeed badly if they are foolish enough to believe that certain labour leaders were offered 1,000,000 dollars and refused it.

"Any communication that I may have sent to O'Connor was in connection with legislative matters and properly signed. I defy him or anybody else to prove otherwise.

"I propose to find out what is back of this whole affair, and when I get all the facts I will consult my lawyers. I realise

that the article is written in a very adroit manner, in order to evade responsibility, but if it is at all possible I will sue the New York "World" for libel. This thing looks to me like a clever scheme to intimidate organised labour, and particularly the Longshoremen's Union.

"The longshoremen in England struck a half-dozen times this Summer, first for a 20 per cent. war increase, for beer money and other privileges, causing a lot of trouble to the Government. It is said contracts for arms and ammunition amounting to two billion dollars are now let in this country. Our longshoremen are handling dangerous explosives for the old rate of wages.

"It is quite possible that this is a scheme financed by the international bankers who are England's agents in this country to forestall a strike this Fall and Winter by organised labour, for higher wages, which they are justly entitled to. I respectfully suggest to the rank and file of organised labour to keep their eyes wide open and watch a few of their so-called protectors.

"This is the last statement I will make on this matter. My lawyer will do the rest.

Dr. Edmund von Mach, of Cambridge, leader of Germans in Boston, also denied he wrote letters of introduction for Cummings to Dr. Dernburg; the German propagandist, who recently left the United States. He also denies writing letters to any one for Cummings. He has issued a statement from his summer home in Castine, Me., in part as follows:—

"I met Mr. Matthew Cummings at a meeting in the Lawrence City Hall last winter, and having heard of his sympathy with the German cause, was glad to discuss the situation with him. He is a man of distinction in Irish circles and deservedly enjoys the reputation of personal probity. I did not see him again until towards the end of June. He never asked me for letters of introduction, and I therefore never wrote a letter introducing him to anyone. This, however, does not mean that I should not have been glad to introduce him to any of my friends, if he had asked me to. Equally gratuitous with the use of my name in this story is the mention of Dr. Dernburg.

"If, with these two exceptions, the revelations of the New York "World" be found to be true, the whole affair casts a sorry reflection upon President Wilson and the secretary of labour, who are represented as not above the kind of trickery which one associates with people on a decidedly lower social scale. It is difficult to reconcile one's conception of the dignity of the President's office with the advice offered on his authority by the secretary of labour to try to trick the supposed backers of the scheme by playing false to Mr. Cummings.

"My denial of having written an introduction for Mr. Cummings or Mr. Foley to anybody does not mean that I would not have rejoiced if the longshoremen had revolted against handling the bloody business of munitions of war, and if Mr. O'Connor had come to me and said our men wish to stop this business by refusing to handle it; but they cannot do it because their wives and children would starve if they did, I should have given my last cent and begged for assistance from Germans and Americans alike. As we reap so we shall sow. The traffic has never been carried on to such an infamous extent as in the United States today. So far as I have any opportunity of knowing, all the men who, like me, have stood up for the good name of Germany, have done so openly, and have despised under-ground work.

"Many honourable men do not agree with me, but feeling as I do I must continue my efforts in any legal way possible to have America stop her unho'y traffic in murderous munitions of war."

Mr. Cummings informs us that he has instructed his attorney, former Congressman, Joseph F. O'Connell, to sue the New York "World" and officers of the Longshoremen's Union for libel. The statement, in part, follows:

"We have been instructed by our client, Matthew Cummings, to begin action at the earliest date possible against the New York "World" for its publication of the sensational charges which it has sent broadcast; and to commence action also, if reasonable legal ground for the same can be established, against Messrs. T. V. O'Connor, of Buffalo, N.Y., and William P. Dempsey, of Boston, the two officers of the Longshoremen's Union.

"Mr. Cummings authorised us to say in his behalf that he welcomes any prosecution which the federal government, through the department of justice, or any other agency, may deem advisable.

"That he is the victim of the scheming of unscrupulous men, seeking to capitalise his prominence as a leader in Irish affairs, and as a means to advance their own ends, is the firm belief of our client.

"Dempsey and O'Connor are regarded by our client as two desperate men who plotted to ruin him as a means of winning from the steamship interests commissions they were unable to bring about by fair and honourable means.

"There has not been sufficient time since the publication of the 'sensation' to collect and present to the public all the details of the Dempsey-O'Connor scheme. This will be done as soon as possible.

"Our client wishes us to say for him that the plot to ruin him will not in the least operate to stop him from continuing fearlessly, independently and honestly to

(Continued on page 5).

: : A CURRENT CAUSERIE : :

The Church in Austria.

The English translation of Virginio Gayda's work on "Modern Austria" has just made its appearance. In it the radical and rationalist Italian bitterly criticises the political policy of Austria and the action of the Church in the Dual Empire. "The people," Gayda says, "have not yet acquired effective power, and possess no influence. The ancient traditional elements which have always controlled the external history of Austria remain in power; a mediaeval aristocracy and an intransigent Church, surrounding a Court, which has a law of iron, supported by its two immense armies, on which it has always leaned, the bureaucracy and the military power." The Italian Masons, like their English brethren, would have us believe that where the Catholic faith is strongest their progress of any sort is slowest. 'Twould have served a more useful purpose if Gayda had turned the rays of his mind on his own Italia, and compare the fruits of its anti-clerical propaganda with the progress of manners in Austria.

* * *

"New Ireland" and the Party.

The "G—man's Journal" published a long letter from the Hon. Chas. Murphy, Ottawa, abusive of "New Ireland." In its last issue our wide-awake contemporary tells the "G—man's Journal" that it is not seriously concerned about the absurd criticisms published in its columns, evidently with approval, and goes on to say: "Since the first number of 'New Ireland' our object has been to support the Irish Party; that is our object still and will continue to be while the necessity for the Party remains. But we have never admitted any claim of the Party or of anyone else to erect their ideas into dogmas. We reserve to ourselves the right to criticise the policy or the statements of any politician. We believe that in not adopting the plea for Home Rule in September the Irish Party lost a splendid chance; if not of winning Home Rule at once, then at least of securing a more satisfactory political situation. We believe they have failed lamentably at a critical time, and that that failure will add greatly to the difficulties of the future. We believe Mr. Redmond was wrong in avoiding the September issue, just as he was right in avoiding the Coalition Government. There are limits to the rigidity of party discipline, and no respect for party loyalty will justify us in surrendering our right to an independent judgment."

* * *

Germans and Flemings.

The German Press publishes a petition addressed to General von Bissing, Governor General of Brussels, by a Flemish Association in that city. In the petition the Flemings complain that they had not been treated justly by the Belgian Government. Although they form two-thirds of the whole population, the document states, they were systematically enslaved and plundered by the French-minded Government of Belgium. Before the war, however, the Flemings had secured some laws for the protection of their language. Though they were not honourably applied by the Belgian authorities, their existence strengthened the determination of the Flemings to assert their rights. But the state of affairs has become worse than ever since the occupation of Belgium by the Germans. In the absence of the responsible French Government the Frenchifiers allow no opportunity to pass of trampling on everything Flemish. That is why the Flemings have appealed to

General von Bissing to see that the laws regarding their language are observed.

* * *

The Flemish Language.

It should be noted that the Vlaemisch, or Flemish language, is a form of Low German, which obtains in the Belgian provinces of East and West Flanders, Limburg, Antwerp, North Brabant, and in some parts of Holland and the Walloon provinces of Belgium. Flemish has much affinity with the Frisian and constitutes with the modern Dutch (which was originally identical with it, and now only differs from it in a few orthographical and otherwise unessential particulars), the national tongue of the whole of the Low Countries. The most ancient record of Flemish is a fragment of a translation in prose of the Psalms over a thousand years old. One of the most prominent Flemish writers of the 17th century was Hooft, a poet, but best known by his "History of the Netherlands," and Vondel, a convert to Catholicism, and whose talents were devoted to the exaltation of the Church. The 18th century produced a number of eminent philologists, notably Ten Kate, the author of a work on the Flemish language, which has served as a fundamental authority for modern writers. It was on the occasion of a Linguistic Congress, held at Ghent in 1841, that the Government for the first time publicly recognised the existence of the Flemish element in the people.

* * *

Air Raids and Their Moral.

In their eagerness to expose the "Huns" as baby-killers and civilian murderers, the Press reports lay great emphasis on the fact of the 53 men killed, during nineteen raids, one only was a soldier, and that of approximately 200 men injured 11 only were soldiers. But in thus making out their case against the Germans as civilian killers, the same people are also proving another fact, which, in different circumstances, they would not be so anxious to show. That is, the great number of Englishmen who have not yet donned karki! These Zeppelin raids took place over widely-separated districts of England, and yet what is the result? Only one man out of 23 killed, from the great area covered, was a soldier! Only 11 men out of 200 injured were soldiers! What a magnificent exposure of the patriotism (?) and fighting spirit (?) of the average Englishman of to-day, when civilians in the streets are in ratio to, and outnumber, the soldiers by about twenty to one! Surely we will not be told that all these civilians were overage or on war service? It seems impossible!—J. Mc.

* * *

Why They Quake!

One of the tenets of the Quakers' creed, writes J. Mc., is that none of its members may join the army, as they are forbidden to fight, whether the cause be just or not. Strangely enough, this body, it is reported, has received quite an accession to its rank in England since the outbreak of the war, and stranger still the new adherents are practically young men! When asked why he is not in the army, the latest reply of the eligible young Englishman of to-day, is "I am a Quaker"! No doubt, when the Army is mentioned, he is a Quaker; but it is most probably in the *literal*, not orthodox, sense of the word.

* * *

War Profits and Justice.

Cardinal von Hartmann, Archbishop of Cologne, in the course of a Pastoral Letter on the month of the Rosary, says to his people: "Help one another to bear the burdens of the war, and, above all, take care not to violate justice by utilising the conditions the war has produced to enrich

yourself in an unjust manner at the expense of your neighbours." The "Manchester Guardian" has published lists of firms showing the profits made according to this year's reports and also the averages for the three preceding years. In a considerable number of cases the increases have been high. Amongst the firms under the heading of "Coal, Iron, Engineering, etc.," Armstrong, Whitworth reported profit this year as £801,885, and the average for the three previous years was £649,000. According to the last report, British Westinghouse had a profit of £151,627, and the average was only £56,100. Cammell, Laird's last profit was £237,899 and the average £146,000. Vickers made a profit of £1,019,093 and the average was £808,500. The United National Collieries had an average of £99,400 and their last profit amounted to £160,048. The profits of shipping companies and breweries were handsome. The amount in the Cunard Co.'s last report was £1,286,948, and the average was £1,705,000. The last profit of Guinness's Brewery was £1,511,679, whilst the average was £1,225,000.

* * *

England Might Copy.

Amongst the things for which the present war will be remembered in the future is the adoption of bold State experiments. Even in Austria new theories of the State's duties are quietly brought into operation. In a recent interview with a representative of the "New York American," the Austrian Premier spoke of the action of the Government in regulating food supplies both for the army and the civilian population. "This food regulation," said he, "virtually amounts to a State monopoly. It will be put in the hands of an expert business man, not a bureaucrat. It is an economic revolution. Just think of it. The State will tell the farmers what to sow and plant; it will take charge of the whole crop, pay the farmers decently for it, and will take charge of the mills grinding the grain. Then the State will handle the distribution; it will make sure that everybody will get his just share; it will fix the price the consumer will pay for his bread; the profit of the baker will be prescribed; in fact, everything will be under the Government control from the time the seed is put into the soil until the bread reaches the consumer."

* * *

The German Language.

The daily papers continue to publish letters from correspondents suggesting that some other foreign language should be substituted for German in the schools. The teaching of Spanish instead is warmly advocated. A correspondent of the London "Times" holds that "Spanish is not only infinitely more useful commercially, but is a language with a charm which no Saxon tongue can approach, and reveals the soul of a people more delightful than any to be found without the circle of our Allies." Of course, in regard to sound, no comparison can be instituted between Spanish and German. Spanish is vastly more euphonious. But, for all that (says the "Catholic Times") the talk of abolishing the teaching of German is absurd. In a hundred departments of useful knowledge we have borrowed more from the Germans during the past half-century than from any other people. One has but to examine the prefaces of our authors of classical and scientific publications to discover from frank admissions that very many of these works are structures raised on German foundations. To cease to read German would be pure folly. We should merely be injuring ourselves by rejecting a vehicle of valuable information.

* * *

A Confederate Veteran.

The late Mr. Michael Howard, of Lawson, Denver, who was on the Confederate ship, Merrimac, in the memorable Monitor-

Merrimac battle of the American Civil War, was born in Ireland. Emigrating to America, he was in business at Norfolk, Virginia, when the war broke out. He enlisted in Company E, Forty-first regiment, of the Virginia Volunteers, and, being a good mechanic, was detached from his command and put at special work. He was one of the men employed in changing the frigate Merrimac into a man-of-war, and, having completed their work, they all jumped on the ship when she started on a trial trip. Before she returned she met the famous "cheesebox," the historic Monitor. The Monitor, which was a vessel with very little showing above water, represented something unique in naval circles at the time, and the battle between her and the Merrimac is one of the most famous in history. Mr. Howard wrote a book on the battle, but never tried to have it published. It is now in the hands of a Denver woman, a member of the Daughters of the Confederacy. If the Yankees had devoted their efforts toward trying to hit the Merrimac below the water line, said Mr. Howard, he and all his confreres would have "gone to Davy Jones' locker," for the ship was only a converted frigate and was not armoured below.

* * *

More Tyranny in France.

Religious questions are developing in France. Cardinal Amette and Cardinal Lucon have warned their people not to play the game of the Church's enemies by putting any credence in the statements made by several journalists regarding the views of the Pope on the war. Good Catholic journalists such as Mons. Judet in "L'Eclair" and Mons. Laudet in "Le Figaro" have done what is possible to dispel the false impressions already received. Meanwhile, the latest tyrannies of the Government in regard to forbidding soldiers to wear the badge of the Sacred Heart and ordering the cremation of bodies on the battlefield have resulted in a great wave of indignation, especially from the women of the country; and one French Bishop has written a remarkable article in which he refers to the Government as "The Great Mute," and suggests that, as it is incapable from the birth of the speech of prayer, it should be put aside with compassion, and that France should go forward with her banners blazoned with the badge of Jesus Christ, and should immediately fulfil completely the National Vow of 1870 by consecrating without further delay the great Basilica of Montmartre.

* * *

Catholicity in Holland.

In 1880 there were but 300,000 Catholics in Holland, there was no hierarchy, only an Apostolic Administrator, and even the celebration of Mass had to be carried out in private. The hierarchy was established by Pius IX. in 1853; one Archbishop and four Bishops for 1,400 priests and 1,280,000 Catholics. In 1907, the date of the last census, the faithful were 1,822,000; the priests, 3,758. To-day there are 2,150,000 Catholics, and each year the number of conversions grows, two dioceses alone, Haarlem and Bois-le-Duc, giving a yearly average of 870. The same progress is shown in the statistics of churches built, religious establishments, Catholic members of parliament and ministers of state. In 1885 there was but one Catholic newspaper; now there are 14 dailies, 96 weeklies and bi-weeklies, 43 other periodicals and reviews.

* * *

Messrs. White, Tomkins, and Courage offer £100 reward for information concerning individuals who circulated a certain pamphlet through the post to "different parts of Ireland in envelopes." Now, who doubts the dismemberment of Ireland being an accomplished fact? Why one can get a portion of it in an envelope!

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MOTHERLAND.

May vengeance fall upon the knaves
Who struck thee down, who made us slaves;
On those who snowed thy dear, dark head
And thorned thy radiant brow to red.

Loved Motherland, thy soldier sons
Will win and guard thy future with their guns.
Will win and guard thy future with their guns.

Grim, vengeful justice for the crew
Who pierced thy heart, who often drew
The blood-red tears from out thine eyes,
And joyed to hear thy children's cries.

Loved Motherland, etc.

They love thee now. The friends lie.
Can Hell love Heav'n? They mock the cry
That leaves thy mother-heart to-day
When foolish ones are lured away.

Loved Motherland, etc.

We'll have no cant of mutual love
While thou dost bleed. O God above
Uphold our arms to strike the blow
To smash the pride of Ireland's foe!

Loved Motherland, etc.

Loved Roisin Dubh, our poor dumb queen,
Again thou'lt reign in golden sheen,
And, at thy lilled feet, the foe
Shall weep an age for every blow.

Loved Motherland thy soldier sons
Shall win and guard thy future with their guns,
Shall win and guard thy future with their guns.
BRIAN FAGAN.

Civilian to wounded Tommy—So, I see,
you're back from the front?

Tommy—Well, I was rather badly wounded,
but I never thought I was so bad that you
could see my back from my front.

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MEMORIES OF MOUNTJOY

By SEAN MILROY

IV.

I saw him again on the following day. The visiting justices were coming to the jail that day, and I was informed that if I wished to make any request to them I would be accorded an opportunity of going before them. There was a couple of matters about which I wished to inquire, and accordingly, in due course, I was sent down to the central hall to await the time when I would be admitted.

Mr. Skeffington was there also, and we managed to exchange a few surreptitious remarks. I queried if he had taken any food since he had come in. He shook his head. "The doctor has threatened to forcibly feed me," he said, "and I am going to ask the visiting justices to restrain him from so doing."

I asked him about his clothes. He told me that the Governor had informed him that he could continue to wear his clothes until the Prisons Board had considered the matter, but he (the Governor) had added that a prisoner doing hard labour "could not wear his own clothes."

This latter statement is in interesting conflict with what the Governor told me when the same question later on arose in my case.

There was only one thing in connection with that interview of mine with the visiting justices which is perhaps worthy of passing comment. It was a remark of the Chairman's which lingers in my memory. To give this gentleman his due, he was courteous and amiable, and the couple of requests I made regarding arrangements for seeing my friends while on remand were complied with.

But this gentleman, seemingly doubtful as to whether or no I was still on remand and, wishing to make certain, inquired not if I was tried yet, but "are you sentenced yet, Mr. Milroy?"

Of course, the implication of his question was just as it should have been. The sentence was the thing—the great thing. The "trial" was, after all, an unnecessary if somewhat spectacular formality; but the sentence—yes, that was the fact to concentrate on.

The day after our return from the Courts, I was put into the cell vacated by Mr. McDermott upon his sentence, and I occupied it until my remand ended. I felt a bit lonely during the following week, being now the last of the Realm-endangerers in custody and unsentenced, and I began to wish the week was over, so that I should know what my fate was to be. It was while I was thus on remand that Hegarty and Bolger were released, the Castle being unable to secure a sufficiently pliable jury to bring in the requisite verdict. Jack Hegarty's cell was a few doors from mine, and on the morning he was released he passed my door and whispered that he was going out at a certain hour. We had a hurried handshake as I wished him good-bye and good luck. A little later we were all in chapel at Mass. It was a holiday of obligation, when Jack was called out to take his departure, and that was the last I saw of him.

Mr. D. P. Moran will be interested to know that he has at least one admirer in Mountjoy Jail. A copy of the "Leader" had been sent to me; we were allowed papers while on remand, and the warder who brought it to my cell remarked, as he handed it to me, "That's a paper that tells a lot of the truth."

You can always find in the various cells brief biographical notes scratched on the walls, on the door, on the table, stool, or plank bed. B.—H.—21 days; S.—L.—6

months, and so on. Short and simple annals of the poor devils who have done violence to the laws which regulate human relations. I remember in one of the cells I occupied such a note intimating that one of my predecessors in occupation had been up for manslaughter. Pleasant food for reflection!

My "trial" occurred on June 16th, and when I was brought to the Court, and I was rather surprised to learn of Skeffington's release on the previous day, after a six days' hunger-strike. The paper in which I read the account stated that he would have to report himself at Mountjoy in a fortnight's time. That report is now very much overdue. It also stated that Sean McDermott was in the hospital, which was false, Sean having been undergoing the ordinary prison treatment up to then, and continued to do so during the whole of his sentence. My "trial" was of short duration, and ended with the sentence of three calendar months, with hard labour. I had already spent a month in Mountjoy on remand. I was now a full-blown "Felon."

Yes, I was now a fully-fledged felon, stripped of personal liberty for three months and, as I have since learned, of civil rights for seven years, by the casual utterance of four words, by a stipendiary magistrate. But I am not upbraiding that poor man for the affair or its outcome. He was merely discharging his office in the manner requisite to its functions. He was only the mouthpiece of the voice behind the scenes.

Down out of the dock, and up again, into the cell in the Bridewell, until four o'clock; then another excursion in that black box on wheels, back to the abode of society's outlanders. This time knowing my fate and having some rough idea of my vocation for the next eleven weeks. Mountjoy reached, I came immediately up against the grim realities of prison life.

Our consignment of law-violators having been emptied from the prison van, we were ranged in the usual way in a row outside the Reception, and answered our names as they were called. When mine was reached, I inquired of the official in charge if I could then apply to wear my own clothes.

"The Governor will decide that in the morning," was the answer.

Having always been a firm believer in the wisdom of the old adage, "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day," I determined to decide the matter there and then for myself. When I was brought inside, and had emptied my pockets of the few articles which they contained, I was directed to strip.

I demurred, and said—"I'll not undress unless you give me your word that I will be allowed to put on my own clothes again."

Hums and haws ensued, and in order to make my point of view perfectly obvious, I added—"I am aware you can take away my clothes if you use physical force, but you will have to dress me also, as I will not put on prison clothes."

More hums and haws; then I was asked to step into the same box occupied by Sheehy Skeffington the previous week, and kept there for about half-an-hour while the other prisoners were being dealt with. When they had been disposed of, I was then brought out again. My pockets and clothing were subjected to a final ransacking, after which I was presented with the kit which each prisoner receives: a pillow cover containing two clean sheets and a towel, and sent off to rejoin my colleagues of the black box who had now entered the

basement, and were drawn up in a line, stripped, ready for the doctor.

This part of the business ended, I was brought away to my cell, and the fact that my role as a felon was now inaugurated was emphasised by two incidents: one, the arrival of my first dose of skilly; the other, the hurried departure from the cell of the mattress which was there when I entered it.

The advent of the skilly and the exit of the mattress were, so to speak, the dotting of the "i's" and the crossing of the "t's" of the magistrate's sentence.

I was accompanied to my cell by a vigilant warder, who took a keen look at the card which I carried with me, which stated, amongst other particulars, my misdemeanour, and the length and nature of the penalty imposed. Having glued his vision to this brief epitome of my character for a long, lingering moment, my attendant turned him round and made a dive for the mattress, gripped it awkwardly around the waist—like a clumsy yokel essaying a waltz with a reluctant damsel—and whirled it towards the door. I did not then understand the meaning of this sudden and unprovoked assault on the poor unoffending mattress. In fact, I had a sort of hazy notion that the warder was perhaps a rather tenderhearted chap who, thinking this particular mattress was somewhat too rough for me, was yielding to a benevolent impulse to provide me with a better one. Alas! for my agreeable surmises. The mattress vanished, so did the warder, closing the door behind him, but no fresh mattress eventuated. Then it occurred to me to glance at the card hanging up in my cell, which gave a summary of the regulations dealing with convicted prisoners, and then mine eyes beheld in blank dismay this fateful sentence, which explained that impromptu waltz with the mattress and spelt woe to my poor ribs for a fortnight. These were the awe-inspiring words:

"Prisoners sentenced to hard labour will sleep without a mattress for fourteen nights."

And thus I was initiated to still another of the joys of Mountjoy.

(To be continued).

A SONG FOR THE TIMES

Who would not fight for push and go,
Who would not man the guns
Where shot and shell, the froth of hell,
Are deluged on the Huns?
Who would not line the battle trench,
Or charge like maddened Neros,
And spill their blood in Flanders' mud?
"Not we," says Carson's heroes.

Who would not face the furious hail
Of high explosive shelling,
That, crashing, comes like demon's drums
'Mid groans and anguished yelling?
Who would not, for the Empire's sake,
His will draw up and settle—
Then khaki don, to France begone?
"Not me," says T. M. Kettle.

Who would for pelf — four hundred
pounds—
See Ireland's best hopes broken,
Her Volunteers, which England fears,
Destroyed for that same token—
And jail her sons and spike her guns
With quip and glee right hearty—
Wear Union Jacks upon their backs?
"We would," says John E.'s Party.

Who would not mention Hottentots
Until we've whacked the Kaiser,
But give us promises go leor
Of Home Rule in my eye, sir?
Who gladly let the Irish loons
Risk heaps of wounds and losses,
And not their skins for England's sins?
"That's us," say our English bosses.

LORD MOUNTJOY.

CUMMINGS SCORES PRO-BRITISH LIARS

(Continued from page 1).

express his views pertaining to the war and the part the people of Ireland and those of Irish blood in America should play. And he asked us to say, further, that three of his uncles in the civil war gave their lives to the preservation of the Union, and that at all times and under all circumstances his patriotic love for the Stars and Stripes has and will influence him to act always for the best interests of the country of which he is a citizen." In the meantime, we are going to demand that those papers here in Ireland who so joyously sought to libel an honourable man will retract their foul statements. If so advised, we shall go further and make them eat their own words at the bar of public justice—if such exist to-day in our land. We will teach them the lesson that to touch one member of the A.O.H. is to touch all—whether in America or Ireland.

IRISH INDEPENDENCE

We confess to a reciprocal feeling of sympathy for that intelligence which condescendingly admits us to its transcendent realms by professing an appreciation of our intellectual attainments, yet, at the same time, condoles with us in that mental aberration which sees an independent Ireland. In other words, the man who confides in us his great discovery that we are too intelligent to believe in an independent Ireland does not flatter us with such melliloquent blarney, but, on the contrary, only arouses our sympathy for his conceited assumption of superior intelligence. As a rule, such a man has never studied the history of Ireland, and such knowledge as he may possess is gathered from English sources. When, however, Irishmen, in this country, give expression to the same sentiment, we know that association with "English and English ruled" America has ensnared them in its silken meshes. We realise that the whole educational system of Ireland is directed towards the development of an Anglicised Ireland, and therefore we are not surprised to find some of the youth of the country succumbing to its denationalising influence.

We are not ready, however, to believe that centuries of oppression, with their massacres, hangings, famines, evictions and deportation, have at last cowed and conquered the battle-scared Gael; nor years of exile, secure in the enjoyment of liberty's blessings and crowned with prosperity, quenched the fire of nationalism in the hearts or chilled the red blood of patriotism in the veins of Ireland's scattered sons. The history of the world is replete with the glorious achievements of an unconquerable and unyielding patriotism. With Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill, from which to draw inspiration, let it not be said that Irishmen have given up hope of independence. If they are not strong enough to fight their battles alone, then ally themselves with those forces that will remedy the weakness. What the colonists did over a century ago Irishmen can comparatively do to-day, with the assurance of the same relative freedom of action in the domestic rehabilitation and re-establishment of Ireland as "a nation once again." Another object lesson is Switzerland. Surrounded on all sides by the great powers of Europe, she has maintained her independence inviolable, notwithstanding her apparent insignificance. The natural position of Ireland in the world's topography is conformable to a belief in its predestined independence. Oh! for a Burke, a Sheridan, a Curran, a Grattan, a Flood, an O'Connell, a Plunkett, an Emmet, a Meagher, a Butt, or one of those noble souls of the past who sprang forth in a great crisis and aroused their countrymen to action against the crafty policy of the usurper that would undermine and destroy the glorious spirit of Irish nationalism!—"The Hibernian," Boston.

A TRALEE VICTIM

In the busy, thriving town of Tralee, the capital of the Kingdom of Kerry, there is a bacon factory run by people who bear the un-English name of Slattery. Their trade, we believe, is a big one, and gourmands declare their bacon to be all that can be desired. But in their relations with their employes the Messrs. Slattery adopt an attitude that is at once un-Christian and utterly at variance with the present day ethics of the right of the workingman to think for himself and follow his own political bent. As far as the Messrs. Slattery are concerned, the first time an employe crosses their portals he commits his body and soul to their keeping. No other conclusion can be arrived at in face of the tyrannous act committed in Tralee by the same Slatterys, and given publicity, first, in the columns of "The Kerryman," a local paper, and, second, in the appeal issued by the Kerry County Board of the A.O.H. (Irish-American Alliance) on behalf of the victim of these snobbish, anti-Irish "Irish" pig-stickers.

"The Kerryman," dealing with what it calls "interesting details of local intolerance," says there is much severe comment in Volunteer circles and amongst the public generally in Tralee on the dismissal from his position of Mr. T. Melinn, who was employed for the past six years as manager of Slattery's retail shop in the Square. But because Mr. Melinn, the V.-P. of the Tralee Division of the A.O.H. (I.A.A.), at the time of the split in the Volunteers, took his stand under Eoin MacNeill's leadership, he has been "fired" by his employers, who, in the testimonial given him on his discharge, referred to him as being "very energetic, honest, and a very capable business man. He managed our principal shop with ability and care!"

As Mr. Melinn is a married man, with a wife and two children, it was decided at the recently held Kerry County Convention of our Order to open a subscription list on his behalf. As Mr. Melinn has sacrificed his position for his principles, and as a means of affording him practical sympathy as well as a mark of protest against the bigotted and intolerant treatment he received, we hope the appeal will meet with a ready and generous response not only from the members of our organisation, but also from all right-thinking Irishmen. Subscriptions may be sent to the County Treasurer, Mr. D. J. O'Sullivan, 7 James's Street, Tralee.

We understand that a good deal of Slattery's bacon is sold in our principal cities and towns. Well, our members, and all sympathisers with Mr. Melinn, know what to do. Give it and the shops that sell the commodity a wide berth. At the various pig fairs, too, where Slattery's buyers are in evidence, the force of public opinion can also make itself felt. Nothing more need be said.

The Two Voices.

The following are two extracts from speeches delivered by that "patriotic" four-hundred pounder, Mr. T. O'Donnell, M.P. Fourteen years separate the utterances:—

Sept., 1801.

He was passing through Tralee that day, and a more sickening, disgraceful sight he never witnessed than what he saw there. To see a fine, brave, hearty lot of young Irishmen marching in red coats down the streets of Tralee that day to the beat of the drum which leads to plunder and strives to strangle Nationality the world over, was a spectacle which should bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every self-respecting Irishman.

Oct., 1915.

If wrongs had been done to Ireland by England in the past, they were practised in the days of bigotry and ignorance, and no Englishman could now be found to defend them. . . . He was called a recruiting-sergeant, but he was proud of it, and proud to have assisted in Ireland's contribution to the defence of civilisation and to saving our own land in particular from acts of inhumanity and barbarism that have shocked mankind and left Germany without an ally except the deluded Austrian and the unspeakable Turk.

Scotching a Lie.

On more than one occasion, says the "Intermountain Catholic," Salt Lake City, we have warned our readers against placing credence in the daily Press cablegrams from Rome dealing with Catholic matters. It is always safe to take them with a very big grain of salt. The latest specimen of the lies cabled from the Eternal City is one in which the Holy Father, the Archbishop of Milwaukee, the Archbishop of Cincinnati, and the Bishop of Toledo, O., figure. The Archbishops and the Bishop are represented as appealing to the Pope "urging his intervention to prevent the war spreading to America and suggesting the mediation of the Holy See with the object of preventing the rupture in German-American relations." The Pope is quoted as saying, in reply to these suggestions, that reliance should be placed on the wisdom of President Wilson, whose peaceful intentions are well known to the Holy See. The cablegram winds up with the statement that "the Pope strongly urged upon German-Americans loyalty to their adopted country." The whole thing was a clumsy forgery concocted for the purpose of maligning German-American Catholics, who indirectly are represented as being disloyal to the United States because, forsooth, they do not take a pro-British view of the present war! The lying cablegram with which we are dealing appeared originally in the London "Daily News." It was promptly cabled across the Atlantic and laid before millions of readers of the American dailies in all the cities, towns, and villages that stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

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::: Condemned Without a Trial :::

A Reply to Rev. Philip Coghlan, C.P.

That the British Press should have embarked upon a campaign of vilification of Germany after the outbreak of war was quite in the nature of things; that the British Government for its own purposes should aid and abet the campaign was what might have been expected; but that such an able and sincere priest as Father Coghlan, C.P., relying on the British indictment, which he seems to accept as Gospel, should proceed in the pages of "The Cross" to denounce the Germans as barbarians, whom it is the duty of every man to help to utterly destroy, is well-nigh inconceivable. As Father Coghlan bases his whole case on the Report of the Bryce Commission, we may as well look for a few moments at that document so as to see what exactly is its evidential value. The first thing that one notes about it is that it is in no sense a judicial report. A judicial report implies a judicial enquiry conducted by an impartial judge or judges, wherein both sides are heard and each side is given an opportunity of cross-examining the other, with a view to getting at the value of the evidence tendered by the other or of getting from him admissions in favour of his opponent's case. Now, obviously the Bryce Commission, whether in its composition, in the evidence it took, or its manner of taking it, did not fill what we may call the judicial bill. It was composed of Britishers appointed by the British Government. It considered the evidence of one side only—i.e., of those bitterly opposed to the Germans and writhing under what they considered a flagrant injustice. The party pilloried was not heard at all, and, of course, had no opportunity of discrediting by cross-examination the evidence upon which he was being pilloried, or of extracting from his accusers facts that would extenuate, if not disprove, the charges levelled against him. A new kind of inquiry this on which to base a judicial report!

As to the value of the evidence on which the Report is based—and this is the second point to which I would direct attention—it cannot, I think, be pronounced as very great. Much of it, no doubt, was sincerely given and corresponded with the facts; a very large share of it, we may safely assume, was vitiated by prejudice and passion, though given in all sincerity by normally truth-telling folk; and much of it very probably was given without any regard to truth at all. Of course, the Commissioners say that every effort was made by them to disregard statements coloured by prejudice or passion. That may be so; but anyone who is acquainted with proceedings in Courts of Justice knows that two witnesses, both equally upright, may often be found giving diametrically opposite accounts of the same occurrence, yet both with an equally assured air. Now in these cases it is with the greatest difficulty that even the most impartial judge can make up his mind as to which of the two is telling the truth; and he can only do so at all with the aid of third-party evidence, where that is available, or, where such is not to be had, as a result of the most careful cross-examination of both parties. If this be so—and we all know that it is so—how much more difficult must it have been for those taking the statements relative to the alleged atrocities, as well as for the Commissioners examining the statements when sworn to, to detect which was fact and which was fancy in coherent accounts given with obvious sincerity. We must remember, too, that all who were concerned in the taking of the statements were bitterly anti-German and, consequently, not over-squeamish as to the "facts" they accepted. To say this is not to reflect on their honesty, but merely to call attention to the obvious fact that un-

consciously we are all less discriminating in the case of information given us in support of our own particular view-points than where the information bears against or is indifferent to us. That prejudice and passion should very largely colour the greater number of the statements made was, I submit, inevitable. Every Belgian has been more or less prejudiced against the Germans since the invasion, and the destruction of property and loss of life consequent thereon have naturally aroused the fiercest indignation against the invader. When public feeling is in such a state very few can be found to give a cool, dispassionate account of exciting occurrences, much less those immediately concerned in them. So much for sincere, but unreliable statements; what now of those given without regard to truth? Well, it is not unwarrantable to assume that there were many such made the basis of the Bryce Report. Human nature is the same in Belgium as elsewhere, and everywhere are to be found those given to the telling of untruths and utterly careless of the sanctity attaching to an oath. By all accounts the Walloon population is not the best in the world, and it would, therefore, not be surprising if among them were to be found some at least to whom perjury would come fairly easy.

The last general observation I have to make about the Report, and in reality it is the most important of all, is that a Reply to this Report has been issued by the Imperial German Government, and a translation of this Reply is at present being circulated in the United States of America. So far then from the Bryce Report settling the question of the alleged atrocities to the eternal shame of Germany, it, in fact, only constitutes an indictment against that much maligned nation. The Germans by their Reply, traversing the statements made in the Report, have joined issue on the whole question, and this document the public of these countries have so far had no opportunity of considering. It follows, therefore, that the whole question is still sub judice pending the examination of the case for the other side and independent investigation into the matters at issue. As Cardinal Gaspari, the Cardinal-Secretary-of-State, recently told a representative of the "Corriere d'Italia" in reference to the protest made by Austria to the Holy See that the Russians, in the course of their Galician campaign, had compelled 1,500 Jewish families to walk in front of their battle-line: "The Holy See never issued any statement on the subject simply because in accordance with the elementary dictates of justice it could not condemn Russia on the bare word of Austria, just as it could not condemn Austria on the bare word of Russia." Now Father Coghlan asks us to condemn Germany on the bare word of England and Belgium, the very thing that the "elementary dictates of justice," which, so far at least, the war has not affected, forbids us to do. Again, explaining why the Holy Father contented himself with merely deploring what Father Coghlan characterises as Germany's "crowning act of savagery," the sinking of the Lusitania, Cardinal Gaspari said:—"If he (the Pope) could not pronounce on it more directly, it was because he is confronted by a question of fact on which he could not decide, as each side contradicts the other." As regards the Belgian atrocities we are in no better case than his Holiness; for in their regard also "each side contradicts the other."

But granting that very many and very awful atrocities were committed in Belgium by the Germans—and I for one have no doubt that many such were committed, just as the British committed them in South Africa and the Russians in East Prussia

and Galicia—we have still to consider the question of provocation; and, whether there was provocation or not, the further question as to how far it is justifiable to blame a whole nation for the acts of, at most, a very small percentage of its population. As to the question of the provocation given to the Germans by the Belgian population here again we are up against contradictory assertions from both sides, and again, in obedience to "the elementary dictates of justice," we must beware of passing sentence. Of course, some one may say that the Germans are not worthy any credence in this matter. Well, it is open to anyone who cares to make this objection, but by doing so he lays the whole question at issue. The Germans are not to be believed because they are barbarians, without any provocation. They are barbarians because, without any provocation, they did awful things in Belgium. But did they do awful things in Belgium, or did they do them without provocation? These questions must be decided before we pronounce on the credibility of the Germans. As regards the other question as to how far the German nation is to be blamed for acts of individual soldiers, Father Coghlan declines to admit that the alleged atrocities—which, as we have seen, are still very far from being proved—were the work of individual soldiers. They were, he alleges, "part of a system sanctioned by the German authorities" carrying out the advice of Prince Bismarck; and to prove that it must be so he relies on—the Bryce Report! Well, I hope by this time we have learned to appreciate at its true value that precious Report; but where, I wonder, have "the elementary dictates of justice" gone to? I fear me they must have got into the casualty lists. Somewhat more balanced in this regard than the Bryce Report and Father Coghlan's article are the remarks of the well-known American "Ave Maria," as quoted in the "Sacred Heart Review" of New York. "Speaking of atrocities," says the "Ave Maria," "it will be remembered that only a few years ago the Belgian soldiers in the Congo were accused of practising the most inhuman cruelties on the defenceless natives. Doubtless, there were individual cases of cruel treatment; but to have asserted that the savagery was generally and officially countenanced would have been wholesale slander. The same sin and the same injustice is to be avoided now. And, furthermore, it should always be borne in mind that the disposition to welcome calumnious reports is on a par with the disposition to invent them." We all remember the Belgian Congo atrocity campaign of the British Press, and how the Belgian Government and people were held up to the world as monsters of iniquity. It was even suggested in the Press, on the platforms, and in the pulpits of Old England that, in the interests of "religion" and "civilisation," the Empire should intervene and wrest the Congo from the savage Belgians. Now either the Belgians committed the atrocities attributed to them by the British Press or they did not. If they did, then the British Press is justified, but the Belgian nation is discredited; for we must assume that just as, according to Father Coghlan and the Bryce Report, the Germans in Belgium acted according to "a system," so the Belgian soldiers in the Congo did their dirty work according to a system sanctioned by the Belgian authorities. But the Belgian Government and people strenuously denied the accusations made against them, as we all remember. Therefore, we are forced to the conclusion that they deliberately lied at that time. If they lied so abominably then, it is clear they are quite capable of lying now; so what becomes of the evidence given by this lying people to the Bryce Commission, in the light of this disclosure what is its value? Again, if the Belgians perpetrated such enormities in the Congo as the British Press accused them of perpetrating, then it is clear that there may be some truth in the German story of provocation having been given by the Belgians. In fact, following Father Coghlan, we are entitled to assume that the

Belgian nation deserves to be wiped off the map, and that in invading Belgium the Germans were undertaking a new Crusade on behalf of "religion" and "civilisation"! On the other hand, if the Belgians in the Congo did not commit the crimes attributed to them, what are we to think of the British Press or of its campaign against the Germans? What guarantee have we that the Press is telling the truth now any more than it did in the case of the Belgians. Obviously the whole question of atrocities is a very thorny one and not to be settled in Father Coghlan's off-hand fashion. We should be extremely cautious as to what we believe just at present, and charitably await further information before indulging in wholesale condemnation.

There are just two other points in Father Coghlan's article to which I would like to refer briefly, his sweeping condemnation of German Catholics as being just as iniquitous as their Protestant and Free-thinking countrymen, and his reference to intentions hostile to the Church supposed to be entertained by the Kaiser and the Prussian autocracy. His denunciations of the Catholics he bases on an Official Report and that, too, a French Report! We have already considered the value of one Official Report, and the result of our examination is, I think, calculated to make us sceptical in their regard. But when there is question of the French Government and Catholics we ought to exercise extra caution. As regards the supposed hostile intentions of the Kaiser and the Prussian autocracy towards the Church, I may say they have gone a rather peculiar way of showing this hostility of recent years, just as the French Government has taken a rather roundabout way of displaying its friendship. No doubt, when Viviani has his way in Alsace-Lorraine, and Russia has placed Galicia under the control of the Holy Synod, all will be well with Catholicism, and true Catholics all the world over will devoutly thank the Lord for sending them such stout defenders. Meantime, whilst we are awaiting this happy consummation of all our hopes, we could do worse than read an article entitled "The Real Kaiser," which appeared in the "Hibernian" a few weeks ago, having been copied from the "Rosary Magazine" of New York, published by the Dominican Fathers there. We may there find, to our very great surprise that, the "Real Kaiser" is as different from the Kaiser of the British Press as is the true Germany from the conception based on the Bryce Report. "When the cruel war is o'er," and the papers cease from lying, and the Censor is at rest, we shall, doubtless, witness the shattering of many of our war-time conceptions; but of none, surely, so grotesque as that of the "Real Germany."

B. J. G.

MOSQUITOES

(The new Imperialists have discovered a new name for those who stand for Ireland alone. They were wont to designate us cranks, soreheads, factionists, and pro-Germans. We are now also mosquitoes. Speaking at a meeting or "Convention," or something of that sort, at Castletewellan, Sunday, August 29th, Wee Joe referred to the Nationalist papers as "the Mosquito Press." The people who are endeavouring to put the Irish nation to sleep are certainly keeping the English dictionary awake).

Air:—"Paddies Evermore."

Come all ye brave Hibernians
Of Board of Earn fame,
Who stand by Redmond's Empire
And spit on Faction's name;
And harken to the song I sing
And hear the tale I tell—
The fattest jobs will find the boys
Who sit and listen well.

Ye know (for I have told ye)
That the Fort of Freedom's took,

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And that the Home Rule Bill at last
Is on the Statute Book;
But now when in the Empire's lap
We'd victory's fruits enjoy,
A swarm of vile Mosquitoes come
To pester and annoy.

They bother, these Mosquitoes,
With ceaseless whirr and drone,
And buzz most disconcertingly
Of Emmet and Wolfe Tone;
They preach that Irishmen should fight
For Ireland all the time;
They bid the Empire go to h—,
Regardless of their crime.

My friend, "Dear Mr. Birrell,"
Has lent a helping hand,
And locked up four Mosquitoes
Who wouldn't leave the land;
But all the same they buzz as loud
And give me fearful dreams
Of whirling German Zeppelins
That make me wake with screams.

They'd simply scorch an honest man
Who wants his little job,
And for four hundred quid a year
Their heart-strings never throb;
So if they're not be Friendled soon,
To stop their sting and bite,
I'll send for Viviani,
And he'll put out their light.

RORY OF THE HILL.

The detestable Huns have committed another atrocity, this time they have forbidden handball playing because they are knocking down alleys. Our office boy, however, says that the game can be played secretly at night as the Germans are putting gas in the alleys still standing.

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briú na hoibne.

(Arléannaint.)

Dá oleap é an leabhar faeóitge a reitíob-
pad tuine ar a ceann féin i mó an meap
a beaó air ná ar don leabhar dá feabhar dá
nóeunpad ré 'airtíugáó i n'oeas faeóitge:
7 dá briú rin bíó luét na nua-aimpearaéda
a d'iaiparó iudáí nua do reitíobáó i geom-
nuíde. Ní éirígeann pan leo. Ní deimro
riao áct cpoiceann nua do cup ar an
reana-rceut—cpoiceann neamhoitceann-
ta, béitir; 7 dá neamhoitceannata é an
cpoiceann pan ipeaó i' nua feucann an
reana-rceut do daoine 7 i' mó an meap a
bionn aca air.

Seadhócaó-ra an cpoiceann nua pan 7
an neamhoitceannataé pan 7 an nua-
aimpearaéda pan, map ní móp é mo meap
ar an rceut ábionn as riubal riároeanna
na fogluma go tóiceartaíac mináipeaó 7
eudáige áifeipeaó na nua-aimpearaéda
air. Ufeairi liom go móp an reana-rceut
d'innpint map atá ré 7 san d'airtíugáó do
deunam air áct oac na faeóitge do cup a
éuro eudáige. Agus dá péir rin, beró ar
riubal agam feara ra páipeur ro airí
dár teiréal "Briú na hoibne," i. airtíu-
gáó ar na haríó ó do reitíob d. p. ó
moórán paró, i. "The Philosophy of Irish
Ireland." I' móp an fábaó atá lena
leitéroí pan aimpí reo an éitig, go móp
móp ra faeóitge, map ní oisig liom go
bpuil oipeaó 7 don leabhar amáin agann
cum a innpint do daoine atá taob leir an
nfaeóitge map uplabra eao na taob gur
ceart oisig a ngeim do coimeaó ar an
uplabra pan 7 san leigint oi out i
mbaóad.

Liam ó rinn.

(A éiríoc pan).

ORIGIN OF THE NAME MARY

There are a few Catholic parents to whom
a daughter is born who hesitate to give the
child the name of Mary. In so doing they
wish to place the infant under the protection
of Mary, the Mother of Christ, and they are
not troubled by etymological discussions about
the name. Hitherto the liturgy of the Church
and traditions have agreed in regarding the
name as of purely Hebrew origin and mean-
ing "Star of the Sea." In a recent article
the German theologian, Father Zorell, asks
if we may not consider the name as formed of
two elements—Hebrew and Egyptian.

As a matter of fact the name Mary is first
heard in Egypt, Miriam, the sister of Moses,
being the first person in the world's history to
bear the name. The Israelites had, in the
days of Moses, dwelt for four centuries in the
land of the Pharaohs, and proper names
formed with "Mer," "Meri," and "Mor,"
signifying "who loves," were common in
Egypt. Thus "Mar-Ra," "who loves (the
God) Amon."

The identification of the second portion of
the name "iam" with "iah," the abbrevia-
tion for Jahveh or Jehovah, is established by
Father Zorell from the Scriptural references,
and thus the name Miriam, Mary, in its
etymological root, was meant to signify "one
who loves God," an appellation quite as ac-
ceptable, if less poetic, as the liturgical title
"Star of the Sea."

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A SONG FOR THE VOLUNTEERS

The tribune's tongue and poet's pen
May sow the seed in prostrate men;
But 'tis the soldier's sword alone
Can reap the crop so bravely sown!
No more I'll sing or idly pine,
But train my soul to lead a line—
A soldier's life's the life for me—
A soldier's death, so Ireland's free!

No foe would fear your thunder words
If 'twere not for our lightning swords—
If tyrants yield when millions pray,
'Tis lest they link in war array;
Not peace itself is safe, but when
The sword is sheathed by fighting men.
A soldier's life's the life for me—
A soldier's death, so Ireland's free!

The rifle brown and sabre bright
Can freely speak and nobly write—
What prophets preached the truth so well
As Hofer, Brian, Bruce, and Tell?
God guard the creed these heroes taught—
That blood-bought Freedom's cheaply
bought.
A soldier's life's the life for me—
A soldier's death, so Ireland's free!

Then, welcome be the bivouac,
The hardy stand and fierce attack,
Where pikes will tame their carbineers,
And rifles thin their bay'netees,
And every field the island through
Will show "what Irishmen can do!"
A soldier's life's the life for me—
A soldier's death, so Ireland's free!

Yet, 'tis not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the foeman reel;
But wisdom working day by day,
Till comes the time for passion's sway—
The patient dint, and powder shock,
Can blast an empire like a rock.
A soldier's life's the life for me—
A soldier's death, so Ireland's free!

The tribune's tongue and poet's pen
May sow the seed in slavish men;
But 'tis the soldier's sword alone
Can reap the harvest when 'tis grown.
No more I'll sing, no more I'll pine,
But train my soul to lead a line—
A soldier's life's the life for me—
A soldier's death, so Ireland's free!

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