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## DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE.

Detective Department,

Dublin, 28th. October, 1915

Subject,

MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 27th. Inst.,  
the undermentioned extremists were observed  
moving about and associating with each other  
as follows :-

Thomas J. Clarke, who was not seen in  
his shop on yesterday is said to be confined  
to his residence, 10 Richmond Avenue, suffer-  
ing from a cold. T. J. Sheehan, C. Colbert,  
and C. S. Power, and William O'Leary Curtis,  
were the only suspects seen to call at 75,  
Parnell St. during the day.

J. O'Connor, John McDermott, and C. S.  
Power have returned to Dublin from Belfast.

M. J. O'Rahilly; John McDermott; John  
Fitzgibbon; J. O'Connor; P. Ryan; M. O'Han-  
rahan,

The Chief Commissioner.

The Under Secretary

Submitted

W. E. Colman

Cinn 28/10

Under Secretary  
SubmittedWML  
28/10

T.M.

28/10

Chief Com  
WML  
29/10



rahan; J. Plunkett; Peter Doyle; W. T.  
Cosgrove; T. C.; C. Colbert; T. J. Shee-  
han; C. S. Power; and H. Mellows, togeth-  
er in Volunteer Office, 2, Dawson Street  
from 6. 30 p. m. to 8 p. m.

Alderman Thomas Kelly; P. Morgan; W.  
L. Cole; and T. S. Cuffe in Sinn Fein Off-  
ice, 6, Harcourt Street, at 8 p. m.

Attached are Copies of this week's  
issue of the Irish Volunteer and National-  
ity, neither of which, with a few except-  
ions, appears to contain anything deserv-  
ing serious attention.

I also enclose a pamphlet on Conscrip-  
tion, by Mr John Sweetman.

Owen Brien  
Superintendent.



# THE IRISH VOLUNTEER

EDITED BY EOIN MAC NEILL.

Vol. 2. No. 47 (New Series).

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1915.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

## NOTES

Herbert Pim has challenged Mr. Redmond to admit or deny the accuracy of the statement attributed to Mr. Redmond by the "New York World" with regard to "three or four men imprisoned for open Pro-German declarations." Mr. Redmond has not met the challenge in any way. Mr. Devlin has protested against these "senseless prosecutions." The Irish Party has passed some resolution about them, the terms of which may be known to the Government, but are concealed from the Irish people. Then comes along the "New York World" and publishes an interview in which Mr. Redmond is shown as assuring everybody that the resolution of his Party and the protest of Mr. Devlin were so much gas-blowing to asphyxiate the public mind. According to the interviewer, Mr. Redmond thinks that the senseless prosecutions against which his Party protests by resolution were quite justifiable, and the punishments quite lenient, and that the imprisoned Volunteers are in any case mere ordinary men, of no account excepting at election times.

Mr. Redmond, when challenged, neither admits nor denies the words attributed to him. He goes to the Viceregal Lodge to be feted by the Viceroy who replaced Lord Aberdeen, the Under Secretary who replaced Sir James Dougherty, and the élite of the Curragh Camp. Never before has any man claiming to be an Irish Nationalist leader been found in such surroundings. But this is the New Era, and Mr. Redmond's cause is triumphant.

The natural concomitant of these events is that Mr. Redmond's table companions look at the Party resolution and Mr. Devlin's protest, wink solemnly at each other, and renew the "senseless prosecutions." How much further will they succeed in driving Mr. Redmond into the mud?

The measure of their success is the amount of importance now attached to Mr. Redmond's pronouncements on any other subject. His recent Mansion House speech might as well never have been made for all the effect it has produced. Whatever Mr. Redmond says in the most emphatic oratory, they count on getting him to say the virtual opposite by and bye, as in the case of the Party's resolution. At the Mansion House he denounced the Northcliffe conscription conspiracy. At the very next opportunity, Dublin Castle arrests three men for distributing anti-conscription leaflets at a public gathering in Dublin. Of course the Castle had to release the men. Even the Defence of the Realm Act provides no law to punish men for opposing the Northcliffe conspiracy. It now only remains to assure people in America that the arrests last Sunday were quite proper and that whoever opposes conscription may be thankful to Mr. Redmond and his Government for not being shot.

Mr. William O'Brien has recognised the extraordinary gravity, in a national sense, of the new taxation. Those who denounce "factionism" for the sake of their own faction will not dare to take up the discussion with Mr. O'Brien on this point. They are afraid to open their lips about it. When I think Mr. O'Brien is wrong, I say so. When I think he is right, I say he is right. He is right this time. The plain fact is that Ireland has no surplus wealth that can be taxed. Added taxes can only be exacted so as to rob the country and depopulate it still further. Before the new Budget the Government was able to extract over a million sterling of war taxes from Ireland, and before that increase Ireland was already monstrously overtaxed. Modern taxation is a fine art, devised by statesmanship to deceive the mass of the people. We cannot see the effects in the same vivid way as we can see a body weakening as the red blood is drawn from its veins. The effects are certain nevertheless, and every intelligent man who does not want the truth smothered can tell how this new taxation will operate in

Ireland. Thousands of families that were able to enjoy modest comfort will feel the pinch of poverty and debt. Thousands upon thousands of the youth of Ireland who would have stayed in Ireland and who are sorely needed to rebuild the fabric of our national prosperity, will be driven to emigrate. The poor will be made still poorer, and the springs of charity that have relieved the needs of the very poor will be dried up. The hopeful movement for the development of Irish industries will be strangled. Land Purchase is already killed. Town Tenants' Purchase dies unborn. The work of the Congested Districts Board is brought to a standstill. Enterprise is choked, and the application of Irish savings to Irish improvement is terrorised. We are asked to ruin ourselves so that the Huns may not ruin us. Mr. Dillon is prattling like a baby about Ireland paying "her proper share." And let it be borne in mind that the Home Rule Act contains no remedy against this extortion, though Mr. Dillon says it is a better constitution than Grattan's. On the contrary, the Act increases the power of the British Parliament to impose taxation on Ireland by reducing the Irish representation in proportion as the British Government has reduced the Irish population. The Imperial Parliament would not dare propose to treat Canada, Australia, New Zealand or South Africa in the manner proposed for the treatment of this nation.

That treatment is to be taken lying down, because the "darkest hour" has come upon English Imperialism. Ireland must show her willingness to be ruined, in atonement for the sins of her disloyal past. The guilt of the past, it appears, was our guilt. The dead who died for Ireland were criminals. Mr. Redmond will atone for all their misdeeds. His repentance is complete. To-day he stands before the holy shrine of Imperialism, dressed in the white sheet of the "New York World," denouncing as "shriekers and kickers"—elegant phrase, and worthy of the situation—the Irishmen who think that, if there is any repentance



due and any atonement to be made, it is on the part of the still impertinent statesmanship of London. No wonder there is joy over the one sinner who does penance, joy in the heaven of Dublin Castle, the Viceregal Lodge, and the Curragh Camp.

Again let us be warned not to mistake the tools for the Burglar. We must not waste our indignation on those who have been circumvented and rounded up by the Unionist-Liberal combination which declared itself by forcing the partition of Ireland on the Irish Parliamentary Party, and forced the party leaders to proceed to the disruption of the Irish Volunteers, the only means by which partition could be defeated and rational self-government secured. If we can be induced to regard Irishmen **of any section** as our enemies, we thereby contribute another triumph to the statesmanship that seeks to weaken, impoverish, and dominate us.

I invite readers to follow closely the details of the Crossmaglen Conspiracy, so that they may understand the methods of Dublin Castle. They will see how carefully the preparations are made by means of sundry paragraphs in the subservient Press, how Irish policemen, sons of decent Irish countryfolk, are made perjurers, and how the Liberal Government under Gladstone could feed the fire of sectarian hatred to divide and degrade us. I would ask my readers also to read and circulate my pamphlet, "Shall Ireland be Divided," written eleven years ago, and to be convinced, as I was then convinced, that this infamous policy is a settled element of the continuity of English domination over Ireland.

I ask my readers to consider how it has come about that, among the earliest and most prominent of Irish Volunteer victims of the Castle campaign, they find Ernest Blythe, a Lisburn Protestant, Denis McCullough, Chairman of the Belfast Irish Volunteer Committee; Herbert Pim, a Belfastman engaged in Volunteer organisation in Tyrone; and why the Castle has endeavoured to intimidate Ulster Nationalists by massing large forces of police, armed with rifles, in the middle of their public meetings.

The answer is to go on with your organisation, your training and your equipment. Look well to your discipline. Do not yield to indignation or impatience. It is part of the game to make you lose your heads with indignation, and to make you lose sight of the objects to which you stand pledged by raising up temporary annoyances. Real courage comes with cool-headed and clear-headed determination.

EOIN MAC NEILL

## A MILITARY CAUSERIE

### ON ACHIEVING THE IMPOSSIBLE— MORE MILITARY THINKING.

"Limerick," said Lauzun, "could be taken with roasted apples," and departed with his French troops leaving it to be defended by the Irish alone. Limerick could not possibly be held, said expert opinion, but Limerick was held, and put up one of the big fights of history.

"Impossible," said William, when an informer told him that Sarsfield and a body of cavalry had left Limerick with probable designs on the siege train that was arriving up to hammer the battered walls of the city.

"Impossible," said Sir John Lamee, whom he nevertheless had ordered to meet the convoy to make assurance doubly sure. So Sir John Lamee started five hours late. Under the circumstances he might as well have stayed in his tent, for, as his cavalcade advanced leisurely towards the encampment of the siege train, a blinding flash turned the morning half-light to day, and the ground beneath them shook. Sarsfield had achieved the impossible, and the siege-train was no more.

Sarsfield, of course, was a brilliant general and knew that under certain circumstances the impossible is the only thing worth doing. It was these circumstances that faced him now. When news of the advancing siege-train reached him he knew that its arrival must inevitably finish Limerick. Obviously, therefore, it mustn't arrive. So on Sunday night he secretly quitted Limerick at the head of five hundred picked horsemen. He reached Killaloe, twelve miles above the city, but found the bridge over the Shannon occupied by the enemy. He slipped away, however, in the darkness and forded the river near Ballyvally. Under the guidance of "Galloping Hogan," the famous Rapparee, he passed through County Tipperary, which was in the enemy's hands, and bivouacked at dawn in a wild ravine in the Keeper Mountains. Here he remained all Monday. He knew that the siege-train had passed Cashel on Sunday, and must now be close to William's camp.

Still guided by Hogan, he continued his march by mountain roads on Monday night, and at three o'clock next morning learned that he was only a couple of miles from the convoy, which was bivouacked at Ballyneety, and that the password for the night was, of all others, "Sarsfield."

He immediately sent out a few scouts to spy out the ground, and then gave his orders: absolute silence till they were

upon the sentries, then forward. The little bit of melodrama that followed I won't describe. You all know all about it. In fact I'm afraid that for most of us this is the sum total of our knowledge of the cleverest raid in Irish History. At any rate, Sarsfield's horsemen cut the guard to pieces and seized the convoy.

There was no time to lose. They were in rear of William's camp, which was only ten miles away, and morning was at hand. The guns were filled with powder, and their muzzles buried in the earth. The pontoons and stores were piled on top, and a train of powder was laid. The Williamite wounded were removed to a safe distance, and Sarsfield withdrew his men and fired the train.

Thus all that Sir John Lamee saw was the backs of Sarsfield's rear guard in the distance. The Irish leader returned the way he had come, skilfully evading two bodies of English horse sent out to cut him off from the Shannon, and reached Limerick the same evening.

A commander of irregular forces very often finds it necessary to do what his opponents consider impossible. He must be prepared to march impossible roads for impossible distances in impossible times, hold impossible positions with impossible forces, and achieve impossible tasks by impossible means. This was what Sarsfield did. This was what Humbert did a century later. This was how, as I showed on a former occasion, New Granada was freed, and, if you look into it, you will see that this was the way every other oppressed country was freed.

We Volunteers are attempting what we are confidently assured is an impossible task. We are attempting to transform a nation of civilians into soldiers in a day. We have gone some of the way towards doing this already, but we are a long way from our goal yet. If we are eventually to succeed we must get those who are actually with us to think as soldiers. I have already said a good deal on this point. I have shown how we can bring the smartness and discipline which are characteristic of the soldier into our daily life. I have yet to show how everybody can make himself a minor tactician or at least a useful scout or guide while still pursuing the even tenor of his way.

Every Volunteer should for one thing have an intimate knowledge of the part of the country he lives in—its roads and by-ways, its villages and houses, its marshes and impossible places, the strongholds of the enemy, and other



features. If he lives in a city he should know intimately his Company district, every street, lane, and alley in it. He will never know when the knowledge may come in useful.

When you go for a walk keep an eye to the lie of the country, taking special note of its military features. Don't do this on too ambitious a scale. Think of yourself as a Section Commander rather than a Commandant, and pay less attention to Lugnaquilla than to hillock 65. Ask yourself how you would defend this hillock or attack that one. Think what would you do if you were leading your section along the road and suddenly the wood on your right opened fire on you. Even if you come to no decision the wondering will do you good. If you have a companion with you argue your dispositions out with him, and both of you will profit more by it than either of you would alone. It's so easy to see other people's mistakes.

Townsmen should always look at their streets from a street-fighting point of view. Think where you would erect barricades and how. Notice what lanes command the streets. Notice the back ways and cul de sacs. Think out how you would hold your own house against a siege.

But don't think too ambitiously. A good section commander is worth a dozen inefficient field-m Marshals.

E. O'D.

## Cumann na mBan

Great preparations for the Convention are being made among the Branches. The Executive note with satisfaction that several Branches have sent up affiliation fees of 7s. 6d., which shows that their membership list must reach 100 members. This entitles such Branches to a second delegate at the Convention. So look to your roll-books, all ye Branch Secretaries!

The Convention will begin at 11 a.m. on the morning of Sunday, 31st. When will it be over? That is hard to say—but notices of motion are still tumbling in, so delegates are recommended to bring sandwiches as well as ready wits and minds determined on matters of principle. Each notice of motion will be allotted a given time on the agenda, and it behoves all interested to study the various questions beforehand and to have arguments and objections fully preaped.

A new Branch has just been formed in Glasgow. We hope it will be able to send us a delegate on the 31st, as our our Liverpool Branch is doing. Castlebar Branch, too, though only a few weeks in being, intends to be represented and to have a voice in the counsels.

## The Crossmaglen Conspiracy

(Continued.)

This policy could command the services of high-placed partisans. Mr. Justice Lawson, for instance, as judge on the North-east circuit, to which he was chosen with remarkable frequency, never missed an opportunity of holding the "region" of Crossmaglen up to obloquy, even when the reports before him showed ten times more lawlessness in one month in other districts of the county than in the twelve months of the year in the Crossmaglen district, which was conspicuously peaceful during the whole period of Lawson's career as Judge of Assize. The true meaning and value of these judicial pronouncements were well understood by sensible people in Co. Armagh.

But father north, where the people had no direct knowledge of the character of this sustained campaign of calumny, the landlord and capitalist moulders of public feeling contrived to keep up the notion that Crossmaglen was a constant centre of plots of bloodshed and murder. (See Belfast "Newsletter," article on Crossmaglen, 12th March, 1883, and article on Trench, 21st June, 1882.) Protestants in particular were supposed to be living in constant peril of their lives.

Here is a communication from the Armagh correspondent of the Belfast "Newsletter," whose other communications show him to have been the inspired agent of Dublin Castle and its police department in their Crossmaglen Conspiracy: "The Orangemen here are forming defence societies in view of an expected Rising of Rebels." The correspondent continues: "The following circular was issued by the Orangemen last night: **'It having come to the knowledge of certain persons that a rising of rebels is contemplated soon and sudden, all Protestants of all denominations and politics are hereby warned to be prepared for the worst—to be prepared to meet the foe.'**"

This production, of course, was intended specially for Belfast. In County Armagh its absurdity was plain to everybody, not excepting "Protestants of all denominations and politics." The same correspondent in the "Newsletter" of 20th December, 1882, gives in advance, before the trials, the whole story, concocted by the Castle agents, and therefore specially communicated by them for publication in Belfast, of the attempted escape of Edward O'Hanlon concealed in a load of straw. This fabrication did not otherwise transpire till more than three months later. Its purpose was, as shall be seen, to cover the breakdown of the grand edifice of perjury and forgery at one important point, and so the suitable

means were found to prepare the Belfast public and Belfast jurymen beforehand.

With their 1882 Coercion Act enabling them to bring their victims secretly, suddenly, and unprepared before any jury they pleased, Dublin Castle and its officials now knew that they could count on packing juries in Belfast to convict Crossmaglen Nationalists of almost anything. The very name of Crossmaglen Nationalists was now sufficient to make such well-prepared jurors accept the wildest stories that the Castle's unscrupulous lawyers, police officers, and hired informers might choose to invent, and to make them return the desired verdict of any kind of crime.

We have proof of this in the "Irish Times" of 14th February, 1883, five weeks before the removal of the Crossmaglen men to Belfast for trial. At this date the Armagh correspondent is already able to announce that the Crown is to remove the Crossmaglen prisoners for trial before a Belfast jury, because of even the possibility of the Castle lawyers being unable to pack an Armagh jury that would agree to a verdict against them; thus implying that there was no such danger with the sort of jury the Castle could, would, and afterwards did pack in Belfast. Evidently the correspondent was himself in the Castle confidence. The same agent is able to announce in advance in the "Irish Times," which also circulated in Belfast, that one of the objects of the Crossmaglen Patriotic Brotherhood is "to murder Government officials"—but a word of this intention is never heard of elsewhere or from anybody save only from the Castle informer himself nearly six weeks later at the tail end of the trials in Belfast. Thus the "Irish Times" is able to establish its close and confidential connection with the Crown preparations for the case. The same correspondent is able to announce the Crown's intention to make several new arrests and "knowledge" of numerous secret ramifications of the Crossmaglen murder society: all showing that it is the Castle itself that speaks through the country correspondent of the Dublin newspaper.

We can now form an idea of the elaborate strategy of the Government, and in particular how it worked the policy of manipulating Protestant feeling in the North-east of Ireland. And this was the Liberal Government of Mr. Gladstone, with Liberal lawyers at Dublin Castle directing every step in the proceedings and presiding over every detail of the evidence and other preparations. So far as this account is incomplete, for it must often be only possible for us to show what was done, not how it was accomplished, the facts can be supplied by the Right Honorable Mr. Justice Boyd, who as Queen's Advocate had principal charge of the preparation of the case.





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## The Irish Volunteer

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1915.

## Headquarters Bulletin

Tionól do b'í ag Comhairle Coitcinn  
féinne fáil ina nDúnrosc D. Domnaigh,  
an 17ú lá de'n mí ro agus an tOide Eoin  
Mac Néill, Uachtarán, ina cátaoirleac  
oide.

Do léigead tuaragbála ar gac roinn  
o'obair na féinne.

Do caitead a lán ainmne ag rocuagad  
neite bainear leir an gComhóil agus go  
nóir-móir ag rocuagad na n-áruagad i  
gcomhóil na féinne molfar an Comhairle  
do'n Comhóil.

Tionól do b'í ag Comhairle Shóda na  
féinne trádnóna D. Céadaoin an 20ú lá  
de'n mí ro, agus an Ceann Caca Pádraic  
Mac Piarais i gceannur an éruinnighe.

Do léigead na gnát-tuaragbála ar

éruaib Oirruighe, bhoruighe, Oileamha,  
Aimála, Feara, agus Ainisio.

Do rrioc rgeal go raib luic ceannuir  
aimh Sapan tar éir Dearmuid Mac Gear-  
ailt duine eile de timtírib na féinne, do  
cur i bhoruagad mar gheall ar beir ag bhor-  
tuagad Saedéal cum dul ra b'féinne.

Do hainmniagad timtírib cum oibre na  
otimtírib atá i bhoruagad do ghabail le n-a  
n-air.

Do rinnead a lán oirruighe o'ainmniugad.

Do rrioc cunntair ar gluairead na  
hoibre o timtírib agus o muinteoirib atá  
ag obair i gComhóil atá Cluic, Luibhaid,  
Cille Dara, Cille Mannuáin agus Cor-  
caige.

Do rocuigead Clár Oibre na Comhóla.

Dúnrosc na féinne,  
at Cluic, 20 D. Fóg., 1915.

[TRANSLATION.]

The General Council of the Irish  
Volunteers met at Headquarters on Sun-  
day, 17th inst., Professor Eoin Mac Neill,  
President, in the chair.

Reports were submitted on the various  
departments of Volunteer activity.

Careful consideration was given to the  
Agenda of the forthcoming Convention,  
more particularly to the changes in the  
constitution which will be recommended  
by the Council.

The Central Executive met on Wed-  
nesday evening, 20th inst., Commandant  
P. H. Pearse in the chair.

The usual reports on Organisation, Re-  
cruiting, Training, Arming, Communica-  
tions, and Finance were submitted.

It was noted that Mr. Desmond Fitz-  
gerald, another of the Headquarters Or-  
ganisers, had been arrested by order of  
the competent military authority.

Arrangements were made for continu-  
ing the work of the two Organisers now  
in prison.

A large number of appointments were  
made.

Reports of the progress of their work  
were received from organisers and in-  
structors operating in Cos. Dublin,  
Louth, Kildare, Wicklow, and Cork.

The Agenda of the Convention was  
drawn up.

Headquarters, 2 Dawson Street,  
Dublin, 20th Oct., 1915.

ainmniughe.

sluag atá cluic.

An Céad Caca.

Complaet f.

An Lear-Captaon Ioc. Fionán Ó Loingsig  
cum beir ina Captaon.

An Ceann Roinne Diarmaid Ó hEigear-  
nais cum beir ina Lear-Captaon Ioc.

An Dara Caca.

Burdean an Caca.

An Lear-Ceann Caca Tomár Ó Piarais  
cum beir ina Ceann Caca.

An Lear-Captaon Ioc. F. Henderson  
cum beir ina Ceann Eolac.

An tOglac S. Ó Dubháil cum beir ina  
Lear-Captaon Leaga.

Do haontuigead go realuad ainmniughe  
oirruighe i gComplaet Cluic Doleáin, i  
gCo. atá Cluic, agus i gComplaet Cinn  
Tuirc i gCo. Corcaige, complaet na  
ceanglaib le cat go fóill.

Mire,

Pádraic Mac Piarais,

Ceann Caca,

Riaraide an Oirruighe.

Dúnrosc na féinne,  
at Cluic, 20 D. Fóg., 1915.

[TRANSLATION.]

**APPOINTMENTS.**  
DUBLIN BRIGADE.

1ST BATTALION.

F. Coy.

2nd Lieut. Fionán Ó Loingsig to be  
Captain.

Section Commander Diarmaid Ó  
hEigearnais to be 2nd Lieut.

2ND BATTALION.

BATTALION STAFF.

Vice-Commandant Thos. Hunter to be  
Commandant.

2nd Lieut. F. Henderson to be Batt.  
Scout Commander.

Volunteer J. J. Doyle to be Lieut-Sur-  
geon.

Provincial ratification has been given  
to elections of officers by the Tallaght-  
Clondalkin Coy., Co. Dublin, and the  
Kanturk Coy., Co. Cork, which are not  
yet attached to Battalions.

P. H. PEARSE,

Commandant,

Director of Organisation.

Headquarters, 2 Dawson Street,  
Dublin, 20th Oct., 1915.

## NOTES FROM HEADQUARTERS.

Fáiltiugad.

Fearaimio fion-cáoin fáilte roim teac-  
tairib na féinne go baile atá cluic.  
Suidimio réan agus ronar oide agus ar  
fiannaib fáil le céile agus ar an obair  
atá iom lánais aca. Ir iad crann rearta  
na héineann iad. Ir iad ir cluic agus  
rgeal do cluic Saedéal. Ba deatb  
i éine inoiu muna mbead an tream úo.  
Muna mbead fianna fáil agus a luic con-  
ganta do b'í éine oileta agus ceannuighe;  
oileta i n-airge agus ceannuighe ar neim-  
nió. Dimir lán de mairnead agus de dócar  
ag teac le céile dúinn an Domnaic ro  
cugainn. Do rinneamar gníom rader i  
otairbe dar oir agus do clu ar gcine an  
fao mairnead Saedil. Do cornuigear  
éine ar earonóir. Tá gníomarca e le le  
deanam agaimn, gníomarca ar a mbéir  
tráct ag luic reanduir go lá an b'ráta.  
Dimir 'gar n-ullmugad féin i gcomhair an  
lae 'na nglaothar orainn.

An Comhóil.

Béir tuillead agus dá céad teactaire  
o Complactaib ar an gComhóil. Béir ina  
teannta rin baill na Comhairle. Ar a  
haon-deag a cluic fuidhear an Comhóil,



agus leannan de'n ghnó ar feadh an lae. léigear tuairgheála ar gach níos báinear le cúir na féinne agus tráctar ar an obair atá or ar scoil ar amad. Stiúrfaidh Siuagá áda Cluic tar dóir na hAdair-clainne fá meadhon lae nó mar rin agus beannóidh do'n Comóid.

#### THE CONVENTION.

Over two hundred Volunteer Companies will send delegates to the second annual Convention of Irish Volunteers which will meet in the Abbey Theatre on Sunday next. In addition to the delegates the members of the General Council will sit in the Convention. The gathering will therefore consist of about two hundred and fifty Volunteers. The significant thing about it will be not so much its size as the fact that it will be in a real sense an assembly of soldiers, the delegates of soldiers. Every man there will be a man who is undergoing military training, and who is the representative and spokesman of a group of comrades who are also undergoing military training. The Volunteers are not professional soldiers, but they are that better and finer thing,—citizens who have accepted military discipline and who have learned the use of arms; citizens who have undertaken the duty of national defence and who are rapidly fitting themselves for the discharge of that duty.

#### ABOUT OURSELVES.

We have no illusions on the subject of the military efficiency of the Irish Volunteers. We know that we are not a large national army; we know that our training is as yet imperfect. We do not suppose that we could fight the troops of the Kaiser. But we believe that, man for man, we are as good as any troops we shall ever be called upon to face; we believe that our training, within certain clearly-defined limits, is as good as the training of any troops we are likely to have opposed to us. After all, we have two years' more or less steady training behind us, which is more than can be said for the majority of non-conscript troops now fighting on the European battle-fields. Our training, at any rate for the past twelve months, has been strictly directed towards fitting us to fight under the special conditions of a campaign in Ireland. We have cut out all the useless things, and confined ourselves to the essentials. We are daily improving. Our ranks remain intact. New districts are rallying to us. Our Volunteer army is a reality. It exists; it is armed; it can march; it can fight. All this is an enormous achievement, an achievement so enormous that one has, so to speak, to step back from it now and then and contemplate it from a little distance in order to realise it. We believe that in the Volunteer army of to-day we have

a more efficient weapon for its purpose than the Volunteer army which won Irish Independence in 1782. We are not so large a force, possibly (allowing for the difference in date) not so well armed a force; but we are more compact, more homogeneous, better disciplined, better led. **And we are not to be bought or intimidated or wheedled into giving up our arms.** Our purpose is as a rock, and we are stronger than any man or Government that may attempt to overthrow us.

#### THE AGENDA.

To the Convention the President, the Secretary, the Treasurers, and the General Staff will unfold a short and unadorned tale of a year's amazing progress in the teeth of great difficulties. Statements will be made showing that on the three or four great questions in which alone they are interested the Irish Volunteers stand to-day where they have stood from the beginning,—on the question of maintaining intact an Irish defence force for service in Ireland only, on the question of resisting any attempted disarmament of Ireland, on the question of resisting any attempt to conscript Irishmen, on the question of resisting the dismemberment of Ireland. Audited financial statements accounting for the expenditure of every penny that has reached Headquarters during the year will be laid before the Convention. The General Staff will report on progress in Organisation, Training, Arming, and the other departments of military activity. Motions from various Companies will be discussed. President, Council, and Executive will be elected for the new year. During an interval an address on a military subject will be delivered. The Dublin Brigade will march past the building and salute the Convention.

#### ANOTHER.

Since last week's notes were written yet another Volunteer organiser has been arrested and imprisoned. Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald had just commenced work as a temporary (and unpaid) organiser in Co. Wicklow. We have now two organisers in jail; for obvious reasons we shall not say how many we have on the road. But we have more than at any previous time. And so stimulating do we find the competent military authority that we contemplate further appointments.

### Seachtmáin na Samna.

#### IRISH REVIVAL WEEK.

NOVEMBER 1ST TO 6TH.

**Monday**—Public Meeting in Mansion House.

**Tuesday**—Dramatic performance in Abbey Theatre.

**Wednesday**—Concert in Abbey Theatre.

**Saturday**—Ceilidh in Mansion House.

### Lectures for Section Commanders

#### IV. COMMAND.

Command is the art of getting obeyed. It is an art without which it is impossible to lead a section—even though a section contains only sixteen men. There are a number of points the combination of which help to give you this quality. Of these the first is Drill.

Drill is such an important way of getting your men to obey you that it was thought best to have one lecture of this series specially on the subject. The great merit of Drill is that it gives set things to do, and you have only to supervise these. Insist on them being well done: you are entitled to have them properly done by your men, and if you do insist your men will get a habit of ready obedience.

Then there's another side to this. For yourself do what you in turn are told by your superior. No one is fit to command unless he knows how to obey. You can easily see that this is the case: What sort of example is it for recruits to see their sergeant questioning an order or making suggestions to his superior. As sure as fate if you side-track orders from your captain or one of the lieutenants the time will come when one of your men will tell you to go to blazes.

Don't spare yourself: if you do your men will see through you. On the other hand, they won't complain of any exertion you require of them if only you share it with them. Strive your best to be a better soldier than any of them—present arms with a louder smash, click your heels smarter at right turn, throw out your chest more at attention, if you have the good luck to have the necessary eye and hand be a better shot—all these things you will find helpful.

If you have a very stupid recruit squad be patient with them. Start them slowly and work them up. Answer their questions, however foolish, and help them out every way you can. But if you see that some over-smart chap is coddling you pull him up right off—don't let that go any distance. If he's trying to spoil the section try the rifle-butt on him—but be sure the officers aren't looking. Fortunately we Volunteers haven't any of that—our fellows are only anxious to learn.

Lastly study all you can—keep ahead of your men in military knowledge and prepare yourself for higher rank. Attend any special lectures, classes or drills you are able. You can't do anything too well: some of you can't do them well enough.

MRS. HEGARTY, Costumier, 93 Harcourt Street. Cumann na mBan Costumes a speciality.



## Second Irish Volunteer Convention

### ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE DAY.

All delegates attending the Convention are requested to present their cards at the Abbey Theatre at 10.30 a.m. on Sunday, 31st Oct. The business of the day will start punctually at 11 o'clock.

The following is the Agenda:—

1. Minutes of last Convention.
2. Appointment of Committees and adoption of Standing Orders.
3. Correspondence.
4. Address by the President.
5. Secretary's Report.
6. Treasurer's Report, Auditor's Report and Statement of Accounts for the year.
7. Report from Headquarters Staff.
8. Motions.
9. Nominations.
10. Elections.
11. General Business.

At 1.30 p.m. the business of the Convention will be suspended and a statement of a military nature will be made by Captain O'Connell, on behalf of the Headquarters Staff, after which there will be a short adjournment for lunch.

### MOTIONS.

1. Amendments to the Constitution recommended to the Convention by the General Council.
2. Motions dealing with training. Proposed by the representatives of Athlone, "D." Coy. 4th Batt., Dublin, "F." Coy. 2nd Batt., Dublin, and "C." Coy., 2nd Batt., Dublin.
3. Motions dealing with Arms... Proposed by Representatives of "D." Coy., 4th Batt., Dublin, Castlelyons and Glasgow.
4. Motions dealing with Organisation. Proposed by Representatives of Magherafelt, "C." Coy. 2nd Batt., Dublin, Kilkenny, Belfast, Limerick City, Glasgow and "B." Coy. 4th Batt., Dublin.
5. Motions dealing with Communications. Proposed by Representative of Kilkenny City.
6. Motions dealing with Finance. Proposed by Representatives of Derry City and Limerick City.
7. Motions dealing with Conscription. Proposed by Representative of Fermoy.
8. Motions dealing with General Business. Proposed by Representatives of Castlelyons, Limerick City, Glasgow and "D." Coy., 4th Batt., Dublin.

During the proceedings the Dublin Brigade of the Irish Volunteers will

March past the Abbey Theatre. Business will be suspended for a few minutes as the men march past.

## A Review

A POPULAR HISTORY OF THE INSURRECTION OF 1798. By REV. P. F. KAVANAGH. Dublin: Gill.

A few days ago I held in my hand the blade which stabbed Lord Edward Fitzgerald. The point—for the steel was poor stuff—had been turned by contact with a bone. The metal was black and unlovely with age. I think I uttered a platitude while I held the relic; but it seemed to me that it was a religious relic: the sword of a persecutor made holy by the blood of a martyr. We have an inclination to ignore the theological significance of patriotism; and this aspect of national assertion cannot too frequently be brought before our people. It should be taught to everyone that a national sin is a breach of the Fourth Commandment. Father Burbidge in a most excellent article in the "Catholic Bulletin" of last August, dealt with this subject as a theologian. His article should be reprinted in pamphlet form under a good title, such as "Can We Commit National Sins with Impunity?" I should like to see it among the "Tracts for the Times."

It is therefore fitting and proper that the story of '98, which is, after all, in a modified sense, an appendix to "Actn Sanctorum Hibernæ," should be written by a priest, and that priest a follower of the most human among its saints.

The men of '98 represented the victims of patriotism, decency, honesty, fidelity, and many others, as opposed to their opposites; and their programme, considered historically, included the wiping out of the penal laws against Catholics.

This excellent history, impartially written, should be read with such ideas as the above in one's mind. The apparent failure of the rising becomes, as a consequence, less a cause for depression. For, in its fundamentals, '98 was a huge spiritual success. It was a forced rebellion, a pushing up, rather than a rising, for it suited Pitt's policy to wipe out Ireland's military power in embryo. From that standpoint it is rich in lessons for the Irish Volunteers. The patience and quiet determination of our Volunteers must and shall defeat any attempt, upon the part of the Garrison, to choose an hour for our destruction. Father Kavanagh is to be congratulated upon his descriptions of the leaders of the Rebellion; and the publishers deserve praise for the excellently selected and reproduced gallery of portraits.

A. N.

## Castle Censorship

The following letter, sent to the "Irish Daily Independent," has not been permitted to appear in that paper:—

[COPY.]

19 Herbert Park,  
Dublin, 22nd Oct., 1915.

The Editor of the "Independent."  
MR. REDMOND CHALLENGED.

Sir,—In your issue of the 14th inst., you quote from the "New York World" the wording of an interview granted to that paper by Mr. John Redmond, in which he is stated to have said:—"Ireland is in a state of profound peace. Three or four men have been imprisoned for short terms for open pro-German declarations, for which in similar cases they would have been shot in Germany."

As I am one of the four men ordered to leave Ireland, whose refusal to comply with the preposterous order was followed by three months' imprisonment, Mr. Redmond's declaration refers to me. In fact, owing to the publicity which attached itself to our cases, Mr. Redmond's remark has almost exclusive application to my friends and myself. **I have therefore challenged Mr. Redmond to acknowledge that he is the author of the statement that we were arrested for "open pro-German declarations," and he has refused to accept the challenge.**

You will appreciate that the charge of being imprisoned for declarations "for which under similar conditions" I "would have been shot in Germany" is a serious libel upon myself, and a matter to me of the highest importance. I therefore rely upon your courtesy to give this repudiation the fullest publicity. There was no charge whatever against myself or my friends upon which to base the banishment orders; and we have suffered and are suffering imprisonment for an unnamed offence. None of us had made "open pro-German declarations." We had merely been legitimately active as Irish Volunteers; and for this "crime" we were sentenced to Banishment; but we chose imprisonment rather than leave Ireland. The tenor of the passage which you have quoted is obviously dictated by the exigencies of the present British Government in Ireland.

HERBERT M. PIM.

P.S.—It is unfortunate that such statements as the one to which I have objected should be made in America at a time when the Government protection of communications permits us to be libelled with impunity outside of Ireland.

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.



### IRISH REVIVAL WEEK.

Irish Revival Week, which is being organised by the Gaelic League, commences on Monday, November 1st, with a big propagandist meeting in the Mansion House. On the same day a shop-window display of Irish manufactured goods will be inaugurated by a large number of the largest firms in town.

Irish plays will be produced in the Abbey Theatre on Tuesday evening by the Aisteoin and the Cluicheoin. An Irish concert and tableaux will be given in the Abbey on Wednesday evening. Anna Ni Oisin, the famous traditional singer, is coming to town for the occasion. Cathal O'Broin, of Belfast, is also engaged, and Miss Maureen Creegan, Feis Ceoil medallist. A great ceilidhe will be held in the Mansion House on Saturday, November 6th. Tickets are only 2s. each. The purpose of Irish Revival week is purely propagandist. Gaelic League teachings were never more essential than to-day, and the Dublin Coiste Ceanntair relies with confidence on the support of all Gaels for the four events of the week. Tickets can be had from all Gaelic League Branches.

### IRISH CLASSES FOR VOLUNTEERS.

In view of the demand for Irish Classes for Volunteers, the Branch of the Five Provinces has arranged their programme so as to leave their premises free for the Volunteers on Friday night. An hour's Irish class will be followed by an hour's Irish amusement. The ordinary membership fee of five shillings a year entitle Volunteers to this course without further charge.

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### FIRST AID CLASSES

For Members of Cumann na mBan, Thursday afternoon 4 to 5.30, beginning October 29th. Those wishing to attend should apply by letter to Hon. Secs., Cumann na mBan Executive, 2 Dawson Street.

### Turkeys (with (a) "Little Greece") Hams, Geese, Cigars, etc., etc.

Tickets for the great annual Irish Volunteer Goose Club are now available and can be had at Headquarters, Larkfield, Kimmage, every night (except Wednesday and Saturday) from 8 p.m., or from the members of the Companies. Those living in Inchicore District can secure tickets at Emmet Hall, Headquarters of Company F.

Object: To provide Arms and Ammunition.

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# NATIONALITY

Vol. 1. No. 20.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1915.

One Penny.

## Notes.

### WEEK BY WEEK.

#### "Remember Belgium."

The Editor of the "Irish Times" is recovering slowly. For some time past that and other English-controlled papers in this country have been quietly girding at the Belgian refugees. It was all very well and very politic twelve months ago to welcome refugees from Belgium. They were Exploitable Assets for the Neutral Countries, Testimonies of German Barbarism and British Benevolence—Living Witness of John Bull's Championship of Small Nationalities and his Christian Charity and Indignation. But to-day these Assets have depreciated in value to England, and her press is discovering things about the brave Belgians which mildly shock the virtuous English soul, and hints that England would not oppose them departing from her and her subject shores—preferably to Die that she might Live. The Editor of the "Irish Times" has been modestly and unostentatiously doing his bit for the revised policy of the empire in this direction, and on Friday last while thus engaged was put out of action by a high-explosive shell fired at him by Michael J. C. Hepers, Belgian refugee, entrenched at Dunshaughlin, Co. Meath.

Monsieur Hepers objects to his countrymen being called idlers. He says:—

Before the war and the passage of the Germans over our dear country, one town of Belgium had more industries, employed more people, converted more raw material into manufactured goods than all the towns of Ireland put together. Nature has been singularly bountiful to your country. You have coal in plenty, but you prefer to import your supplies of that article. You have iron, but you import all your iron manufactured, down to horse-nails, pig-rings, and hair-pins. You grow wool, but whenever I go to Dublin I see it in tons at the North Wall being shipped to other countries for manufacture. In a word, Irish manufacture is nearly a myth. It can hardly be said to exist; your only native manufactures are whiskey and porter.

Linen, M. Hepers, loyal Linen. With whiskey, porter, and linen left to us by the English Government which arrests nature and culture in our bountiful country, we are permitted to raise four millions of people on a soil where we once supported nine millions, and could support five-and-twenty millions. But hear our Belgian Refugee, who has not learned to meekly swallow insults or slighting references to his country from England or her Irish apes.

A sweeping condemnation is made of the whole Belgian people because there are a few unfortunate refugees who are no credit

to the land that bore them. They are not countrymen, but workmen and tradesmen of big towns, waiting here for an employment. Belgium is about the size of an Irish province, yet we maintained and employed eight millions of people, and, after feeding the nation, we exported food to the amount of seven millions pounds of English money, and yet we are lazy! An Irishman should be the last to say a bad word of the Belgians; for, if he only knew the history of his own country, he would not dare to do it.

Belgium is the size of an Irish Province—to be exact, a trifle larger than the Province of Munster—Belgium has little or nothing of the natural advantages of Ireland—Belgium has a soil which an Irish grazier would swoon to see—and Belgium supports double the population of Ireland on it. But if Belgium had, like Ireland, the English flag over it, then we assure M. Hepers Belgium would be another Ireland. And M. Hepers knows something of Ireland's history, for he writes:—

There are Belgian refugees since last autumn only, but there were Irish refugees, and that of the best Irish blood, for over one hundred years. Some of these found shelter and relief in France and Spain, but nowhere was there a warmer welcome than in the insignificant speck on the map of Europe that once was, and will again, please God, be Belgium. France and Spain used your gallant exiles to fight their battles, but what did Belgium do? When your merciless rulers, in order to turn you into a nation of brutes, banished from your shores and put a price on the head of the priest and the schoolmaster, Belgium welcomed your young men to her seats of learning, ordained the priest, and trained the teachers free of cost, and as long as you needed them kept up the supply, so that the fact of your being a Catholic and enlightened nation to-day is largely due to the forefathers of those who are now characterised as lazy Belgians.

Imagine the feelings of the Editor of the "Irish Times" in being compelled to print this. Some slight error of history there is in the suggestion that when the Present Champion of Christianity and Civilisation was engaged in hunting down the Irish priest and the Irish schoolmaster to the end of making us a nation of brutes, that the foundations in what is now known as Belgium which aided some of the Irish to stem the policy of the merciless rulers of this country were native Belgian foundations. But that is a small matter. The Spanish and Austrian Governments which held sway in the present Belgium did conspire in Flanders to feloniously educate Irishmen. And no Irishman that we know of—save of the English garrison gang—has ever wished Belgium other than well, or has been deceived by England's recent professions of love for a country which she only six years ago accused of all the Atrocities she now alleges against the Germans.

Monsieur Hepers, in concluding his letter to the chief organ of the English Press in Ireland, says:—

Instead of blaming Ireland, I say that the Irish people is one of the most hospitable that I ever met. In the name of all the Belgians, I thank Ireland for what it did for the unfortunate Belgians, and I wish that never shells of cannons or bombs of Zeppelins will destroy yours homes and put you in the miserable circumstances wherein Belgium is now. Also I would be very grateful to everybody who should give an employment to the Belgians, and you would see then that they are not so lazy as is said. The Board of Trade does not allow the Belgians to work if there are Irish candidates. I approve that, but why criticise the Belgians when they cannot get work?

We echo Monsieur Hepers' wish. What a pity it is that old King Leopold, whom England hated because he *knew* her, had not been Belgium's King instead of the gallant and guileless young man who marshalled Belgium to oppose Germany when Germany asked permission to pass through. King Leopold, too, would have marshalled his army, but he would have said to England and France—"Germany proposes to pass through my territory, guaranteeing the integrity and independence of my country and compensation for damage done. If you consider that for me to yield permission is violation of the neutrality you, with Germany, have agreed to protect, send your armies to Liege and Namur, and I will support you by force of arms. If you do not do so, the safety and interest of my country dictate that on the terms offered by Germany I shall let its armies pass through Belgium." Leopold was an old man and had got to die, but Monsieur Hepers will probably agree with us that his common sense would have saved Belgium had he lived five years longer.

The Editor of the "Irish Times" hoisted the white flag to the Belgian critic in this note:—

[Our Belgian correspondent's eloquent protest seems to have been provoked by some local criticism of local refugees. Our recent article merely called attention to Miss Edith Sellers's article in the *Nineteenth Century* on the alleged shortcomings of certain refugees in England.—Ed. I.T.] The Editor will not "call attention" to any more. He is doing as well as can be expected.

#### The Vindication of Monsignor Persico.

We shall reply to many correspondents on this matter *en bloc*. Dr. Donnelly is not, as "A. M." observes, Bishop of Clones, but Bishop of Canea. It was the printer who assigned him, on the strength of an execrable handwriting, to Clones. Dr. Donnelly's bishopric is a titular one, awarded to him as a



consolation for the Archbishopric the English Government unsuccessfully sought for him from the Vatican. Sir George Earington, Dr. Donnelly's associate in the work against Irish Nationalism at the Vatican, 1882-90, is still alive, somewhere in Wexford. His title was part of the price England paid him for his services. The letters, whose publication vindicated the memory of Cardinal Persico, were first published in the "United Irishman" in April, 1904. They were republished a month later. They have not been published in book-form in this country, but they have been published in book-form in France and Belgium, and they were translated in the Austrian Press. Their republication in "Nationality" would, we fear, take up too much of our limited space. We shall consider their publication in pamphlet form.

#### The Crime against Europe.

The "New York American" publishes the official report of the German Law Courts on the atrocities committed on Germans by the soldiers of the Allies. The witnesses whose affidavits are reproduced are German soldiers and civilians, Dutch civilians, and Luxembourg civilians. Unlike the "report" on German atrocities given to the world by the English, evidence only of those who swear they were actual eye-witnesses of the atrocities alleged is accepted, and the name of the witness is in every case given, and his evidence attested by the Judge and Clerk of the Court. The charges sworn to by German soldiers and civilians, men and women, against the English and French black troops are appalling. The nations who introduced into an European war these Asiatic and African savages, and, in the case of some, cannibals, will stand condemned at the bar of posterity for the worst act ever committed by white men against the white race. The English, it is true, armed the Indians and paid them so much per scalp for the scalps of Americans during the war of the Revolution; but the Indians were on their native heath. Europe, not America, is the white man's land, and the introduction of savage Asiatics and Africans into Europe in war between civilised Powers is unparalleled in European history since anno domini. It is a betrayal of the white race, and an infamy pregnant with a grim and horrible danger and woe in the future.

#### Pious England.

While England is fighting for the maintenance of Civilisation and Christianity with all her subject-peoples' strength, Business is proceeding as Usual in the London Divorce Court, which opened on Tuesday last with 362 undefended divorce cases, 62 divorce cases for common juries, 39 for special juries, and 72 defended cases.

#### Muzzling the English Masses.

We pointed out some time ago that the real object of the English Fat men who are clamouring and conspiring to fix conscription upon the inept English working-classes is to ensure a tight hand over them after the war. King George's cousin, Augustus Fitzgeorge, blurted out so much a few weeks ago, and now Lord Headley, who, like Augustus, cannot some-

times control his tongue, naively declares in the "Glasgow Herald":—

In regard to many industries the plain fact was that the foreigner lived much more cheaply than the British workman and charged far less for his labour. Where labour, and not machinery, formed a small part of the cost of production we should be able to compete with the foreigner, and that should be the case in high-class confectionery more than in anything else. If we were to defeat the foreigner in other industries after the war it seemed to him that the British workman would have at consent to work for lower wages than hitherto. At any rate, he hoped so in order that the country might supply itself with necessities without having to go abroad for them.

As the British workman in normal circumstances would object to having his wages lowered, Conscription solves the difficulty. "We need Conscription," said King George's cousin, "to keep the people in hand." Just so—after the war, when they will be called on to work for lower wages in order to maintain the British plutocrats' Profit as Usual.

#### "Ireland and Conscription."

"Ireland and Conscription"—some notes of a speech delivered at the Dublin City Hall by Mr. John Sweetman, is one of the latest pamphlets published at 12 D'Olier Street. Mr. Sweetman shows that any attempt to enforce English Conscription on Ireland can be defeated by "a very simple process called passive resistance. We can refuse to march to their barracks or their camps." We should think so.

#### Mr. Redmond's Sinister Hint.

In the "interview" published in the *New York World* which we referred to last week, Mr. Redmond wrote—for the "interview" was written by himself—that in Ireland "three or four men have been imprisoned for short terms for open pro-German declarations, for which in similar cases they would have been shot in Germany." The sinister character of this will be better understood when it is made known that the service of the Banishment Orders upon Mr. Pim and others was only made after the intention of the English Government had been communicated to one of the "Leaders of the Irish Party." Mr. Pim, on his release from prison, wrote to Mr. Redmond, and Mr. Redmond has skulked as usual. Mr. Pim then wrote to the "Independent," and the Editor, having, presumably, consulted Dublin Castle, sent the reply we to-day publish. The following are the letters:—

(Copy.)

"19 Herbert Park,

"Dublin, 22nd October, 1915.

(The Editor, Independent.)

"Sir—In your issue of 14th inst. you quote from the *New York World* the wording of an interview granted to that paper by Mr. John Redmond, in which he is stated to have said—'Ireland is in a state of profound peace. . . . Three or four men have been imprisoned for short terms for open pro-German declarations, for which in similar cases they would have been shot in Germany.'

"As I am one of the four men ordered to leave Ireland, whose refusal to comply with the preposterous order was followed by three months' imprisonment, Mr. Redmond's declara-

tion refers to me. In fact, owing to the publicity which attached itself to our cases, Mr. Redmond's remark has almost exclusive application to my friends and myself.

"I have therefore challenged Mr. Redmond to acknowledge that he is the author of the statement that we were arrested for 'open pro-German declarations,' and he has refused to accept the challenge.

"You will appreciate that the charge of being imprisoned for declarations 'for which under similar conditions' I 'would have been shot in Germany' is a serious libel upon myself, and a matter to me of the highest importance. I therefore rely upon your courtesy to give this repudiation the fullest publicity.

"There was no charge whatever against myself or my friends upon which to base the banishment orders; and we have suffered and are suffering imprisonment for an unnamed offence. None of us had made 'open pro-German declarations.' We had merely been legitimately active as Irish Volunteers; and for this 'crime' we were sentenced to Banishment; but we chose imprisonment rather than leave Ireland. The tenor of the passage which you have quoted is obviously dictated by the exigencies of the present British Government in Ireland.

"Your obedient Servant,

"HERBERT M. PIM.

"P.S.—It is unfortunate that such statements as the one to which I have objected should be made in America at a time when the Government protection of communications permits us to be libelled with impunity outside of Ireland.—H.M.P."

(Copy.)

"Irish Independent,

"Dublin, Oct. 22nd, 1915.

Dear Sir—Your name in no way occurs in our extracts from Mr. Redmond's interview, and as some people imprisoned in Ireland have been charged with pro-German utterances, I do not see that you have any grievance in the matter, and I regret I cannot insert your letter.

"Yours truly,

"THE EDITOR.

"Herbert M. Pim, Esq.,

"19 Herbert Park, Dublin."

The Editor of the *Daily Independent's* excuse for refusing to publish the letter of a man whom he had by implication agreed would "have been shot in Germany" makes a record in prostitute journalism.

#### Questions for Portrane.

A striking novelty was advertised in connection with an English recruiting-meeting at Donabate presided over by Father Magill, an ex-English Army Chaplain, and addressed, among others, by one T. L. Plunkett, of Portmarnock. Questions were invited. Therefore we put the following to Father Magill:—

Is he aware that T. L. Plunkett wrote secretly to the English Government eleven months ago "as a Catholic," enclosing the name of a Catholic Monsignor in Ireland whom he urged should be prosecuted, because he had written that there was a case for Germany in this war as well as a case for England?



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

Does the Rev. Father Magill endorse T. L. Plunkett's conduct?

Did the Rev. Father Magill, over 20 years ago, denounce the Parnellites as "Priest-hunters"?

Does he consider T. L. Plunkett a Priest-hunter—a secret and skulking Paddy the Pointer?

If he does, how does he come to stand on any platform such a creature is seen on?

If he does not, will he define in his next Bolshy harangue what in his opinion constitutes a Priesthunter and how the Parnellites fitted his definition?

Despite the invitation to put questions, we would hesitate to trespass on Father Magill's time were we not aware that he is able to spend most of it at present going around worrying young men in his parish with appeals to them to join the English Army.

## Two Ryans.

Rev. Monsignor Ryan, of Tipperary, is a man of war. Men of war at the present time have no fear of the Realm Act. There was a Coercion Act before. It was a different Act to the Realm one, but the substance was the same. Under it, for daring to act in accord with his opinion, Rev. Matt Ryan, P.P. of Knockavella, was imprisoned. It was in the days of the Land League. Father Matt asked no man to do what he was not prepared to do himself. He preached no war, his policy was nothing more dangerous than to advocate that men should live on lands exclusively occupied by bullocks. At that time Father Matt "did his bit" in prison, where his treatment was bad. At that time Rev. Monsignor Ryan, P.P. of Tipperary, was silent. He is not silent to-day. His fine rolling voice is working for England. He is trying to use the fatal fluency to do work for England. Orating tweed and corduroy into khaki is costing money, heaps of it. We believe the Rev. Monsignor is not paid. Justifying his appearance with the men-catchers, Rev. Monsignor Ryan said he "should be false to my people and false to my own dead" if he was not in the chair at a recruiting meeting in Tipperary last week. He is right. The Ryans of Scarteen were with England before the catch-cries of Christianity and small nationalities were happily discovered and imposed on an unthinking people. The following is an extract from the war-priest's sword-flashing oratory:—

So far he was not ashamed—on the contrary he was proud—of the voluntary enlistment of Tipperary men. Lord Kitchener had said that the voluntary response to his appeal had been "magnificent." That was an adjective familiar in Tipperary. Well, if Tipperary had been magnificent in the past let her be magnificent now, and let those glorious sons of hers at the front be cheered by the news that would go out from that meeting that there were as brave and true men coming out as those that went before them. We give an extract from a speech by another of the Ryan clan, a man of the people now as always, a simple, honest man with quiet ridicule for blue blood, a true priest, a genuine

Nationalist—Father Matt Ryan. Father Matt, who is known, loved, and respected far beyond the bounds of Tipperary, spoke at an Irish Ireland gathering at Ballagh, in the heart of "Magnificent Tipperary":—

But my services are here at your command. I come here as a recruiting sergeant. Yes, I am a recruiting sergeant, but I do not recruit for carnage. I ask no man to put himself in the way of being slaughtered. I am not a recruiting sergeant in that sense. Others have £400 a year and they think it is their business to go recruiting. My mind does not impel me to go as a recruiting sergeant in that sense. I am a man of peace though you call me a General. I am a priest and bear in mind what was the sentiment of the Master of priests and Master of all of us when He said—"My peace I leave you, My peace I give you," full of these sentiments of peace which He commanded His followers to observe, I wish all peoples—whether Irish, English, German, French or Turk—should love one another and be disciples of the God of peace (cheers). I hate carnage and I do not ask you to go and mix up with carnage; all the same I am a recruiting sergeant here to-day. All the big Empires now tell us they are fighting for small Nationalities. Do you believe them? (Cries of "No.") I may tell you honestly I don't. What are they but the wreck and ruin of many small Nationalities (cheers). They proclaim to the world that they are fighting for small Nationalities. I want you to fight for a small Nationality (cheers). You can fight for that small Nationality without bloodshed. You can fight; but all the time I am a man of peace (cheers). You will fight for Ireland by preserving the national spirit to make Ireland sooner or later a self-governing people not undivided or carved to bits, but one whole entire and inseparable—a nation governed by her own wise people with full control on Irish soil (cheers). Until that is done we cannot be a prosperous nation. We are as intelligent as any other nation, yet we do not enjoy the same opportunities. For the past seven hundred years since the villainous renegade—Dermot M'Morrough—invited over the English to fight and conquer this land, the foreigners are governing Ireland, and why is it if they have such love for small nationalities, why is it this country—a small nationality—inhabited by a race so enlightened, is not as prosperous as other countries less favoured than ours? Until a few years ago there was eight and a half millions of people in Ireland; to-day our population is only half that. In the meantime how has England gone on? She has doubled her population or about that, her trade has increased tenfold, and there is prosperity all round. Why is not Ireland supporting a larger population to-day? Why has she not prospered? Because on account of government by the foreigner who is using us and working this country as a draw farm.

## Chivalrous England.

The execution of Miss Cavell, for an offence punishable with death under the laws of war, has so much shocked the chivalry of England that we begin to hope that in the future England may cease to put to death Irishwomen—at least in time of peace. In July of 1914 an inoffensive woman was shot dead by England's soldiers on Bachelor's Walk, Dublin. Witnesses at the inquest swore that one of the English officers in command deliberately took aim at and shot the woman down. The English officer was not denounced in the

English press; he was not brought to trial; he walked the earth without a stain on his English character, and marched at the head of a detachment of the Champions of Civilisation and Christianity to Defend the Women and Children of Belgium against the Huns. Unfortunately he got captured in the first battle, and is now safe and sound as a prisoner in Germany. We are sure he is as much and is as honestly shocked at "the murder of Miss Cavell" as the rest of his chivalrous countrymen.

The difference between the case of the woman who, under the guise of a nurse, carried on in Brussels a system by which she sent out, provided with money, young Belgians, to fight against the Germans, and the case of the woman who was killed at Bachelor's Walk, is that Miss Cavell deliberately broke a law which she had contracted to obey and the penalty attached to which she understood, and that she received what she admitted to be a fair trial before she was condemned, whereas our countrywoman, whom Miss Cavell's countrymen shot, broke no law, received no trial, but was hurled into eternity without warning—without an instant for a prayer to God. Yet we are sorry to read of any woman being shot—no less sorry for Miss Cavell than for the two German women, Margaret Schmidt and Othlie Moss, whom the French shot this year on similar charges; and we await the declaration of Chivalrous England that henceforth the Allies will cease to shoot women convicted by their courts-martial, and that in order to ensure that no woman of her nation may be exposed to the fate of Miss Cavell, Britannia will disband her female Secret Service now on the Continent and in Ireland, and substitute it by men. There is, of course, something to be lost. If an English female S.S. Agent be convicted, and the Huns execute her, England can extract some profit from her death by lifting up the voice in indignation and calling on the Neutral Nations to witness how the Huns murder women. Obviously this could not be done in the case of a man S.S. agent—once shot he has no further market-value. But although England may lose this advantage, still now that she has gone so far in her indignation, an appearance of consistency may drive her to employ in future men to do the kind of work Miss Cavell was employed at in Brussels.

We cannot recall that England shot a single woman during the last war in which she had an opportunity to do so—the war against the Boers. Instead, she herded them into Concentration Camps, where 26,000 women and children sickened and died. We have before us a copy of a proclamation issued on the 1st of November, 1900, by the English to the white women and children of Ventersburg in South Africa. This is it—the curious may read it also in the "London Morning Leader" of December 17, 1900:—

(Continued on page 8.)



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## SERBIA AND THE NATIONS.

Serbia, like Belgium, has cause to-day to ruminate on England's affection for Small Nationalities and England's faith. Belgium was induced to oppose Germany by the Allies' promises of immediate aid. She was left for three weeks to bear the brunt of battle and to lose her territory. Serbia was confirmed in her refusal of the German suggestion that she should not oppose Germany joining hands with Bulgaria by the promises of the Allies to send her adequate assistance. The Allies would support Serbia, said Sir Edward Grey, "without reserve and without qualification." Serbia is beaten to her knees as we write, and the troops of England and France are peacefully massed on Greek territory, engaged in trying to bully the Greeks to follow the example and share the fate of Belgium and Serbia. But Ireland is bidden by the men who are silent in the English House of Commons over the failure of English promises to these two unhappy countries, to place implicit faith in England's promises of what she will do for Ireland—after the war.

Serbia, however, may serve a useful purpose in the English press yet—"Champion of Small Nationalities." "Remember Belgium" is outworn—"Remember Serbia" might impose on some of those whom catchwords sway. If Serbia—or rather the Serbian Government—had remembered Serbia as a nation unemancipated, its independence would be to-day secure, nor would its people vainly die. Bulgaria—planned in Petrograd to form with Serbia Russia's road to the Adriatic and the Aegean—produced in Alexander and Ferdinand rulers who sought a national destiny for their country, and the blood of the murdered Stambuloff, who fronted and thwarted Russian intrigue, cemented the edifice of an independent Bulgarian nation.

Not so with unhappy Serbia. When King Alexander and his Queen were hacked to death

by assassins in the palace of Belgrade, Peter Karageorgevitch was placed upon the reeking throne and Serbia became the vassal spearhead of Russia against Austro-Hungary—the herald of the march of Muscovy's government and church to the Adriatic over the corpse of the free federal Empire which barred the way. Serbia had no Stambuloff when England secured, by the partition of Persia and engagements for acquiescence in Russian expansion towards Europe, the alliance of the Muscovite against Germany. "The origin of this agitation against us in Bosnia," said the Hungarian Premier in the Hungarian House of Magnates on the 1st of March, 1909, "is, I grieve to say, the British Government." The unforeseen consequence of the formation and violent dissolution of the Balkan League upset for a time the plans of those who aimed at the political destruction of Austro-Hungary, but the murder of the Archduke Ferdinand by assassins supplied with the instruments of murder from the Servian Government arsenal forced at last Austro-Hungary to unsheath its sword and demand that Serbia should henceforward cease to be the tool of her enemies. The declaration of Germany that she would stand by Austro-Hungary if Russia intervened awakened the Government of Serbia to the truth that it had at last gone too far, and it prepared to submit when Russia forbade it to yield to the demand that Austro-Hungarian representatives should take part at Belgrade in the investigation of the murder of the Austro-Hungarian heir-apparent and his wife. For the enemies of Austria and of Hungary saw that in that event the history of the bloody intrigue carried on for years in the Balkans against the Power that held the Adriatic coast would be laid bare to the eyes of mankind.

And so the war began with Serbia and returns to Serbia. Its brave people are sacrificed because its rulers made it the puppet of Great Powers instead of asserting its real as well as its nominal independence. In the event of this war we hope Serbia may not cease to be. It is no gain to the world that any brave nation should be blotted out. The conspiracy of Centralised Imperialism against the principle of Nationality has obstructed the upward progress of mankind for a hundred years. The manacled activities and imprisoned ideals of an Ireland and a Poland and the other stifled nations, leave the human race the poorer and the weaker in its wistful struggle for a life that is more than existence. The battle waging to-day between the federal empires, built on the recognition that union is not uniformity and the acceptance of the National principle, and the Centralised Empires, who from great capitals seek to mould into one dull image of themselves the diverse peoples who have fallen beneath their armed sway, will affect the mind and soul of our children and our children's children. The voice of an Hypocrisy which, still strangling subject nations in its grasp, cries that it is fighting for Small Nationalities cannot deceive the thoughtful, although it may betray the ignorant. But even though a little nation become its dupe, yet those who know that in the principle of Nationality lies the germ of that true civilisation and honest brotherhood among men, which



will bring to earth its golden age, will pray that, whatever be its errors of politics, no brave nation shall forfeit its right to live according to the laws of its being, so long as it shall not infringe on the equal right of its neighbours who see the same earth and the same heaven by the use of their own eyes.

## Irish Week.

### A NEW INDUSTRY FOR DUBLIN.

The organisers of Irish Week are in a position to announce the founding of a new and important industry for Dublin. Messrs. Pigott & Co., of Grafton Street, who are taking part in the window display of Irish goods, have informed the Dublin District Committee of the Gaelic League that their firm is about to establish a Piano-making Industry in Dublin. The war has stopped the importation of pianos from Germany. It is hoped that the enterprise of Messrs. Pigott & Co. will make it unnecessary for the future to import pianos from any country into Ireland.

### THE WINDOW DISPLAY.

The success of the window display of Irish goods is now assured. The large drapery houses have responded eagerly to the Gaelic League appeal, and are preparing for big displays of home manufactured goods. The winter stocks have just been got in, and the time is very suitable for exhibiting them. In woollen goods of all kinds our Irish manufacturers are second to none. The excellence of Irish woollens is appreciated in England and in countries farther away from Ireland, but many of our own people never trouble to ask for or support the home product.

### THE EDUCATIONAL SIDE.

The educational side of Irish Week will be put before the public at the Mansion House meeting on Monday, November 1st. It is an acknowledged truth in all countries that our schools, high and low, should concern themselves particularly with the affairs and requirements of their own country. Without National education, in the real sense demanded by the Gaelic League, there can be no progress, material or otherwise. The future captains of Irish industry must make Ireland their battleground, and they will benefit by the closer acquaintance with Ireland which a knowledge of her Language, history, and resources will give them.

### IRISH MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Irish plays will be staged in the Abbey Theatre on Tuesday, November 2nd, by two companies of players, the Aisteoiri and the Cluicheoiri.

On Wednesday night a grand Concert will be given in the Abbey. Anna Ni Oisín, the famous Oireachtas singer, Cathal O'Broin, and a number of other artistes have been engaged.

The Ceilidh which is to be held in the Mansion House on Saturday, November 6th, promises to be a great re-union of Irish Irelanders.

### LANGUAGE FLAG DAY.

One day of the week beginning Sunday, October 31st (Irish Week in Dublin), is to be

set apart as an Irish Flag Day, when all who love and wish to help in the propagation of our native tongue will be given a chance to pin their colours on their breasts. A large number of collectors will be required. All who can help in the work are hereby invited to send in their names to the General Secretary, Gaelic League, 25 Parnell Square, immediately. The assistance of the numerous ladies in the various Irish Ireland organisations of the capital is particularly requested.

## Irish Atrocities.

By JOHN MITCHEL.

It may not be so generally known as it ought to be how zealously and steadily our worthy Protestant Colonists followed the examples set them across the ocean, for the greater part of a century. Many persons vainly suppose that the series of Penal Laws in Ireland, with which we are all so familiar, were invented for the sole sake of our countrymen. Let such persons read the following from the Statute Books of Virginia:—

"1753.—An Act for reducing the several laws made for establishing the General Court, and for regulating and setting the proceedings therein into one Act of Assembly.

"*Recusant, Convict, Disabled to be a Witness.*

"XXIV. That Popish recusant, convicts (that is, convicted of recusancy), shall be incapable to be witnesses in any cause whatsoever.

"1756.—An Act for disarming Papists and reputed Papists refusing to take the oaths to the Government.

"*No Papist to keep Arms, etc.*

"III. And for the better securing the lives and properties of his Majesty's faithful subjects, be it further enacted and declared, That no Papist or reputed Papist, so refusing or making default as aforesaid, shall or may have or keep in house or elsewhere, or in the possession of any other person to his use, or at his disposition, any arms, weapons, gunpowder, or ammunition, other than such necessary weapons as shall be allowed to him, by order of the Justices of the Peace, at their court, for the defence of his house or person.

"*No Papist to keep any Horse above the Value of £5.*

"VIII. And be it further enacted, That no Papist, or reputed Papist, so refusing or making default as aforesaid, at any time after the first day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and fifty-six, shall or may have or keep in his own possession, or in the possession of any other person to his use or at his disposition, any horse or horses which shall be above the value of five pounds, to be sold; and that any two or more Justices of the Peace, from time to time, by warrant under their hands and seals, may and shall authorize any person or persons, with the assistance of the constable where the search shall be (who is hereby required to be aiding and assisting herein), to search for and seize for his Majesty and his successors, all such horses, which horses are hereby declared to be forfeited to his Majesty and his successors. The Acts of

Assembly now in force in the Colony of Virginia, Williamsburg, 1760.

"Negroes, mulattoes, and Indians not to be sworn as witnesses against whites."

But Catholics could not be witnesses, even against negroes.

But all this is a mere digression, scarcely worth dwelling upon in this place, but that we happen to be here, in the State of New York, which is now happily under the regime imagined by the Catholic Governor Dongan; and also that the story of this estimable Governor, coinciding, as it does, with the efforts made for freedom by King James at home, may help to illustrate a truth which is an ugly one to have to admit, namely, that religious persecution is the very essence of Protestantism. Perhaps this is natural, and all right; for we, being the enlightened portion of Christendom, must feel ourselves authorized, and indeed called, to make ourselves think our thoughts, and go our way, or else "to burn them and to boil them."

It is time to drop this offensive and irritating subject. Nothing would be easier than to demonstrate the excessive bad faith and malign intention which the "Historian" has brought to the narration of the reign of King James the Second, and the measures of his excellent Parliament. Of course the principal witness to all the cruelties alleged to have been inflicted upon "the Protestants," in that reign, is Archbishop King (*State of the Protestants of Ireland*). According to his usual system, Mr. Froude palms off upon his readers a bad and discredited authority, suppressing all others. It need not be said that the author who cited Sir John Temple, without telling how that wretch afterwards attempted to suppress his own book, should a little further on give us the frightful fables of King without telling us that the man had composed his book, after King James's fall, to help the confiscations, to stimulate the penal laws, and to win his mitre; and without mentioning that a worthy clergyman of King's own church, who dwelt in Ireland and had full knowledge of passing events, was seized with a sacred wrath on reading that bad book of the Archbishop, and demonstrated (to use his own words) that it contained "scarcely a true word." Such is precisely the species of authority that Froude chooses to rely upon; and, therefore, when his next and last volume comes forth, his readers may expect that he will dose them with plenty of Sir Richard Musgrave.

Perhaps I should never have undertaken to expose any of the delinquencies of Froude, but that the excellent Father Burke, in his most admirable course of lectures, dealt so gently with the impostor, and even admitted his honesty and good faith. Father Burke's lectures, as I read them now in their collected form, appear to me a most complete answer, and most scathing rebuke; a work, indeed, which will live while the Irish race lives. If I have ventured to come forward into the same field, it has been mainly with a view of exhibiting not the honesty and good faith, but the determined dishonesty and treachery of that pretended "Historian," and to show that all this has been perpetrated with the odious intention of affronting and scandalizing a



whole race and nation. I am not so good a Christian as Father Burke; and it gives me pleasure to think that I may have contributed a little to destroy such remnant of credit as Froude had, whether at home or abroad.

He has done evil as he could; he has sought grievously to injure a people which has done him no wrong; and I would now counsel him—after the example of his Cromwellian heroes—to fall down upon his knees, and “seek the Lord,” and wrestle nightly with the Lord, so that, peradventure, grace might be given him to repent, and confess, and receive absolution of his sin.

## Alf Ua Muineachain.

Alf Ua Muineachain was formally charged in the Belfast Police Court on October 21 with making “statements calculated to prejudice recruiting at Cornafean, County Cavan.” The Crown Solicitor prosecuted, and the police gave evidence of arrest at Ballinagh on the 16th, and of making the formal charge in Belfast on the 21st. Colonel Hill-Trevor attended for the military authorities. The magistrates gave a remand until Tuesday, October 26.

We are asked to deny emphatically the gross slander on the character of the arrested Volunteer organiser that appeared in the “Irish News” on October 16. The “Irish News” stated that at an inquest in County Cavan Alf Ua Muineachain pretended that he was a teacher of Irish and only admitted his connection with the Volunteers under cross-examination. The truth is that in answer to a question as to his business, he gave his trade; in answer to a question as to what he was doing in Ballinagh, he said he was teaching an Irish class; and asked what else he did, he answered that he was organising Irish Volunteers in County Cavan. These answers were strictly correct, as he was not organising in Ballinagh, the Volunteers there being in no need of organising.

C.

## WHAT IT FEELS LIKE.

By A. NEWMAN.

### II.—IMPRISONMENT.

TO IRELAND.

I tread the ground that felons tread,  
And sleep within a house of thieves;  
High is my window, hard my bed;  
Yet whoso loves thee never grieves.

Thus felony and honour blend:  
The weeds are garnered with the sheaves.  
Hell upon earth shall have an end,  
So whoso loves thee never grieves.

Belfast Prison is a sombre and well-designed place. The great central chimney is a curiously fine piece of symbolism. It fascinated me as a child. But it must be seen to be appreciated. It is exceedingly massive, and the top is decorated with vast plaster clamps, whose effect is quite remarkable. The entrance to the prison, after passing the lodge, is low, giving a sense of oppression. I saw three children when I entered the passage, and they stared listlessly enough. We entered an office, with

a high counter, that gives one the impression of being likely to burst, probably because it is raised in the centre. Behind this counter there was a pale and apathetic warder in uniform. I had never seen a warder; and I saw this one in a poor light. He took my name and other particulars, and then asked me for my watch and money. In contrast to the eager and interested policemen and detectives of the police court, to whom my arrival seemed a god-send, this warder was remarkable. I have since recognised him as the assistant chief, and therefore a person of importance. I handed over my money, thinking that the warder's appearance was just what one might expect in jail. However, the light had something to do with my impression; and I afterwards discovered that most of the warders are big, robust, jolly fellows. I was passed through into the jail proper with a card in my hand, and I met two warders who were much astonished at my appearance. I told them I had come in lieu of banishment, and I thought I might spend a pleasant evening with the Governor. “I'm afraid,” said one, “your politics and his would not agree.” I stared at the prison which opened out around me; for I was standing in a vast central hall, with food-lifts carrying the meals to the galleries. And I thought as I gazed about me, that the jail looked like a huge machine, with the steel parts shining. I have since thought of the central hall as the body of a spider, and the wards, which open off, as the legs of the spider, and the passages and office as the head. That is a truer description. In anticipation of arrest, I had purposely emptied my pockets, so when the warders asked me if I had anything, I said I only had a silver reliquary, a large case containing relics of the Holy Land. They said that was a religious object, and might pass. One was a small man with a kindly face, and the other big and benevolent, with white hair. They opened a cell, but found it was full of whitewash, and so I was introduced to England's system exactly as the master minds of England designed it, for the breaking of the human spirit. It was nothing to give up my money; but observe the degrees of stripping a man of his property, as I go on. I was led down into what seemed a subterranean hall, almost completely in darkness, for no window was visible. My warders opened a cell door, and I was introduced to a tiny room, with an uneven stone floor and a high window. There was an array of tins below the window, clearly placed in a certain order. Against the wall was a box, as it seemed, about 6 ft. long by 3 ft. broad, and with a depth of 3 in., and on this were piled, most carefully folded, so as to lie in strips on the upturned 3 in. surface, a blue rug, two blankets and two sheets, and below all a little hard pillow. This box, my warders explained, when turned with the opening downwards, was the bed. I was “touchy.” The cell was quite horrible, and the dark underground approach made it even more oppressive. Besides, the window provided me with a view of a brick wall built on rising ground at a distance of about 10 ft. I examined the pillow. “This has been used,” I said. It had a dull yellow mark where some convict's head had rested. “I'll get you another,” said the warder. And he returned with a pillow-slip, not much cleaner. I can stand anything but dirt. But there seemed no use protesting, as he said the new pillow-slip was a “fresh” one. The warders made up the bed for me; and I felt suspicious about the sheets. They were distinctly yellow. And then I was given a pint of black unsweetened cocoa and a small brown loaf, and locked in. The cell door had two observation holes in it, one for introducing a lamp and the other for the eye, and the door itself was made of metal, most efficiently fitted to the frame, and studded with nails. The holes meant an end to all privacy; and I was locked in this abominable den, with a floor below the ground level. I decided to put off going to bed for some time—for as long as possible. I could hear the electric cars running on the Crumlin Road, and I had a vivid picture before my mind of my home and my friends; but behind this there was the fact that I was suffering a little inconvenience for my country, and that my action might save other men from

being banished. I tried the dry bread and cocoa, but couldn't “get it down.” The oppression of being shut in, and the abominably constructed door, whose every nail seemed to be a symbol declaring the idea of jaildom, and the sordid condition of the cell made upon my mind just the impression which England determined should be made, in her supreme cleverness. England has no rival as a psychologist of the gutter. Hers is the psychology of cunning; she studies the mind of man so that she may the more effectually subdue him. There is no detail of prison life which is not designed to have an effect upon the spirit of the prisoner. When England could butcher men with impunity for trifling felonies, her jails were at least more sociably designed; but when torture of the body became no longer possible, she began to treat the body well and to torture the mind. That fact reveals her genius and her super-hypocrisy. Remember this as I proceed.

I was surprised to have the door opened suddenly in about half-an-hour. Two warders came in. “I'm afraid we must take that silver case from you,” said one; “and also your watch and chain.” “I don't care a rap about the watch and chain,” I said; “but the other is a purely religious object, and I never part with it night or day.” The warders assured me that protest on my part was useless, so I had to part with the relics.

Sit down and think what this removal of property, even the most private object, means, when a man has had his body removed from society. It means a horrid shock and a humiliation. It means that England, having stolen his body, would steal his spirit as well. Relics are precious things which no Catholic will give to a stranger, even to hold for a minute in his hand; and yet these great pilgrimage relics of the Holy Land were taken from me. I thought that the idea of depriving me of them was due to a notion on the part of the warder. It was not. It was simply due to the fact that my retention of any property was forbidden by the rigid rules of England in her jails. Had these been found upon me the warder who failed to take them from me would have got into serious trouble. The idea is to strip a man and then let him beg from the Governor for the return of what the Governor is permitted by England to allow him. Before my warders left, I said: “I hope I shall be moved out of this cell before my mother comes. The sight of it would shock her.” He answered: “Oh yes, sir, you'll be put in a pleasant cell to-morrow, quite different from this.” And I was. But of course I did not know that England insists that a prisoner must view his relatives at a distance of 4 ft., through a double cage. That was a shock that yet awaited me. And to add to the indignity, a warder stands between the cages, which are wooden boxes, with a little window of close wire. England's jail system may be described in a sentence. It is a system designed to degrade and humiliate a man—the more sensitive and removed from the criminal he is, the more he will be hurt—by taking everything from him and giving him the maximum of what is sordid and oppressive; and then to put him either in the position of a suppliant before the Governor or by good behaviour to get back by degrees a part of what he has lost.

I realised afterwards that I had escaped one degree of degradation, by missing a night in the police cells. The police cell is a windowless water closet, with a part of the floor raised so that one can lie on it. No wonder MacCullough said it nearly drove him mad.

Well I had yet to face my pillow and sheets. I kept most of my clothes on, and laid my handkerchief over the pillow, and slept until a bell which seemed to ring with a screech—for the chain creaks—echoed through the prison. Then I rose and washed in the tin basin, and in a little while a pleasant-faced young warder opened the door suddenly, and asked me to follow him. I was overjoyed to find that the bathroom was a large spotless place, and that the baths were good. The warder got a degenerate looking man in grey clothes, whom I suspected was a convict, to scrub out the bath, and I got fresh towels and a new piece of soap. But this pleasant young man was, I found, part of the machine, and he was forced



to deprive me of my scapulars and every other object in my possession except my handkerchief. He told me my bag had arrived; and that an unsentenced prisoner might have certain things which were denied to convicted prisoners; that the doctor must be asked to recommend the supplying of any article of toilet, hair brush, or tooth brush, and such like; that the Governor would see me later on, and I might then ask what I desired. Now the difficulty was to be sure of remembering what I needed, and so avoid the necessity for a second appeal. I asked for what I thought I wanted, and forgot some necessary thing, whatever it was I don't remember now. The bath was most refreshing; and I was duly returned to my cell to await the doctor, a pleasant little man who seemed to be distressed to find me so situated. He said I should have my hair brush and other articles of toilet that day. After this I visited the Governor, the type of Englishman which one may trust, as far as a foreigner can be trusted, to be just. He never attempted to be sociable or to smile. In fact I never saw him smile; except once when he was guilty of a bad pun; and it afterwards struck me that the proverb about the smile of the Saxon is curiously apt, when I compared that impartial military officer to an Englishman who tracked me to my hurt for fourteen years, whose smile was liberally bestowed. The Governor closely resembled an English uncle of mine, who was a nephew of that unscrupulous politician, Sir Robert Peel; and the vocal resemblance was extraordinary.

I was then taken to my new quarters, a clean new cell, with a blue wall, clean linen on the bed, and in charge of a big, good-souled Cork man. That day my dinner came up from Thompson's, and with it a good bottle of wine, so I felt better. Physically, the rising at six, walking for an hour in the open air—startling though it was to see men walking singly round and round, at intervals of twelve paces, in long lines—was very beneficial. I got plenty of exercise, plenty to read—six newspapers daily—and afterwards the Governor permitted me to receive my visitors—one visit daily—in the library instead of in the visiting cages. But I had other visitors! The "Castle" visits began on the second day. A relative, a leading Unionist, came with an official message, confirming a previous one, from the authorities, that it would be wise of me to leave jail at once and go to Scotland for a holiday, and that the authorities would not be hard on me: they would merely ask me to obey their order, and I should be allowed back again at the end of a month. The alternative would be several years imprisonment. I assured my good and kind relative, who of course acted, as he believed, in my best interests, that the question was one of honour, and the subject therefore admitted of no discussion. "If I were certain to get ten years penal servitude, I assure you," I said, "that it would not weigh with me in this matter." The second "Castle" visitor was a high Government official. There is one visitor whose identity I am pledged to keep secret. He is the son of a Marquis, and a very delightful chap. He pointed out that it was quite absurd for me to be in prison. "This is not the place for a man like you, a man of education," he declared. "Now be sensible; say you'll obey the order." My answer was similar to the previous ones. I am, much to my annoyance, unable to disclose the identity of this visitor, as he put me on my honour not to disclose the fact that he had called with such a request. Then I had other visitors, among them my dear father, who, good Unionist and loyalist, was convinced that he was advising me in my best interests when he gave me the official advice which had been tendered to him. "You may be in jail for years," he said. "But, my dear father, don't you see it's a matter of honour. I simply refuse to acknowledge the right of any Englishman to order me to leave my own country." "Well," he said, "whatever you do, be loyal to king and country." "I am loyal to my country," I said.

I confess that the danger of a long sentence was somewhat disquieting, and that mentally my unsentenced state was less happy than my subsequent imprisonment. In a few days I saw MacCullough exercising at the end of the

ground opposite to mine, and said to myself: "They have got him." After a while Blythe also appeared, and we became the three Must-get-heres! And then I was tried. As a sentenced prisoner I was refused my hair brush, tooth brush and tooth powder; but this proved no shock. As a matter of fact, one gets used to anything in prison. For instance, on account of my sleeplessness, the doctor ordered me to take additional exercise in the morning. The first morning on which I went out to take this exercise, I was ordered to walk along a cart track between two walls. When I was half way down this passage, and feeling rather dull, as the morning was damp and foggy, a convict, shovelling coal, spoke to me. "You are walking where they bury the murderers. You will see their names on the wall." I looked at the wall, and saw two initials, and the date—1915. The reader can imagine what I felt like. It seems in jail that one must always be faced with unpleasant surprises; but I confess that that was the most unpleasant which I experienced. But at the end of two days I got used even to this, and was able to walk on a path under which the dead bodies of hanged men lay, without a shudder.

I think I was right when I wrote to Eoin Mac Neill and said, before my conviction: "The greatest danger, I think is, that one may become used to it all." It is like becoming used to evil things, and hardened to dirt and shame. One's spirit and artistic sense are bound to suffer. In fact, if he is to recover his self-respect, the released prisoner should be placed in better surroundings than he enjoyed before his arrest. I feel that if I am to be myself again, I should be taken from here and spoiled and pampered in some exquisite house. But I look forward to my library, where the best years of my life have been spent.

As a prisoner sentenced for three months, I was allowed to wear my own clothes, and was removed to an inferior cell; and the fact that pipe and floor-edging had been recently painted with tar gave the place a pleasant and healthy smell. The toilet arrangements in prison are, as may be supposed, "impossible." The diet is on the "gradual dole" principle, which England has adopted from Machiavelli, and makes, as I have said, the degrading principle of her prison system. One fact has impressed itself upon me: prison under a brutal, ignorant, or spiteful warder could be made hell upon earth. My experience of the warders in Belfast Prison has been most fortunate. But I see the possibility of the English prison system becoming an unholy instrument in the hands of an unscrupulous official. In the matter of diet, by the doctor's orders, I escaped the first week of skilful and dry bread. But my diet consists of dry bread, black unsweetened cocoa, milk and potatoes and dry bread, soup and dry bread, salted suet pudding and dry bread and milk, as a varied menu. We are allowed no newspapers or tobacco, and for the first month no literature except religious and lesson books. We are, of course, political prisoners. But England treats her political prisoners as felons. She passed the Treason Felony Act to make possible that Irishmen should for political offences be degraded to the rank of convicts. And so the safety of the Empire apparently demands that we should be herded with ordinary convicts in the First Division, instead of being treated as political offenders in the Second Division, as we could have been since the Second Division regulation was made applicable to Ireland over a year ago. This means that we are allowed neither literature, newspapers, writing materials, or letters. We can receive one visit and one letter if we behave well, at the end of two months. We are employed at chopping sticks and mat-making. We cannot have our own hair or tooth brush or tooth powder or soap. We are not allowed to write letters; but we may write to the Lord Lieutenant if we wish! After four months a prisoner's diet is improved in quantity, and he gets four ounces of beef once a week.

I am thankful to say that I am not used to prison life, though blunted to most of its discomforts. There are some things which make me rather squeamish. But there is, for the man who likes it, one advantage—solitude. His solitude is not broken unless he chooses. But

against that there is the lack of literature and writing material. I should say that prison life makes for slavery of spirit, and would rapidly destroy one's self-reliance. A prisoner is deprived of so many trifles that he becomes exceedingly cunning, and very often it happens that by a piece of clever trickery he secures what England is determined to prevent him from getting. Compare this with America's prison system, by which men are allowed to smoke, to read good books and papers, and by which their minds are developed instead of being stultified.

I have found that the reading of *De Imitatione Christi*, an edition of which Eoin Mac Neill gave me, and the recitation of a part of the Breviary makes one's solitude quite, if not more than, bearable.

THE END.

A CORRECTION.—In part 1, in last issue, the sentence which concludes with the word "police" should read—"Mr. Dunlop and the higher officials were particularly *polite*."

Yours sincerely,

HERBERT M. PIM.

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**Notes—Continued.****NOTICE.**

The town of Ventersburg has been cleared of supplies and partly burned, and the farms in the vicinity destroyed on account of the frequent attacks on the railway line in that neighbourhood. *The Boer women and children* who are left behind should apply to the Boer Commandants for food, will supply them unless they wish to see them starve. No supplies will be sent from the railway to the town.

(Signed),

BRUCE HAMILTON, Major-General.

November, 1900.

Observe, the English did not shoot these Boer women and children—who had committed no offence against them. They merely burned down their houses, took away all their food, and bade them get food from their embottled countrymen or, if they could not, starve to death. In all broad Chivalrous England one daily paper condemned the action. That paper is now dead. All the others which approved of General Bruce Hamilton's treatment of non-combatant women and children are at present in hysterics over the fate of Miss Cavell, although when their allies shot Margaret Schmidt and Othlie Moss they silently approved. Somewhere on the veldt near Ventersburg the ghosts of famished women and children must shriek to hear.

**Sinn Fein on the Rock.**

Alderman Kelly, presiding last week in Dublin at a crowded and enthusiastic public meeting in the Sinn Fein Headquarters, referred to that invention of the English daily press in Ireland which alleged he had said "Sinn Fein was on the rocks." What these wretched papers said about Sinn Fein or himself, he said he did not heed; but he was astonished that some Sinn Feiners had been foolish enough to believe he had said what they read in these papers. Mr. Arthur Griffith said, amidst much laughter, that he had read the obituary notice of Sinn Fein in the pro-English press, and he had come down to the wake. Sinn Fein had died regularly every twelve months in the press of Mr. Redmond and Old England, and now, gorged with German gold, according to the Parliamentary Party, it had died from lack of funds. That very lively body, the Co. Dublin U.I.L., had held a select afternoon convention the previous day, at which Mr. Redmond told the faithful few who deserted Ireland for him that the political position was grave in respect of Home Rule,

that they would be mad if they did not stand on their guard, and that they would not be sane if they did not believe that Home Rule was certain immediately this war was over. The Portrane delegates at least believed him. At the end of nine years support of the English Liberals Mr. Redmond and his lieutenants come to Ireland, not with the promised Home Rule, but with millions of additional taxation for Irish backs to bear, and a call for the blood of young Irishmen to be poured out to keep strong the Power which had turned the fairest island in the Atlantic into the most miserable and enslaved country in Christendom. They heard mutterings and threats of kidnapping the bodies of young Irishmen to serve the purposes of England. If the attempt were made they would meet force with force, for none but an Irish slave would submit to English Conscriptio. After reviewing the political history of the last ten years, and declaring that Mr. Devlin and Sir Edward Carson were the men responsible for refiring the dying embers of sectarian distrust in Ireland, Mr. Griffith said this war had separated the wheat from the chaff and marked the emergence of Ireland as a European factor. England had hidden Ireland from Europe for a hundred years, but she could never hide it again; and he added amid cheers that some of the renegades who had come back to Ireland with the bribe of the English Treasury in their pocket and the resources of England's martial law behind them, had tauntingly asked where Sinn Fein stood, believing, in their dastardy, that in this terrorised land they were secure from the reply. Sinn Fein stood where it had always stood,—it stood where Grattan stood when he shouted in the ears of England's Irish slaves that if the freedom of Ireland and the maintenance of the British Empire were incompatible he would cry—and every Irishman who was not a traitor would cry with him—"Live Ireland—perish the Empire!" It stood where Mitchel stood, when in England's felon court he declared that he could promise for Irishmen to follow his example and burn their hand in the fire until they burned foreign rule out of their country, and it stood where Davis stood when he made oath to God and man that Irishmen would never cease to strive until the Irish Nation stood supreme upon this island.

**The Defeat of Botha.**

The effort of the English press to cloak the defeat of General Botha in the South African elections is particularly amusing to those who know that country—or, as Major-General Friend would perhaps more correctly term it,

"Area." Botha appealed for a majority in the Parliament, and with the power of office, patronage, money, compulsion of the coloured vote, and a reign of intimidation, based on potential martial law against the Nationalists, marched out to victory. He returns a defeated man, with a minority party, and with his Nationalist opponents more than doubled in strength, and he can only be again Premier of South Africa by permission of the Unionists—that is the English Capitalists who exploit the Rand and Kimberley. His choice is to be the puppet Premier of the English Money Power in South Africa or to step down and out. What his decision may be we cannot foretell, but the pregnant feature of the elections to us who know South Africa is that in conditions of rampant terrorism, disfranchisement and corruption, the Nationalists, who possess little money and almost no Press, have returned a party so strong to the Parliament that unless Botha and the English Millionaires coalesce they cannot rule against it.

**John Mitchel.**

The centenary of the greatest Irish Nationalist of the Nineteenth Century—John Mitchel—occurs next month. On the 3rd of November, 1815, Mitchel was born at Camnish, near Dungen (Derry), where his father was the Presbyterian minister. The centenary will be celebrated on the 4th of November by a meeting in the Antient Concert Rooms, Dublin, at which Mr. P. H. Pearse, B.L., will lecture on Mitchel, and Mr. Arthur Griffith will preside.

**"The Home Rule Year."**

The English Government in this country loses no opportunity of impressing upon the people that law does not exist. On Sunday it arrested three men for distributing anti-conscription literature, but later ordered them to be released again. Russia itself can offer no parallel to the arrest of men for opposition to a non-existent law. It is Ireland in "the Home Rule year," with Mr. Redmond at the Vice-regal Lodge, and Mr. Redmond's son-in-law Chief Jailor at £2,000 a year of England's Irish prisons.

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# Ireland and Conscription.

BY JOHN SWEETMAN.

(Notes of a Speech delivered at the Dublin City Hall).

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## CONSCRIPTION.

Conscription is not yet the law of the land, and therefore, it is not illegal for us to protest against it. The practical way of preventing its being made law, is to show the English Government what we Irishmen can do if its enforcement be attempted.

The object of Conscription would be to compel an Irishman to sacrifice his life in the trenches for the purpose of enabling English manufacturers to destroy the German Empire, whose subjects are their great competitors in trade. This destruction of the German Empire is the aim of England. The proof of this statement is easy. Her public men have stated over and over again that until this is accomplished England will not make peace. She may tell us that she fights to preserve the integrity of Belgium. I reply, in school-boy phrase, she may tell that to the marines, but we are old sailors, and like old birds are not to be caught with chaff.

In an English pamphlet entitled, "How the War Came," I read that in the Cambridge Modern History it is stated:—"In the long run, however, apprehensions as to the commercial competition and naval preparations of Germany gained the day in England. After the Anglo-French Entente of 1904, a change in the old alliances began; for the moment it looked as if Germany was to be exposed to the danger of isolation, and to a policy of hemming in on the part of her enemies, led, as was

This pamphlet states:—"From 1904 onwards,



European policy hatched war as a hen hatches her chickens. If proof is required of a truth, so obvious that proof is superfluous, we have it in the fact that at the very earliest moment after the entente was made, France pointed out to us that it was advisable to discuss plans of military co-operation in anticipation of a European War. Sir Edward Grey consented, and, without reporting the fact to the Cabinet, allowed the conversations and agreements to mature through some years. It is now proved that our military Attaché in Brussels, as early as January, 1906, discussed the movement of 100,000 British troops through Belgium. England's Military Attaché's statement, reported by the Belgian Chief of the General Staff, is as follows:—‘At the time of the recent events (the Morocco trouble) the British Government would have immediately effected a disembarkation in Belgium, even if Belgium had not asked for assistance. The Belgian General objected that for that, Belgian consent was necessary. Colonel Bridges, the Military Attaché answered that he knew this, but that—since we were not able to prevent the Germans from passing through our country—England would have landed her troops in Belgium under any circumstances.’ ”

It is not for me to go into the theological point of whether this aim of the destruction of Germany would make this war an unjust war, and therefore, all those who willingly support it, murderers. I see by the “Freeman's Journal” that Dr. Maguire, the Catholic Archbishop of Glasgow, has stated:—“There is no question of the justice of the war. You are asked to fight for Europe's religion and civilisation against ambition, treachery, cruelty,



lust, and robbery. Some of you have already lost sons full of promise, or have seen them come home battered and broken. The horror of war has been brought to your very doors, and yet we are asking you for more young men—three hundred thousand more. Is it not too much? No; nothing is too much to save your liberty, your civilisation, your religion. A lasting peace can only be secured by the crushing of Prussian Militarism and ambition."

So speaks the Catholic Archbishop of Glasgow, but how does the Pope speak? He tells us to pray that God would "inspire rulers and peoples with counsels of meekness;" and that God would "heal the discords that tear nations asunder." He tells us that the present hour has been "made terrible with burning hate, with bloodshed and with slaughter." He tells us that there are other ways, other means, by which wrongs can be righted." And then he says:—"Let them call a truce, and have recourse to these ways and means, guided by the sincere sense of right and good-will." I, as a Catholic, prefer to be guided by the Pope rather than by the Scotch Archbishop.

I am quite certain, however, that England will not succeed in destroying Germany; but, if this war continues for long, she will succeed in destroying the wealth of every Irishman. What consolation is it to us that she may also destroy the wealth of every Englishman, German, Frenchman, Italian, and Russian? The English Government has succeeded in getting the present wealth of Great Britain and Ireland into her hands by means of her thousand million pounds sterling war loan, for which she promises to pay four pounds ten shillings per cent. every year. But how is she



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going to pay this 45 million a year of interest? By taxing us. We shall have to be extra taxed for this awful waste of the wealth which has been accumulated during the time of peace. We are to begin National life again with this awful load of taxation on our backs. Lord Morley, who resigned from the Cabinet at the declaration of war, is reported to have said that if England lost she would suffer severely, but if she won she would suffer still more.

I am myself filled with pity for England, who has for so long tyrannised over Ireland, and now comes so piteously begging of us Irishmen to save her from destruction. If we could do so without destroying ourselves, the innate generosity of Irishmen would, no doubt, make us forget the past injuries, but although we may forget the past, we must think of our own country in the present and the future, and see that we are not made the slaves of England by Conscription. I do not oppose what Mr. Asquith has asked for—"the free gift of a free people." I think the world will acknowledge that Ireland has already given that with more than Irish generosity. I need only mention the sacrifices of Lieutenant Professor Kettle, and of Private Stephen Gwynn, M.P., the former of whom has boasted in Kells that he has sacrificed his library, and the latter has lamented that he has had to wash in the cold.

It is time, however, for us to show the English Government what we Irishmen can do, if it attempts to enforce Conscription in Ireland. We can frustrate it by a very simple process, called passive resistance. We can refuse to march to their barracks or their camps. It would take three



of their soldiers to carry each unwilling recruit to the barracks, and having got them there, what can they do with them? They can shoot them, but is it not better to be shot for refusing to help to shoot the Germans, than to be shot by the Germans for attempting to shoot them? After the English had shot a few of us, they would have to give up the attempt, as shooting many Irishmen would not help them with those voluntary Irish soldiers who have not yet been killed in France, or at the Dardanelles, such as their present hero, Michael O'Leary, V.C. They might imprison us, but it is better to be imprisoned with hard labour than to be killed in the trenches. As John Milroy told the police magistrate, he could imprison him, but he could not make him a criminal.

It appears that English soldiers are preferring imprisonment with hard labour to having to go to the front. Two Englishmen were lately condemned to a year's imprisonment with hard labour for an attempt at a criminal assault on a young girl at Athlone. These ruffians are now rejoicing that they have succeeded in being saved from the trenches. England is horrified that the Germans have not put down similar offences in Belgium, but she takes care to practically give no punishment, when it is only the question of a mere Irish girl. It is the military authorities that should have dealt with this crime, and not the civil authorities; and they should have put down such crimes with a strong hand. If they did not consider it necessary to have shot these men for the purpose of deterring others, they might have



flogged them, and sent them to the front, instead of saving the lives of these cowards by imprisoning them.

I have often thought that Englishmen were always hypocrites. I have seen that when they wished to rob their neighbours of their goods, they professed that their object was to spread civilisation and religion; and this we have seen to be the case from the time of Henry the Second, when they first attacked Ireland to the present moment, when the Scotch Catholic Archbishop tells us they are fighting "for Europe's religion and civilisation." I have, however, recently found that I was wrong, and that all Englishmen are not hypocrites, and I apologise to them. I have seen a notice in the Hall of the Royal Dublin Society, which proves that some Englishmen are honest, and call "a spade a spade." It was an appeal for recruits for:—

The Inns of Court  
Officers' Training Corps  
"The Devil's Own."

The address given was Lincoln's Inn, London. It was not, you will be glad to see, our Irish Inns of Court.

It appears that Mr. John Redmond has stated that Ireland considers herself "a free and self-governing nation." Therefore, he is answerable if I be arrested, as I am taking him at his word, and I repeat the truth fearlessly.

If I am imprisoned for telling the truth to my countrymen, I shall not be the first of my name who has been imprisoned by the English Govern-



ment. Just one hundred and seventeen years ago, my great grand uncle, John Sweetman, was imprisoned in Kilmainham, and after he had been kept there for a year, he was imprisoned for three years in Fort George in Scotland, and then exiled out of the country, and was only allowed to return in 1820.

I have in my possession a Horace of his, which he had with him in Kilmainham. He was evidently a better Latin scholar than I am, and could relieve the tedium of his prison with Horace's Odes. In the fly-leaves of this book is written a draft of a letter to Dublin Castle, complaining of the manner soldiers entered his cell and searched through the mattress on his bed, his trunk and his clothes for papers, which indeed were not there. He asks whether it was the wish of the Government that he was to be a prisoner at the mercy of the military, as, if so, he would be prepared for the most fatal of consequences, even for assassination. It has always been thought that a political prisoner was assassinated who had died suddenly in Kilmainham at that time.

I also have in my possession a pocket-book of Wolfe Tone, sent with a letter from his father, Peter Tone, to John Sweetman, saying, "The enclosed has been ordered by my son to be delivered to you in remembrance of him."

If I be imprisoned it will be as an old man, with my work in this world over, and I can maintain my courage in thinking of my great grand uncle, who was imprisoned in his full manhood, seemingly with his life before him.