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9765

S.
1896
D.M.P.

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

DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE.

Detective Department,

Dublin, 3rd. November, 1915

Crime Special

Subject, MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 2nd Inst.,
the undermentioned extremists were observed
moving about and associating with each other
as follows :-

*The under Secretary
Submitted
W. L. Johnston*

G. Conn 3/11/15

With Thomas J. Clarke, 75, Parnell St.
J. O'Connor, C. J. Kickham, Thomas Byrne, F.
J. McCabe, and T. J. Sheehan, together from
8. 15 p. m. to 9. 30 p. m. William O'Leary
Curtis for a few minutes between 10 & 11 p.m.

*Under Secretary
Submitted. The
Memorandum contains a
report of the proceedings
at the Irish Volunteer
Convention. W.M.
3/11*

H. Mellows, P. Ryan, M. O'Hanrahan, and
T. J. McSwiney, Cork, in Volunteer Office, 2
Dawson St. at 12 noon. H. J. Grant (Lawler
& Son, Fownes' St.) was seen to enter the
place at the time.

*Major Price
7/11
3/11*

Arthur Griffith in Sackville St. bet-
ween

The Chief Commissioner.

(over)

9765

9765/S

ween 12 & 1 p. m.

James M. Sullivan at Stephen's Green

between 1 & 2 p. m.

A. W. Cotton left Kingsbridge by 9.15

a. m. train for Tralee.

Pierce McCann left by same train en

route to Thurles. They travelled in sep-

arate compartments.

T. J. McSwiney by 3 p. m. train for

Cork. R. I. C. duly informed as to the de-

parture of these men.

Two cases, each containing 25 Italian

rifles, and 25 bayonets, arrived at Amiens

St. on Saturday last from Belfast and were

afterwards delivered at 44, Parnell Square

for Mr John E. Redmond, M. P.

Attached are Copies of this week's iss-

ue of The Hibernian and Honesty, neither of

which, with the exception of a few paragraphs,

appear to contain anything worthy of serious

attention.



Seen & noted for information of G.O.C.

J. A. Price

I.O.

In Under Secretary
Bullin Castle

Cheflon

Thu.

6-11-15

Owen'Brien
Superintendent.

The Hibernian

Incorporated with the
National Hibernian

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

Vol. I. No. 23. New Series

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6th, 1915

One Penny

The HIBERNIAN

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

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Hibernian Hall, 28 North Frederick Street, Dublin.
All literary communications must reach the Editor
not later than the first post on Monday morning.

A REAL SHOWING-UP

The interview which Mr. John Redmond gave in London to a correspondent of the New York "World" showed the "Irish" leader to have been in a particularly wrathful mood. His impotent rage was vented against some "so-called Irish-American papers," which, in spite of the Defence of the Realm Act, are still allowed to run in that part of King George's dominions called the United States. Of course, Mr. Redmond didn't name the papers, but he was evidently referring to "The Gaelic American," the "Irish World," Father Yorke's San Francisco "Leader," the Butte "Independent," and the "Indiana Catholic." Mr. Redmond declared that 95 per cent. of the Irishmen in America are in complete sympathy with the attitude of the "Irish" Pawty on the war, and 1.5 per cent. for which the foregoing papers speak are—with one or two exceptions—merely shriekers and shirkers who have never given John and his followers anything except annoyance and trouble.

Mr. Redmond claimed, in common with some of his following, to have an intimate acquaintance with America. As that statement was made for home consumption—a bit of the usual bluff—we, for the benefit of the unbelieving ones—reproduce the "Gaelic American's" answer to Mr. Redmond's brazen effrontery:—

"Those of us who are intimately acquainted with America' means one-tenth of one per cent. of the 'Irish Party' who have sold out to England. They have skimmed through the country on collecting tours and not one of them during any tour has met five thousand Irishmen. Redmond himself has met more than any of his colleagues and his experiences were more varied. Beginning with his shameless lie that Parnell had commissioned him to publicly convey his thanks to the one man in America whom Parnell really feared—and had good reason to fear—at the Chicago National League Convention in 1886; continuing with his surreptitious visit to the John Mitchel Club in New York, and winding up with the last 'Convention' of the United Irish League in Buffalo which he attended, he made a record for reckless lying and false pretences which beats by long odds that of any other man who ever came here from Ireland.

"If Parnell had really given him that message, the proper place to deliver it was

in the Convention in Central Music Hall, where those who knew and could prove that Parnell never gave it to him would be present to challenge him. But he waited till the Convention was over and told his audacious lie at a 'ratification meeting' in Battery D. Those who heard that impudent lie, or read it in the papers next day, and who knew the evil purpose for which Redmond uttered it, never trusted Redmond afterwards.

"At the meeting of the John Mitchel Club some years later, where Redmond was surreptitiously introduced, one of the men who had heard his Chicago lie was present and spoke before Redmond, stating the aims and objects of the Clan-na-Gael in clear and distinct terms. When Redmond was called on later he made a distinct declaration that these objects were the objects for which he was struggling—that is, the Separation of Ireland from England by a resort to physical force, whenever the opportunity should come. He got the support of the men who heard him, there and at various other places in different parts of the United States, by similar professions of faith in the principle of Total Separation. At the Buffalo Convention he made a public statement that the object of the 'Irish Party' was 'to tear up the accursed Act of Union and trample it under foot.'

"By this system of lying and false pretences Redmond secured nine-tenths of the support he received in the United States. He undertakes now to speak for the men he deceived and humbugged and who have renounced him and his traitorous policy. Those who stick to him are so contemptibly few that they have not, from the beginning of the European war, been able to hold a single meeting, and the little hole and corner gatherings they have held, magnified a hundred fold by the subsidised Anglo-American Press, have been held up to the people of Ireland as great demonstrations of Irish-American opinion. If they had attempted to hold one public meeting in any of the cities of the United States they could not have mustered a corporal's guard.

"On the other hand, the Clan-na-Gael celebrations in March and November have been magnificent demonstrations in every city of the Union and resolutions expressing the strongest sympathy with Germany and belief in complete Irish Independence have been passed at all of them by unanimous votes and with wild enthusiasm. Thousands of Irish citizens have flocked to the German meetings and numbers of able and well known Irish speakers have delivered addresses arraigning England and emphasising the fact that the great majority of Irishmen stand stolidly with Germany in the war. Can Redmond or his handful of followers here point to a clear positive statement in favour of England by one really representative Irishman in America. Surely they are not going to attempt to pass off as representing anybody

or anything such men as Patrick Egan, or Dr. Coyle, or John P. Hayes, the bailiff's son, of any of the other discredited humbugs who 'shoot off their mouths' for Redmond and his betrayal of Ireland in the Anglo-Saxon Press. There are many Irishmen in America, as in Ire'and, who support Redmond, but in Ireland they are 'growing smaller by degrees and beautifully less,' while in America they hide their diminished heads and leave the shouting to the little remnant of the United League that has hung together by the aid of subsidies from the Parliamentary Fund since Michael J. Ryan ceased to take an active interest in its work. If they have a real organisation why don't they call for the resignation of their inactive and unsympathetic President and put the great ex-Minister of Chili in his place? He might as well have the title as be performing the duties without it."

Having scored him over his grotesque lie that Ireland was profoundly peaceful, our contemporary proceeds to say that "when a number of the leading Nationalists of the United States, all men of standing and influence—among them being Supreme Court Justices, well-known lawyers, business men, college professors, journalists and priests—cabled their criticisms of the contemptible little 'Home Rule' Bill which Redmond had accepted as a 'final settlement,' he and John Dillon denounced them as nobodies utterly unknown in the Irish movement. They had no right to obtrude their opinions, although Redmond had spent large sums of money out of the Party funds in soliciting pre-paid American endorsements of the measure from men who had never read it and whose opinion therefore counted for nothing. No man, in Ireland or America, has a right to express his opinion on Irish affairs, unless he says that the man who has bartered Ireland's interests for petty English jobs is a Heaven-sent leader.

"This method of cooking 'public opinion' and suppressing dissent had a certain effect in Ireland for a time, but Redmond's utter failure to use the greatest opportunity that ever came to an Irish leader, put an end to it and he is now discredited and loathed where before he was blindly followed. It had also some effect in England, as long as it suited Asquith to pretend to believe him and he needed the Redmondite vote in Parliament.

"The game is played," declares the "Gaelic American." Redmond and England's highly-paid spies know that the so-called "extreme" Irish Party in America is the only living, organised Nationalist force in the United States and that nine-tenths of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the largest Irish organisation in the world, and the great mass of Irish citizens are in full sympathy with it. Our contemporary maintains that it is Redmond's inveterate habit of lying and his desperate necessities that

(Continued on Page 8)

"THE SIEGE OF BERLIN."

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALPHONSE DAUDET

We were strolling up the avenue of the Champs Elysees with our friend the doctor, asking of the houses torn by the shell, and of the sidewalks ploughed up by grapeshot, the history of Paris besieged, when just before reaching the triumphal arch the doctor stopped and, pointing to one of those stately corner houses grouped around the square, he said to me:

"Do you see those four windows with the blinds closed on that balcony up there? In the first days of August last, that terrible month of August, full of storms and disasters, I was called there for a case of apoplexy. They were the rooms of Colonel Jouve, a cuirassier of the First Empire, stubborn on the subjects of glory and patriotism, who, as soon as the war broke out, moved to the Champs Elysees into an apartment with a balcony—guess what for? To be able to witness the triumphant return of our troops. Poor old man! The news of Weissembourg reached him as he was leaving the dinner-table, and when he read the name of Napoleon at the foot of the bulletin of defeat, the apoplectic stroke fell upon him like a thunderbolt.

"I found the old cuirassier stretched on the carpet, with blood on his face, and motionless as if he had received a blow from a heavy club on his head. Standing erect he must have been very tall; lying there he seemed of immense size. With his handsome features, his beautiful teeth, and his curly, snow-white hair, his eighty years seemed scarcely sixty. Kneeling at his side, and weeping bitterly, was his grand-daughter. She looked like him, and the two heads there, close together, seemed like two fine Greek medals struck from the same die, the one a little worn and effaced, the other clear and bright, with all the blush of its fresh imprint on it.

"The grief of the girl touched me deeply; daughter and grand-daughter of soldiers, her father was away serving on MacMahon's staff, and the tall form of the venerable man lying before her was calling up in her mind another picture, not less terrible. I did my best to reassure her although I had little hope, for at eighty years one hardly recovers from such things. For three days my patient remained in the same motionless state, and thereupon came the news of Reischoffen. You remember how strangely it came. Until the evening we all thought a great victory had been achieved, twenty thousand Prussians killed, the Prince Royal taken prisoner. I cannot say by what miracle, by what magnetic current, a sort of echo of the national joy reached the poor sufferer through the torpor of his paralysis. But that evening, as I drew near his bedside, I found him another man; his eyes were almost bright, his speech almost clear; he smiled, and twice stammered:

"'Victory!'

"'Yes, colonel, a great victory.' And as I gave him the details of MacMahon's splendid success I could see his features relax and his eye light up. As I went out I found the young girl standing across the door, pale as death, and sobbing.

"'But he is saved!' I exclaimed, taking her hands.

"The poor child had scarcely strength enough to reply. The true history of Reischhoffen had just been posted: MacMahon retreating, the entire army crushed. We looked at one another in despair. She was thinking of her father, and I trembled for the poor old man I had just left. He could not resist this second shock, and yet what could be done? Leave him his joy and the illusions which had brought him back to life? But for this the truth must not be told.

"'I will not tell the truth, then,' said the heroic girl, simply, as she rapidly wiped away her tears, and then, with a smile upon her face, she silently re-entered her grandfather's room.

"It was a hard task she undertook, poor child! At first it worked pretty well. The old gentleman's head was weak, and he could be deceived like a child. But as his health improved his ideas became clearer. We had to keep him posted on the movements of the army, and compose military bulletins. It was pitiful to see that lovely girl bending day and night over the map of Germany, sticking in little flags, and trying to plan out a glorious campaign—Bazaine marching on Berlin, Froissart in Bavaria, MacMahon on the Baltic. She would ask my advice, and I helped her as best I could, but the grandfather himself aided us most of all in this imaginary vision. He had conquered Germany so many times under the First Empire! He knew every movement in advance! They will go there now; this will be done next'; and his prophecies always came true, and he was very proud of them.

"Unfortunately, rapidly as we gained battles and captured cities, we never went fast enough for him. The old man was insatiable. Each day when I arrived I learned some new feat of arms.

"'Doctor, we have taken Mayence,' the poor girl would hurriedly say to me with a piteous smile, and through the half-open door I could hear a joyous voice call out:

"'It is all right, all right; in a week we will enter Berlin!'

"Just then the Prussians were but a week's march away from Paris. We thought of taking him into the country, but the condition of France would at once have revealed all, and I knew him to be too weak and too benumbed by the recent shock to bear the truth. So we decided to remain.

"The first day of the investment—how well it comes back to me—I went to their rooms. I was moved, as we all were then, with the heart-pain which came from the thought that the gates of Paris were closed, that the battle was under our walls, and that our suburbs had become our frontiers. I found the old man seated on his bed, jubilant and proud.

"'Well,' he exclaimed, 'it has begun at last—that siege!'

"I looked at him in surprise.

"'How, colonel, do you know?'

"The young girl turned towards me:

"'Oh, yes, doctor—great news—the siege of Berlin has commenced.'

"And as she spoke she drew her needle through the stuff, so calmly, so quietly! How could anyone have doubted? He could not hear the guns on the forts. He could not see the unfortunate city, so defiant and so disturbed. All he could see from his bed was a corner of the triumphal arch, and around him in his room all the bric-a-brac of the First Empire, well calculated to sustain his illusions.

"Portraits of marshals of France, engravings of battles, the King of Rome in his baby dress and stiff sideboards, with brass trophies, loaded with Imperial relics, medals, bronzes, and a rock of St. Helena under glass, and many miniatures of a blue-eyed woman in full costume, with a yellow dress and puffed sleeves. And the sideboards, the King of Rome, the marshals, the yellow ladies, seemed all high-girdled and short-waisted, with that quaint stiffness which was graceful in 1806. Poor, brave colonel! It was this atmosphere of victories and conquest, much more than all we could tell him, which made him believe so sincerely in the siege of Berlin.

"From that day our military operations became more simple. To take Berlin was only an affair of time and patience. Occasionally, when the hours hung heavily for the old man, we read him a letter from his son—an imaginary one, of course, for nothing entered Paris now; and since Sedan the marshal's aide-de-camp had been imprisoned in a German fortress. Can you fancy that poor child's despair as, without news from her father, knowing him to me a prisoner, and perhaps an invalid, she had to make him speak in joyous letters, a trifle short, such as a soldier in the field might write as he advanced steadily into the enemy's country? Sometimes her strength would break down, and then we were weeks without news. The old colonel would then be anxious and wakeful. Then quickly came a letter from Germany, which she would gaily read at his bedside, while she choked back her tears. He would listen religiously smile in a knowing way, approve and criticise, and explain to us the passages that were a little obscure. But where he came out best of all was in the answers he would send to the son: 'Never forget that you are a French,' he would say, 'and be generous to those poor people.'

"All this time the siege was progressing—not that of Berlin, alas! We had to pass through intense fronts, bombardments, epidemics, and then famine. But, thanks to our efforts and care, and the indefatigable and tender attentions which his grandchild multiplied around him, the old man was not for a moment troubled. To the end I was able to procure a little fresh meat and white bread for him—but only enough for him; and you cannot imagine anything more touching than those grandfather's breakfasts, so innocently selfish—the old Colonel on his bed, smiling and cared for, him with his napkin tied under his chin, and near him his grandchild, the pallor of privation on her cheeks, guiding his hands, giving him drink, helping him to eat all the good, forbidden fruit. And then, strengthened and animated by his repast in the comfort of his warm room, with the wild wind outside, and the snow driving against his windows, the old cuirassier would relate his campaign in the north. And for the hundredth time he would tell us of that sinister retreat from Russia, when there was only frozen biscuit and horseflesh to eat.

"'Can you realise that, little girl? We absolutely used to eat horseflesh.'

"You can imagine if she realised it! For two months the poor child had been eating nothing else.

"But from day to day, as he became convalescent, our task at the invalid's bedside became harder and harder. The torpor of his limbs and of his senses, which had served us so well, commenced to pass away. Two or three times already the furious charges from the Pont de Maillot had caused him to start and listen like a hound on the scent. We had to invent a last victory of Bazaine's under the walls of Berlin, and salvos of artillery discharged from the Invalides to celebrate it.

"One day, when we had drawn his bed to the window—I think it was the Thursday of Zuzenval—he saw clearly enough some volunteers massed on the avenue of the Grand Army.

"'What can those troops be?' he asked, and we heard him grumbling between his teeth: 'Poor form! Very poor form!'

"Nothing further came of it, but we realised that we must take great precautions. Unfortunately, we were not cautious enough.

"One evening, as I arrived, the girl met me, much distressed. 'They are entering to-morrow,' she said.

"Was her grandfather's door open? Thinking it over since, I can recall that he had a strange expression on his countenance that night. He had probably overheard us. Only we were speaking of the Prussians, and the old man was thinking of the French, and of that triumphant entry,

for which he had so long been waiting—MacMahon riding down the avenue amid flowers and music, with his son by the marshal's side, and he, the old colonel, on his balcony, in full uniform, as at Lutzen, saluting the battle-torn standards and eagles, blackened by powder.

"Poor old colonel! He fancied, no doubt, that we wished to prevent him from witnessing the display of our troops, to save him from too great emotion. And so he spoke of it to no one. But the next day, at the very hour when the Prussian battalions cautiously entered the long stretch which leads from the Porte Maillot to the Tuileries, that window up there was softly opened, and the colonel appeared upon the balcony with his helmet on, and his long sword, and all the time-stained uniform of an old cuirassier. I still wonder at the power of will and strength which enabled him thus to rise and put on his harness. But it is certain that there he stood, erect behind the railings, wondering to see the wide avenue so deserted, so silent, the blinds all drawn, Paris as dumb as the great pest-house, flags everywhere, but such strange ones, white with a red cross, and no one there to welcome our soldiers.

"For a moment he believed himself mistaken.

"But no! Over there, behind the triumphal arch, there was a confused noise, a black line advancing into the dawn. And then by degrees the spikes on the helmets glistened, the little drums of Jena rattled, and under the arch, marked by the heavy tread of sections and the clank of the sabres, burst forth Schubert's triumphal march. Then, amid the mournful silence of the square one terrible cry was heard: 'To arms! to arms! The Prussians!' and the four Uhlans of the advance guard saw up there, on that balcony, a tall, white-haired figure sway backward, stretch out his arms, and fall suddenly.

"This time the old colonel was dead.

THE "HYPHENATED" AMERICAN

Columbia the free
Is the land of my birth,
And my paths have all been
On American earth:
But my blood is as Irish
As any can be,
And my heart is with Erin
Afar o'er the sea.

My father and mother,
And friends all around,
Were the daughters and sons
Of that sainted old ground;
They have rambled its bright paths
And meadows among,
And filled its fair valleys
With laughter and song.

I have tufts of green shamrocks
In sods they brought o'er,
I have shells they picked up
Ere they stepped from the shore;
I have books that are treasures—
The fondest I hold
Are the Melodies, clasped
And nigh covered with gold.

My pictures are pictures
Of scenes that are dear,
For the beauties they are
And the glories they wear;
And of good men and brave men
Whose merits will be
Long the pride of green Erin
Afar o'er the sea.

I sing their sweet music
And often they own,
'Tis true to old Ireland
In style and in tone;
I dance their gay dances
And hear them with glee,
Each touch tells of Erin
Afar o'er the sea.

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FINDLATER'S
INDIAN TEAS

If I was in beautiful Dublin to-day,
To each spot I hold sacred
I would soon find my way;
For I know where McManus
And Rossa are laid,
Sure close by O'Leary
Sleeps cold in his grave.

And if I was in Wexford
How fondly I'd trace
Each field I have marked
On my map of each place,
Where the brave '98 men
Poured hotly and free
Their blood for green Erin
Afar o'er the sea.

Dear home of my fathers
I would hold thee to blame,
And my cheeks would at times
Take the crimson of shame,
Did thy sad tale not show
On each sorrow-stained line
That the might of the tyrant
Was greater than thine.

But her soldiers are many
Abroad and at home,
Her ships on all oceans
Are ploughing the foam:
Her wealth is untold
Why, no equal has she,
My poor plundered Erin
Afar o'er the sea.

Yet they tell me the strife
Is not yet given o'er,
That the gallant old island
Will try it once more;
And shall call call with her harp,
When her flag is unfurled,
Her sons and their sons
From the ends of the world.

If so, I've a rifle that's true to a hair,
A brain that can plan
And a heart that can dare,
And the summons will scarcely die out
When I'll be
In the green fields of Erin
Afar o'er the sea.

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:: IRISH VOLUNTEERS ::

SECOND ANNUAL CONVENTION

The second annual convention of the Irish Volunteers was held in the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, on Sunday, Professor Eoin MacNeill, President, in the chair. There was a large attendance of delegates from all parts of the country, and amongst the members of the public in the balcony was Dr. L. Ginnell, M.P.

Mr. Eoin MacNeill, who was received with prolonged applause, said that last year efforts were made to divert the Irish Volunteers from their original objects. In their very councils the doctrine was boldly proclaimed, that their duty was not to follow the standard of principle, but to support the changing decision of a political leader. They were not even to ask whether those decisions were right or wrong. Anything that was not a faithful echo of the ever-changing voice was declared to be a "slur on Mr. Redmond."

During the months which followed the adoption of the partition policy by a Government pledged to one Home Rule for all Ireland, the Irish Volunteers, in their anxiety for unity, had yielded much and strained many points. Their endeavours to secure unity had little chance of success with those who made personal authority the supreme test. The breaking point was reached when they were called upon to cast aside their pledges and become a British Imperial organisation. That decision had been amply justified, but since then every effort had been made to discourage and intimidate them. They had been denounced to persecution by spokesmen of the dictated policy, and the Government had gladly taken advantage of such denunciations. It had suppressed most of the periodicals that took a purely national stand. Houses had been broken into and searched, with and without legal warrant. The Defence of the Realm Act had been used as an engine of political oppression. Men had been deported and imprisoned for no known or stated reason, except that they had been engaged in organising Irish Volunteers. Large bodies of police, with firearms, had been sent to interfere with public meetings. The Government had acted over and over again in disregard of its own law. It had been at special pains to find victims in Ulster, and amongst Ulster Nationalists. The natural outcome of these proceedings has been to convince ever-increasing numbers of the people that the real issue in Ireland is the old issue between Ireland and English dominion. (Applause). In their name, and in the name of the Irish nation, he offered the tribute of honour and respect to all those who had had to bear the brunt of Government hostility to the Irish Volunteers. He knew no instance where that hostility to be faced in which man or woman had flinched. The cowardly combination against them made the lying pretence that their acts of persecution were done in consequence of the present European war, but he reminded them that the hostility towards them began the year before the war. (Hear, hear). It was what they had to expect, and they took it as testimony to their fidelity to the cause of Ireland a nation. (Applause). Special honour was due to those who had suffered—who were now suffering in prison because of their activity and efficient work.

Irish public opinion had been ashamed to see the action of the Government incited, encouraged, and condoned by a few men, some of them holding for the present most prominent positions in Irish politics, who, while claiming to be Nationalists, have behaved during this national crisis in the meanest spirit of faction. He could give

details that would put these agents of compulsory political service to shame before the world, but their war was not upon Irishmen, even of the meanest sort, and he could only wish that the baser side of the campaign waged against them through such instruments might pass for ever from their memories. (Applause).

In the meantime, the British Government had ceased to be bound by any engagements towards Ireland, and had imposed on Ireland a ruinous burden of taxation, in which the Parliamentary representatives of Ireland had been obliged to acquiesce; and the Irish Party had been reduced to this position, that a cry of alarm on its behalf had been raised to defend from destruction the Coalition Government, which was formed in spite of the Irish Party. It followed that the need for the Irish Volunteer organisation on its original basis was greater now than ever before. (Applause).

When Mr. Redmond forced the issue on them last year, the great majority of the Irish in America, including most of those who had been supporters of Mr. Redmond's former policy, decided in their favour. It was necessary to state this, in view of many attempts that had been made to persuade people in Ireland to the contrary. The funds generously supplied by Irishmen in America during the past year had enabled them to make great progress with the necessary equipment for the Volunteers. At the same time, it should be known that arms and ammunition had been purchased by the Irish Volunteers themselves up to many times the value of all funds subscribed by their friends and supporters. (Applause).

The dweller on a dangerous frontier region, he concluded, is always ready armed, and his mind is always familiar with the resources of his locality for defence and attack. For us, as our history shows us, the whole of Ireland is that danger zone, and our object should be, to be always and everywhere ready, and to know the least thing among all our surroundings that can be turned to good account for the defence of our national rights and liberties. (Applause). Great progress has been made, more must be made. The one thing we must look to is that there shall be no stopping and no turning back. (Prolonged applause).

Mr. Bulmer Hobson (Hon. Sec.), in his report stated that over 200 corps of Irish Volunteers were now in active existence. In order to carry on the work of training the corps it had been necessary to appoint a number of organising instructors. In July two of these, Messrs. Mellows and Blythe, were ordered by the Government to leave Ireland, and upon declining to obey, were sent to prison for three months. Mr. A. Newman and Mr. D. McCullough were imprisoned for a similar reason. The Central Executive immediately appointed other organisers. Of these, Mr. A. Monaghan had been sent to prison for three months, and Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald for six months. Training camps had been organised during the summer, and had been attended by a large number of Volunteer officers. A society to assist volunteers who had been persecuted or prosecuted on account of their adherence to the movement had been formed, and a number of men had already been paid "benefit."

The report was adopted unanimously.

The O'Rahilly, Hon. Treasurer, submitted his report, and, together with the Auditors Report, it was unanimously adopted.

The reports of the Headquarter's Staff were also submitted and adopted.

The Convention unanimously re-affirmed the determination of the Irish Volunteers to oppose the enforcement of compulsory military service, except by a free national Government.

A central executive was appointed, Professor MacNeill being unanimously re-elected president.



ANOTHER VICTIM

"TOLERATION" IN KERRY

The war in Ireland continues. The last few days have seen another victim, and this time the news comes from Tralee, the capital of the Kingdom of Kerry.

It is only a short time since publication was given to the bigoted dismissal of Mr. J. Melinn, V.P. Tralee Division, of our Order, by his employers, J. M. Slattery and Sons, Ltd., on account of his Nationalist principles and work. This has been followed up by a further attack, and the victim now is the respected President of the Tralee Division, Mr. M. J. O'Connor, and a member of the National Board of the Order.

Mr. O'Connor has actively identified himself with the Nationalist movement since he reached man's estate, and has been a pillar of strength to the "cause" in Tralee, and Kerry generally, being primarily responsible for the stand Tralee and the County took on the Volunteer issue. He is also a power to be reckoned with in the Labour movement in Tralee, being instrumental in starting the Trades Council there some fifteen months ago, and has done much to weld the workers of all grades together to safeguard their interests and promote their welfare.

Since Mr. O'Connor left school he has been employed by a local Catholic firm of solicitors, Messrs. F. and C. Downing, and according to their testimony was a most efficient, honest, and trustworthy employee, but as his opinions differed from those of his Catholic employers, and his work in the Nationalist and Labour movements was looked on with disfavour and abhorrence, they have dispensed with his services.

The blow came a week ago. On Sunday, 17th Oct., a big Labour meeting under the Trades Council's auspices, at which a resolution against Conscription, and calling upon workers to organise and unite to obtain decent wages, etc., was held in Tralee, at which Mr. O'Connor seconded the resolution, and spoke at some length on the subject. This was on the Sunday, and on the following Friday morning his senior employer, Mr. F. H. Downing, who is Solicitor to the Nationalist County Council of Kerry, referred to the meeting and wound up by stating that, efficient employee though he was, the firm could no longer keep him in their employment.

Great indignation has been expressed in Tralee and throughout Kerry at Mr. O'Connor's dismissal, and sympathy from all quarters is being extended to him. There was a big muster at the weekly meeting of the Tralee Division, and after strong expressions of opinion were voiced, the following resolution was adopted unanimously:

"Resolved:—That we, the members of Division 221 A.O.H. (I.A.A.) tender to our worthy President, Bro. M. J. O'Connor, our sincere sympathy, on his dismissal from his position, owing to his principles and work in the National and Labour movement. That we assure him of our hearty support, and condemn the bigoted and intolerant treatment he has been subjected to."

Tralee's Trades Unionists are also taking the matter up warmly, and the Workers' Union and other bodies have protested. The Trades Council are making arrangements to hold a public indignation meeting to ventilate the whole affair and condemn Mr. O'Connor's victimisation.

ENGLAND'S ALTRUISM.

The "Gaelic American's" Analysis

England has been greatly misunderstood. She has been misunderstood not only by her enemies, which is a tribute, but by her friends, which is a calamity. Amongst the friends of England to-day are France and Russia, and the archives of France contains hundreds of Consular reports, which fix England not alone as the enemy of civilisation, but of humanity. The archives of Russia contain interesting inferences also, one Consular report, if we mistake not, quotes with something akin to approval an Indian saying: "The diabolical cunning and the bestial cruelty of England are due to the ethnological fact that the first Englishman was a cross between a she-devil and a monkey."

Curiously enough England herself, while accepting the encomiums, few and far between as they have been, has never accepted the other tributes and while every civilised country in the world has protested against British aggression in Ireland, India, and Egypt, and British diplomacy everywhere, England herself always believed, or pretended to believe, that the biggest community of saints is represented by the West Kent Regiment. When Cromwell, a typical British saint, murdered thousands of children, "lest," as he elegantly expressed it, "the nits become lice," England hastened to give him a new halo and to follow his example as far as might be, by periodical famines in India, periodical massacres in Ireland, occasional concentration camps in South Africa, and perpetual murder everywhere the English flag flies.

So, for misguided people who believe that England is at war to-day because of the hereditary murder-lust of the English race, because of the vain hope that by allying herself with the French "Revanche movement," she might grab a little territory and beat a successful rival, or because nearly every small nation in the world might be cheated of its legitimate revenge on the robber Saxon, we give the real reason why England went to war.

The reason is culled from the London "Spectator" but, lamentable lack of knowledge; the first reason given is not violated Belgium, nor violated India, nor violated Ireland, nor the oft expressed English desire to "trail the French flag in mud and blood." No; it is "for the maintenance of the British Empire and our own existence as a nation."

We are gravely told by the "Spectator" that Australia and Canada recognised this, but at home in England the issue is not so clear. The "Spectator" says . . . politicians . . . have at times endeavoured to persuade the British workingman that they have no real interest in the war and that the triumph of German arms would not adversely affect their fortunes or materially change their lives.

But this is all wrong. If the Germans ruled England the workers would not have to resort to periodical strikes for a living wage, they would have better schemes of compensation in case of age or accident, with pensions for widows and provisions for orphans, and as England takes it as an axiom that prosperity is bad for the worker, of course, German rule would adversely affect him.

But that's neither here nor there. This reasoning is only thrown in like a coupon, to get the English worker to fight, and the real reason why the worker should fight is because England is at war from a high and holy motive. The pit worker at 5 dols. a week should commiserate the poor workers of other countries who get more, and are consequently in the path of temptation, and the white slaves, who make the suits for English officers at 22 cents a suit should see to it that their sisters in Germany and

France are not set upon the path of vice by motor joy rides and high living.

So, the "Spectator" says, English thought however interpreted "has been invariably tinged with altruism." Quite true. Murder, rapine, and English engineered famines have always been altruistic in their effects and that is why the English dependencies are saved the consequences of luxury and all the vices that follow in its train.

But what use is comment. Here is a paragraph in its unblushing nakedness which will appeal to everyone:

"We are also fighting for the maintenance of that 'freedom of the seas' to which the Germans say they aspire. The expression in their mouths is merely a euphemism for the destruction of that maritime supremacy on which our existence as a nation depends.

"We are fighting in order that the small nationalities of the world may enjoy that 'that place in the sun' of which Germany virtually claims a monopoly, and notably that Holland, Belgium, and Denmark should not become German provinces.

"We are fighting in order that, when the map of Europe comes to be re-arranged—and some re-arrangement will certainly be necessary—the frontiers should, so far as is possible, be ethnic, and should be made to depend, not on commercial or strategical considerations, but on community of race, language, and religion.

"We are fighting that the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine should be returned to their rightful owners, and in order to prevent the vastly superior civilisation of France from being crushed under the heel of latter-day German barbarism."

This may look like damnable hypocrisy thinly disguised, but, of course, it is not, it is no more hypocritical than the Englishman has ever been, and no more hypocritical than what follows. Listen, but don't remember that the deadly enemy of England for a century has been Russia, that all English diplomacy has been for the same time anti-Russian and pro-Turkish. Don't remember English rhymsters, like Kipling, who howled, and the mobs who took up the howl, "The bear that walks like a man," and which was thrown in the teeth of a Russian diplomat in London a few years ago. But here is the paragraph:

"We are fighting in order that the Slav race should not be crushed out of existence by the Teuton. Of all the singular vagaries of ephemeral public opinion in this country, surely one of the most extraordinary is that which has led certain very ill-informed Englishmen to exalt the civilisation of Germany over that of Russia."

And even since the war, the late Mr. Keir Hardie spoke in the name of the English Labour Party of "that great, black, blood-stained monster, Russia."

But England is at war, too, to save Germany. One John Brown or William Pumpkin has declared that if Germany won out now it would be bad for Germany to win. "Success would be an infinitely greater calamity than defeat," so England must save Germany.

When England launched this Jihad she discovered other things also, amongst them that her own writers, including Carlyle, have all be wrong, and that so far from Germany being not guilty for the partition of Poland, she was the real author of all Polish misfortunes, just as England has always been Poland's saviour.

But a war is a great searcher of national consciences, and the "Spectator" dimly remembers England's betrayal of Italy before and remarks that in the present war "We are fighting that Italy, the nursery of ancient civilisation, the home of modern liberalism, the creator of genuine national aspirations, should gather into her bosom, those outlying fragments of the Italian nation which yearn for union and which now shiver under the unsympathetic rule of the Teuton."

It is good to reflect that this is a distinct change of attitude since English spies made

life unendurable for Mazzini and the English post office yielded up his correspondence to the Power against whom he was waging a protracted and bitter war, and that the biographers of the later Italian patriots are continued records of British treachery.

But what use in specifying why England is at war. There are too many causes, but the "Spectator" briefly puts them—in the interest of every people in the world, to save the Belgium she betrayed, to preserve and extend Greece whose neutrality she is at present violating by using Lemnos and Mytilene as bases for her fleet, to preserve peace in the Balkins, where English intrigue subsidised murder as a necessary step to war.

These are the reasons why cowardly, degenerate England, under the cloak of France and Russia, tries to revenge itself upon Germany, which has beaten her in commerce and agriculture, beaten her in manufacture and art, and has wrested from her the lordship of the world by a civilisation that is as progressive and humanising as England's is antiquated and brutal.

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MEMORIES OF MOUNTJOY

By SEAN MILROY

VII.

"Oh, those nights upon the Nile!" I remember reading this exclamation in one of the books of an English novelist. I think it was Rider Haggard's "Cleopatra," where a victim of that fateful lady's blandishments indulges in a passionate rhapsody over the beauties of Egypt's chief glory by the pale moonlight.

With a fervour no less exuberant do I exclaim: "Oh, those days in Mountjoy stickyard! The stickyard! The beautiful alluring stickyard! Oh, who shall do justice to the theme to which I now address myself. In fancy I see it as I write, with its gorgeous array of wood-sawyers, log-splitters, and stick-binders, all in picturesque unshaven state—habitants of a sort of earthy limbo, where the bodies of the unjust are detained for a while before death to expiate the measure of their unrighteousness. Yes, here we touch one of the side-shows of our penal code which makes Mountjoy a thrilling recollection to all who have been tutored within its walls. The hum of the saws, the swish of the hatchets, the thud of the planks and logs as they go to their inglorious fate, still linger in my ears like the clinging echoes of some grand symphony played on a noble organ. Of a truth do these sounds constitute the orchestra of our Bastille, the full, rich, mellow notes of which cast over that spot of storied memories a solemnity rather of law than of awe, and imparted a touch of skilfully-tinged romance which will prevail while there lives a Hottentot who has felt its magic enobling spell. Oh, spirit of the Muses guide thou my pen while I strive to portray this haunting recess of "Tir na nog."

Where pine logs choping,
Tho' often stopping,
When the warder was eying the other
fellows;
Made music swelling, to every felon—
MacDermott, Milroy, or Liam Mellowes.

I hope some of these days our Realm Defenders will rope-in one of our poets, and send him to survey and enjoy that happy little colony of wood-hewers. Then, perhaps, the stickyard may produce its bard, and prosperity may have chronicled in some worthy fashion its never-to-be-forgotten delights. "Idylls of the Stickyard" would be a charming title for some little volume of posy suggestive of "opal hushes" and Celtic twilights.

I don't know whether MacDermott or Mellowes have any tendencies in this direction, but if they have, I trust their modest natures will not prevent their essaying such a sublime project. As for myself, I am a hopeless failure poetically. I made several valiant attempts to bend the poetic muse to my will while in Mountjoy, but no bron the highest achievement of such endeavours was but a vile parody which ran thus:

"Oft in the stilly night
With bars and bolts around me,
I felt the plank-bed bruise my ribs,
And cried, 'Mountjoy, confound thee.'"

But I must desist from these fond flights of fancy and descent to cold matter of fact description of the stickyard, and that with brevity. Its chief constituent elements are, a large yard, a bulky warder, and three gangs of felons. One of these gangs is employed sawing the wood into short lengths, another in chopping these lengths into fragments, and the third in binding the fragments in bundles to burn. My first occupation here was that of a chopper, but I shortly so distinguished myself in this department, that I was soon promoted to the more scientific one of binding up the bundles. The duties of the chopper are,

perhaps, the most preferable, as it is an occupation which is pursued seated, and thus situated one can give rein to the meditative faculty with greater satisfaction than in the other phases of work there. I recollect that while I was still a mere splitter of wood, I had the inclination to indulge thus my thoughts, and one of or other of such contemplations was a sort of meditation on Turnkeyism, the gist of which may perhaps furnish copy for this chapter of my memories.

Turnkeyism is a phase of the world's institutions which still, I think, lacks its true exponent—its prophet and defender, who will hallow its mystic rites, and dignify with appropriate veneration its corpulent votaries, its gruff, congealed sternness, its immobile aloofness from the mundane traits of human foibles. And three months' study of it, though illuminating in its way, is all too brief to constitute a basis of claim on my part to aspire to that exalted office. But I may, perhaps, give a sort of post-impressionist view of that peculiar species of the race who stalk their devious ways, cut off from the maddening crowd, in our Bastille.

Let me record the occasion when the spirit of Turnkeyism first burst upon my hapless head, if not as a pillar of fire, yet something like a clap of thunder. I think it was the second day of my occupation of the stickyard. A few feet away from my shed was a water-tap, where the felons went at times either to refresh themselves or, maybe, to wash their grimy paws before adjourning for meals. It was the hour for breakfast, and for one or other of these objects I wandered towards that water-tap. There happened to be another prisoner there at the time, and I unwittingly outraged all the canons of Mountjoy discipline by letting fall some remark to him. If my recollection serves me accurately it was: "This is a great place to spend one's holidays," to which my confrere at the tap gave a qualified assent. Then Nemesis swooped down on me, and I realised that I had again thoughtlessly jeopardised the Defence of the Realm: From some part of the stickyard I heard a roar. It sounded to me like the war ultimatum of an infuriated bull charging at a red rag, but when I turned my head I saw that it was only the voice of Turnkeyism asserting its authority. Not a still small voice, but a loud vehement bellow from the throat of fourteen stone of stolid inflexible Turnkeyism. The resonant accents of those most articulate personage grew even more vigorous as he proceeded to admonish and castigate my temerity. I looked, I listened, and I pondered, and then returned with slow and thoughtful mien to my little brick hut to observe and moralise further, and I had ample occasion to study my new acquaintance with the bullock-like vocal organs. But it was not merely in regard to his voice that he suggested the presence of a bullock. There was an air of "alas, my poor brother" pervading his entire demeanour and personality. Bovinity seemed to ooze out of him at every pore—whether he stalked rampant around the yard or took up a couchant position at some point of observation. Just in front of where I worked there used at times to be a cart, and frequently the Bullock, as I came to call him, would sit on one of the shafts eying all round him. Occasionally one hand would stray into a pocket and convey something in a sly fashion to his mouth, and then he would start chewing, his jaws moving just in the way you might observe a cow chewing its cud, as it lay at its ease in a meadow on a summer's day—a placid, bovine expression of passivity over his face.

I would look long and earnestly at him, as he sat and chewed, trying to realise the great substantial fact that all the glories, pomp, power, and what not of the Empire upon which the sun never sets, had for me at the moment their apex, their climax, and their fulcrum in that bullocky figure in front of me.

I would certainly award the palm to my keeper, the Bullock, as the product par excellence of Turnkeyism. I may have erred in defining Turnkeyism as an institution. Rather is it a process—an evolutionary apparatus which begets bullocks trained to stalk about in uniform. I am not censuring these poor animals for being what they are. Rather do I compassionate them. They are only the products of the process; and even the most benevolent-minded person can hardly spend nearly thirty years driving his fellow creatures about like cattle without shedding something of his human attributes and acquiring something of those of the brute. I am aware that there are some warders in Mountjoy who have not been so efficiently evolved as the Bullock. I met a few decent fellows among them, but their retention of manly qualities is only the measure of their failure to realise the ideal of the process. However, most of them are still young men, so they need not despair. Let them continue under the tutelage of the powers that rule in the Bastille, and they may yet become even more bullocky than the Bullock.

One day the voice of Turnkeyism said to me: "Would you not be better, Milroy, wearing prison clothes and saving your own?"

"I suppose I would," I replied, "only I have a principle to assert in wearing my own. As I don't consider myself a criminal, I am not inclined to put on a criminal's dress."

"Oh, that's all right," continued Turnkeyism. "I know you have your own way of looking at these things, but I'm hanged if I'd spoil my clothes for principle."

Now I quite believe that warder made the suggestion to me with the best of intentions, and for what he considered my interests. But how truly did he express the current vein of thought which, like a cancer is corrupting the life of the nation. The public man thinks principle is alright, but he's hanged if he'll run counter to the smiles and whims of the little gods of his daily life and social circle for principle. The Irish M.P. may think principle is alright, but is he going to be such a fool as to endanger his £400 a year for principle? The newspaper editor may think principle is a fine thing, but would you expect him to sacrifice the revenue from recruiting advertisements for principle? And so on through the whole gamut of society. Oh! Turnkeyism, you have voiced a colossal lie, which passes these days as a sober truth, when you informed me that a suit of clothes was a more precious asset than principle.

I was busily engaged tying up my bundles of sticks one day with the customary tarry rope, when the prisoner next to me rather startled me by asking: "Would it do you any harm to chew that tarry rope?"

Now, I had not meditated doing anything of the kind. Tarry rope is a commodity of diet at which I draw the line, even in jail, and so I replied that chewing it had never even entered into my wildest speculations. But he explained that he only put the query as he was busy chewing some as a substitute for tobacco. I replied that the digestive properties of tarry rope were unknown to me, but I opined he must be very hard up for something to chew when he resorted to such an expedient. With vigorous emphasis he assured me that he was very hard-up in that respect. I ought to have mentioned that tobacco is on the list of absolute contraband in Mountjoy, and it is a severe deprivation to some of the prisoners. One of them avowed to me that he'd give a week's food for a chew of tobacco, and he meant it; and another showed me a piece

of an old clay pipe which he was sucking to allay the craving for a taste of my Lady Nicotine.

However, this was no great hardship to me, as I am only an indifferent smoker. I only mention these things to show how it affects some men while there.

There was one day in the stickyard which was to me a sort of red-letter day. It was that on which the Press Gang of Prince's Street were good enough to send me news of Rossa's death. The notion of any communication between my unworthy self and the Princes Street "proteges" of the Castle may seem astonishing to my readers, but let them not be alarmed, for it was quite unintentional on the part of Prince's Street, and I hasten to make this clear lest my words may in any way endanger the current Castle subsidy to "Dear Mr. Brayden," on the grounds of communicating to a Defence of the Realm felon information that would be likely to be useful to the enemy. The way it happened was this. A scrap of paper, to wit, a half page of the "Evening Telegraph," came into my possession while in the stickyard. No, my "friends" of the Bastille, I am not going to reveal how I got hold of it. Suffice it to say that I did. As I had been cut off from all communication with the outside world then for a fairly long time, I fondled that scrap of paper with a delight I never expected to feel in handling one of the Sham Squire's progeny.

There were three matters of serious interest in the paper. One was the text of the Conscription Register Bill; another the announcement that a certain Simon, to whom some wits have quite inaccurately attached the prefix Simple, was to visit Dublin to explain "the new and popular War Loan"; and the third was the news of Rossa's death.

There was one part of the Register Bill which I conned with close attention. It was that which stated a prisoner in a jail could make out a return by giving the necessary particulars before being released. Later on this opportunity was afforded to me. All the prisoners were furnished with the forms to fill up. I think there was a thumping majority left blank, and mine was among that majority.

But about Rossa's death—the announcement of it was mutilated by the paper being torn down the column in which it appeared, and I had only half the column to read, but I managed to make out the gist of it. There was a brief biographical sketch of the old fenian, and of his ordeals in jail, which possessed quite an unusual degree of interest for me, especially where it related that on one occasion when Rossa had refused to do some menial duty and had to face, in his cell, the wrath of the Governor, he threw a pail of dirty water in the face of that official, and had a period of solitary confinement and bread and water as a penalty. Rossa, a cara, I felt sympathy with you as I read that in Cell 15, and I could understand your feelings and your inward elation and satisfaction at that exploit of yours. But Governors seem to have learned discretion from that incident. They don't come within reach of dirty water nowadays, at least, not in Mountjoy.

(To be continued).

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THE PATRIOT'S WAKE

We gathered round the lowly bier
Where rests the ashes of the brave,
Who bartered all that he held dear,
To win at last a felon's grave;
But as we linger by the bed,
And gaze upon his sacred clay,
No tear of sorrow do we shed
For him who nobly died to-day.

For though he lies in Death's cold sleep,
And soon we'll place him 'neath the sod,
'Tis vain for men to idly weep
For one whose soul now rest with God;
E'en now before the throne he kneels
Of Him Who died to save all men,
And God will list to his appeals
And heal our bleeding land again.

For him the world had wealth and fame,
For him the world had pleasures, too,
Would he condone his country's shame,
Would he to Ireland prove untrue;
But scorning all for Ireland's weal
He bravely strove and nobly planned,
For her he grasped the gleaming steel,
That yet shall free our fallen land.

When dark oppression's cloud at last
On Ireland's hills had gathered down,
And even strong men stood aghast
He quailed before no foreman's frown;
When traitors sold their native land
And men for Freedom feared to dare,
'Twas he who led our patriot band,
And roused a nation from despair.

Awhile he fought his country's foe
On many a stubborn battle-field,
Awhile he gave them blow for blow,
Nor for a moment thought to yield;
Until at length the Saxon host
O'erwhelmed his gallant patriot band,
And in that hour the cause was lost
Till others make as brave a stand.

He preached the hallowed creed of Tone
By glorious Emmet sanctified,
He trod the path of Hugh and Owen
And died the death that Russell died;

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And though alone and sadly here
We keep the vigil round his bed,
'Tis not for us to shed a tear
Or chant a requiem o'er his head.

But Ours the task to save our land
Now drifting slowly to its doom,
And ours to light the fiery brand
That yet shall pierce the nation's gloom;
And now above his sacred clay
Our Motherland we swear to save,
To point to all the rugged way
That leads to Freedom or the grave.

SEUMAS MACGOWAN.

All communications regarding the formation of new Divisions, &c., should be addressed to JOHN J. SCOLLAN, National Secretary, 28 North Frederick Street, Dublin.

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A REAL SHOWING-UP

(Continued from page 1)

make him talk the arrant rot cabled from London to the "World." But he might as well be "whistling jigs to milestones" for all the effect it produces, except in the way of bracing up the handful of degenerate Irishmen in America who approve his base betrayal of Ireland. The very words he uses in describing the only influential Irish papers in America—"so-called Irish-American papers"—show the hollowness of his pretensions. It is a flimsy attempt to brush away a very formidable obstacle. Cabling lies to America will not restore to life a Bill that was killed on the day that Redmond consented to its postponement to the end of the war and to the introduction of the Amending Bill cutting off from the authority of the puny Parliament in Dublin the counties of Ulster which have a Protestant majority.



EIRE.

Beyond the far blue mountain's rim
There dwells my Love;
In purple heather, golden whin,
Begirt n y Love.
Oh, she is fair beyond compare
With dreamy eyes and raven hair,
She, my Love.

The whispers in the golden corn
Are hers, my Love;
The fleeting clouds, the fragrant morn
Are hers, my Love;
The curling smoke, the glowing peat
All speak of her, my pearl, my sweet,
She, my Love.

A fairer smile was never seen
Than on my Love;
A gentler or more graceful mien
Than on my Love;
Oh! woe is me to hear her sigh;
If I should live and she should die,
She, my Love.

For, lo! upon the lily hands
Of her, my Love
Her fair white wrists are iron bands—
Oh! she, my Love.
Of love and pain my heart will break
Or burst those bonds for her dear sake,
Who is my Love.

Manchester Martyrs' Commemoration.

The Manchester Martyrs' Anniversary Commemoration will be held this year under the auspices of the Fianna Eireann Headquarters Staff in the Round Room, Mansion House, on Monday, 22nd November, at 8 p.m. The address will be delivered by Mr. Bulmer Hobson (Chief of Staff), and Professor Eoin MacNeill, President of the Irish Volunteers, will take the chair. Musical items will be rendered by first rate artistes.

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HONESTY

An Outspoken Scrap of Paper.

Edited by GILBERT GALBRAITH.

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IF ENGLAND LOSES!

I.—WHAT ABOUT HOME RULE?

“If England loses the war, will Ireland get Home Rule?” It was only the idle questioning of a child, but it voiced the trembling uncertainty of a nation. Not daring to answer, we could only hold our peace.

“Home Rule” to that child is practically an uncomprehended term. To many grown-ups it is almost as uncomprehended. In common with these adults, the child associated “Home Rule” with some undefined improvement about to be effected in the condition of the nation. “Home Rule” as a form of speech sounded good, seemed desirable, and it cared not to enquire further. But those of us who are more critical, more “cranky” as you will, those to whom National independence typifies more than a little brief authority to debate an electric lighting scheme, or the erection of a pump at the cross-roads of Ballymuck, find ourselves thinking in almost identical terms. What will happen to Ireland if England loses this stupendous war?

Yes, it has come to that. The possibility of

England losing has become “practical politics.” She has always denied the existence of this possibility. Her spokesmen are denying it still, but from their very denials, evidence of its existence is forthcoming. Their expressions of England’s confidence in the ultimate result have abated nothing in vehemence or frequency, but, of late, a halting, wavering note has made their voices tremulous. A certain dubiety is making itself felt, as when the “Daily Mail” informs us editorially that “a point has been reached where drift and lack of foresight may bring down the British Empire.” Their confident shoutings remind one of the classical pursuit of whistling to keep one’s courage up. The strained note in the whistling gives the show away.

The sensitive English Press has, latterly, begun to admit the existence of a mighty “If.” “Our best efforts must be put forward, and muddling must cease, IF we are to win this war” epitomises the view the British public are now taking. An “if,” according to the old saw, implies a want, and in this case the want cannot be supplied. “Our” best efforts will not be put forward, because the process involves conscription, and consequent financial paralysis, and from the temper of the opposition it is evident that the application of conscription to Great Britain will bring about the end, not only of the present Government, but of all Government.

If, and when, England loses, what will be the outcome here in Ireland? Will the Bill on the Statute Book come into operation automatically, according to contract?

No, certainly not. And why?

Nobody appears to have given much public consideration to the probable situation that will be created at the termination of an unsuccessful war. Is it imagined for one moment that England can straightaway settle down again to her

picturesque political wranglings, and occupy her mind with such a relatively small concern as Ireland will undoubtedly be in her Imperial questions? Even in the case of a drawn war, she will have to rebuild her Imperial credit (a stupendous task in itself), and her ravaged commerce will require to be put on a stable basis. For all these purposes money will be required, and lots of it, and, naturally enough, England will regard all these purposes as matters of prime importance. In addition she will have to shoulder the War Bill, while, if she is badly beaten, she will also have to find money for the colossal War Bills of her enemies.

Where will the money come from, then, to set up a separate Legislature in Ireland?

It can't be done. Without adequate funds it would be financially impossible, and the adequate funds will not be forthcoming.

The Irish Party are not fools. They have foreseen all this, and probably they reckoned the cost of defeat to England before they took the "sharp curve." Otherwise they could not, by conviction alone, become Imperialists ALL, at one fell stroke. There were mutterings at first, when some remnants of National principle and decent feeling strove to find coherent expression. But, in the end, all was sacrificed to their peculiar doctrine of expediency. They foresaw that an unsuccessful war would blast both Statute Book and Home Rule, and, possibly, the whole British Constitution, in addition. They foresaw that an unsuccessful war would smash the case for Parliamentary agitation and for their own work, in particular. Hence, they turned tail in a body, and strove to make the war a successful war, though they put Ireland on the rack in the process. That was how England's war became Ireland's war.

In a measure they were right,

What Parnell would not do, they accomplished. They set a boundary to Ireland's nationhood. A ham-strung Parliament, or a glorified debating society suited their book. It might be secured by making the war a successful war, it couldn't otherwise. The Party realised all this. They realise it still, but they daren't say so, or recruiting in Ireland would show an immediate slump.

Therefore, we might have safely answered the child's query. If England loses, Ireland will *not* get Home Rule, that is, Home Rule as understood by the politicians. She may get another kind of Home Rule, in which the greater the measure of England's defeat, the larger would be the scope of Ireland's liberty.

Do we, or do we not, want England to lose?

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NURSE CAVELL AND ANNE DEVLIN

From what one can learn of Nurse Cavell, through the English Press, she appears to have been a singularly heroic lady, whose mission on earth was of the most humane kind. If we are to believe the statements circulated that she was the victim of an agent-provocateur—that is a foe in friendly guise whose purpose it was to trap her—it stands to the discredit of Germany. On her own admission, she was guilty of treason to the ruling authorities, but though the death penalty was the punishment fixed for her misdemeanour, we cannot see why some little clemency could not have been shewn her.

But England should not grumble. *She* is not showing very much compassion for spies, and alien offenders, of whom ten have been shot in London since the outbreak of war. So far, the meagre details published in the Press have given no sex distinctions. They are ticketed off with letters, and last week we learned that "L" and "M" had suffered the penalty for their crimes. It is all the ghastly accompaniment of war.

Germany is only following a set example—not that that excuses her. Anne Devlin, in Ireland, is but a prototype of Nurse Cavell, though, in this case, torture and not death was the weapon employed. Perhaps the Hessians brought back these doctrines taught them by the British officers in Ireland in 1798 and 1803.

There are times when women court death. From the days of Judith to the days of Joan d'Arc, women have entered the lists. Our own glorious women became combatants in '98 and at Limerick. It is sought, in the British Press, to put the case of Miss Cavell on a different plane, and appeal to the world against the murder of a nurse! The hypocrisy of the English leaves one cold, it is so transparent. If a nurse were murdered in cold blood because of being a nurse, her death would cry to Heaven for vengeance. But it is apparent to all, even from the garbled reports allowed to reach us through the English Press, that Miss Cavell used her nurse's uniform as a cloak for treachery. For that was she done to death. By her acts she was helping her country to victory. It was this feeling helped her to die bravely. All honour to her.

The sickening slush of the British Press (including the "Irish") is enough to turn one's stomach. Since the war began the English have murdered women in Ireland without shadow of excuse, and honoured the murderers! The English Law last week upheld, as an honourable man, one who turned a woman of eighty years out of a wretched hovel on to the roadside. We Irish cannot forget the horrors of the war for the land, when women at childbirth were thrown in

the ditch in the depths of winter. Can we forget Davitt's mother? Can we forget Anne Devlin? Can we forget the tens of thousands of gentle, pure Irishwomen done to death by an artificial famine?

As an example of British mind, listen to this:—I heard a man denounce in awful language, the terrible Huns for the "murder" of Miss Cavell—I sat listening to that same man, two years ago, advocating the letting the suffragettes die of hunger in prison! In the balance you will find the foggishness of the British mind—what there is of mind!

S. O'D.

PRIVATE PAT MCGINTY, V.C.

By George!

"Fitz, did you see McGinty's name in the papers?"

"No, Mac, I did not, but I will take your word for it. How long did he get this time? Six months again!"

"He got a bullet or something, and has been promoted to the Casualty lists, and, if he recovers, he is going to get a V.C."

"You don't mean to tell me that McGinty is a hero, Mac!"

"Deed and I don't, Fitz. I know you are a Sinn Feiner, and I don't want my unfortified eyes bombarded."

"How did it hapen, anyway?"

"Well, himself and a few of his pals set out for Berlin some time ago. The "pals" got there—as prisoners! Didn't I always tell you that McGinty would come to a bad end? Sure he spent most of his time in Mowntjoy graduating for the slaughter."

"What made McGinty join the British Army?"

"Guinness—the best recruiting sergeant in Ireland!—and the fear that his job might be taken by the Germans."

"I understand the beer, Mac, but what do you mean by "his job?" McGinty never worked—except in prison!"

"As it is not an All-ied Communique, I will explain. McGinty came out of jail, after "doing six months' hard for bungling a little burglary business he had on hands. He spent a few days admiring the Home Rule wallpaper around Dublin and district, and succeeded in picking up a few purses at recruiting meetings. Even the worst atrocity, you see, can be turned to good account by a man who knows his business, as the purses proved to McGinty. One day a recruiting sergeant approached McGinty with a twelve-inch smile on his Angels-at-Mons-countenance. The smile opened fire on poor unpro-

tected McGinty by asking him would he like to 'avenge Belgium.' McGinty asked the twelve-incher if Belgium was one of the women killed on Bachelor's Walk by the King's Own Scottish Huns, and being informed that it was 'something more exquisite still,' he made a few enquiries as to its wealth, and the chance the country offered to men of his profession! The smile developed into a sort of a cross between a wire-entanglement and the Statute Book (before the last Zeppelin raid!), and gradually unfolded for McGinty a list of atrocities as long as his own list of convictions. It then invited McGinty to a pub, in order to convince him of the atrocities in question, and wound up its penny-horrible recitation by stating that the Germans were robbing everything they could lay their hands on, and if they came over here would do the same. McGinty, needless to say, was envying the Germans their good luck in the burglary line—his own speciality!—but at the words: 'If they come over here they will do the same,' he became excited. His be-beered mind staggered at the awful possibility. 'I'll join,' he said, as best he could. 'Them ruffians won't come over here, and do me out of a job.' And that's why McGinty joined, Fitz. I'm thinking there are a lot of people like McGinty. They don't want the Germans to do them out of their jobs! The capitalists don't want the Germans to rob their employees—they want to rob them themselves! They don't want the Germans to ruin our wives and daughters—they want to ruin them themselves! The English don't want the Germans to ruin what's left of Ireland—they want to ruin this country themselves!"

"But, Mac, the people you mention don't appear to be particularly anxious to join the British Army."

"Why would they, when they can get the likes of McGinty to do their work?"

"That's a fact, Mac. Where is McGinty now?"

"In hospital in England. I may tell you more about him some other time."

IRISH WEEK.

This week is Irish week in Dublin. It is not Russian week, or Italian week, or French week, or even Turkish week. Having faithfully and zealously observed the feast days of all "our" friends and allies, we should now see what we can do for ourselves. Irish music, Irish drama, and Irish industries specially demand our attention this week. Will the readers of HONESTY see that these things get a full share of *that* attention, even though they are not rewarded with flags for their pains.

GOSSIP OF THE DAY.

The Northcliffe newspapers have their eye on the "mere Irish."

* * *

Their correspondents at the chief shipping centres have discovered that many Irishmen (and an odd Englishman, too) are emigrating to America to avoid Conscription.

* * *

The "Times" and "Daily Mail" think that it should be stopped. Many of these fleeing emigrants are in splendid condition for military service.

* * *

So do we—and for the same reason.

* * *

What the Northcliffe organs are afraid to say, we will say. If they are emigrating because they fear Conscription, the action of these young men is contemptible. If they can't "stick" England, they should come to Ireland, for—

* * *

There will be no Conscription in Ireland.

* * *

If they don't want to be conscripted, they should prepare to oppose Conscription, and they will find plenty of company in Ireland.

* * *

Northcliffe and Co. may not think so, but *there's* where their military fitness comes in.

* * *

So help arrive too late to save Serbia!

* * *

Poor, simple Serbia, another victim to the Moloch of Deceit!

* * *

Servia did not expect to beat off single-handed the attacks of Germany, Austria, Bulgaria, and Turkey. She was promised succour and was only asked to hold the pass for a few days.

* * *

So was Belgium!

* * *

England despatched 13,000 men, and France, probably, a somewhat larger number—whereat Servia marvelled greatly, while Greece smiled, and suddenly became neutral!

* * *

In proportion to the numbers opposed to her, Servia found herself up against a difficult sum in simple division.

* * *

Like Belgium, she found she couldn't hold the pass.

Like Belgium, does she wish she hadn't tried?

* * *

Greece wouldn't bite. She is a sensible Small Nationality, and has not misread the signs of the times.

* * *

She did not attempt to stop any violation of her neutrality by a stronger power, or a stronger group of powers. She knew what had happened in Belgium, and what seemed certain to happen in Servia, so—

* * *

She sat on the fence!

* * *

Her Government, her army, and her navy are still intact, albeit her neutrality was violated. Belgium's are not. Neither will Servia's when the Big Nationalities are through with her.

* * *

The South Dublin Guardians are making history.

* * *

They have resolved not to employ any temporary labourers fit for military service.

* * *

They have enforced Conscription!

* * *

And suffragettes will be pleased to hear that it was not a man-made ukase, either.

* * *

The resolution was passed by eleven votes to nine. The eleven included six ladies, while one lady figured in the nine.

* * *

We do not know whether there are any separation allowances in question, but—

* * *

We hope not.

Read 'THE HIBERNIAN'

The Official Journal of the Parent Body of the

A.O.H. (IRISH-AMERICAN ALLIANCE).

ON SALE WEDNESDAY.

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