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

DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE.

S.  
1969  
D.M.P.

Detective Department,

Dublin, 17th. November, 1915

*Crime Special*

Subject, MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 16th. Inst., the undermentioned extremists were observed moving about and associating with each other as follows :-

With Thomas J. Clarke, 75, Parnell St.  
D. Lynch and M. McGinn for half an hour between 12 & 1 p. m. Thomas Byrne from 3.30 p. m. to 3. 45 p. m. John McDermott, P. Beasley and M. W. O'Reilly for close on an hour from 9. 15 p. m. William O'Leary Curtis for half an hour between 10 & 11 p. m.

Bulmer Hobson and Michael O'Hanrahan in Volunteer Office, 2, Dawson St. at 11 a. m.

J. J. Walsh with Jas. Whelan, in shop of the latter, 17, Ormond Quay between 12 & 1 p.m.

The Chief Commissioner.

*The Under Secretary  
Submitted*

*W. R. Johnston*

*Comm. 17/11/15*

*Under Secretary*

*Submitted*

*W. R. Johnston*

*17. 11. 15.*

*W. R. Johnston*

*17/11*

*CC. J. P. O'Connell  
W. R. Johnston  
18/11*

1880

CSO/70/2/138 (2)

p. m.

DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE

D. Lynch left Kingsbridge en route to  
Cork, by 3 p. m. train. R.I.C. informed.

Attached are Copies of this week's iss-  
ue of The Hibernian and Honesty, each of  
which contains notes of an anti-British  
character.

*Owen'Brien*  
Superintendent.

# The Hibernian

Incorporated with the Hibernian

NATIONAL

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. 25. New Series SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, 1915 One Penny

## The HIBERNIAN

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

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

### Compulsion for Irishmen

Most of our readers have read of what has been rightly described as the amazing and entirely discreditable scenes witnessed in Liverpool on the occasion of the departure—or rather attempted departure—of a body of young Irishmen for the States. The intending emigrants hailed from all parts of Ireland, and their presence in the Mersey port was due to the fact that Queenstown was closed to them as their place of embarkation owing to the Cunard Company's abandonment of Cove as a calling place for their liners.

On the morning on which the Irishmen made their way to the Cunard offices they were importuned and sedulously canvassed by the local recruiting sergeants to "take the shilling," but turned a deaf ear to the blandishments of the be-ribboned ones. While waiting at the shipping office, the unfortunate Irishmen became the cynosure of hostile crowds who had been apprised of their presence by sensational and inflammatory articles in the local Press.

Lest it should be thought we are actuated by biased motives in regard to the disgraceful incidents that followed, we take the following from an impartial contemporary published in Liverpool—to wit, the "Catholic Times." Says that journal:—"Gibes and taunts, often couched in gross language, were hurled at the Irishmen, and there were several ugly rushes, a couple of emigrants, impeded by their luggage, being knocked down. Refuse and paper folded into hard knots were thrown, and once the mob endeavoured to turn a horse and cart on to the pavement, but were prevented from carrying out their design by the police. At one time a diversion was caused by a voice of a passing tramguard. "Cowards! cowards!" he yelled through his funnelled hands, and his epithet evoked cheers from the crowd. The guard in question was a burly-looking man of military age, who, if consistent, ought to have been in another sort of uniform a year ago.

"One prosperous-looking old gentleman, who evidently regarded the affair as good sport, gave some money to a youngster to purchase white feathers, and these he distributed to the surrounding crowds who proceeded to forcibly decorate the thin line. The self-restraint of the Irishmen was wonderful. Some were white with anger, but they evidently realised that retaliation

would only retard their departure, though the exercise of self-control in many cases was a terrible effort.

"Undeterred by their futile efforts of the previous day the recruiting sergeants belonging to the local Territorial regiments tried again to make an impression on the emigrants, and they worked tactfully and quietly. Not so several self-appointed lecturers. Up and down the line they went, haranguing in more or less abusive language the totally unresponsive Irishmen. One of them was once guilty of a distinct breach of the neutrality laws, when a quiet, alert-eyed young man listened silently for ten minutes to a fervid exhortation 'to come and be British,' and then replied in the unmistakable nasal drawl, 'I guess, friend, you've made a mistake. I'm an American citizen.' To a stalwart young Englishman, one of the emigrating men, a member of the 10th Liverpool Scottish made an appeal 'to show an example to these Irishmen,' but his efforts were unavailing.

"A representative of the 'Catholic Times' chatted with one of the exiles. His name was Michael Kelly, he said. Having some knowledge of mechanics, he was going to America as the result of a long-past resolve, there being no opening for him in his own country. He had saved up for months, and the balance of the passage-money had come from relations in the States. His brother, he added, was a reservist who had been called up and was now fighting at the Dardanelles. He showed fierce resentment at the treatment he and his compatriots were receiving. 'This is what the Irish always get in the end,' he remarked bitterly, 'no matter what they do, what sacrifices they make.' As the Irishmen emerged singly from the side entrance of the shipping office on their way to the landing-stage they were assailed by a running fire of coarse invective, to which were added blows by women. One brave gentleman, apparently just over military age, snatched off the hat of a boy about eighteen and threw it amongst the crowd. The young Irishman suffered a severe jostling in the endeavour to recover his headgear.

"When the Saxonía arrived alongside the stage about noon some of the crew intimated that they declined to sail if men of military age were taken on board, and after a consultation among Cunard officials the company decided not to allow men eligible for military service to sail."

In the course of an article on the disgraceful scenes witnessed in Liverpool the "Manchester Guardian" says:—"It has been, for a sadly long time, the custom of many breadwinners in Ireland to seek in America the livelihood that is hard to get at home. Since the Queenstown call was dropped they have passed in increased numbers through Liverpool, and it was not to be expected that this movement would cease at a time when Ireland is feeling the

increased depression that the war has brought. It is well not to shirk the fact that there is still in Ireland a spirit, not perhaps widespread but quite resolute, unreconciled to the British army. It is hoped to speed the gradual but sure exercising of this spirit by action that is an insult to the whole Irish people? But if the end aimed at by the Liverpool demonstrators and the Cunard Company is an unwise one the means taken to secure it are more unwise. We doubt whether it is in the power of a steamship company to set aside the law as to common carriers which expressly forbids discrimination against any class of customers; but even if it has this power it is intolerable that a private company should usurp the functions of the Government by exercising it in this way."

Writing to the "Catholic Times" "Onlooker" declares he never thought his fellow-citizens were so devoid of humour, as 75 per cent. of the male portion in the crowd 'guying' the would-be emigrants were of an age eligible for military service, and, whatever their action may be 'after they had been called upon,' the fact remains that up to the present they have dodged wearing khaki, and I do think the recruiting sergeants missed a glorious opportunity in not transferring their energies to the patriotic crowd." Just so; let the Englishman stop at home to collar "German trade" while the Irish—a fighting race, as Britishers are so fond declaring when a "scrap" is on—should spill their blood for the accursed Empire that has throttled the life out of Erin.

The arch-traitor, Redmond, when interviewed on the matter, referred to it as "purely a West of Ireland affair, due entirely to a misapprehension on the part of a number of fellows who thought that conscription had been enacted." No; neither Mr. Redmond nor any of his renegade crew had a word to say in denunciation of the scandalous scenes. And the so-called Irish Press followed his lead. An Irish Protestant, Mr. Robert Lynd, in a letter to the "Daily News," after expressing his indignation at the treatment of the emigrants, asks by what right do those who have made Irish history a record of horrors jeer at his fellow-countrymen as cowards.

But here in Ireland it has been left to the patriotic Bishop of Limerick, the most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer—in what the Dublin "Evening Mail" describes as an "amazing letter—to take up the cudgels on behalf of his ill-treated fellow-countrymen. Writing to the "Munster News" his Lordship says: "The treatment which the poor Irish emigrant lads have received at Liverpool is enough to make any Irishman's blood boil with anger and indignation. What wrong have they done to deserve insults and outrage at the hands of a brutal English mob? They do not want to be forced into the

Continued on page 5)

## :: THE ABBE EDGEWORTH ::

### IRISH PRIEST OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

When more than a century ago that great revolutionary wave swept over France and overwhelmed so many of its ancient institutions, and when its fury was directed against religion itself by the atheistical faction who for awhile had the upper hand, the great mass of the priesthood exhibited a noble example of unshaken constancy to their sacred mission. The prisons were filled with them. In the September massacres (1792), when a bloodthirsty mob, excited by miscreants who were as unscrupulous as they were fanatical in their anti-religious madness, burst open the Paris prisons, where the reputed enemies of the new order of things were confined, priests were singled out as the special victims. Hundreds of them perished. Yet more frightful was the doom of the ninety priests at Nantes who, by order of the infamous Carrier, were carried down the Loire in a flat-bottomed boat so contrived that at a given signal it could be sunk at once. All its occupants on this death voyage were secured safely under hatches. What the priests suffered at that dreadful period, and the recollection of them as confessors and martyrs, have ever since been influences which have rendered futile all attempts to root out Catholicism in France.

He belonged to an Anglo-Irish family, another representative of which was, and is still, though to a diminished extent, famous in English literature in connection with stories illustrative of Irish life. Miss Edgeworth's tales were indeed once regarded as matchless compositions of their kind, but, as a matter of fact, they found much more enthusiastic admirers in the neighbouring island than in the one where their scenes were laid. Miss Edgeworth's novels, with all their wit and cleverness, and a certain raciness of humour which smacked of their native soil, were far better adapted to English than to Irish tastes. The pictures of Irish men and women which they presented were essentially the conventional English ones, though embellished by the hand of genius, and with any touches which were perfectly true to nature. One can hardly understand, at this distance of time from the first publication of Miss Edgeworth's stories, how it was that they were welcomed with such all-round applause in literary circles. A far greater genius than Miss Edgeworth herself, Sir Walter Scott, confessed that the idea of the Waverley Novels was first suggested to him by Miss Edgeworth's example. He thought that he might do for Scotland what she had done for Ireland. Sir Walter's modesty must have far exceeded his judgment, at least in that direction, or he would have known that his Scottish novels, in their faithful reflection of every phase of the national life at the various periods which they covered, were infinitely superior to the Irish novels of Miss Edgeworth. As far as Irish critics are concerned, it is not of Miss Edgeworth they think when it is a question as to who stands first among Irish novelists. They would never dream of placing her in the same order as William Carleton or Gerald Griffin. It is not at all unlikely, indeed, that the priestly representative of the Edgeworths will be remembered long after the reputation of the literary lady who bore that name has quite died away.

Henry Essex Edgeworth, the future Abbe, was born at Edgeworthstown, County Longford, in 1745. He was a cousin of the popular novelist's father. The Edgeworths are said to have been among the old English settlers in Ireland who could be traced back almost to the period of the Anglo-Norman invasion. Their ancestor is spoken of as having received a large grant of land in

Ireland from King John. Though his descendants were not exactly to be included among those Anglo-Irish who became, in the proverbial phrase, more Irish than the Irish themselves, they were still to be considered authentic sons of the soil, unless there is to be no statute of limitations as regards distinctions of racial origin.

The Edgeworth's adopted the "new religion" which was introduced by Henry VIII., and so kept their possessions undisturbed. However, the father of Henry Essex Edgeworth, who took the name "de Firmont," from a hill (Fairy Mount), which was near to where he lived in Ireland, embraced the Catholic faith, and emigrated to France when his son was only six years old.

The boy was educated for the priesthood. The seminary in which he was placed was the celebrated Sorbonne, which, generation after generation, had turned out so many remarkable men. On completing his studies he was duly ordained. His piety and talents rendered him a noble accession to the Paris clergy. The good reports of him which were heard in Paris must have reached the Court, for in 1789 he was appointed confessor to the King's sister, Madame Elizabeth. All the royal family soon learned to love him. They looked upon him as the trustiest of friends and counsellors. Dark days for them and for the faithful priest were close at hand. First came the deposition and imprisonment of the well-meaning but too feeble King. Then followed his trial as a conspirator against the nation, and his condemnation by judges who already had made up their minds that he should be put to death, and who accordingly were prepared to give the blackest colouring to the imaginary crimes alleged against him. It has been truly said of that hapless sovereign that not for his own faults he perished, but for those of his ancestors. Had it been his grandfather, and immediate predecessor on the throne of France, Louis XIV., who had been publicly executed by the people whom he had so grossly misgoverned, it would have been but a too just retribution for a long series of offences against God and man. When warned that social and political troubles were fast accumulating, and might suddenly produce terrible consequences, he answered with a cynical jest, which has now become a commonplace in the expression of selfish indifference. "Fair weather will last my time," he replied, "and what does it matter then—'After us the Deluge' ('Après nous le Deluge')." The Deluge came in a torrent of blood with which that of his grandson mingled.

When sentence of death had been pronounced on Louis XVI., he calmly made preparations for the ordeal which awaited him. He was always piously inclined, and in the dire extremity in which he was placed he eagerly sought the consolations which religion alone could afford him. But where was a priest to be found? Such priests as still remained in Paris had to keep strictly concealed. To appear in public was to run the risk, almost to incur the certainty of being denounced as an enemy of the Republic. That meant consignment to the guillotine.

The Abbe Edgeworth had taken refuge in Choisy, but the imprisoned King seems to have known where he was hidden, and to have had means of communicating with him. A message reached the Abbe requesting him to attend the King in his last moments. The priest responded to the summons at once, though of course he must have been well aware that he carried his life in his hands, and that it was at least a hundred chances to one that he might lose it. But the Terrorists, either in an unwonted mood

of clemency or through motives of policy, spared him. He was suffered to fulfil his sacred functions without serious interruption—to hear the confession of the royal penitent, to accompany him in the car in which he was conducted to the place of execution, and to stand by his side till the guillotine was about to do its grim work. The Abbe subsequently wrote out a detailed report of all that had passed between the King and himself, from his first interview with him in the Temple prison till he took leave of him on the scaffold.

A royalist tradition, which found general credence, attributed to the Abbe certain words of consolation and hope addressed to the King just as the fatal axe awaited its victim. The Abbe was said to have pointed upward and exclaimed: "Fils de St. Louis, montez au ciel" ("Son of St. Louis, ascend to Heaven"). However, in the priest's narrative, though very minute in other respects, there is no reference or allusion to any utterance of the kind. It was doubtless the invention of some enthusiastic royalist who, after the fashion of some imaginative historians, coined a phrase which he thought would be appropriate to the situation, and put it into the mouth of one of the principal actors.

Though unmolested while the tragedy of the King's execution was being enacted, the Abbe Edgeworth had to look to his own safety immediately after. He was too notable a man, and too much in the confidence of the royal family, to escape suspicion of disloyalty to the powers that were. To be suspected was, as already suggested, to be condemned, according to the theories accepted by the Revolutionary Tribunals, those ghastly counterfeiters of justice which the Terrorists had called into existence. Most likely the name of King Louis' confessor was on their list. He, however, managed to evade their emissaries. But danger and almost certain death were only to be avoided by quitting France. The priest made his way to England, which already had afforded an asylum to so many of the priests and prelates of the persecuted Church of France. He arrived in England in 1796. Doubtless among those who greeted him there would be his illustrious countryman, Edmund Burke, who, though a Protestant, was a profound sympathiser with the French Catholics, and who saw in the blows which had been directed at their Church a menace to every creed which rested on a Divine inspiration.

The English Prime Minister, possibly at the instigation of Edmund Burke, is said to have offered the Abbe Edgeworth a pension, which, however, was declined. The Abbe returned to France for a while during the Consulate of Napoleon, who doubtless was already meditating that restoration of the Catholic worship in France, and that formal reconciliation with the Holy See, which he soon after effected, and undoubtedly with the consent of the vast majority of the nation. It was Catholic at heart, despite all the efforts of the atheistical faction who had claimed to speak in its name, and which had been permitted to trust itself into prominence while the revolutionary madness was in its worst paroxysms.

Napoleon gave no encouragement to those avowed enemies of the Catholic Church and its ministers. One of them, who came to report the arrival of the Abbe Edgeworth as a dangerous person from his connection with the exiled Bourbons, received a very disconcerting answer from the great soldier who now occupied the place of authority. "The Abbe Edgeworth," exclaimed Napoleon, "the priest who was with King Louis on the scaffold?" "Yes, the same man." "Well, then, let me tell you that I greatly admire his courage, that I consider him a credit to his Order, and that I shall take care that no one molests him while he thinks it proper to remain in France."

The Irish-French priest was meanwhile unswerving in his allegiance to the exiled Bourbons. He was held in the highest

esteem by the Bourbon Prince who enjoyed the titular distinction of Louis XVIII., while Napoleon was Emperor but who afterwards bore it as actual King of France. The Abbe was believed to have undertaken many important missions in the interests of the Bourbons while their House was under a cloud. He died before the first Restoration took place. He had accompanied "Louis XVIII." to Mittau (a chief town in the Russian Province of Courland), while one of the Napoleonic wars was raging in 1807. There he caught a fever in the course of his attendance on French prisoners of war. Though nominally, as a Bourbon adherent, counted as in the enemy's camp by those who recognised the regime of Napoleon, the priest was assiduous in his attendance on those Frenchmen whom the fortunes of war had left in any foreign hospitals to which he had access. The fever which he caught in the discharge of that pious duty carried him off on the 23rd of May, 1807, in the sixty-second year of his age. He was attended in his last moments by a daughter of Louis XVI. To mark their profound respect for his memory, the exiled French royal family went into mourning, and the head of the House wrote his epitaph. The country of his birth and the country of his adoption had equal reason to be proud of the Abbe Edgeworth.

F.J.A.

**DUBLIN'S SHARE—NIL**

During the past thirty years, wave upon wave of agitation has swept over this country, for the betterment of the people, with the result that the farmers have become practically freeholders, prosperous and independent.

The agricultural labourers, even to the very gates of the city, have been granted detached villas, many of them with granite facings, and an acre or half an acre thrown in, with free coat or turf, and milk in many cases gratis, and all for 1s. 6d. or 1s. 9d. per week.

The most practical example of State Socialism that any one can imagine, for it means that the bedrock necessities of the workers—fuel, food, and housing—have been lifted above the schemes of capitalist profiteers, for the benefit of this particular class. Many of them rear calves, pigs, and poultry, which ensure a tidy little return in the shape of hard cash for the purchase of minor luxuries, such as tea, tobacco, and so forth. And all this practically at the expense of the State, thanks to Parnell and Davitt, and the honest politicians of their time, but thanks especially to the help given by the large-hearted workers of Dublin, who never yet failed to respond to any appeal for funds and vigorous personal help for the general welfare of the country.

**And Their Reward.**

But now we come to a most extraordinary state of affairs, namely, what the workers of this city have gained, after all their sacrifices, in cash and assistance of every kind, and the answer is a big—NIL.

The shopkeepers remain as tenants at will, rack-rented and sweated into poverty, for more so than has ever been the case with the tenant farmers. The skilled and unskilled workers are savagely rack-rented in tenement dens, and half starved most of the time, thousands of them perpetually on the threshold of the workhouse. Instead of getting self-contained cottages, at economic rents, they have been given the dismal jungles or barracks like Foley Street buildings, where no decent family cares to reside, if they can help it. In short, the people of this city have been fooled and tricked in the most brazen manner, and diddled out of their rights, by the Nationalist M.P.'s and the Nationalist Councillors.

Workers of Dublin, you have emptied your purses and risked your lives for the

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**FINDLATER'S  
INDIAN TEAS**

National cause many times over, but during the great strike of 1913, those precious M.P.'s and Councillors simply betrayed you by their silence, their apathy, and their disguised hostility, but especially by their black ingratitude.

If it was not expedient that they should openly support you, they should at least have been foremost in trying to bring about an honourable settlement. Incredible thought it sounds, to their eternal disgrace they did neither, but simply skedaddled and left this work of mercy and patriotism to a few English Labour members of Parliament.

**Nero Redmond Fiddled.**

Surely it was the manifest duty and privilege of your Nationalist leaders to jump into the breach, find out the rights and wrongs of both sides, instead of leaving such action to the English and Welsh members.

While 30,000 of Dublin's honest workers were half starving, and batoned by the police, even in their own miserable abodes, John Redmond and other M.P.'s were enjoying themselves like millionaires, golfing, sporting, and junketting in Killarney and elsewhere, and had the extreme bad taste to exhibit their callous revels in all the illustrated papers of that awful time. Workers of Dublin, when the £4,000,000 State grant for housing was being voted by Parliament in 1914, not one of the Irish M.P.'s troubled his head to secure for you the substantial slice of same that your city was entitled to for the mere asking. It was left to a few practically obscure citizens to take action, and at their own expense, travel to London to interview the heads of the Government, and so secure your rights in this matter before it was too late; and they succeeded just at the last moment.

When the Bill for the feeding of school children was passed your M.P.'s, the Dublin six, took not the slightest trouble to make sure that your children should have their proper share of this beneficent grant. It sounds incredible again; but the fact re-

(Continued on page 4)

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mains, that by their neglect the children of Dublin were deprived of their just rights in this matter, until the Irish M.P.'s were shamed into belated action by the Irish and English Labour bodies about two years after the passing of the Act.

#### Another Good Thing—The Corporation.

Now we come to the minor fry, the dead-head Nationalist Corporation, rightly described by Mr. O'Looney at the Town Tenants' League, as the rottenest body that ever existed. For instance, the aforesaid housing grant being secured to Dublin, the Corporation scented plunder and fat jobs. Various tenement sites, of evil reputation, surrounded by the abominations of sin unmentionable, were ear-marked as ideal sites for the erection of workers' dwellings.

Many members of the Corporation being already owners of such sites, and many other members being publicans, we can give a shrewd guess at the motives inspiring such selections. Many other members being contractors, could chuckle at the prospect of millions of bricks, etc., being piled up to erect the new slum barracks. Hence the selection of such sites, and hence the sanction of barracks.

The wide-awake L.G.B., however, refused to fall in with the little game, rightly explaining that it would be an outrage on the rights and wishes of the decent class of workers to ask them to reside in such surroundings, without any alternative, and also, that the preliminary expenses were so exorbitant as to leave but very little margin for real building. Hence the howl of the Housing Committee, their display of bad temper, and their slanders of the L.G.B. of late; but the latter body have certainly made it clear that they are in favour of real housing, and decidedly hostile to "warehousing" the people, as their inspector termed it, in the hearing of the writer.

T. M. ALATEM.

#### Redmond, Cromwell, and 'Our Troops.'

At the tail-end of a column of hogwash in the "Daily Mail," a Mr. F. A. McKenzie declares that the only thing the army fears is "an inglorious peace." What this means we can gather from what follows, where he says:—"There men are soldiers for a definite purpose—to end tyranny and restore world-freedom. Cromwell's Ironsides were not inspired by a more lofty ideal." Well, we in Ireland know something of the "lofty ideal" of the Ironsides, and of how they worked towards it; we have heard of the massacres or Drogheda and Wexford, and we have heard of how, after our poor country had been subjected to the ravages of a brutal soldiery, the remnant of the population was consigned "to Hell or Connacht," and the lands thereby cleared handed over to the canting, hypocritical devastators. Thus was tyranny ended and world-freedom restored by Cromwell and his Ironsides, and thus, too, would "our troops," and—Mr. John Redmond, have it to be in the Europe of to-day! But our Holy Father the Pope knows better and thinks otherwise. He, the Vicegerent of Christ on earth, speaks with the spirit of Christ. Mr. Redmond, at the dictation of his Imperial task-masters, speaks with the spirit of Cromwell. Need there be any doubt as to the banner under which we are to range ourselves. Redmond may have "ratted" to Cromwellianism for a consideration, but no consideration can induce Ireland to play false to Faith and Fatherland. We don't want to take up the sword at all if we can help it, but if we must 'twill be not to defend Cromwellianism, but to help to end it.

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Your fortunes have been intertwined with Ireland's hopes and fears,  
And truthfully our Annals tell, and well has Davis sung,  
Your valour through the centuries when Fodhla's cause was young.  
They tell how Silken Thomas, Desmonds Earls, and Garrett Mor  
Maintain you fame on many a plain from Down to Dunmore,  
And of how the Gaels found shelter 'neath the Saltire of your shield,  
For in every fight for Freedom were Fitzgeralds in the field.

Ye hated England heartily, ye stood on Ireland's side.  
In London's Tower, in Dublin's Gaols, in Kerry's Glens ye died.  
'Tis fitting then that now again when Ireland's foes we face,  
In the Vanguard of her champions a Fitzgerald takes his place.  
'Tis fitting, too, that Britain, when her tide is ebbing low,  
Should smite at brave Clann-Gearailt with her last expiring blow.  
And well may ye, who bear the of Desmond's honoured line,  
Rejoice that England strikes to-day a worthy Geraldine.

#### A Labour View of the Recruiting Campaign

The "Labour Leader" of the 4th November contains a reply sent by an Irish working man living in England to Lord Derby, who is director of the new recruiting scheme in England. Lord Derby called on the man's son to enlist in the British army, and the following is the reply, parts of which have been abbreviated:—

To Lord Derby—

My Lord—Allow me, as parent, to thank you for the kind interest you are displaying in one of my children. I appreciate it all the more when I consider the terrible struggles his mother and I have faced during the last thirty years.

I cannot expect your lordship to understand the difficulty of rearing nine children on a miserable wage. Your lordship's outlook and mine are widely different. Possessing as you do almost 70,000 acres of Lancashire soil, with a rent-roll which must be creeping on to half a million per year, I can

quite understand the wonderful patriotism and love of country which permeates your breast.

I am a country lover also, but, alas, I do not possess one solitary inch of soil, neither do I own any shares, stock, bonds, or aught except—debts. Under these circumstances your lordship may perhaps pardon my presumption in putting not only my position before you, but the position of many millions of poor people in Eng'and to-day.

Many of us are poor, not because we drink, or gorge flesh meat, or smoke rich tobaccos; as a matter of fact many of us do none of these things. I can live without all these things and still be poor, whilst your lordship may have a surfeit of all three and yet be very rich.

Your lordship courteously requests my son to sacrifice himself for his country. This is surely a grim jest on your lordship's part—or it may be a clerical error?

He has no country, my lord.

Why, you yourself, own one-eight of the county we are living in.

For twenty-one years neither your lordship nor the Government evinced the slightest interest in me or mine. We went on short commons, tried to sell ourselves to employers, and when we had no money for rent the law commandeered our furniture.

But we Irish folk—for I am an Irishman—are very forgetful and forgiving; that story is past, though it may come again, and come again I firmly believe it will if the children, the props of our old age, are knocked from under us.

To-day you are appealing for my boy. Now what is your voluntary offer to him? If I give him I give flesh and blood. Suppose he comes back doubled and racked with rheumatism, or legless and armless, or with injured brain? What chance has a poor invalid, requiring attention and nourishment, in a home where children are expected to work when they are fourteen to pay your lordship's rent-roll, and to purchase provisions at famine prices?

The poor man's Nemesis, "How to make ends meet," pursues him from the cradle to the grave, souring, embittering, and defrauding him of the sweet beauties of life he fain would grasp. How could you, my lord, castigate thousands of pavement-punished letter carriers, who longed for a little glint of the sunshine of plenty which was offered you in full, heaped-up measure the day you were born, and which even to-day is overflowing upon you?

Now, listen to me one more moment, my lord.

My children have been brought up to love humanity—"Thou shalt not kill," "Blessed are ye poor," and "Blessed are the peacemakers," are mottos woven into their lives. They are quite prepared to die in defence of their faith. Their faith is my faith. Poor folk know how to die in defence of a principle. We firmly believe that we cannot save another soul by slaughtering it, any more than you can put fire out by adding fuel to it.

We think it better to die for humanity than to go on slaying and maiming it: desecrating the God-like temples of humanity.

And we are not alone, my lord, as time will prove. We are solemnly in earnest, thousands of us, buoyed up by that faith and love which must inevitably conquer.

Your ancestors have been warriors. They have received certain lands, privileges, and decorations from this Troglodyte pursuit; my ancestors have received naught but poverty, calumny, and oppression.

War, so far as my class is concerned, has been a ghastly failure; we will try "Peace," my lord.

Faithfully yours,

CASEY.

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

## Compulsion for Irishmen

(Continued from page 1)

English army, and sent to fight English battles in some part of the world. Is not that within their right? They are supposed to be freemen, but they are made to feel that they are prisoners, who may be compelled to lay down their lives for a cause that is not worth 'three rows of pins' to them.

"It is very probable that these poor Connaught peasants know little or nothing of the meaning of the war. Their blood is not stirred by the memories of Kassovo, and they have no burning desire to die for Servia. They would much prefer to be allowed to till their own potato gardens in peace in Connemara. Small nationalities, and the wrongs of Belgium and Rheims Cathedral, and all the other Cosmopolitan considerations that rouse the enthusiasm of the Irish Party, but do not get enough of recruits in England, are far too high-flying for uneducated peasants, and it seems a cruel wrong to attack them because they cannot rise to the level of the disinterested Imperialism of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and the rest of the New Brigade.

"But in all the shame and humiliation of this disgraceful episode what angers one most is that there is no one, not even one of their own countrymen, to stand up and defend them. Their crime is that they are not ready to die for England. Why should they? What have they or their forebears ever got from England that they should die for her? Mr. Redmond will say a Home Rule Act is on the Statute Book. But any intelligent Irishman will say a simu'acrum of Home Rule, with an express notice, that it is never to come into operation.

"This war may be just or unjust, but any fair-minded man will admit that it is England's war, not Ireland's. When it is over, if England wins, she will hold a dominant power in this world, and her manufactures and her commerce will increase by leaps and bounds. Win or lose, Ireland will go on, in our old round of misgovernment, intensified by a grinding poverty which will make life intolerable. Yet the poor fellows who do not see the advantage of dying for such a cause are to be insulted as 'shirkers' and 'cowards,' and the men whom they raised to power and influence have not one word to say on their behalf.

"If there is to be conscription, let it be enforced all round, but it seems to be the very intensity of injustice to leave English shirkers by the million go free, and coerce the small remnant of the Irish race into a war which they do not understand, and which, whether it is right or wrong, has but a secondary and indirect interest for them."

## WHY NOT ?

From the pages of the "Oxford and Cambridge" Geography we get the following, under the heading "In Egypt":—"British troops have been recently employed to restore peace (?) to this disquieted country, and an army of occupation still maintains order!" From the English point of view this seems a perfectly natural position of affairs: but let us suppose the following, say from a Japanese text book of geography:—"In Britain": "Japanese troops have been recently employed to restore peace to this disquieted country, and an army of occupation still maintains order."

How utterly absurd and unnatural this would appear to the average Englishman: and yet the "disquietude" in Egypt which necessitated the intervention of British troops at the time, was little worse than the "disquietude" which existed in this country when the "Home Rule" crisis was at its height! But, of course, "armies of occupation," like many other things, can be carried too far.

## MANCHESTER MARTYRS' CELEBRATION.

The 48th anniversary of the cruel murder at English hands of the three young Irishmen, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, will be fittingly celebrated wherever the true Irish congregate. Though nearly half a century has elapsed since the Noble Three mounted the steps of the English scaffold erected in Salford Jail on that dark November morning, each recurring anniversary but accentuates their memory, which, indeed, serves as a beacon-light to those who follow in their tread. And it is but fitting. The traitors to Ireland have had their day; the Cause for which the Martyred Three offered up their lives as a sacrifice still lives, and its inevitable triumph is at hand. May God send that day soon.

To-night the members of the John Boyle O'Reilly Div. (98), Dundalk, have their annual celebration in their fine hall, Clanbrassil Street, when the oration on the occasion will be done full justice to by Bro. Sean Milroy. Our National Secretary, Bro. J. T. Scollan, will also speak.

Div. 86 (Clan-na-Gael) will, by kind permission of the Very Rev. Fr. Augustine, O.S.F.C., Guardian, attend the 11 o'clock Mass to-morrow (Sunday) morning at the Church of the Holy Angels, Church Street, which will be offered up for the repose of the souls of the deceased members of the Order and the Manchester Martyrs. They will be accompanied by the Ladies' Auxiliary, Div. 81 (Red Hand), and the Hibernian Rifles. Members of Div. 86 are commanded to attend at the Hall, 28 North Frederick Street, not later than 10.15 a.m. to-morrow (Sunday) to answer the roster, which will be called on fine.

After the Mass the members will march to their respective halls, where, having transacted their necessary business, they will proceed to their allotted place in the Martyrs' celebration demonstration.

Divisional officers will marshal their own sections; the Rifles will be under the command of Captain P. Garrett. The full A.O.H. contingent will be in charge of the National President, Bro. M. J. Pender, whose orderly officer will be Staff Captain P. Breslin. On returning from Glasnevin the dismiss will be given at headquarters.

On Monday night, under the auspices of Na Fianna hEireann, the anniversary will be observed by an oration delivered by Mr. Bulmer Hobson in the Rotunda.

## 'THE SOLDIER-PRIESTS OF FRANCE.'

Such is the caption on the placard of the current number of the B.O.E. organ, and the title of an article by Mr. Empty (?) Kettle contained therein, an article printed and published with the obvious object of gulling the unthinking into sympathy for infidel France, and of inducing them to give practical effect to that sympathy in a manner pleasing to the Empire. Soldier-priests! Just think of it! The thing is a contradiction in terms; and the compelling of the Lord's Anointed, the Ambassadors of the Prince of Peace, to shed the blood of their fellow-men, is an outrage on Christianity that cries to Heaven for vengeance, and that will surely bring down on the wicked nation that permits it the severest chastisement of the Lord. One time we Irish sympathised with and loved France; but that was before she embarked on the policy of the persecution of Christ's Church, before she sent her soldiers to ignominiously evict priests and nuns from their monasteries and convents, before she closed up the Houses of the Lord and laid sacrilegious hands on the property bequeathed by the piety of the faithful, and before she banished from her schools the Divine Name and did everything that diabolic ingenuity could suggest to wipe Christianity out of the lives of the people. Unless and until France repents of all these

outrages Catholic Ireland can have no sympathy for her; and never will France mend her ways until she be burnt up in the crucible of defeat. Out of her utter defeat will emerge the chastened spirit that will overturn once and for all the power of the Grand Orient, and give back to the Church her Eldest Daughter. Let us then pray for that defeat of France which will bring her victory.

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# MEMORIES OF MOUNTJOY

By SEAN MILROY

IX.

Yes, I must really call attention to it. The interests of the Realm's Defences at this critical juncture necessitate my so doing. The surprising thing is that it has not been seen to before now. I refer to a glaring defect in the staff of the Bastile, viz., the lack of a censor, and from the fullness of my experience of the nature and requirements of this subject, I hereby nominate Conan Doyle for the post, with, of course, the proviso that his strenuous exertions in writing up German and other atrocities, which employment I can well understand entails a huge consumption of midnight oil, will permit of his accepting the position.

I think I ought to make clear how the urgent necessity of some such official was brought home to me. It was mainly due to the profound astonishment which overwhelmed me in locating unmistakable symptoms of Hun-ism within the confines of Mountjoy.

Now, I ask, what is the sense of sending men to jail in order to wean them from alleged pro-German propensities if, when you have got them safely under lock and key, you place in their hands books which are calculated to incite, instead of subduing, these reprehensible ebullitions of temperament. Yes, there really ought to be a man there of the Dr. Whately brand, who will see that no such insidious anti-Realm microbes are to be found lurking in the books of Mountjoy. The mention of Dr. Whately tempts me to a slight digression, and a quotation from Mitchel, which is interesting and instructive, even though some may regard it as perhaps irrelevant to my subject, yet I urge it has some illuminative relation to it, as I may show later. Thus Mitchel on Whately:—

"Dr. Whately prepared some little books for the use of these schools, which he called *Easy Lessons*, to be read by the younger children. In one of these, which he called '*Easy Lessons on Money Matters*'—being a sort of primer of Political Economy, used in the schools to this day probably, he descants on the vast manufacturing wealth of England; and as to Ireland, he mentions that the Irish artisans had destroyed the manufacturing industry of 'that part of the United Kingdom, by un'awful combinations,' for manifestly it would be impolite to tell them the truth; namely, that manufactures in Ireland had been suppressed by English laws, for the benefit of English industry. Dr. Whately is a Christian gentleman, and it is no part of his business to excite angry feelings or cherish a spirit of disaffection towards the Government. On the contrary, we read in what is called the '*Sequel to the Second Book of Lessons*,' such pretty little lessons as this:

"The Government, that is those who govern in the Queen's name, got leave of the Parliament, that is the gentlemen who are chosen to overlook the Government and watch over the concerns of the people, to set apart a sum of money for building schools, paying teachers, and other expenses belonging to them. . . . So you see there are many persons in your country, and in England, who are kind and care for you, though most of them never saw you."

And what wicked little children they must be, if they do or say or think anything which would pain the hearts of those kind noblemen and gentlemen with a similar laudable view. The reverend compiler teaches national geography thus:—  
"On the East coast of Ireland is England, where the Queen lives; many people who live in Ireland were born in England; and we speak the same language, and are called one nation."

Now, can any human being object to this

statement? Are not these things facts? Is not England actually on the East coast of Ireland? Is it not true that many persons who live in Ireland were born in England? Archbishop Whately himself, for instance, who devours ten thousand pounds a year of Irish money under the pretence of being Archbishop of Dublin? Let us be reasonable. I put it to any gentleman of well regulated mind, how the school book would have worked if the sentence had run thus "East of Ireland lies Eng'and, the country from which our famines and ejection acts come—the island to which our harvests and herds go, and from whence we bring our rent-receipts and Archbishops." Would not this be directly exciting disaffection and sedition?"

This somewhat lengthy extract from my precursor in the paths of felony I tender without apology, as it indicates the type of mind represented by Dr. Whately, and it is one of the same calibre that is needed as censor of Mountjoy, one who will see to it that there will be permitted no senseless inculcation of opinions calculated to undermine the foundations of the Empire, and that such abuses of this sort as have crept in will be speedily and wholeheartedly eliminated.

I will only specify a couple of samples of this downright unwisdom, and the first culprit I bring to heel is that redoubtable wizard of the pen of streaked lightning, the sage of Chelsea, Thomas Carlyle, whom I charge with the diabolical offence of circulating matter calculated to prejudice recruiting, and which matter was given me for perusal and digestion. But in writing of it, I am at a manifest disadvantage in as much as I have to rely entirely on my recollections. That is the worst feature of this "mental-note" procedure. To be at the mercy of a fitful memory when the fate of the Empire is at stake is a tremendous pity, but I will do my best under the circumstances to point out the hideous folly of the thing.

I was given a book to read. It was a school book. The fifth standard reader, I think, and in it was a long extract from one of Carlyle's writings which was headed "War." Of course, it was written long before Horatio Bottomley loomed up on the horizon, and taught a spell-bound, suffering world that their great cure-all for the ills which flesh is heir to, is the drenching of Europe with the blood of the Huns; but Horatio's absence from this vale of tears when Carlyle wrote does not detract from the interest of what was written. In somewhat this wise did the Chelsea sage, or as some will have it, the Chelsea savage, deliver himself:—

"A company of men born, reared, educated, and trained in England, when they have reached man's estate are dressed in scarlet, guns are placed in their hands, and they are sent to a certain part of Europe, where they are faced with a similar company of Frenchmen, reared, educated, and trained by the French nation, and these two companies of Englishmen and Frenchmen, who have never seen each other before, never had any quarrel with each other, at a given signal fall upon each other and endeavour to facilitate each other's transit to eternity, either by blowing out each other's brains of by extracting the spark of life by the means of the bayonet, sabre, or cannon." These are not, I admit, the precise words of Carlyle, but they may stand as conveying in some fashion the idea which he hammered out in this essay of his, and he then proceeds to moralise upon the colossal folly and criminality of the whole proceeding. Of course, that would be well enough providing a felon in

this Mountjoy Bastile had no thinking apparatus inside his cranium, or had only a kind of mental sounding board which echoed what other folks wrote or said, but imagine the effect of such propaganda upon the mind of a felon, who has not allowed his reasoning faculty to become derelict, but has used it to ponder over the pros and cons of Ireland's relation to the present war. Of course, this is maybe hypothetical speculation, but nevertheless it is not without its aspects of danger. Imagine a Defence of the Realm felon like myself thus paraphrasing this passage from Carlyle:—

"Eighty thousand Irishmen are begotten, reared, nurtured and educated in Ireland, the expense whereoff is borne by the Irish nation. On a given date these eighty thousand Irishmen that the Irish nation has bred at substantial expense, and from which it looks for some productive return, are taken possession of body and soul, by another state, are dressed in khaki and armed with Lee-Enfield or other lethal weapons, and transplanted to somewhere in Europe where they are faced with a like number of—let us say—Germans, who likewise have been bred, reared and educated at the expense of the German State. Now neither of these two bodies of men, the eighty thousand Irishmen nor the eighty thousand Germans, have ever known each other before, never had any quarrel with each other—in fact, the relations between their respective countries have been on the whole friendly and helpful, and yet, at a given signal from their superior officers, both begin the unholy and unwholesome work of slaughtering and exterminating each other."

Now, imagine an Irish felon with a mind not entirely stagnated or atrophied thus cogitating, and asking where does the moral, social, economic, or political profit of this gory transaction accrue to the nation? I put it all well wishers of the Realm's Defences if that is the kind of literature that should be placed in the hands of one whom they desire to remove from the paths of temptation? And *you* Irish was what came to me in the first week or so of my term in the Bastile. Does it not call vehemently for a Dr. Whately—a Conan Doyle to supervise a felon's reading matter? But another thing I read emphasises even more dramatically this Imperial desideratum. This was a poem, which in my opinion constitutes a shocking stimulus to Hum-ism, one potent to excite admiration for German virtues, German valour, and German constancy—as if such things could exist!

The poem in question was "Bingen on the Rhine." For lack of other means of occupying my time, I endeavoured to memorise it. Probably many of my readers are acquainted with it. It describes the death of a young German soldier on the battlefield, and the message which he gives to a comrade to carry back to his mother and relatives in his native Bingen. Then it goes on to describe a dream which the dying soldier had on the previous night. He speaks of his sweetheart:—

"Tell her the last night of my life for ere  
the moon be risen,  
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out  
of prison.

I dreamt I stood with her and saw the  
yellow sunlight shine  
On the vine clad hills of Bingen, sweet  
Bingen on the Rhine.

I saw the blue Rhine sweep along, I heard,  
or seemed to hear,

The German songs we used to sing in  
accents loud and clear;

And down the happy valley and up the  
slanting hill,

The echoing chorus sounded through the  
evening calm and still,

And her little hand lay softly, confidingly  
in mine,

But we'll meet no more at Bingen, dear  
Bingen on the Rhine.

I ask any reader to mark how insidiously these lines are calculated to ruin the very foundations of the Realm's Defences, for

are they not designed to infuse a spirit of admiration for German songs, German valleys and hills, and German tenderness for home and beauty.

When I recall the fact that a mere question of mine was considered as playing the deuce with the bulwarks of the Realm, I stand aghast at the criminal carelessness of the prison authorities in allowing such a poem to get into my hands. My readers may recollect this question of mine. It was quoted by the counsel for the Crown at my "trial." Replying to Mr. Healy, this gentleman gravely read out in court as the head and front of my offending, this passage from the speech for which I was prosecuted: "Men of Ireland, I ask you is there a single reason why a single Irishman should lay down his life in Flanders fighting the battles of England?" Now, observe that was merely a question indicating a desire on my part to be informed on this point. It was not an assertion one way or the other, and if those to whom it was addressed chose to reply with a vigorous chorus of "No," was I to be blamed. Surely they, in making that reply, were guilty of the graver misdemeanour. Therefore I put this consideration: If, in the opinion of the powers that rule us, a mere question such as the foregoing is sufficient to shake the Realm's defences, what an appalling jerrybuilt condition those defences must be in, and how culpably criminal is their conduct in allowing into the hands of one convicted of harbouring such a craving for contraband information a poem, every line of which teems with esteem of those who are not contenting themselves with the mere asking of questions, but who are making war upon those defences in a fashion most alarming.

I had some other interesting reading in Mountjoy. In one of the books I received I gleaned this quaint scrap of Irish history, namely, that the conclusion of "the thorough conquest of Ireland" by England was effected just about the time that saw the potato introduced into the country. Whether these two events were to be regarded as a coincidence, or whether this alleged conquest was the result of the advent of the potato the author sayeth not, but concludes the chapter, which is headed "The Thorough Conquest of Ireland," with words to this effect:—"That, happily, one pleasant feature stood out against the general gloom and disaster to the natives which marked the concluding stages of their subduing; that was the introduction of the potato." Oh wonderful, sublime, consoling tubor! How truly glorious the designs of those agents of the British providence which compensated Ireland for its loss of national freedom by the magnificent dower of this succulent vegetable, destined by that same Providence to impart so tremendous an impress upon Irish affairs in that year of black, bitter memory, '47. That year when "the peace of the potato" might stand in the gallery of history as the companion picture to "the profound Peace of Redmond" in 1915.

But what is this I read a few pages later on in this same volume. "More trouble in Ireland," runs the phrase, relating to a subsequent period of Irish affairs, and behold, I learn that these unruly, obstinate people, the Irish, have not learned law-abiding contentment, even from the potent virtues of the sublime potato, but in various and wholly unconstitutional manner are embarrassing the British Providence by expressing their hatred of its works and pomps in sundry warlike and rebellious enterprises.

Also I learned other things of historic moment in my perusing of the literature of Mountjoy. I read of the doings of Peter the Great, Czar of Russia. Of his various wanderings, of his sojourn in England, and how on one occasion while there, he expressed his surprise at the host of lawyers who swarmed around Westminster.

"There were but two lawyers in my dominions," he said, "but I hanged one of them."

Oh, shrewd and far-seeing statesman!

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LAWRENCE CASEY, MANAGER AND SECRETARY.

Would that some such ruler held sway in this green Isle. What a commotion of apprehensive alarm would career through the corridors of the Four Courts if such were the case. But what rare, magnificent, and benevolent reforms from his vigorous executive capacities in this regard might we poor, law-ridden but equity-barren island profit by a wholesale clearance, howsoever effected, of our bewigged parasites, whose paltry souls of parchment and tape seem bereft of all flame of the divine fire which might make them the tribunes of the nation rather than the tributaries of its enemies.

(To be continued).

**IRELAND'S APPEAL**

Air—"The Memory of the Dead."

Old Ireland calls to you to-day  
To stand and bravely fight;  
The time is ripe to strike the blow  
To give her back her Right.  
If England's greed and craftiness  
Brings sorrow in their wake,  
Should Ireland's sons defend their foe?  
No; never! Let her quake.

She's fooled us oft in days gone by,  
Again she'll do the same;  
Oh Irishmen be wary,  
You know the Saxon's game.  
Her word's a lie, she knows no law  
Save that which brings her might;  
Then Irishmen be on your guard—  
Get ready! Forward! Fight!

Can you forget, my countrymen,  
The sufferings of our land;  
The Pitch-cap, Rack, the Gallows-tree,  
The "Cat" and Burning Brand.  
Our women victims of the lust  
Of every Saxon sot;  
Will we forget our murdered Priests?  
By Heavens! No; we'll not.

We'll hearken to our Country's call,  
We'll stand and in our might  
Pay back the wrongs of many years,  
The wrongs we now must right.  
We know our foe, we know her rule,  
We'll felt the Iron Rod;  
Our nation's Flag unsullied stand,  
We'll win, so help us God.

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# HONESTY

**An Outspoken Scrap of Paper.**

Edited by GILBERT GALBRAITH.

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1915

ONE HALFPENNY

## "HONESTY."

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### MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS

We are such a brilliant nation that we feel bound to mix our fortunes with all sorts of sufferers from aggression—Hungarians, Finlander or Egyptian. Our sympathy has been spent upon almost anybody—except England's friends—who were struggling under a lash or a knout—and it was this fellow-feeling for the "down and out" that misguided us at the beginning of the war into helping—well, a distressed and foolish nation of shop-keepers. So eager were we to do this that we let our bone go with the dog—the gristly, marrowless bone that was called "Home Rule." But we are not the only crowd that has suffered by minding other people's business—the nation of shop-keepers has also been out of sorts by reason of its want of unity. For some time the Constitution of England has been in dissolution—the Socialist element, representing labour and an enlightened majority of the lower middle-class, has practically monopolised the legislative faculties of the government in power—the Liberals. This government has become distracted like a man under the influence of two maidens—Labour and Capital, so to speak, and each member of it is

too busy dabbling in the other's business to mind his own.

Ireland has got to learn, as England is painfully learning, that a soldier's business is no affair of the politicians—nor is an office-bound Secretary of State strong and knowledgible enough to grapple with all those problems of arms, strategy, and hygiene that vex even stout and brainy old campaigners. The gifts of wordy persuasion and skilful wire-pulling are all very well in the mahogany, calf-bound Cabinet's Star Chambers, but if war is to be made at all, it should be made by those who put on the blinkers to newspaper antics and have learned their hard and thankless bloody trade.

Kitchener has wakened his people up from the soft sleep behind their naval white-elephant—which can't get down the rat-hole behind Heligoland. Brute as he is, he knows that it is a nation's business to be strong and not merely to protect big-headed business men who have interests abroad. It was not Kitchener's fault that—to quote a French Government publication—that the British support was only assured to France on Aug. 5th (1914), when the "violation" of the Belgian frontier had been consummated two days (Aug. 3). The British lawyers who keep us safe from Huns put the brake on soldier Kitchener, making him subsidiary to comedians like Churchill and mooning philosophers like Balfour. "We are in for a long war," roars he, and the Government newspapers answered the British public's fright with a groundless "Not at all!" When he was forced to fake an army to keep up appearances in France, he had to send away everyone in the War Office, who knew the game of war, to see that it didn't retreat too soon. So there were no soldiers left behind to look after the army's interest—but when "the cat's away the mice will

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play," and the little politician—mice helped by the press-bureau—began nibbling away the foundations of War Office policy. The most notorious example of this is the cholera-swept Dardanelles, manœuvred by men who had overlooked Lord Roberts' nostrums on the army for years. The talker is minding the soldier's business.

In the House of Lords the ogre of Omdurman said that the poor supply of munitions presented him with grave difficulty. Then, some weeks later, April 20, 1915, Asquith informed the Newcastle public that he was an expert in munitions, by saying that there was no truth in the statement that there was a shortage. That was because he did not know the soldier's business. Nor did Lloyd George speak very diplomatically when he trespassed on the Ambassador's business, and said that "when the war broke out we were on better terms with Germany than we had been for 15 years." It is noteworthy that this statement was made at the City Temple, the "Holy Land" of R. J. Campbell's New Theology. In the face of Germany's fevered panic to get a responsible navy, and her growing power of military organisation, was this a very cautious statement or a momentary Lloyd Georgeism—and England was blind through it all. The tremendous consolation of "wait and see" was only inferior to Germany's faculty for striking a stiff blow first. "Mind the other fellow's business."

The supreme adventure of the politician in the soldiering line was Gallipoli, one of the very few places in Europe where Germans could not be slain to cheer a Britisher's Saturday afternoon. Army upon army was softly sent to the Dardanelles, the fortifications of which had not been guessed at by British Ambassadors. The Press Bureau saw the Government through the worst of its soldiering adventure, and Kitchener was apparently censored. Result: 100,000 casualties, made by cholera and minding the soldier's business for him. One point was very obvious: the Navy wasn't an iota of use in the strategic scheme—we "waited and saw" disaster, and new armies were launched towards new damnation. Then Lord Mi'ner, shamed by the politician's lying silence slipped the word, and the Cabinet mandarins shivered with horror. England had not been minding its "Foreign Office" business in the past.

When our Irish politicians had agreed to squelch the soldier's business, viz., the Irish Volunteers, they were only showing what they had learnt in twenty years at Westminster—the politician's art of muddling with talk whatever he lays his hand to do. The Party is in the nation's bad books because she sold our power to England for a mess of Insurance jobs and Old Age Pensions. In the Volunteers we had

power, such power as a nation should have before it philanthropically gives itself away to a burst-up fraud of an "Empire." And when Redmond jealously sent out his "Fiat!" against the power of our own right arms, in the Volunteers, he was smashing down his own case for Ireland and imitating those who "mind other people's business."

PETER OG.

WHY ROMAN CATHOLICISM MUST BE SMASHED!

SIR ANDREW WINGATE, K.C.I.E., TELLS THE REASON.

The fashion of the day is to work up Catholic sentiment in Catholic countries in favour of Catholic Belgium. In the South and West of Ireland this "fashionable sentiment" is worked up for all that it is worth, and in many places for even much more than it is worth. Not long ago I was one of a party of four travellers in a G. S. and W. Railway carriage on a journey through South Munster. We were all on friendly terms, though I was the only "sorehead" in the company. The gentleman who sat in the far corner is a member of the Irish Parliamentary Party, and the other two friends are "thick and thin" supporters of the Party, though they do not share the Party's views on the question of recruiting for the British Army, and one of them expressed admiration for Mr. Mike Meagher, M.P. for North Kilkenny, who refused to go on recruiting platforms. A paragraph in a morning paper that one of us had been looking through gave rise to some little discussion on recruiting, and the eloquent M.P. argued that Belgium, which was a Catholic country and was invaded, and that was sufficient to arouse Catholic Ireland to go and fight for her under the British flag, and that the British were fighting for the preservation of Catholicism. The Irish M.P. who talked like that is only at best a West Briton, and cannot be expected to see this great world-war in the true perspective of the real full-blooded Briton.

Now Sir Andrew Wingate, K.C.I.E., is a Briton of the Britons. He is "a man of standing" in your truly British social circles, and he has portion of the British alphabet before his name, and another portion of it behind it. He has written a book, which, by some strange freak of the publishing world, has come into my hand

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for review. The book is not a large one (only 94 pages), neither is it a dear one (price 6d.); but it affords much food for reflection, and throws floods of light on this "fashionable sentiment" about "Catholic Belgium," and how much it really matters to your true-blooded Briton. The name of the book is "Before and After the War," and its sub-title reads: "A History and a Prophecy." I purchased a copy and sent it to my M.P. friend, together with a clipping of the notice of the "work" which appeared among reviews in the "Times Literary Supplement."

In this book, which is published at Paternoster Row, London, by Messrs. A. Holmes, Sir Andrew Wingate gives us light and leading on the aims and objects of the Allies in this the greatest of world-wars that yet has been. He tells us that the three most awful forces of Frightfulness that must be now made an end of once and for ever are:

- (1) MILITARISM.
- (2) MOHAMMEDANISM.
- (3) ROMAN CATHOLICISM.

Although the unbearable Frightfulness known as Roman Catholicism comes last, it is the worst of the three, for it is an unclean monster and a hoary fraud. Nebuchednezzar, intoxicated by his dream, and setting up his own image for worship, is a bearable folly compared with the tenets of our Catholic faith. Hearken to Sir Andrew (p. 48):

"Each of the three forces (mentioned) is Antichrist in part. Irresponsible government, because it denies to Christ the right to reign—Roman Catholicism, because it interposes Saints, the Virgin and the Church between sinner and Christ—Mohammedanism, because it substitutes the Koran and Mohammed for the Bible and Christ. Monarch, Priest, Prophet—always a man—exalting himself in the place of the Son of God."

We did not know until now, notwithstanding all the centuries that have come and gone, that Roman Catholicism is "a method of Satan"; but Sir Andrew flashes his lamp across our benighted ignorance: "The method of Satan is to discover the plan of God, and then cast about for instruments and means to defeat it"; and there are reasons galore to show what a potent method of evil comes ready-made to the hand of Satan in the Roman Catholic religion. He is terribly concerned about the Jews and the claims of the Turks in Palestine, and goes on to say England and Germany, France and Russia, each would be well content to possess Jerusalem, but could not because of the other three; and, of course, while Russia or France might be tolerable, the truly heaven-sent protectors of the Jews and Jerusalem were the English. He has not a whole lot of faith in the Greek Church or

people, which, after all, is a bit unfair, considering the Salonica facilities, for he actually mentions them in the same breath with the Antichrist Catholics, thus:

"In stiffening political considerations, the Romish and Greek Churches have been unceasingly active, each desirous of the world-power for its own clergy, which the occupation of Palestine would confer—each desirous to substitute itself for the Jews in the title-deeds of the Holy Land." There is for us now.

This world-war must make an end of the three frightful forces, and, according to this precious work, both Roman Catholicism and Mohammedanism are a bad lot that have been too long tolerated. "All the prophets, from Moses to Jeremiah, foretold that one catastrophe, our Lord in His message to the seven churches gave warning of the other. There have always been preachers to beguile their flocks with suggestions."

"It is darkest before dawn. The decline of both Papal and Mohammedan power synchronise. Martin Luther met and vanquished both by his demand for personal faith in Jesus Christ. The deadly wound of both dates from the Reformation."

"The Pope regards the whole world as the territory or diocese of the Roman Catholic Church. The Vatican map of Africa is already divided into bishoprics of the future. The conception of universal supremacy came to the Papacy more slowly than to the brain of Mohammed, whence it sprang fully developed. It took some centuries to transform the Church of Christ into the Church of the Pope. Even so, the thought was to use spiritual curses, enforced by one king against another rather than by leading armies, though that, too, might have come had the Crusaders been successful."

He tries to borrow the souls of his readers by the Frightfulness of the times when "The Popes had become strong enough to claim absolute supremacy over all sovereigns, to appoint or to dethrone them, assuming a power which Christ denies to His Church. By the middle of the 13th century the Popes were pushing these pretensions with success. They had set their foot on the necks of kings and emperors, and were trampling down liberty of thought and action with as much thoroughness and cruelty as their predecessors the Romans, or their contemporaries the Moslems."

Awful to think, this Frightfulness would still prevail had the Popes been endowed with the same mighty brain-power that animates Sir Andrew, for he goes on to say: "The whole world might still be falling down and worshipping this image of the imperial power of Rome, which speaks with the voice of God, and presumes to execute His decrees beyond the grave,

but for the incapacity of the Popes to rule in Italy, their rapacity everywhere, and their scandalous feuds."

From the anti-Catholic view-point, Sir Andrew Windgate, K.C.I.E., makes out an acceptable case for the smashing of Roman Catholicism as one of the three great works of deliverance to be accomplished by this great war. Austria, as a Catholic country, gets a hard knock, as well as the Pope, and Belgium is to be regenerated. We hope the Roman Catholic clergymen and their flocks of the genteel Caustle Cawtholics will ponder on the teachings of this book before again rushing people into a "fight for Catholic Belgium."

"VIGILANT."

## "IS YOUR BEST BOY WEARING KHAKI?"

### A CONVERSATION OVERHEARD

"Did you see the ornament we have outside?" asked Mrs. Daly, when I went into her shop a couple of days ago.

"The recruiting poster?" said I.

"Bedad, it got great praise. About five o'clock in the evening I was sitting here, the same as I am now, without anyone else in the shop, and I heard a man talking outside. 'Look, Maggie,' he said, 'do you see that big poster? I tell you, it's grand stuff. I was reading it this morning, and I don't know what kept me out of the recruiting office afterwards. Upon my soul,' says he, 'I think I'll join.'

"Are you mad, Johnny?" says she.

"I'm not mad," says he, "but I want to do my duty to you and Ireland, as that poster says," he said, and he began reading it out loud—"The country is engaged in a just war."

"What country?" says she.

"The British Empire," says he—"England."

"Faith," says she, "England is a poor authority in just wars, by all I've heard. If she's engaged in one now, it's a new experience for her," she says, "and let us not interfere to take any of the credit from her."

"But the Huns'll massacre the people, and burn the churches, like the English did in Ninety-Eight," says he, "didn't you hear what they did in Belgium?"

"I heard what their enemies say they did," said she.

"It's all sworn to in depositions, in the Bryce report," says he,

"So was the Massacre of Protestants here in 1641 sworn to in depositions," says she.

"Well," says he, "the poster says we gave Belgium a pledge that we'd guard her neutrality, and we'd be disgraced as a nation if we didn't fight for her now."

"And when did Ireland give any kind of a pledge to Belgium, will you tell me?" says Maggie. "We have enough to do guarding our own neutrality, and I wish we had the sense to do it."

"That's a mean, selfish way to look at it," says he.

"There's nothing mean about it," says she. "If a man's own family was in as bad a way as Ireland is now, wouldn't you say it was his duty to look after them before he went helping strangers?"

"But we're not badly off now," says he, "when we have Home Rule on the Statute Book, and we should do something for England to show our gratitude for it."

"A lot of use Home Rule is, as long as its no nearer to us than the Statute Book," says she in a very sarcastic tone of voice. "Everyone is saying now that Home Rule is as dead as Queen Victoria, and even if we had it in full working order, why should we be grateful to England for what we always had a right to? If a man stole a shilling from you, and gave you back sixpence, would you be grateful to him?"

"I believe you are talking treason now, Maggie," says he.

"Maybe I am," says she, "but I'll do more than talk it if you go and join the army. The day you go into the recruiting office, I'll come here and tear down that poster, if I have to soak it off the wall with a sponge," she says, "and if I'm caught doing it I'll get six months hard labour for interfering with recruiting, and you wouldn't like that."

"For Heaven's sake, don't do that, Maggie!" says he. "Sure if I did join, it's to protect you I'd do it."

"If you want to protect me, you should stay with me, Johnny," says she in a nice soft voice, and he had no answer to that that I could hear. They went on down the street then."

"And did he enlist?" I asked.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Daly, "but I heard that there was a detective lurking round the corner, that reported all their talk to the military authorities, and there's a warrant out for poor Maggie's arrest under the Defence of the Realm Act."

FIONNGHUALA.