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

Detective Department,

Dublin, 17th. December, 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.,  
Major John McBride for half an hour from 12  
noon. Thomas Byrne from 4 p. m. to 5. 30  
p. m. C. Colbert and M. O'Hanrahan for twen-  
ty minutes between 7 & 8 p. m. Joseph McGuin-  
ness for a few minutes at 8. 15 p. m. Arthur  
Griffith and William O'Leary Curtis for a quar-  
ter of an hour from 8. 20 p. m. E. De Valera,  
B. Parsons, and M. W. O'Reilly for half an hour  
between 9 & 10 p. m. Pierce Beasley for half  
an hour between 10 & 11 p. m.

M. J. O'Rahilly, H. Mellows and M. O'Han-  
rahan

The Chief Commissioner.

10240

S.  
2113  
D.M.P.

*The Under Secretary.*

*Submitted.*

*Lergusdunin*  
*a.m. 7/12*

*Under Secretary*  
*Submitted*  
*10/16*  
*17/12*

*Chief Secy.*  
*To see the news-  
papers*  
*7/12*

*Sanh Chief Secy*  
*a.m. 7/12*

*Chief Secy*  
*10/12*



rahan in 2, Dawson Street at 11 a. m.

J. O'Connor and Joseph McGuinness in

company at Dame Street between 1 & 2 p. m.

Attached are Copies of this week's

issue of The Workers Republic and Nation-

ality, both of which contain notes of a

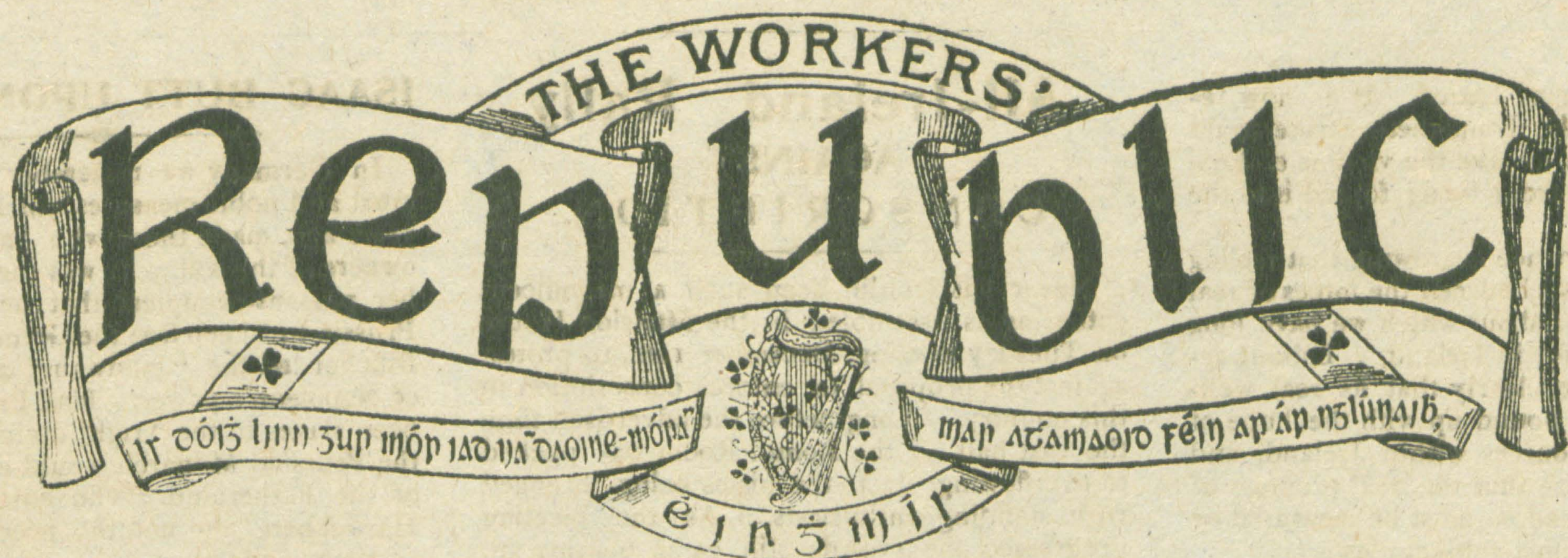
pro-German character.

*Owen P. Quinn*  
Superintendent.

as follows :-  
With Thomas J. Clarke, 75, Parnell St.,  
Major John McBride for half an hour from 12  
noon. Thomas Byrne from 4 p. m. to 5.30  
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between 9 & 10 p. m. Pierce Beasley for half  
an hour between 10 & 11 p. m.  
M. J. O'Rahilly, H. Mellowe and M. O'Han-

The Chief Commissioner.





"The great only appear great because we are on our knees: let us rise."

Vol. I., No. 30.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1915.

[Weekly.]

## Notes on the Front

### ECONOMIC CONSCRIPTION.

Of late we have been getting accustomed to this new phrase, economic conscription, or the policy of forcing men into the army by depriving them of the means of earning a livelihood.

In Canada it is called hunger-scription.

In essence it consists of a recognition of the fact that the working class fight the battles of the rich, that the rich control the jobs or means of existence of the working class, and that therefore if the rich desire to dismiss men eligible for military service they can compel those men to enlist—or starve.

Looking still deeper into the question it is a recognition of the truth that the control of the means of life by private individuals is the root of all tyranny, national, political, militaristic, and that therefore they who control the jobs control the world. Fighting at the front to-day there are many thousands whose whole soul revolts against what they are doing, but who must nevertheless continue fighting and murdering because they were deprived of a living at home, and compelled to enlist that those dear to them might not starve.

Thus under the forms of political freedom the souls of men are subjected to the cruellest tyranny in the world—recruiting has become a great hunting party with the souls and bodies of men as the game to be hunted and trapped.

Every day sees upon the platform the political representatives of the Irish people, busily engaged in destroying the souls, that they might be successful in hunting and capturing the bodies of Irishmen for sale to the English armies.

And every day we feel all around us in the workshop, in the yard, at the docks, in the stables, wherever men are employed the same economic pressure, the same unyielding, relentless force driving, driving, driving men out from home and home life to fight abroad that the exploiters may rule and rob at home.

The downward path to hell is easy once you take the first step.

The first step in the Economic Conscription of Irishmen was taken when the employers of Dublin locked their workpeople out in 1913 for daring to belong to the Irish Transport Workers' Union. Does that statement astonish you? Well, consider it.

In 1913 the employers of Dublin used the weapons of starvation to try and compel men and women to act against their conscience. In 1915 the employers of Dublin and Ireland in general are employing the weapon of starvation in order to compel men to act against their conscience. The same weapon, the same power derived from the same source.

At the first Anti-Conscription meeting in the City Hall of Dublin we heard an employer declaim loudly against the iniquity of compelling men to act against their conscience. And yet in 1913 this same employer had been an active spirit in encouraging his fellow-employers to starve a whole countryside in order to compel men and women to act against their consciences.

The great Lock-out of 1913-14 was an apprenticeship in brutality—a hardening of the heart of the Irish employing class—whose full effects we are only reaping to-day in the persistent use of the weapon of hunger to compel men to fight for a power they hate, and to abandon a land that they love.

If here and there we find an occasional employer who fought us in 1913 agreeing with our national policy in 1915 it is not because he has become converted, or is ashamed of the unjust use of his powers, but simply that he does not see in economic conscription the profit he fancied he saw in denying to his labourers the right to organise in their own way in 1913.

Do we find fault with the employer for following his own interests? We do not. But neither are we under any illusion as to his motives.

In the same manner we take our stand with our own class, nakedly upon our class interests, but believing that these interests are the highest interests of the race.

We cannot conceive of a Free Ireland with a subject Working Class; we cannot conceive of a Subject Ireland with a Free Working Class.

But we can conceive of a Free Ireland with a Working Class guaranteed the power of freely and peacefully working out its own salvation.

We do not believe that the existence of the British Empire is compatible with either the Freedom or the Security of the Irish Working Class. That freedom and that security can only come as a result of complete absence of foreign domination.

Freedom to control All its own resources is as essential to a community as to an individual. No individual can develop all his powers if he is even partially under the control of another, even if that other sincerely wishes him well. The powers of the individual can only be developed properly when he has to bear the responsibility of all his own actions, to suffer for his mistakes, and to profit by his achievements.

Man, as Man, only arrived at the point at which he is to-day as a result of thousands of years of strivings with Nature. In his stumbings forward along the ages he was punished for every mistake. Nature whipped him with cold, with heat, with hunger, with disease, and each whipping helped him to know what to avoid, and what to preserve.

The first great forward step of Man was made when he understood the relation between Cause

and Effect—understood that a given action produced and must produce a given result. That no action could possibly be without an effect, that the problem of his life was to find out the causes which produced the effects injurious to him, and having found them out to overcome or make provision against them.

Just as the whippings of Nature produced the improvements in the life habits of Man, so the whippings naturally following upon social or political errors are the only proper safeguards for the development of nationhood.

No nation is worthy of independence until it is independent. No nation is fit to be free until it is free. No man can swim until he has entered the water and failed and been half drowned several times in the attempt to swim.

A Free Ireland would make dozens of mistakes, and every mistake would cost it dear, and strengthen it for future efforts. But every time it by virtue of its own strength remedied a mistake it would take a long step forward towards security. For security can only come to a nation by a knowledge of some power within itself, some difficulty overcome by a strength which no robber can take away.

What is that of which no robber can deprive us? The answer is, Experience. Experience in Freedom would strengthen us in power to attain security. Security would guide us in our progress towards greater freedom.

Ireland is not the Empire, the Empire is not Ireland. Anything in Ireland which depends upon the Empire depends upon that which the fortunes of war may destroy at any moment, depends upon that which the progress of enlightenment must destroy in the near future. The people of India, of Egypt, cannot be for ever enslaved.

Anything in Ireland which depends upon the internal resources of Ireland has a basis and foundation which no disaster to the British Empire can destroy, which disasters to the British Empire may conceivably cause to flourish.

The Security of the Working Class of Ireland then has the same roots as the Security of the People of Ireland as a whole. The roots are in Ireland, and can only grow and function properly in an atmosphere of National Freedom.

And the Security of the People of Ireland has the same roots as the Security of the Irish Working Class. In the closely linked modern world no nation can be free which can nationally connive at the enslavement of any section of that nation. Had the misguided people of Ireland not stood so callously by whilst the forces of Economic Conscription were endeavouring to destroy the Transport Union in 1913, the Irish Trade Unionists would now be in a better position to fight the Economic Conscription against Irish Nationalists in 1915.

The Sympathetic Strike with its slogan, "An Injury to One is the Concern of All," was then



the universal object of hatred. It is now recognised that only the Sympathetic Strike could be powerful enough to save the victims of Economic Conscription from being forced into the Army.

Out of that experience is growing that feeling of identity of interests between the forces of real Nationalism and of Labour which we have long worked and hoped for in Ireland. Labour recognises daily more clearly that its real well-being is linked and bound up with the hope of growth of Irish resources within Ireland, and Nationalists recognise that the real progress of a nation towards freedom must be measured by the progress of its most subject class.

We want and must have Economic Conscription in Ireland for Ireland. Not the Conscription of men by hunger to compel them to fight for the power that denies them the right to govern their own country, but the Conscription by an Irish Nation of all the resources of the nation—its land, its railway, its canals, its workshops, its docks, its mines, its rivers, its mountains, its rivers and streams, its factories and machinery, its horses, its cattle, and its men and women, all co-operating together under one common direction that Ireland might live and bear upon her fruitful bosom the greatest number of the freest people she has ever known

## CITY OF DUBLIN STRIKE.

### XMAS FUND FOR THE MEN.

TO EDITOR WORKERS' REPUBLIC.

DEAR SIR,—

At Monday's meeting of the Trades Council a discussion took place arising out of a suggestion that something should be done at Xmas for the City of Dublin men now on strike. As a result it was decided to write to the Trades, and to issue an appeal through the columns of the WORKERS' REPUBLIC. All labour men and most of the outside public are already acquainted with the facts. These men are simply asking the City of Dublin Company to pay them the wages now being paid their fellow workers by every single shipping firm in the port of Dublin. They ask no more than the rate of the port and they can accept no less. This reasonable demand is refused, and all friendly offers to bring the representatives of the Company and the men together scouted. In all the many fights of the Irish Transport Workers' Union since it was founded there never was a struggle in which the men's case was so clearly recognised on all hands to be just and fair. Yet the Company (or rather its Chairman) obstinately declines to give way. Nothing would seem to remain only to see which side can stand it longest. On our side we labour men must see that the men are supplied with "sinews of war." Their Union has, of course, paid them the usual strike allowance, but the difference between that and their wages when working is very considerable. The men have now been out six weeks, Xmas is approaching, and it would be too bad if our men in the "firing line trenches" thought themselves neglected at such a time. The object of this appeal is to raise sufficient to be able to give each man on strike something over and above his strike pay on Xmas week. We ask every Union that recognises the good work of the Transport Union to help. We ask every man and woman who realizes all that is at stake and the plucky manner in which the fight has been waged to give something—however little—to this Fund. Remember they give doubly who give quickly. All sums received will be acknowledged in the *Workers' Republic*.

Fraternally yours,

WM. O'BRIEN, Acting Sec.,  
Dublin Trades Council.

December 15, 1915.

## All-Ireland Rally AGAINST CONSCRIPTION.

Never has Dublin seen such a magnificent gathering as assembled in the Mansion House on Tuesday evening, December 14th, to protest against the proposal to enforce conscription in this country. Long before the advertised time the vast hall of the Round Room was packed to overflowing, even the aisles being thronged with standing enthusiasts. As the meeting progressed the crowds still came pouring in. An overflow meeting was held in the supper room which holds about 500 people, another overflow meeting was held in the garden, and finally the surging multitude outside blocked all Dawson Street, and held up all traffic until speakers from the inside arrived to address them in the street.

As Professor Eoin M'Neill left the chair temporarily to address the impatient multitudes outside he told the audience that "the streets were occupied—but not with troops this time." The remark brought forth rounds of cheers from the audience whose quick imagination drew the contrast between their open meeting of Dublin citizens so magnificently responding, and the carefully packed ticket meeting of Mr. Redmond and his English master Mr. Asquith at the beginning of the war, when the streets around the Mansion House were held by masses of armed police and troops, like a besieged town in the theatre of war.

The Dublin newspapers outdid themselves on this occasion. A United Irish League gathering of wirepullers held in the back parlour of an obscure publichouse can count upon many columns of a report in the daily press, but this unprecedented gathering that a king might envy did not get a half column, and what it did get was garbled and distorted.

The resolution declared that "We will not have Conscription," and all the speakers drove the statement home without hesitation. The contagion of the enthusiasm almost threatened to elevate Professor M'Neill out of his professional caution into revolutionary enthusiasm. Bulmer Hobson could not resist the temptation to deliver one of the flamboyant "green flag" speeches most people thought he had forgotten. Mr. Pearse rose to the occasion as is his wont in a beautiful and inspiring deliverance. Father O'Connell, of Galway, roused the audience to fever heat by his clarion call to battle for Ireland. Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington was convincing, sarcastic, and thrilling. Arthur Griffiths was short but telling in every sentence. Mr. Tom Farren, of the Trades Council, spoke up well for his class. Father Sheehy was pathetically reminiscent of the fighters of other days whose heart is still in the battle, and James Connolly, of Liberty Hall, delivered the gospel of the militant Labour Man to an audience that seemed to go wild with eagerness to endorse it.

In the supper room Sean Fitzgibbon presided, and spoke out as decisively as ever. Commandant M'Donagh told the audience that he could pledge his word that the Irish Volunteers would resist Conscription by military measures, and most of the speakers from the larger meeting followed accordingly as they were released from duty there.

It was a great night. The free gift of a people determined to be free—or die trying.

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LITTLE SHOP for GOOD VALUE  
in Chandlery, Tobacco, Cigarettes, &c.,  
**36 WEXFORD ST., DUBLIN.**  
IRISH GOODS A SPECIALITY.

## ISAAC BUTT UPON PRUSSIA

In Germany we remember Prussia, and the great and noble measures which, more than fifty years ago, made those who had been serfs the owners of the soil. It was the emancipation of her peasant-occupiers that nerved the arm of Prussia to "keep free the German Rhine," when Blucher led the "landwehr" against the might of Napoleon's power. Had Prussian statesmen been slaves to the "right divine of landlords," the Prussian Monarch would not now be chief of the Fatherland. The edicts of Stein and Hardenberg, and not the needle gun, won the battle of Sadowa.

Ireland—the Land and the People.

## ECONOMIC CONSCRIPTION.

### ENLIST OR STARVE.

TO THE EDITOR WORKERS' REPUBLIC.

DEAR SIR,—

I would like to bring to your notice, and you, if you like, can bring it before the people who are gulling themselves that conscription is not in vogue in this country.

On last Thursday (9th ult.) 43 married men employed at the Ordnance Survey Office, Phoenix Park, were ordered down to the Recruiting Office to be "attested" under the "Derby Scheme," although last Saturday's *Daily Mail* stated it did not apply to Ireland. The men had families ranging from 3 to 7 children.

All the single men up to 41 years of age have been swept out of the place unless they joined. In England the age is 40.

The officer in charge, Lieutenant-Colonel Whitlock, Royal Engineers, is an Englishman, young, hefty, and supposed to be a trained man. The Survey work is purely agricultural, and his duties could be done by one of the Superintendents, but as his salary runs into £1,800 per year he cannot be spared, but he takes care the unfortunate Irishmen are driven to do the work he should be at himself.

Yours truly,

AN UNFORTUNATE.

## SHIRTMAKERS AND SWEATERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WORKERS' REPUBLIC.

12/12/1915.

SIR,—

Would you kindly insert the following in your valuable paper: Mr. Johnston, Parliament Street, Shirt Manufacturer, came under the Rule of Minimum Wage which came into force on Monday last. He refused to give it, but talked the girls over by saying he would give an increase of 3d. in the dozen, that is shirts that were made for 1/- a dozen are 1/3 now, and so on.

I refused to sign the agreement which I did not see, and was told to leave. I believe this Minimum Wage question is to be compulsory, but he has the signatures, and he is alright.

These are the people who talk about the immorality in Dublin, and they won't give the girls wages to live decent.

Thanking you for same.

Yours truly,

A WOMAN WORKER.

**N. J. Byrne's TOBACCO STORE,**  
39 AUNGIER STREET,  
(Opposite Jacob's),  
**FOR IRISH ROLL & PLUG.**



## Dublin Trades Council

The usual fortnightly meeting of the Dublin Trades Council was held on Monday evening, the President (Mr. Thomas Farren) in the chair. Also present—

Messrs. J. Barry, Bakers and Confectioners; H. Dale, Boot and Shoe Operatives; Francis Young, Brass Founders and Gasfitters; R. O'Carroll, J. Litholder, Brick and Stone Layers; R. J. Butler, Amalgamated Dyers and Cleaners; M. Culliton, Carpenters (General Union); C. O'Loughlin, Carpet Planners; J. Bermingham, Corporation Labourers; B. Drumm, Farriers; P. T. Daly, T.C., Fire Brigade; M. J. O'Lehane, Ed. Hayes, C. McLoone, Irish Drapers' Assistants; Thomas Foran, P.L.G., Irish Transport Workers; W. Baxter, Ironfounders; John McManus, Litho. Artists and Engravers; Wm. Courtney, Marble Polishers; John Lennon, Mineral Water Operatives; J. Byrne, National Union Assurance Agents; J. Farrell, P.L.G., and M. Smith, Painters, (Amal.); P. Macken, Thos. Bermingham, Painters (Metro); Edward Harte, Paviers; Thomas Irwin, Plasterers; Peter Bermingham, Plumbers; M. A. Brady, Printers (Typographical); A. Doyle, Saddlers; George Paisley, Sawyers; John Kelly, Shop Assistants; P. D. Bolger, Slaters; Jerh. Kennedy, Smiths (United); J. O'Flanagan, R. Carey, Stationary Engine Drivers; Thomas Farren, Stonecutters; Wm. O'Brien, Tailors; John Farren, Sheet Metal Workers; H. Brady, Irish Grocers, Purveyors and Clerks; M. Winston, National League of the Blind.

Letters were read from Messrs. Charles Power, Secretary Waterworks Committee; F. O'Fill; William Tobin, I.A.A., A.O.H.; R. F. Wilson, Dublin Industrial Association; J. E. Devlin, L.G.B.; P. Hughes, Grocers' and Vintners' Assistants; B. Hobson, Irish Volunteers; R. Boyd, Secretary Plumbers; J. E. Harvey, Secretary Grocers' and Purveyors' Assistants; M. J. O'Lehane, General Secretary Drapers' Assistants; Mrs. H. S. Skeffington, Irish Women's Franchise League; Mr. John Taylor, Purveyors' and Family Grocers' Assistants; F. J. Allen, Secretary Electricity Supply Committee Dublin Corporation; P. Tobin, Secretary Paving Committee, do.; A. McBride, T.C., Glasgow Labour Party; J. C. Manly, Pembroke U.D.C.

Mr. Carey asked that the matter referred to by Mr. Allan be gone into at once. He moved that a deputation be appointed to wait on the Electricity Supply Committee.

Mr. Flanagan seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. James Byrne referred to the letter from the I.A.A. of the A.O.H. He was of the opinion that something should be done in the matter.

It was referred to the Executive to take action.

Messrs. Thomas Farren and James Connolly were appointed to represent the Council at the Anti-Conscription Committee Meeting on Tuesday evening.

It was decided to communicate with the Pembroke U.D.C. in reference to the action of their Secretary in regard to the delay in receiving a deputation from the Council.

Messrs. Thomas Farren and William O'Brien were appointed to represent the Council at the Housing Conference in Glasgow.

The Chairman referred to the Conference of Assistants in the grocery and provision trade on next Sunday.

Mr. M. J. O'Lehane suggested that District meetings should be held to follow the Housing Meeting.

The Chairman supported the suggestion, which was referred to the Executive.

### CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS IN THE GROCERY TRADE.

Mr. H. Brady referred to the closing of the

Houses in the Grocery Trade during the Christmas Holidays. He said that they were considering the question of publishing a handbill, subject to the approval of the E.C., to be distributed in the vicinity of houses which were kept open for the three hours on St. Stephen's Day. He moved that the Council endorse the following resolution:

"That this meeting, which represents a large number of the Grocers and Vintners' Assistants of Ireland, calls upon the Master Grocers and Vintners to close their business establishments on St. Stephen's Day, and allow their Assistants free on that day, in common with all Assistants engaged in other trades, and thereby not only retain but strengthen the loyalty and respect of the Assistants which is most essential at the present critical time; and that a copy of this Resolution be forwarded to the Grocers and Vintners' Association requesting a reply on or before Saturday, the 11th inst."

He was glad to report the unanimity of all sections in fighting this question (hear, hear.)

Mr. O'Lehane seconded the resolution. He was of the opinion that this question was one that should be supported by the whole of the Trades Union movement in Dublin (hear, hear.) He spoke for his members when he said that he wished them every success (applause.)

The Chairman said that the question dealt with by the resolution was one of the utmost importance. The demand was a very small one, and should be conceded (hear, hear.) Any house that opened on St. Stephen's Day should be carefully avoided by any Trades Unionist during the rest of the year (applause.)

The resolution was carried unanimously.

Mr. M. J. O'Lehane said that all the workers would know the fight that had been going on for nine months in Tralee—at least the people who were readers of *The Workers' Republic*. The fight was on since the middle of May. A number of workers were out in sympathy with the Assistants. Mr. Murphy had signed an agreement with regard to the Living-in System. Murphy—who was known as Black Dan—was engaged in a number of interests. They would be glad to know that as a result of the fight Trades Unionism had widely spread in Tralee, and the various interests in which Murphy was engaged had been very severely left alone (applause.) He was Chairman of the Clarence Hotels, Limited, and they comprised the Clarence, the Royal Exchange, and Wynnes. He moved:

"That this Trades Council, composed of the representatives of the organised workers of the City and County of Dublin, desires to place on record their highest appreciation in regard to the action of the Drapers' Assistants in Tralee, who during the past seven or eight months have been fighting an honourable battle for the observance of Agreements, and we condemn in the most emphatic manner the action of the Munster Warehouse Company, Tralee, or, rather, the action of the head of that firm, viz., Mr. Dan Murphy (who is also interested in several other enterprises, including the Clarence Hotels Company, Limited, Dublin, and a few Cross Channel firms in the Drapery Trade) in deliberately breaking an Agreement entered into with the employers and employees of Tralee."

"Copies to be sent to the various Trades Councils in Ireland."

Mr. R. P. O'Carroll, T.C. spoke in support. He had been in Tralee and he bore evidence to the magnificent spirit which was shown. He spoke with enthusiasm of the great fight in Murphy's. It was a great thing to feel that in the town the support of the people were behind the assistants. He felt sure that they would win in the end. (hear, hear.)

Mr. M. Brady (Dublin Typographical Provident Society, said that Mr. Murphy was the

Chairman of the Clarence, Royal Exchange and Wynn's Hotel. Some of the Trades Unions were in the habit of holding their meetings in the hotels named—one the Typographical Association held their meetings in the Clarence, and he felt sure if their attention was called to the matter they would not meet there any more (hear, hear.)

The Chairman, in putting the resolution, said that the Drapers deserved their whole-hearted support and if support of any kind were needed he felt sure it would be given them. (Applause.)

The resolution was carried unanimously.

### THE DISPUTE WITH THE CITY OF DUBLIN COMPANY.

Councillor P. T. Daly referred to the City of Dublin Company Strike. He said that the men deserved the admiration of the whole labour movement (hear, hear.) After close on two months there was not the sign of one break away (applause.) After dealing with the inaction of the Parliamentary representatives, if they excepted the impertinence of the coxcomb Lieutenant Esmond (laughter) it went to show that the charges that were made for the last 20 years were only too true that they were all the "Bosses" men (applause.) He referred to the visit of the President of the Chamber of Commerce (Mr. P. Leonard) and to his written statement in the Press. Mr. Leonard had apportioned the blame to Sir William Watson for a continuance of the fight (hear, hear.) However, another statement in his letter that the officials of the Transport Union admitted the men were wrong in breaking their agreement was inaccurate. There was no Agreement to break. That had been smashed by Watson already last Christmas—a sort of Watsonian Christmas Box. The men were determined that what was sauce for them last Christmas when served by Watson should be sauce on this Christmas when served to Watson (applause.)

The President asked that this question should be referred to the E.C. to make arrangements to get assistance to help those gallant fellows to spend a Merry Christmas (applause.) They were putting up a noble fight, and they deserved all the support they could get for them (loud applause.)

In adjourning the Council for four weeks, the President wished the Delegates—

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A BRIGHT  
NEW YEAR.

### LEINSTER LEAGUE—1st DIVISION.

TO-DAY (SATURDAY)  
CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH  
STRANDVILLE v. BOHEMIANS,  
CROYDON PARK.

KICK-OFF 2.30. — ADMISSION 6d.

Ceilidh! Ceilidh!

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CONNRAD NA GAEDILGE.

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## THE WORKERS' REPUBLIC.

EDITED BY JAMES CONNOLLY.

THE WORKERS' REPUBLIC will be published weekly, price one penny, and may be had of all respectable newsagents. **ASK FOR IT AND SEE THAT YOU GET IT.**

All communications relating to matter for publication should be addressed to the Editor; all business matter to the Manager.

All communications intended for publication must be delivered here on Tuesday morning. This rule will be strictly adhered to.

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Office, LIBERTY HALL, DUBLIN.

"An injury to one is the concern of all."

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1915.

## FORGIVE AND FORGET.

As we approach the Blessed Christmas Season we are reminded that this is the period of the year when all good Christians are exhorted to follow the above precept. Forgive and Forget. How sweet the words sound, and how soothing to the mind and conscience of men it is when they can in good truth act up to the counsel!

Can Ireland forgive and forget? Is it wise policy for Ireland to forgive before she has received more than a lip promise that the future will not be as full of wrong as the past. And if she can forgive, would it be, can it be, wise to forget? Ought it not rather be the aim of Ireland, and all who would guide her destinies wisely, to see that she never forgets, but that the memory of the past be forever with her as a lamp for the guiding of her footsteps in the future.

Indeed how can either a nation or an individual be fitted to meet the calls of life, and meet them wisely, if they have not been armed with a knowledge of the experiences of the past?

It will be found that Ireland failed in the present crisis where her children knew least about the past of their race. And Ireland most wisely met the crisis where her sons and daughters knew most of what that past had held for the people of Ireland.

With nations as with individuals it is not wise to forgive an injury whilst the enemy persists in retaining the power to renew the injury, or insists upon the injured person accepting a promise to reform instead of an act of reformation. The first condition necessary for forgiveness is a sign of repentance, and there can be no repentance if the oppressing nation lays it down that the power to oppress shall remain in its hands. Yet this is the condition in which Ireland found itself at the beginning of the present war.

Ireland has for seven centuries struggled in the grasp of England. For seven hundred years Ireland has seen no generation which did not attempt insurrection aiming at driving the English power out of Ireland—for seven hundred years with the exception of one brief period in the 18th century during which religious persecution strangled every thought of national regeneration. This conquest of Ireland, and the battle for the reconquest has ebbed and flowed, but has never ceased. England insisted that her very life demanded that Ireland should be stripped of all the essentials of true nationhood, that it was not possible that Ireland could be mistress of her own destiny and England live. Therefore that England might remain an Empire Ireland must remain a subject nation. From this standpoint England has not to this day receded one millionth part of an inch. At the beginning of this war England had given Ireland a promise of a Parliament possessing certain local powers, but not possessing any of those national powers possessed by any independent nationality, by the free states of the German Empire or the colonial parliaments of the British Empire.

But this parliament, small and restricted as were its powers, was still too much to give freely and therefore England declared it could not be put in working order until the war was over, and then it would be still further restricted in its powers and curtailed in the scope of its operations. In other words England stood by every power she had gained by her long continued denial of Irish nationality, declared that Ireland was and must remain a province destitute of power to enlarge her status to that of a nation, and then having so affirmed her determination to retain all the spoils of conquest asked Ireland to forgive and forget and send her sons to rally to the defence of her conqueror and despoiler.

When a thief repents he does not expect forgiveness until he has made full and ample restitution—he would not dream of expecting forgiveness if he insisted upon retaining the power to rob his victim in the future. Still less would he expect forgiveness if he continued beating his victim as soon as that victim showed any disposition to arm himself against all future robbery on his part. A thief recognises that he must stop thieving and return the stolen goods before forgiveness can be expected.

England has robbed Ireland of her freedom. England still denies Ireland her freedom. England insists that it is unthinkable that Ireland should ever possess such freedom as would enable her to refuse to do England's bidding.

And then England asks Ireland to forgive and forget!

It is the blessed Christmas season, and we are prepared to have Christian charity to all men, but first we wish to see a practical sign of repentance—we wish the thief of our freedom to return fully and completely that, and all of that, which she has stolen. Until that event occurs, our counsel to our countrymen shall continue to be like unto that of the Highland Chief in the Scottish poem—

"To spoil the spoiler as they may,  
And from the robber rend the prey."

## IS THIS CONSCRIPTION.

The following circular-letter has been sent to various employers in Ireland:—

"E. 60.

"THE DEPARTMENT OF RECRUITING  
FOR IRELAND.

"32 Nassau Street,

"Dublin,

"9th December, 1915.

"SIR,—

"I am directed by the Director-General of Recruiting for Ireland to inform you that as the result of the deliberations of the recently formed Employers' Committee for the City and County of Dublin, it has been suggested that immediate steps should be taken to ascertain in the case of each employer the following information:—

"(1) The number of men of military age at present employed.

"(2) The facilities which each employer is prepared to grant those of his employees who volunteer for active service.

"I am, therefore, to request that you will be good enough to help the efforts of the Committee by filling in the particulars asked for in the enclosed form, and returning it to this Department in the envelope provided for the purpose

"I am,

"Sir,

"Your obedient Servant,

"R. W. NEEDHAM,

"Secretary."

"ENCLOSURE TO E 60.

"Name and Address of Employer.

"Number of Men of Military Age at present in your employment.

"Facilities which you are prepared to grant to any employees who volunteer for Active Service."

**I**f you have not the ready money convenient here is an Irish Establishment which supplies Goods on

## EASY PAYMENT SYSTEM.

IT IS THE

**DUBLIN WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL  
ASSOCIATION, LTD.,**

**10 SOUTH WILLIAM STREET**

Office Hours—10.30 to 5.50 each day. Monday, Tuesday and Friday Evenings to 9. Saturday Evening, 7 to 10.30.

Manager—ALD. T. KELLY.



## THE PASSIONIST FATHERS ON THE DISGUSTING HYPOCRISY OF ENGLISH JINGOISM.

[We make no apology for reproducing from *The Cross*, the monthly organ of the Passionist Fathers, the following scathing criticism of the action of the English authorities in stopping for the purposes of the war, emigration of able-bodied males from Ireland.]

### MISCELLANEA.

One of the strangest by-products of the present war is the surprising value which has suddenly been set in the unlikely quarters on Irish manhood. For nearly seventy years—ever since the days of the great famine—Ireland has literally been bleeding to death, and the Elder Sister has hardly once raised a finger, till the condition was desperate, to staunch the wound. Before the famine years the population of the country was over eight millions (much less than its productive capacity could bear): to-day it is little more than four millions. During the period in which the population of England has doubled, the population of Ireland has been halved—and this in spite of the fact, noted by a member of the London Statistical Society a few years ago, that as regards birth-rate “Ireland and all its divisions alone among all the countries for which figures could be obtained show an increased fertility.” But it would need an amazingly increased fertility to compensate for a drain by emigration of an average of sixty thousand a year: so it is little wonder that the population of Ireland has sunk to a figure lower than that of England's principal city. Not only was nothing done by English statesmanship to stop this fatal drain, but it was even welcomed and encouraged on Abdul Hamid's famous principle that “the way to settle the Armenian question is to get rid of the Armenians.” The way to settle the Irish question was apparently to get rid of the Irish, and *The Times*, more representative of England then than now, congratulated itself in the early days of the Irish exodus that “the Celts were going with a vengeance,” and that in a short time the species would be as rare in Ireland as a Red Indian on the shores of Manhattan or a Phœnician in Cornwall. The unctuous prediction went on fulfilling itself until August in the year of grace 1914.

Then a change came. The dead walls and public buildings in every town and village throughout Ireland, which had hitherto been plastered with inducements to young men to emigrate, suddenly began to scream out to every passer-by, “Your King and Country Need You.” Tens of Thousands of young men heard the cry and responded to it in a way which Lord Kitchener (who should know) called “magnificent.” They were told that a worse evil than even English misgovernment threatened themselves and their country and the world, and, though they might well have been pardoned for doubting that, they forgave and forgot, and rushing to the colours in the Empire's greatest need, acquitted themselves like men. As a result the emigration figures which, with prospects of better government, had declined to something like 26,000 a year, suddenly dropped to 7,572 for the first nine months of the present year—a decrease of nearly 19,000 if compared with the first nine months of the year immediately preceding the war. And it is interesting to note that of the four provinces, Ulster supplied the largest proportion of the emigrants that went to make up this reduced figure. Still a small minority of the people, in spite of all the propaganda, looked on the Empire's need in a less generous light (small blame to them, perhaps,

considering the circumstances): they took the unforgiving attitude of a Shylock, “Well, then, it now appears you need my help . . . you that did . . . foot me as you spurn a stranger cur over your threshold!” They saw no sufficient reason why they should fight the battles of an empire in which they had no stake and which had practically disowned them. They were harried and bullied by ignorant recruiting agents and told that they would be forced to fight. History, not so very ancient, has proved that coercion is one of the worst possible arguments to use with an Irishman, and the result was what might have been expected—a rise in the tide of emigration.

But the tide has been suddenly and effectually stopped. A few hundred Irish emigrants who reached Liverpool on their way to the United States on November 6th were jeered and hustled and subjected to the most outrageous treatment by a rowdy English mob. As a consequence of this rowdism, first the Cunard and other shipping companies and finally the Government have taken steps to prevent the emigration of all British subjects of military age. So for the first time in its sad history Ireland may congratulate itself that the value of its manhood has been recognised and that the wasting wound which threatened fatal results has been at last bound up. But one cannot help reflecting on the disgusting hypocrisy of the whole proceeding. First of all, the brutal crowd which jostled and maltreated those poor emigrants and called them “cowards” and “shirkers” was to a large extent composed of men of military age. The *Daily Mail* photograph of the scene proves that hundreds of them were within the age limit, and one observer has stated that 75 per cent. of the mob were men of “an age eligible for military service.” Why were these “patriots” not in the trenches a year ago, or why at least were they not in khaki that morning? Is there one law for Irish peasants and another for the “gentlemen of England who live at home at ease”? A nice comfortable sort of patriotism to get other people to fight your battles! Then the patriotic, public-spirited Cunard Company, which has suddenly discovered that Irishmen may be of some use to the empire at home, is the same Cunard Company which has spent thousands of pounds on flaming advertisements throughout Ireland telling the people of the land of promise that awaited them beyond the seas, which has hundreds of emigration agents scattered all over the country and which has paid these agents six shillings a head for every Irishman they induce to abandon Ireland for America! Now, after enriching itself and other countries at the expense of a despolled Ireland, after denuding Ireland of the best part of its young, active, adventurous population, and so impoverishing Ireland, and England too, it stands forth and assumes the attitude of an incorruptible patriot. Could snuffling hypocrisy go further? Lastly, the British Government which had stood by and seen four millions of the pick of the Irish race emigrated since the famine, which has seen ninety per cent. of them go, not to populate the British colonies, but to enrich the United States, now that the race is gone, closes down the ports and calls for “Men and more men”! A policy a little different from that pursued up to the present towards Ireland would have ensured the presence on Irish soil of millions of men as ready and willing to fight the battles of the empire as were the thousands of Irishmen whose bones lie whitening on the rocks of Gallipoli or the plains of Flanders. As it is, Ireland has almost exhausted itself in setting an example which other parts of the empire might do worse than follow. But calling its sons “cowards” and “shirkers” will not help matters.

Nothing that has occurred since the war began, not even the stupid ignoring of the gallantry of the Irish regiments by officials in high places, has done more to discourage recruiting in Ireland than this disgraceful scene outside the Liverpool shipping office. If anything could add to its effect it would be the powerful letter from his Lordship the Bishop of Limerick, which has found its way into most of the Irish newspapers. Space does not allow of our quoting that letter, in which the opinion is expressed in very vigorous language that it matters very little to Ireland whether the war is won or not, for “win or loose, Ireland will go on, in our old round of misgovernment, intensified by a grinding of poverty that will make life intolerable.” Many will disagree with his Lordship that the chances of the war against Prussian barbarism are such a negligible thing, even for Ireland, but few will deny that the display of “patriotism” which called such a letter forth has produced in its passionate words a powerful deterrent to recruiting among “the small remnant of the Irish race” left in Ireland.

## Aonach na Nodlag, '15

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION  
CLOSES TO-NIGHT (Saturday),  
At 10.30 o'clock.

AONACH PLAYS & LECTURE,  
IN LARGE CONCERT HALL, ROTUNDA  
(CAVENDISH ROW ENTRANCE).

MONDAY, 20th December, at 8 o'clock.

“FEAR NA MILIUN PUNT,”  
Drama in Irish by Piarais Beaslaoi.  
“A MAY EVE IN STEPHEN'S GREEN,”  
An Operetta by Miss Lily M. O'Brennan.

TUESDAY, 21st December, at 8 o'clock.

LECTURE by REV. MICHL O'FLANAGAN, C.C.  
(Late of Cliffoey, Co. Sligo).  
Entitled—“HOW TO FEED THE IRISH.”  
Followed by Vocal & Instrumental Items.

Admission Each Night - - 1/- and 6d.

Buy your Tickets before leaving AONACH.

## WILL YOU HELP TO-DAY?

A friend in need is a friend indeed and anyone who will undertake to distribute Specimen Copies of the WORKERS' REPUBLIC to form a circle of readers is a friend to the cause. We are desirous that this paper be better known, so that it be more effective in its campaign. Send to-day for a parcel of Specimen Copies which will be sent 4d. post. free for distribution gratis.

Address—THE MANAGER.

### WORKERS' REPUBLIC

Can be had every Friday Afternoon in Scotland at—

Wm. Gribbin, Saltmarket, Glasgow.  
Herald League Rooms, 94 George's Street, Glasgow.  
J. O'Connor, Dundyvan Road, Coatbridge.  
J. Wilson, The Bookstall, Graham's Road, Falkirk.  
F. C. Hanratty, 18 Wallace Street, Paisley.  
P. O'Connor, 55 Caledonia Street, Paisley.  
P. Murphy, Scotland Place, Liverpool.

Any reader who cannot obtain their copy regularly should send us the address of the nearest newsagent in their district.



## CORK NOTES.

Another Broken Treaty. On Monday night a young man, foolish enough to accept the assurance of a drunken officer that he would not be molested, mounted the recruiting brake and flatly contradicted the lying statements made concerning the Germans, statements which no man outside a lunatic asylum would swallow. As he was leaving the brake one of those much be-ribboned pavement warriors known as recruiting sergeants, who possibly saw some service and an annual wash when the Militia were called up for annual training, suddenly and unexpectedly struck the unfortunate man two blows in the face; and, coward-like, then drew a revolver in a densely packed crowd, most of whom were his own friends and sympathisers. His friends speedily got him out of harm's way, but not before a young fellow in the crowd gave the bully his quietus, or, to use the words of the boxing fraternity, "put the valiant warrior to sleep." Would it be too much to hope that this scoundrel will be brought to justice. If not people must adopt other means to protect themselves. Will our too-confiding friend, or anyone likely to follow in his footsteps, remember the words of the Bishop of Ross—

"Tis writ in our annals of blood,  
Our countrymen never relied on the faith  
Of truce of treaty but treason ensued,  
And the history of every delusion was death."

And there is no difference between the promise of a Saxon and the word of a renegade Irishman.

There is a saying about evil company and good manners which might well apply to the Officers' Mess, if we are to judge by the recent utterances of Mike O'Leary. Perhaps the language was excusable considering his company.

We deeply regret the death of Mr. A. Roche, M.P. He was kind-hearted and generous, and the poor of the city will miss him, especially the paper boys. A good friend to the labour movement, though he may have had some political enemies.

"No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode."

It is to be hoped the Corporation and other public bodies will endeavour to do something to relieve the awful poverty existing at present, poverty which is not so apparent as in years gone by, but which undoubtedly exists, owing to the dearth of employment in some trades, and the high cost of living. The people most affected are those who never seek charity, and to whom poverty appears a crime. The only remedy is to find work for such people, and as a new order of things will have to take place after the war why not start at once. The powers that be have got to learn or must be taught, and the sooner the better.

The *Free Press* endeavoured to have a cheap snare at the Volunteers. Both sections—well, we can only say the rank and file of either—have nothing to gain, whilst the leaders of one group have something to gain by keeping them divided. As for the much-abused Sinn Feiners, officers and men alike, stand to lose all but honour. But having neither wealthy financial relatives or connections, nor a stake in Dublin Castle, they are prepared to be true to that much maligned and much-betrayed country in which they live, even at the expense of incurring the displeasure of the New Tipperary Combination. Make up your minds for it, our masters, the men with the collars and without them, will not let you have it all your own way in future.

## NORTHERN NOTES.

## SAY THE WORD.

In Belfast as elsewhere the dynamite in your Notes on the Front has shaken us up. The voice of the *Workers' Republic* sounds like Lalor's letters to the Young Irelanders, or our

own Jimmy Hope's sad commentary on some follies of the United Irishmen. Hope spoke after the event, and after all there was something redeeming in the action of '98. Lalor's bombshell fell too late. There you have the advantage, for you have spoken before the event and while there is yet time to take action. Be sure you will not want for a following in other places than Dublin. If you or anybody in Dublin will fight, many in Ireland will fight beside you.

## THE RIGHT POLICY.

The *Republic* policy has given rise to a good deal of comment, some criticism and probably more commendation. Yet it is a matter of no little difficulty to gauge, much less define, the feeling and attitude of Belfast nationalists. For one thing there is too much that is vague and shadowy in our politics and we look too far ahead or too far back, instead of meeting the situation now existing, facing facts as they are, and building for the immediate future. Again we lack a fixed and definite purpose and have no clear leading in any direction. We are literally in a state of flux, but there is at least a hope that we might be moulded.

## WHERE DO WE STAND?

The more prominent workers in the various movements appear to be divided in their views—or to hold no views. Hence we who come after strive in vain to follow where there is nothing, and can neither answer to ourselves nor to friends or critics whither we are drifting. On the other hand, the rank and file have never shown any burning desire for inactivity or peace—quite the contrary. So far as their attitude can be ascertained the general body of nationalists would fight if called upon, and a large section would fight without any call. Strangely enough a recent discussion in Irish left the advocates of fight in a minority, the majority holding that a fight would be inopportune under present circumstances. What better circumstances could be wanted is a question beyond most of us.

## THE TWO PATHS.

You are right. There can be no revolution wrought by constitutional means, and a constitutional reform by revolutionary means is waste and extravagance. Let it be revolution by revolutionary means, or insurrection by insurrectionary methods. Either that or nothing: there is no other choice. And for once I agree that it is not worth while to fight against conscription any more than it is to fight for Home Rule. But to have a revolutionary aim and purpose and to declare that purpose and to fight for it, that is the only thing that is worth while.

## THE W.E.A. LECTURE.

Roisin Bhreathnach's lecture on Saturday night gave an excellent account of Modern Germany before the war. It was informative as well as educative and gave within small compass a fairly full study of the German people, economically, politically and socially, the history of German unity, and cultural and industrial conditions and education. In a discussion ranging over a wide area the lecturer was more than able to hold her own.

CROBH-DEARG.

## WEXFORD NOTES.

The Strike at the Slaney knitting factory is as it was last week, and although the Mayor has interviewed both sides there is no prospect of a settlement. We are of opinion that if Mr. Murphy and the girls concerned were brought together with the object of discussing the matters in dispute, it would go a long way towards clearing matters up. The girls doubtless have grievances, and Mr. Murphy knows it. In his interview to the *Free Press* he is reported as having said that the wages he was paying were better than any other firm

in the same line of business in Ireland, which we know is a lie, as we are in a position to state that we can quote one other firm in the same business which is paying its girls over a hundred per cent. more than the Wexford girls for the same class of work.

The very few who are still adherent to the pro-British policy, and the mean Recruiting methods of John Redmond in Wexford, are making valiant efforts to reorganise again the National Volunteers. A meeting of the old members was called for Wednesday night week last, but with the exception of that arch-traitor Jem Breen (who a few years ago when he was a member of the Sinn Fein Party stated that that policy was too tame, that they should turn out in a body and shoot a few policemen, to show their disloyalty to his now beloved England) Bob Coffey, known here as the minister of munitions, Captain Donovan and a few more of such ilk. There was another one called on the following Friday night with the same result, and at the time of writing we understand a third one is being contemplated.

This is obvious to all sensible people, that Redmond's day is nearly over, even in his native town, and it is generally known that the reason of this activity is due to the splendid turn out of the Irish Volunteers at the celebration of the anniversary of the Martyred Three.

A representative of the Recruiting department, in the person of Mr. Poulton, appeared before the District Council a fortnight ago when he made a rambling statement about fighting for Irish Freedom in France, etc., etc., after which a resolution to stimulate recruiting was proposed by the chairman, and according to the press, passed by a majority of one, but we are authorized to state by a District Councillor, who spoke and voted against it, that the resolution was beaten and beaten badly, and that the chairman refused a poll when he was asked for it. Of course we can expect no better from a press which is sold body and soul to Dublin Castle.

The same gentleman was to have appeared before the Corporation, but having got the tip that he was to meet some opposition there he cleared out. That body, on the proposition of the Mayor seconded by Councillor McGuire, passed a recruiting resolution by ten votes to four, the minority being Alderman Corish, Councillors Murphy, O'Brien and Martyn.

The Wexford Guardians by a majority have decided to prosecute twenty vaccination defaulters out of fourteen hundred and forty-six, their intention being to use those as an example to frighten the remainder, and we hope they will stand firm and if necessary go to jail in furtherance of their convictions.

## TRALEE NOTES.

[BY ROBAL.]

## SLATTERY AGAIN!

The Tralee Workers' Union is becoming a force to be reckoned with, and the employing class in the person of J. M. Slattery has declared war on it. Five of Slattery's employes who recently joined the Union were dismissed last week, the reference given to each being similar to that handed Jerh. Quirke; who was nine years with Slattery:—"Not wanting J. Quirke we had to leave him go from our employment." The plea of slackness of work is ridiculous. We wonder how long will the decreased staff be able to put up with the work. It is quite plain that the five men were dismissed on account of belonging to the Union, especially Quirke, as his nine years' service shows he was a competent man. He was not "released" in order to join the army, for, being a Reservist, he was called up at the outbreak of the war but was after a very short time discharged from the army as medically unfit. This tyrannical action of Slattery, the



Chairman of the Urban Council and President of the local Redmondite Volunteers (now practically defunct) and of others who may wish to follow his example can be frustrated in an easy manner and that is by all eligible men joining the Tralee Workers' Union and forming a strong powerful body which will act as a defensive and offensive force in their own interests. We understand that the dismissed men's grievance has been taken up by the Union and that nothing will be left undone for them. The names of the other men dismissed are: Patrick Habbert, 7½ years' service; Patrick Connor, 2 years; Matthew Moroney, 2 years; Michael McCarthy, 8 months.

#### TRALEE WORKERS' UNION.

A general meeting of the Union was held in the Picturedrome on Sunday. A large number was present and officers and committee for the next six months were elected. Much enthusiasm prevailed and the steady flow of recruits for the past few weeks is expected to continue. "Without unity there can be no progress." Sympathy was extended to Slattery's victims and steps taken in their behalf.

#### THE PATRIOTS!

Patriotic employers of the type of Downing, etc., are falling over each other in their hot-air effort to round up "eligibles" to fight the terrible Hun and keep the capitalists safe in their sumptuous surroundings at home. Recruiting "Rallies" at Abbeydorney, Kilflynn, Dingle, etc., have proved dismal failures. All the windy warfare was wasted—they came, they saw, they skiddled as they came—not even a solitary recruit after all the orating. At Dingle, their big gun, Canon O'Leary made no appreciable impression. What a waste of public money in connection with these Rallies!

#### OFFICIALDOM.

The report of the Trades Council meeting disclosed the fact that the Sub Sanitary Officer is venting his spleen on Mr. T. O'Regan, Sec., Bakers' Society, and trying to evict him from his U.D.C. house without any tangible reason. The S.S.O. appears to be going round like a lion seeking whom he may devour and threatening the Council tenants with all kinds of pains and penalties if they do not bend to his sweet will. But we think the man of many jobs has bitten off more than he can chew this time. He seems to be Rent Collector and Corporation all rolled into one, as apparently the Council has given him complete control as to who shall or shall not be evicted. Mr. O'Regan owed no rent, but because there was a defect in the w. c. out he should go.

GO TO . . .

**MURRAY'S**

SHERIFF STREET,  
FOR GOOD VALUE IN PROVISIONS  
— AND GROCERIES. —

**W. CHASE,**

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FOR RELIABLE PROVISIONS!

**LEIGHS,** OF BISHOP STREET  
STILL LEADS.

## SWISS VIEWS OF WAR HAPPENINGS.

BERNE, SWITZERLAND, NOV. 20.

A steel wall of silence encases Russia just the same as it does Germany, yet much of what is going on gets through to Switzerland in newspapers and otherwise.

Russian newspapers arriving congratulate the country on the failure of the German army to destroy their armies, yet in the same editions they tell of the terrible condition of the Russian army to-day following the great German summer drive. Regiments which originally numbered 4,000 men and have received in addition from 1,000 to 3,000 recruits now number only 1,000 to 2,000 effective men. Military experts say that in view of this, and also in view of the long line to defend, the idea in neutral countries that Russia has a huge army is wrong. Her army is really very small.

So much has been said about the efficiency of Germany that it is surprising to see German papers charging gross inefficiency in the matter of distributing food. The *Koelnische Zeitung* says:—

"It may be taken as axiomatic that in matters of supply our Government never takes a decisive step at the outset, never acts except under undue pressure and never learns except from its own failure."

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* criticises in the same vein, alleging a "complete breakdown of the German organisation" as regards national food supplies.

*Vorwaerts* declares that in Upper Silesia the miners are "intensely bitter because of the scarcity and costliness of food."

A Swiss traveller tells in a local paper of a visit to London. Everywhere are signs, "No business with Germans." "No German goods for sale." The Swiss bought a doll which was marked, "Made in England." He recognised from a sign that was branded into the doll's head that it originated in Hirschberg, in Silesia. In a toilet set the stamped words, "Made in Germany" had been covered over with a piece of linen bearing the legend, "Made in England."

In a petition from the Council of Trades Unions and the Executive of the Social Democratic Party to the German Imperial Chancellor, complaining of high prices and the inability therefore of the working class to buy food, comparison is made between pre-war prices and to-day's. Milk and its products, flesh in all its varieties and shapes, barley, oats, and other edible cereals, not to speak of the bread cereals, have risen beyond bounds, and there seems no prospect of any fall.

The petitions give a list of ordinary articles of food, thirty-four in number, some of which have risen 270 per cent. Onions, which cost 8 pf. a pound in 1913 are now 30 pf.; beans have risen from 18 to 54 pf.; fat bacon from 1 mark to 2 marks 40 pf., and so on throughout the list.

A new kind of bread is described by the *Neueste Nachrichten*, a Munich paper, as follows:—

"The Munich royal bakery has now placed on sale a new bread which should satisfy those who are hardest to please. It is composed of six pounds of unskinned plums or apples, half an ounce of carbonate of soda, three-quarters of a pound of haricot beans and one pound of sugar for every ten pounds of wheat."

German papers report from Brussels that the Governor-General has decreed that coins shall be minted in zinc in view of the scarcity of nickel coins. There will be no obligation to accept more than five francs' worth of these coins.

## ARBITRATION IN DENMARK.

"Denmark stands alone among European countries as having a limited compulsory arbitration law, recognising the principle of state interference in the settlement of labour disputes," says the Review, of the Federal Bureau of Labour Statistics.

The permanent arbitration court consists of twelve members, six associates and their alternates. Three associates and their alternates are elected annually by the Association of Danish Employers and Masters; the other three and their alternates are chosen by the Danish Federation of Labour, as long as these organizations represent the majority of employers and workmen on either side.

When they cease to do so, steps are to be taken for a change in the law. The associate justices select a president and vice-president, while the minister of the interior appoints the secretary.

The court may be cited by either of the above organizations in the cases following: When an employers' association acts in violation of an agreement with the labour organization; when by one or more members of an employer's association an act is committed which violates an agreement entered into by the association whereby the rights of the workmen's association or any of its members are infringed, or, conversely, when a labour organization or any of its members violate an agreement entered into with an employers' association; when a contract between a single firm and a labour organisation has been violated by either party; when an employers' association or any of its members give notice to a trade union or its members of an intended lock-out, and the trade union claims such lockout is a violation of contract; when the legality of a proposed strike is at issue, and when other disputes between an employers' organization and a workmen's organization or disputes between firms and individuals arise, provided the parties agree on such reference either in general cases or in the specific one at issue.

Fines may be imposed on any parties who violate the terms of a trade agreement, who refuse to comply with an arbitration award, or who refuse to refer a case to arbitration when such reference has been previously agreed upon.

The records and proceedings of the court conform to those of the other courts of the country. Witnesses may be summoned who are bound to appear and to testify under oath. The judgments of the court are enforceable like those of any other court.

Since the organisation of the court, in 1910, 136 cases have been decided by it. During the two years 1913 and 1914 twenty-four cases in each year were referred to the court. During these years thirty-one proceedings were begun by employers' associations or individual employers and seventeen by trade unions.

The question at issue in twenty cases turned upon the matter of strikes and lock-outs; interpretation of agreements or awards in seventeen cases; alleged boycotts, five; working conditions, two; wages, one; blacklisting or dismissal, one; employment of non-unionists and non-compliance with the award of the court, one.

**J. J. WALSH (OF Cork),**

26 BLESSINGTON ST. }  
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## Irish Citizen Army

Headquarters: LIBERTY HALL, DUBLIN.

COMMANDANT: CHIEF OF STAFF:  
JAMES CONNOLLY. M. MALLIN.

## CONSCRIPTION AND WOMEN WORKERS.

We hear a very great deal about Economic Conscription. Employers, in their patriotism, have decided to dismiss wholesale men of military age and replace them by— Mechanical toys? No! Logs of wood? No! By slaves? A better guess! By women? Right!

Now why are employers keen on women? Simply because they believe that women will be cheap and obedient! Dublin men are too well organised.

Their strikes trouble the masters a great deal. Why not seize the splendid chance of getting in for a few shillings weekly those good contented creatures who won't organise or strike?

A few women compositors imported from abroad could easily teach other women to compose by hand, and so enable employers to replace the men compositors by women at 15/- a week. Tentative nibblings in this direction have already been made by our zealous advocate of Irish manufactures!

Women workers own their popularity with the bosses to the fact that they are unorganised.

Do you think that if the women were better organised than the men are and more likely to give trouble that the employers would agree to take them?

Really, to read the Capitalist Press one would think that women were cabbages capable of being bought and sold and thrown here and there without their own consent! Katharine Tynan has a new "poem" out in which she slangs the men of Connaught for not going to Belgium to protect Irishwomen from insult! We do not remember to have ever heard this lady express any indignation about the state of the Dublin Streets! Nor when the Watching the Courts Committee brought to light the fact that Irish soldiers have been sentenced to six months or a year for assaulting little Dublin girls. Did Katharine Tynan write a single line to prevent such acts occurring again?

The truth is that women must protect themselves. A decent woman ought to kill herself rather than submit to a foreign invader. If she has not that much pluck; if she won't die to preserve her own honour, why should anyone else trouble about the matter? Women who plainly show that they will yield to the first comer if the men defenders fall are not worth saving at a cost of useful lives! If you want a thing done do it yourself. Buy a revolver and shoot at any man, Jew or German, South Irish Horse or Connaught Ranger, patriotic employer or bullying foreman, whoever he may be, who attempts to injure you. Keep your last bullet for yourself, and don't whine about men protecting you. If men wanted to protect you there would be no wars and no prostitution!

But no. Women are cabbages, the prey of the last comer, the obedient, unorganised workers!

Sex distinctions must go. Women must protect themselves. Sex distinctions are harmful alike to men and women. The man's job is not secured as long as the employers know he can be replaced cheaply by unorganised women.

Organised men cannot protect unorganised women at 6/- a week. If such wages are actually offered we shall believe that this is another method of complying with the circular issued in the 80's by Lord Roberts commanding the officers of British regiments in India to get

together a supply of attractive young girls for the soldiers' use. A service for which one of Katharine Tynan's poems has placed him as door-keeper in heaven.

Some trades have already been brought under the Act. Why? Because English Trade Unionists insisted upon this being done. Women of Ireland, will you leave your own battles for Englishmen to fight?

You say that you are poor, uneducated and inexperienced! You cannot fight. You must leave it to women of means and leisure. Your dear employers will take away your character if you come to Liberty Hall. But how are other women to know your wants? Do you desire to leave your affairs to the lady who wanted baths in Liberty Hall to encourage you to wash.

However, we are glad to say that several well-known and experienced Suffragists have kindly consented to undertake organising work in connection with the Union. They are women who showed us their sympathy two years ago.

They are prepared to carry out your orders. They will fight and speak for you. But you must do your work. Why not help women by buying at the "Co-op." this Christmas. We hope girls will buy their Club things from us.

The Employers are a bright lot. They planned to prevent their wretched wage slaves forming Unions, and lo! this attempt has brought trustworthy, educated, independent women out to carry on the fight.

Women must organise. They must ask for a minimum wage, and insist upon having it. They must ask for war bonuses. They must give the employers even more trouble than do the men. They must make a row about the Parliamentary Vote!

Where men have chastised with whips women must chastise with scorpions. Any girl who tries to be obedient and please her employer is hindering Irish Liberty and encouraging the militarist spirit. Remember that if the men go the employers must take on women or shut up shop. Let women determine to make their own terms, and let the bosses know it.

As the employers are so fond of conscription and compulsion, let them have it. Rub it in. Choke them with it. Compel them to pay decent wages.

There is no reason why a minimum living wage should not be obtained in every trade in Dublin.

That is the new policy of the Irish Women Workers' Union. This can be done by sending particulars of Sweating to Board of Trade, asking for the appointment of a Board. As the Act is there, and the Board is not unwilling to comply, there is no reason why we should not succeed.

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## SPECIAL NOTICE.

TRANSPORT UNION GOOSE CLUB.  
SELLERS of TICKETS are urged to  
RETURN BLOCKS to HALL as soon as possible.  
By ORDER,  
SECRETARY.

## THE AONACH.

The Great Irish Industrial Exhibition which has now been in progress since the 9th inst. will close to-night (Saturday 18th) at 10.30 o'clock and those who have not yet paid it a visit would be well rewarded by doing so during the short time that remains. The Aonach Committee, who have the use of the Concert Halls up to Wednesday night next, are arranging a great programme for next week. On Monday night there will be two dramatic performances, one in Irish and one in English, the former being Piarais Beaslaoi's excellent little play "Fear na Miliun Punt," and the latter Miss Lily M. O'Brennan's beautiful operetta "A May Eve in Stephen's Green," which deals with the statue of Clarence Mangan in Stephen's Green. In addition vocal and instrumental items will be contributed. On Tuesday night the Rev. Michael O'Flanagan, C.C., late of Cliffoey, Co. Sligo, will deliver a lecture entitled, "How to Feed the Irish," and will be followed by a programme of vocal and instrumental items. Father O'Flanagan, who is one of our greatest national orators, may be relied on to deal with his subject in an eloquent and trenchant manner, and as there is sure to be a huge attendance those wishing to be present should make it a point to secure their tickets in advance. They may be purchased at the Aonach up to closing time on Saturday night. All other particulars will be found in our advertising columns.

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The Workingman's Beverage.

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29 EDEN QUAY,

(Late Shipping Federation Office)

As a Co-operative Enterprise of The Transport Union, for our Members and the General Public.

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USUAL HOURS. CLEANLINESS A SPECIALITY.

## RAZORS CAREFULLY GROUND & SET.

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# NATIONALITY

Vol. 1. No. 27.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1915.

One Penny.

## Notes.

### How India is Governed.

The Hon. Cecil Atkinson has been appointed by the English Government a Judge of the High Court of India.

### How to Get Rid of Home Rule.

The numerous letters over the signatures of "Citizen," "Irishman," "Irish Nationalist," "Observer," and so forth which filled the columns of the Dublin daily Press recently were written, as most of our readers are aware, by the Recruiting Committee Letter-writing Brigade, presided over by Mr. Harold White, a Dublin Unionist journalist employed at a considerable salary for that purpose. Mr. White himself rioted in the columns of the "Independent" and its contemporaries as "Tholiarchus," and under that disguise urged that forms should be secretly supplied to persons to fill up with information about their neighbours of military age, and confidentially communicate it to the English Government in Ireland.

We refer to this matter merely to let those who are ignorant of how the Dublin daily Press rigs and is rigged get an introductory knowledge of the matter. The offices of the "Freeman's Journal," the "Independent," and the "Irish Times" supply the stuff that appears as from "our own correspondent" in English papers such as "The Westminster Gazette," the "Daily Sketch," "The Times," the "Sunday Chronicle," and then play the confidence trick on their readers by quoting in their own columns as the opinions of these English papers the matter composed and sent over to them from the three Dublin daily paper offices.

The Editor of the "Irish Times," Mr. Healy, is the correspondent of the London "Times" in this country. He is a capable journalist within the present acceptable English military age, and since the beginning of the present war he has kept firmly at home and spared no ink in writing leading articles appealing to Irish Nationalists to Fight for England, and describing them as cowards and slackers when they won't. Mr. Healy before the war wrote one hundred leading articles to prove that Irish Unionists would fight to the death to prevent any Act passed by the English Parliament to erect a legislature in Ireland coming into operation. He is now satisfied that such an Act will never become operative provided the Irish Volunteers are got out of the way.

In the London "Times" one day last week, under the heading of "The Enemies of Recruiting—An Irish Minority—Laisser Faire and its Consequences"—a special article was printed

under date of "Dublin, December 4," "From a Correspondent." As we have already said, Mr. Healy, the Editor of the "Irish Times," is the correspondent here of the London "Times." The introduction to this article deals in the familiar denunciation of Sinn Fein, the real objective is the Irish Volunteers, and the gentleman who boasts now in Dublin that Home Rule will be killed for ever when the Irish Volunteers are "got out of the way," most incautiously writes:—

"The 'Irish Volunteers' have armed themselves with the object of saving the Home Rule Act, or, in the alternative, of getting a better Act at the point of the rifle. This is the organization which, in Mr. Birrell's words, is now trying to obstruct recruiting and to foment disloyalty in Ireland. It holds that everything ought to be done to obstruct 'England's war' until England has kept faith definitely with the Irish people."

Mr. Healy has no apprehension of the National Volunteers. They, he explains, are loyal to Mr. Redmond, ergo they have not armed themselves with the object of saving Home Rule or making England keep faith. Now, what should be done with a body of Irishmen armed to force England to keep faith with Ireland? What should be done with a body of Volunteers armed to support Irish self-government, to the annoyance of another body of Volunteers armed to oppose Irish self-government? The Dublin correspondent of the "Irish Times" briskly explains. "The best Irish opinion"—i.e., the opinion of the Editor of the "Irish Times" and his Cabinet, which includes in its Dublin section Professor Mahaffy and Sir Horace Plunkett—recognises that there would be difficulty in using "heroic measures" against the Irish Volunteers, for these wicked people have arms and ammunition and are "partly drilled"—but there are two measures calculated to weaken the Volunteers which the Dublin correspondent of the "Irish Times" suggests. The first is to suppress all national journals, and the second to dismiss from Government employment any member of this Volunteer force which "has armed itself with the object of saving the Home Rule Act."

In this War for the Protection of Small Nationalities waged by free-ruling England and liberty-loving Russia, the dramatist has material for a thousand comedies. But that playwright who dramatises this intrigue of the Unionists in Ireland to get rid of the only opposition to their complete victory now left by utilising the Defence of the Realm Act against their political opponents, will leave us a comedy of English rule in Ireland in which the Editor of the "Irish Times" and Dublin Correspondent of the London "Times"—two

single gentlemen rolled into one—will play the leading part.

### A Priest and the English Treasury.

The Rev. Dr. O'Doherty of the Pro-Cathedral, Dublin, appeared as a recruiting-sergeant for the English army at Bray last week in company "with his old friend" Lieutenant O'Leary, whom he had met for the first time a few days before in a Dublin hotel. Dr. O'Doherty had something to say about Sinn Feiners, who he said knew him or rather knew of him. They do. They know him as the son of one Dublin Castle official and the brother of another in whose "promotion" he has for some time past been ardently interested, and they welcome the Rev. Dr. O'Doherty's public appearance in his fitting character. Another clergyman of the diocese of Dublin—the Rev. Father Farrell, C.C., Westland Row, has delighted the *Daily Express* with a letter addressed by him to a Housing meeting, in which the reverend gentleman wrote:—

"You ask an expression on the objects of your meeting in case of being unable to attend in person. Well, I hope that your meeting may have some practical result, and that it is not merely called to attack the British Treasury because it does not provide financial aid just now for the Housing of the poor of Dublin."

"Times are not normal, and local needs must yield to the gigantic drains on the Treasury in this life and death struggle with Germany. May I say, although it may not please you all, that if a message went out from your meeting to every Irishman to give a hand to England to smash Prussia, that eventually the Slums of Dublin would be the gainer. Should Germany win, which God forbid, the slum barometer of Dublin is more likely to rise than to fall."

Father Farrell's impression that the slums of Dublin have been caused by Germany is a proof that the Age of Innocence has not passed in Westland Row. As a prophet he is a failure. There is no slum barometer where the flag of Germany flies, for in Germany there are no slums. However, the poor of Westland Row parish who have the privilege of contributing to the support of Father Farrell will be touched by his concern for the English Treasury—that institution which has swallowed up the Quit Rents of Ireland and made, in conjunction with the legislation of the English Parliament, the Dublin slums.

The Quit Rents of Ireland were devoted in the latter years of the Irish Parliament to the Improvement of Dublin. At the period of the Act of Union it was agreed that they should so continue to be devoted. Some years later the English Treasury seized upon them, and as a result London has been much improved, and four noble British Lions guard Trafalgar Square. The Quit Rents of Ireland paid for



them—they paid for the widening of London streets, for the embellishing of London parks, for the upkeep of respectable London officials, and for the ornamentation of London spaces. Up to the time of going to press the capital and interest of the Quit Rents of Ireland plundered by the English Treasury figures out at about three and a half millions sterling.

#### How the English Treasury answered the Dublin Corporation.

Fifty years ago the Corporation of Dublin met and protested against this plunder. Unionist and Nationalist, Catholic and Protestant, its members agreed that Dublin was robbed and Dublin's fine streets were being infected with slumery because of the "diversion"—delicate word—of our Quit Rents to London. The city architects and engineers showed that with a portion of the "diverted" Quit Rents two broad and noble avenues could be constructed right across Dublin from North to South and East to West, rendering Dublin one of the handsomest and healthiest cities of the world and cutting clean away the unhealthy and squalid districts of the city, providing their denizens instead with noble house-room. Filled with an innocence akin to that of Father Farrell, the Dublin Corporation put on its robes and went to the English Treasury with its scheme. "Here," it said to the Treasury, "we have an excellent plan for ridding Dublin of slumdom. Please give us back our money, which by some oversight you took and used to buy lions for Trafalgar Square and other ornaments with." Whereupon the English Treasury adjusted its right thumb to the left side of its nose and slowly extended its four fingers to the distant horizon, which the Dublin Corporation interpreting as a firm and courteous refusal, responded to by saying, "Well, at least, let us receive our own Quit Rents in future." At which the English Treasury wagged its fingers with a solemn and impressive wag three times, and the Corporation, having thanked it for its reception, withdrew, and has since been held up by English Governments, English Viceroys, and other English philanthropists, including English Tourists, English Labour Leaders, English Journalists, and the realm of English Humbug generally to the contempt of enlightened humanity for the slums it has been the cause of in Dublin. It is cited in the Book of West Britain as the shining example (in *re* the slums) of how Ireland would be governed if the Irish governed it instead of the English Treasury.

A generous tear gathered in that Treasury's eye, we are sure, when it read Father Farrell's friendly and respectful references to it. The "Daily Express," in an appreciation of the pro-English Treasury and Anti-German priest, went to the verge of breaking the rule of the "Express" office, which forbids a Catholic clergyman to be described in its editorial columns as "Father" anything. But it just saves its honour. "The Rev. Mr. Farrell's letter," it declares, "must have come like a cold douche" to those who denounce the Treasury. The "Rev. Mr. Farrell" not only writes "sane" letters, he writes "common-sense," nay he writes "Truth" and "Patriotism."

We are sure "the Rev. Mr. Farrell" is not overwhelmed. He knows he is only being done bare justice to. But the Editor of the "Daily Express" evidently thought on reading over the article that his readers, who are drawn from that class of the community which as its daily devotion objugates the Scarlet Woman, might begin to scent a Jesuit in Disguise behind this leader commending a Romish priest; so to reassure them he spun from the fine web of his imagination a subleader on the amusing superstition of the Paraguayans and placed it as the antidote directly beneath the leader extolling Father Farrell for his championship of England and her Treasury against the Hun and the Dublin Housers. It appears that according to this "parable" of the Paraguayan Papists, "a man stole a horse and cart. After a while he was stricken with remorse, and the cart being nearly worn out, he returned it to its rightful owner. But the horse, having several years' good work in him was kept, and the thief having salved his conscience by restoring the cart, he used the horse—which he loved next to himself—to ride into a neighbouring town and get absolution for stealing a cart." We hope this pleasant tale amused Father Farrell.

#### The Return of Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington.

Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington has sailed from New York on the *St. Louis*, and will reach Liverpool on December 18th. He has concluded a successful lecture tour in the Eastern States. A few weeks before his return he was approached, we are informed, by a British Secret Service Agency and told that if he would drop his anti-British and anti-war references for the remainder of his stay, there would be "no trouble" on his return, otherwise that the authorities would not allow him to land. The proposed "deal" did not come off. Sir Mathew Nathan has threatened to enforce the Cat and Mouse Act should Mr. Skeffington return "before the war is over." Under this imported Coercion Act he could be arrested on landing and imprisoned without trial.

#### "Philosophical Development among the Irish."

For some years past A. Newman has been engaged upon a book with the above title. The book is now finished, and in the hands of his publishers, David Nutt. The title itself suggests a claim which, intellectually considered, is perhaps the most important that could be made for Ireland. Before the book itself appears, Mr. Newman is giving a portion of the fruits of his research to the world in the forthcoming issue of the *Scottish Review*, under the title of "The Doctrine of Rest in Irish Mythology." Many classical writers have admitted the existence, independent of Greece, of the cruder doctrines of Greek Philosophy in Ireland, such as the *Anima Mundi* and Metempsychosis. But Mr. Newman is the first to claim that, contemporary probably with Plato, the most famous doctrines of the great philosopher were independently developed and elaborately set forth by the Druids in Ireland. "The International Review" of America

announces that Mr. Newman's discoveries regarding Plato's *Theory of Ideas*, as expressed by the Druids, will appear in its columns in the near future under the title of "Platonism in Irish Mythology."

In case some of our readers desire to study these articles for themselves, we may state that the *Scottish Review* is published at 74 George Street, Edinburgh, and that the *International* is published at 1123 Broadway, New York.

#### Misprints.

The "Koelnische Volkszeitung," which suggested that Germany should restore Belgium complete freedom provided England restored Ireland her independence, was misprinted "Koelnische Volkszeburg" in our leading article last week; "a fierce load of German tradition" in the same article should read "a fierce load of German taxation," and "Grattan's defence" "Grattan's defiance."

#### The Fight for Religion.

The concern of the "Irish Times" for "Priests and Nuns" under the German flag has been highly commendable. It has urged Irishmen to join the English Army to "protect" nuns. But our truly chivalrous contemporary has omitted from its columns the following news paragraph which appears in other newspapers—the mild admission of a portion of the truth—we quote from the "Independent" of Saturday:—

"We have 15 priests in prison in New South Wales guilty of no crime beyond that they were born of a certain nation," said the Most Rev. Dr. Kelly, Archbishop of Sydney. His Grace asked for the priests interned in New South Wales the concession granted to French priests taken prisoners by the Germans—permission to go out on parole. One Brother had died in the Liverpool camp and the two priests who went to read the burial service were sent to Liverpool. A nun of another country, who had been seven years in Ireland, was returning to Sydney and got an authorisation from Sir George Reid. Yet when passing Colombo she was taken from her companions and interned among a lot of prisoners. The Minister of External Affairs got her sent on to Sydney, and then she was told she had not got an order to land."

If the Germans had done a tithe of this the leading columns of the "Irish Times," the "Independent," and the "Freeman's Journal" would have roared. Since these things are done by the English Government the dogs are dumb.

#### The Gospels in Irish.

The Gospels of SS. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John done into Irish by Canon O'Leary and Father Gerald O'Nolan, and published by the Irish Book Company, 6 D'olier Street, Dublin, besides their value to those who already read Irish, possess a great value for those who desire to learn to read it. We recommend the latter to procure these Gospels, and comparing them with the English version chapter by chapter, they will find their power of reading Irish rapidly increase.



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

PILLAR PICTURE HOUSE.

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PHIBSBORO'.—The House at Blauquiere Bridge.

THE VOLTA, MARY STREET.

### The Burst of the New Vicar of Bray.

It would be well that the public should understand that the motives of the Rev. Dr. Doherty's extraordinary outburst in Bray may well be those of the notorious Vicar of Bray. There may also be other reasons, but, like the old Vicar of Bray, Dr. Doherty is a place-hunter, with this difference, that the new high-minded Vicar hunts for his brothers.

Like all place-hunters he is a slave of his masters. Driven by the whip of Nugent, he acted as Secretary to the College Green "Convention," although he resides outside the Division and had no right whatever to be present. A conscientious clergyman would not have lent himself to be a tool of a rigged "convention." But Dr. Doherty is not a free agent, for he is under obligations to the friend of Viviani, as also to others, for many past, and perhaps prospective, services.

He has now become the slave of Dublin Castle. The reader of Thom's Directory will find on page 868 the name of one of Dr. Doherty's brothers, as senior of the second-class messengers in the Chief Secretary's office. Dr. Doherty would like to see him become a first-class messenger, and accordingly seeks to ingratiate himself with Dublin Castle. The time was when Castle favour was won by Tuberculosis speeches. The new price is Irish blood. But even thought the price be Irish blood, Dr. Doherty is prepared to have it shed, and has become a recruiting sergeant. As he dare not face his own parishioners, he goes, very appropriately, to Bray.

We can well understand the indignation of his fellow-priests, who repudiate him as their representative in any cause. We sympathise especially with the authorities of the Cathedral who refused last Easter Sunday to allow their hallowed temple to be desecrated by a military parade service. Above all we grieve at the callous outrage inflicted on the great-souled coarb of St. Laurence, stricken thus in soul, while stricken low with illness—and stricken by one of his own Cathedral priests, drunk with the lust of blood.

What right has this curate, ranting on "the collar" and "the cloth," to speak for the Church? Who placed him over the flock of Loican "to ask them TO BE TRUE TO THEIR CHURCH . . . to come forward like men to put on the Khaki and go out and KILL THE SAVAGE HUN"?

To me, an Irish Catholic, it seems a mockery for such a preacher of diabolical hatred to invoke daily the blessing of that peace that breathes throughout the sublime Canon of the Mass.

When did this recruiting sergeant become a bishop? If it is the duty of a Catholic to put on khaki, why has not our Archbishop told us to put it on? Why has not Cardinal Logue told us to put it on? Why has not the Pope told us to do so? Is it possible that Archbishop, Cardinal and Pope are so ignorant or neglectful of their duty that this inflated

Doctor of Divinity must remind them of it—nay, must teach them in public?

Either Pope, Cardinal and Archbishop are untrue to their Church, or the new Vicar of Bray is a charlatan. It is true our Archbishop has been silent, significantly silent, on recruiting. Is he untrue to his Church? We do not see flaring posters in red and blue telling us what the Archbishop of Dublin says. Why? We miss him from recruiting meetings; his letters of apology are not published. Why? Is it only this new Vicar of Bray, intoxicated with the society of Mike O'Leary, that has no eyes to see, no ears to hear?

Why are there no recruiting posters around the Pro-Cathedral, as about Protestant Churches? Why did the papers of Holy Saturday announce in their recruiting column that "the programme for Sunday has been slightly altered"? Does the new Vicar of Bray not know? He was then attached to the Cathedral. Are the Cathedral authorities also untrue to their Church?

Enough! Dublin, to-day more than ever, looks to its Archbishop for guidance. He, almost alone among our leaders, stands in 1915 where he stood in 1885. To-day finds him, as thirty years ago, the faithful champion of independent opposition in politics, the fearless and unvanquished champion of Catholic Truth. To him Dublin Catholics turn for the teaching of the Church, and not to the silly vapourings of unsteady chameleons like Lieut. Kettle and Dr. Doherty.

AN IRISH CATHOLIC.

### PADDY ATKINS.

(Adopted from Kipling—without permission.)

Oh, we slaughtered and we hunted them

To Connaught or to Hell;

Their babes we spiked, their boys and girls

To Planters we did sell.

We hanged their priests; we banned their schools;

We ground their very face.

We did "our bit" to wipe from earth

The hated Irish race.

'Twas Paddy here, and Paddy there,

And "Papish dogs, away!"

But its "Come and join us, Paddy,

When the band begins to play.

When the band begins to play, my boy,

the band begins to play.

O Paddy comes in useful when the band begins to play!

In later days we did not change,

The self-same game we played:

We sent them off in coffin ships,

Brought Famine to our aid.

We killed their industries, we did;

We made them starve or fly;

And if they asked for work, we said—

"No Irish need apply."

'Twas Paddy here, and Paddy there,

And "Dirty Irish swine!"

But its "Paddy, come, you're wanted,"

When we form the firing line.

When we form the firing line, my boys,

we form the firing line,

You'll do to stop the bullets when we form the firing line.

We chuckled and we cried with glee—

"The Celt is going fast!"

But times are changed and we have found

A use for him at last:

We've bitten off a bit too much,

Our lads don't like the game;

So Pat can do our fighting, while

Old England gets the fame.

Its Paddy here, and Paddy there,

And Paddy "form" and "dress!"

But its "gallant English soldiers,"

When the papers go to press.

When the papers go to press, my boys,

when the papers go to press,

Oh, we never mention Paddy when the papers go to press.

We've closed the ocean now to Pat,

There's one place he must go—

Right across the way to Flanders

For to fight our German foe;

And we put him in the fore-front

Just to draw the Turkish shells:

We got rid of lots of Paddies

At the Bloody Dardanelles.

Its Paddy here, and Paddy there,

And "Skulking coward," we cry;

We won't even ask you nicely,

But we'll make you come and die.

Yes, you've got to come and die,

For our lads are very shy,

And the Empire's going dicky,

So you'll have to come and die.

\* \* \* \*

It's Paddy here, and Paddy there, and—

anything you please,

If Paddy's not a blinded fool, I fancy  
Paddy sees. H. P.

### Conference of Belfast Gaels.

At its meeting on the 7th inst. the Belfast Coisde Ceanntair of the Gaelic League decided to summon a conference of Belfast Gaels to be held in the Gaelic League headquarters, An Chraobh Ruadh, 9 College Square North, at 7-30 p.m. on Sunday, December 19. The Conference will discuss and report to the Coisde Ceanntair on the most desirable and effective means of propagating the teaching of Irish History and the propaganda of Gaelic ideals amongst the general public, particularly amongst people who are not connected with the Gaelic League. Invitations to the Conference are being sent to the Gaelic League branches, branch officers and delegates, secretaries, and prominent Gaels. It is desired that proposals and motions for the agenda of the Conference should reach the Secretary of the Coisde Ceanntair not later than Friday, 17th inst.



**AONACH NA NODLAG.**

LAST THREE DAYS of this Great . . .

**Annual Exhibition of Irish Goods***Exhibition Rooms, Rotunda,***Closing on Saturday Night, the 18th inst., at 10-30 p.m.****HELP IRELAND in her Industrial Progress****by patronising this Exhibition.****IRISH ART and IRISH MUSIC.****:: Admission, Threepence.**

GAELS! SUPPORT THE GAEL!

m. O'neill,

HCMESTEAD DAIRY, DONNYBROOK.

BRANCHES—52 Denzille Street,

135 Brunswick Street, and 2 Deane Street.

Pure New Milk, Finest Cream Butter, New Laid Eggs.

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12 D'OLIER STREET, DUBLIN.**SUBSCRIPTION.**—*Nationality* will be posted free to ANY ADDRESS for one year at a cost of 6/6; for the half-year, 3/3; for the quarter, 1/8.Cheques and Postals should be crossed and made payable to the Manager, *Nationality*.**THE WALL OF BRASS.**

The violation of Greek neutrality by England and France has compelled admission of the truth why England declared war upon Germany. "Our traditional policy," said the *London Times* last Saturday, "is that no Great Power shall hold the coasts and ports of the Low Countries opposite our own." In this traditional policy—which also has involved in the seventeenth, the eighteenth, and the nineteenth centuries a coalition of European States, under the hegemony of England, against any European Great Power—Spain, Holland, France, Germany—which evolves a considerable fleet and menaces English domination of the seas. Belgium was sacrificed to Holland in 1814 and driven into a disastrous war exactly a century later. There are other facets of the traditional policy. To encircle and starve out the enemy has been always a method. It was feebly attempted against Holland and the France of Louis XIV. It was vigorously attempted against the France of XIV. It was vigorously attempted against the France of Napoleon. This war has gone wrong from the English standpoint, because the planned starvation of Germany has failed.

Cut off from the trade-routes by sea and land, Germany has supplied herself from within, and thus the money which, had these routes remained open, would have flowed out to purchase supplies and munitions, has been largely kept at home, and renders in the crisis a double power. The War Loan that Germany raises to-day returns to Germany—80 per cent. of it—to-morrow through the channels of internal commerce. Thus the attempt to starve out Germany has benefited that country more than if the seas had been left open to her trade. It is an object lesson in true economics—National economics—it is the triumph of the National over the Cosmopolitan theory in the region of Materialism. It is the triumph of Frederick List's teaching over the teaching of Adam Smith, to whose fallacies it was partly due that England drove her yeomen out, and is

wholly due that England is unable to feed herself or supply herself with many of the prime necessities of her present situation except from overseas. Nothing, it was taught and preached by England for a century, mattered except buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market. To that slogan of Free Trade she ruined her own agriculturists and famished Ireland. She grew wealthier year by year in scrip and bond, but in the true wealth of a nation—the ability to sustain herself from within herself—she became poorer than any of the Great Powers. She built a wall around Germany to destroy Germany, and Germany has been strengthened. All the world knows it now that if Germany had built such a wall around England, England could not have lived three months.

Here are great lessons for Ireland—for Ireland's enemies, too, if but their teaching towards salvation does not concern us. One hundred and thirty-three years ago England hunted out of this country a journalist whose exhortations to his countrymen against her incensed and endangered her policy. The journalist went to the United States of America, where he begot a son and educated him in eternal distrust of England.

Some forty years afterwards England caused a German to be hunted out of his own country, because the German had dreamt of uniting the divided and impotent States of Germany into a National Union. The German also went to the United States of America, and there a thing happened that has influenced the history of the world, and whose influence is at work in every shot fired on the battlefields of Europe to-day—the fugitive German met the fugitive Irishman, and learned from him and from his son the Recipe for National Greatness.

The fugitive Irishman was Matthew Carey—the fugitive German was Frederick List. Carey's son Henry became America's great economic teacher, and held her secure against England's Free Trade assault on her economic independence. From the Careys List learned the fundamental truth he was seeking, and he returned to Germany to preach the National Theory of Political Economy. Out of his preaching the German Commercial Bund materialised; out of the Commercial Bund Bismarck made Germany the front military power in Europe. Out of it his successors made her the second Commercial Power in the world, and gaining so rapidly upon England, the first Commercial Power, that if, inspired by zeal for Christianity, Civilisation and Small Nationalities, England had not induced Russia, Japan, France, Italy, Serbia, Belgium, and Montenegro to join with her in arms against Germany, Germany bade fair in another ten years to have beaten England in the war of commerce and taken her place as the First Commercial Power of the World.

Now this theory of Carey's and of List's—that a nation must evolve the capacity and maintain the capacity of supporting itself from within itself is commonsense, and all theories of political economy which promise a nation security and stability through skill in barter are nonsense—but profitable nonsense for a time to thousands of wealthy capitalists—such as the men who gave England for a period



the power to push its wares from China to Peru, and undersell all competitors. Ireland has lost her once large manufacturing industry. She lost it by a series of laws begun under Edward I. of England, and continued under all his successors. The English statesman, as Lord Chief Justice Bushe said, is the creature of the English merchant, and the English merchant commands the destruction of the Irish competitor. Ireland flung back upon the land next promised to become the granary of Western Europe, and England, abolishing the Corn Laws of the Irish Parliament, turned our country into a cattle-ranch.

Berkeley, who, with Swift, was the truest Irish economist of the eighteenth century, asked whether if Ireland were surrounded by a wall of brass, cut off from all intercourse with the other parts of the world, would she not be capable of supporting her people?

The answer has been given many times—by the Englishman Young, by the Frenchman De Beaumont, and by a score of other foreigners. Not only could Ireland, cut off from the world, supply her people permanently with all the necessities of life, but with most of the luxuries. Not only could she sustain such a population as she at present possesses; she could sustain a population increased to sixfold its present numbers.

She no longer raises bread for her people—she has been condemned to raise cattle for England's markets, where England fixes the price, and for which England now pays in paper. Nevertheless there is still raised in food of all kinds annually from the soil of Ireland the sustenance of seven millions of people. No blockade, no building of a brazen wall could starve her. She is condemned to poverty by another, but she rests on no rotten economic foundation. The real strength of a nation is still hers. She can feed her people.

It is not enough—but it is the fundamental of a nation's strength, as Germany has demonstrated to the dunest. Ireland has food for her people, but she has the other elements of a great material future—she has abundant fuel in peat and coal, she has water power, she has copper, and she has iron—the best iron in Europe, no longer worked, for when England had burned our trees and replanted none—for the only tree England has nourished in Ireland is the gallows-trees, she smelted our confiscated iron, and her own inferior iron was by aid of her Treasury developed. The Irish mines were closed down to await resurrection that, after all, will not be the resurrection of the day of judgment.

This week in Dublin the Aonach is in being. It is the annual effort of Irish Nationalism to help the redevelopment of the Irish manufacturing arm. "Develop your agricultural arm," said List to his countrymen seventy years ago—"it will secure your safety." "But develop concurrently your manufacturing arm—for it will secure your greatness." And out of this teaching has grown the Germany we see to-day.

There are natural slaves as well as born knaves in every country. Our natural slaves are the people who believe that God made Ireland and the Irish to be governed by and for another people, and who bleat that if John did not rob us Hans would, *ergo* let us praise John and be thankful.

## The Poet as a Prophet.

### How Thomas Moore went Bald-headed for the Cattle-fish.

Thomas Moore, the poet, was quite a young man when, about ten years after the suspension of the Irish Constitution by the so-called Act of Union, he settled down to live in England. In England he became, says an English biographer, "a hanger-on for Government mercies." "It would have been better for Mr. Moore," wrote Lord John Russell, "if he had not yielded so much to the attractions of society, however dazzling and however tempting." He "lived as a man of fashion, dining, dancing, and singing, with the great and noble of the land, and only with them." The society to which Moore yielded was English society. This part of his life seems to accord badly with his fervent poetical expressions of Irish national sentiment. But let us not judge him too harshly. We shall perhaps think better of Moore if we compare the effects of the full force of English social surroundings on him with the effects of a much smaller degree of English companionship on men of our time who claim to be more Irish than Moore was, to be Irish in something more than sentiment, to be leaders of Ireland's ancient endeavour after national liberty.

In the midst of the gay whirl of English society, of the splendour of English wealth and nobility and power, Moore was not blinded and deceived. He saw clearly through the hypocrisy, the veil of self-righteousness, that represented England's political aims as being always disinterested and highly virtuous. He could not be brought to believe, much less to say, that England was the champion of liberty and nationality for other countries. He exposed that hollow pretence over and over again, and the words in which he exposed it are worth reprinting, for they appear in our times to be prophetic.

In his poem on "Corruption," Moore tells how

"Tories marred what Whigs had scarce begun,

While Whigs undid what Whigs themselves had done,"

and he adds to these lines a note on Whigs and Tories—"Those two thieves (says Ralph) between whom the nation was crucified." How applicable to our own time and to the recent Home Rule legislation!

Moore had a clear grasp of the dominant features of English politics. He understood that one of these features was the mighty struggle of feudalism to maintain the grip that it had gained in the Middle Ages over the economic life of England. He saw that feudalism was an enemy of liberty. It set up a moral claim in its own defence by pretending to be a necessary principle of public order. It claimed also to identify itself with the principle of property, though property existed before feudalism and exists where feudalism has been overthrown. By means of these pretences, feudalism appealed to the support of churchmen and statesmen, and the appeal was successful to no small degree. In England, the Established Church and the statesmen of both parties were firm adherents of modern feudalism. In

Moore's time, feudalism was very much stronger in England than it is now, and it is still very strong, for England is in this respect one of the most reactionary of what are called civilised countries. The hardest blow yet struck against English feudalism has been struck by the Irish Land League, for the feudalism that dominated Ireland, and still partly dominates Ireland, was but a wing of English feudalism. Yet Moore seemed to imagine that in England only remnants of the feudal system survived, kept up by corruption, and he says:

Hence all the ills you suffer. Hence remain  
Such galling fragments of the feudal chain,  
Whose links, around you by the Norman  
flung,

Tho' loosed and broke so often, still have  
clung.

Hence sly Prerogative, like Jove of old,  
Has turned his thunder into showers of gold,  
Whose silent courtship wins securer joys,  
Taints by degrees, and ruins without noise;  
While Parliaments, no more those sacred  
things

Which make and rule the destiny of kings,  
Like loaded dice by Ministers are thrown,  
And each new set of sharpers cog their own.  
Hence the rich oil that from the Treasury  
steals

And drips o'er all the Constitution's wheels,  
Giving the old machine such pliant play,  
The Court and Commons jog one joltless  
way;

While Wisdom trembles for the crazy car,  
So gilt, so rotten, carrying fools so far!  
And the duped people, hourly doomed to pay  
The sums that bribe their liberties away,  
Like a young eagle who has lent his plume  
To fledge the shaft by which he meets his  
doom,

See their own feathers plucked to wing the  
dart

Which rank Corruption destines for their  
heart.

And all this has been so much developed and so much better organised since Moore's time that his words seem wonderfully prophetic. Nowadays, we hardly ever hear of Prerogative in politics. What Moore calls Prerogative, we call Government patronage. It works well in England, but to still greater effect in Ireland. Almost the entire taxation levied by the English Government in Ireland is used to secure the ends that were formerly secured by open tyranny. In governing Ireland against her will, the later British Statesmanship uses ten Irishmen for every Englishman, acquiring their services not by terror but by payment; and the money with which they are paid is all Irish money. This is what Moore plainly calls Corruption. Can it be called by any truer name? Yet the Government of Ireland is paraded before the world as a decent Government. As for the management of Parliaments by Ministers, the loading of the Constitutional dice, we have only to reflect that the majority of Ministers and ex-Ministers who fill the front benches of the British House of Commons belong to one party, the party of privilege, and manage the other benches as they please. Moore pours scorn on the Imperial Parliament: Yet say, could even a prostrate tribune's power



Or a mock senate, in Rome's servile hour,  
 Insult so much the rights, the claims of man  
 As doth that fetter'd mob, that free divan  
 Of noble tools and honourable knaves,  
 Of pensioned patriots and privileged slaves?  
 That party-coloured mass, which nought can  
 warm  
 But quick Corruption's heat—whose ready  
 swarm  
 Spread their light wings in Bribery's golden  
 sky,  
 Buzz for a period, lay their eggs, and die!  
 That greedy vampire, which from Freedom's  
 tomb  
 Comes forth with all the mimicry of bloom  
 Upon its lifeless cheek, and sucks and drains  
 A people's blood to feed its putrid veins.  
 In Moore's time and before it, the number of  
 paid and pensioned servants of the Government  
 was regarded by all reformers as the chief  
 menace to public liberty. Does it ever occur  
 to upholders of public liberty now to inquire  
 what number of people, especially since Lloyd  
 George's legislation came in, have become de-  
 pendants on the Government, and how far it is  
 safe, except for the interests of the Govern-  
 ment, that such an army of dependents should  
 exercise the same franchises as any independent  
 elector?

Moore was disgusted with the Whig habit of  
 moralising. He had not made the acquaintance  
 of modern Liberalism, and so his satire, con-  
 sidered as prophecy, reads somewhat feeble:

No bolder truths of sacred Freedom hung  
 From Sidney's pen or burned on Fox's tongue  
 Than upstart Whigs produce each market  
 night,  
 While yet their conscience, as their purse, is  
 light.

Fox was still a hero of "sacred Freedom" a  
 century ago. Time has disclosed that, in his  
 dealings with Grattan and the Irish Parlia-  
 ment, Fox was as smug a hypocrite as any  
 other Whig could be. One celebrated couplet  
 of Moore's likewise falls short of the fulness of  
 prophecy:

But bees on flowers alighting cease to hum;  
 So, settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb.  
 This unfortunately is no longer true. The  
 salaried Whig of our time and country is less  
 like a bee than he is like a pig, which makes  
 most noise when it most enjoys its feed. The  
 poet fondly imagined that the corruption of  
 England was a sort of vengeance for the wrongs  
 of Ireland. He was not prophet enough to  
 foresee such institutions as the Forty-five  
 Government Boards of Ireland, the Royal  
 Irish Constabulary, etc.

But oh! poor Ireland, if revenge be sweet  
 For centuries of wrong, for dark deceit  
 And withering insult, for the Union, thrown  
 Into thy bitter cup when that alone  
 Of slavery's draught was wanting—if for this  
 Revenge be sweet, thou hast that demon's  
 bliss;  
 For oh! 'tis more than hell's revenge to see. . .  
 Those hacked and tainted tools, so foully fit  
 For the grand artisan of mischief, Pitt,  
 So useless ever but in vile employ,  
 So weak to save, so vigorous to destroy:  
 Such are the men that guard thy threatened  
 shore—

Oh! England, sinking England, boast no  
 more.

The lines which follow are more nearly pro-  
 phetic:

And thou, my friend, if in these headlong  
 days

When Bigot Zeal her drunken antics plays  
 So near a precipice that men the while  
 Look breathless on and shudder while they  
 smile—

If in such fearful days thou 'lt dare to look  
 To hapless Ireland, to this rankling nook  
 Which Heaven has freed from poisonous  
 things in vain

While G——'s tongue and M——'s pen re-  
 main—

If thou hast yet no golden blinkers got

To shade thine eyes from this devoted spot  
 (consider what a bright spot Ireland must be,  
 when it needs golden blinkers to keep the glare  
 of her wrongs from dazzling the eyes of the  
 paid)

Whose wrongs, tho' blazon'd o'er the world  
 they be,

Placemen alone are privileged not to see—  
 Oh! turn awhile, and while the shamrock  
 wreathes

My homely harp, yet shall the song it  
 breathes

Of Ireland's slavery and of Ireland's woes  
 Live, when the memory of her tyrant foes  
 Shall but exist, all future knaves to warn,  
 Embalmed in hate and canonised by scorn;  
 When Castlereagh, in sleep still more pro-  
 found

Than his own opiate tongue now deals  
 around,

Shall wait the impeachment of that awful  
 Day

Which even his practised hand can't bribe  
 away!

And oh! my friend, were thou but near me now  
 To see the Spring diffuse o'er Erin's brow  
 (these lines were evidently written during a visit  
 to Ireland)

Smiles that shine out unconquerably fair  
 Even through the bloodmarks left by Camden  
 there!

Couldst thou but see what verdure paints the  
 sod

Which none but tyrants and their slaves have  
 trod,

And didst thou know the spirit, kind and  
 brave,

That warms the soul of each insulted slave  
 Who, tired with struggling, sinks beneath his  
 lot

And seems by all but watchful France for-  
 got—

Thy heart would burn—yea even thy Pittite  
 heart

Would burn to think that such a blooming  
 part

Of the world's garden, rich in nature's  
 charms

And filled with social souls and vigorous  
 arms,

Should be the victim of that canting crew,  
 So smooth, so godly, yet so devilish too.

The last-quoted lines will not miss their  
 mark in our own day. What follows will  
 appear to show that Tom Moore, if he were still  
 alive, would be a "pro-German":

But 'tis not only individual minds  
 That habit tinctures or that interest blinds.

Whole nations, fooled by falsehood, fear, or  
 pride,

Their ostrich heads in self-illusion hide.

Thus England, hot from Denmark's smoking  
 meads,

Turns up her eyes at Gallia's guilty deeds;

Thus, selfish still, the same dishonouring  
 chain

She binds in Ireland, she would loose in  
 Spain;

While, praised at distance but at home for-  
 bid,

Rebels in Cork are patriots at Madrid.

Oh! trust me, Self can cloud the brightest  
 cause

Or gild the worst. And then, for nation's  
 laws,

Go, good civilian, shut thy useless book,  
 In force alone for laws of nations look.

Let shipless Danes and whining Yankees  
 dwell

On naval rights, with Grotius and Vattel,

While Cobbett's pirate code alone appears

Sound moral sense to England and Algiers.

To these verses, Moore adds the following  
 note: "With most of this writer's (Cobbett's)  
 latter politics I confess I feel a hearty concur-  
 rence, and perhaps, *if I were an Englishman*,  
 my pride might lead me to acquiesce in that  
 system of lawless unlimited sovereignty which  
 he claims so boldly for his country at sea; but  
 viewing the question somewhat more dis-  
 interestedly, and as a friend to the common  
 rights of mankind, I cannot help thinking that  
 the doctrines which he has maintained upon the  
 Copenhagen expedition and the differences with  
 America could establish a species of maritime  
 tyranny as discreditable to the character of  
 England as it would be galling and unjust to  
 the other nations of the world." Cobbett was  
 a pioneer of Liberalism.

Moore pursues this subject in his poem  
 entitled "The Holy Alliance":

Everywhere gallant hearts and spirits true  
 Are served up victims to the vile and few,  
 While England, everywhere the general foe  
 Of truth and freedom, wheresoe'er they glow,  
 Is first, when tyrants strike, to aid the blow.

"Oh! England," he continues—

Hear maledictions ring from every side  
 Upon that grasping power, that selfish pride  
 Which vaunts its own and scorns all rights  
 beside;

That low and desperate envy which, to blast  
 A neighbour's blessings, risks the few thou  
 hast;

That monster, Self, too gross to be concealed,  
 Which ever lurks behind thy proffered shield;  
 That faithless craft which, in thy hour of  
 need,

Can court the slave, can swear he shall be  
 freed,

Yet basely spurns him, when thy point is  
 gained,

Back to his masters, ready gagged and  
 chained.

The poet looks to the future for a remedy:

When will the world shake off such yokes?

Oh! when

Will that redeeming day shine out on men

That shall behold them rise, erect and free,

As Heaven and nature meant mankind  
 should be?



## The Aonach.

The Aonach is at present in full swing in the Large Concert Halls, Rotunda. The exhibits are creditable to the work of Irish hands, and afford everyone a great opportunity of obtaining useful Xmas presents for their friends. Many of the exhibitors who have supported the Aonach from the start are very much to the fore this year, and new exhibitors are also well represented, including Madam Repelto Byrne, who has a magnificent exhibit of Irish dolls; Messrs. Bull, Ltd., with vestments, etc.; the Metropolitan School of Art, whose display of pictures is most interesting. The Irish Volunteers are well represented by an interesting exhibit of military equipment which should interest every Volunteer.

The tea rooms are in charge of Miss Gifford and Miss French Mullen, who are giving thorough satisfaction to their customers.

The Aonach (Industrial Section) will close on Saturday next, and all Dublin citizens should make it their business to attend the Exhibition, and purchase Irish goods, thereby helping to keep many an Irish man and woman in their present employment. This is especially necessary in these hard times.

The Aonach festival will be continued up to Wednesday, the 22nd inst. On Monday there will be two plays, "Fear na Míllíúin Púnt," by Pierce Beasley, and "May Eve in Stephen's Green," by Lily O'Braonain; both will be performed by distinguished artists. Rev. M. O'Flanagan, C.C., one of Ireland's most prominent orators, will give a lecture entitled "How to Feed the Irish," on Tuesday night. Wednesday night will finish this year's Aonach with a grand Ceilidhe.

Full particulars of these events can be had at the Industrial Exhibition.

## Books for the Times.

MEAGHER OF THE SWORD. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Sons. 3/6.

THE PLACENAMES OF WESTMEATH. Dublin: Dollard & Co. 2/6.

IRELAND FIRST! A play. By P. Kehoe. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 6d.

Mr. Kehoe in his drama of "Ireland First" has dispensed with much incident without detracting from the interest. The reawakening of an old man's national faith is simply yet skilfully portrayed in dialogue which is as natural as the dew on Vinegar Hill. Michael Dempsey, a prosperous farmer, who in his youth had been a Fenian, has in the later and fatter years come to take the Baconian view, and peers out on life with the eyes of the utilitarian. He can see no "sense" in the movement to revive the Irish language, and he sees positive evil in the Volunteers, who have attracted his son. How the veneer came to be washed away and the real Michael Dempsey, the man who had risked his life for his country, reappears, the dramatist shows in a clever denouement. This little play is very suitable and very easy of production to those who are limited in the extent of their stage resources, for the action passes in two easily-set scenes, and the number of characters is but six.

We can only briefly call attention this week to the edition of Thomas Francis Meagher's speeches and writings just issued. It com-

prises all the important speeches delivered by him in Ireland, in which speeches, as the Editor says, he "will live for ever," because "they are the authentic and eloquent voice of Irish Nationalism." To-day they read as freshly and vividly as if they were but newly spoken. Meagher's "Personal Narrative of 1848," which is published in this volume, is a vivid and enthralling description of the events which led up to his condemnation to death. The volume also comprises Meagher's reminiscences of his schooldays in Clongowes and of his young manhood in Waterford, and of the famous Galway election of 1847 in which the Young Irelanders and the Placehunters crossed swords on the hustings. The illustrations include four portraits of Meagher at different periods of his life, portraits of his fellow "felons," and pictures of Kilmainham Jail, Ormonde Castle, and the old Music Hall in Abbey Street, Dublin—now the Christian Union Buildings—in 1848. The book, which contains a biographical and historical introduction and interesting appendices, makes an admirable companion to the editions of Mitchel, Davis, and Doherty already issued by Messrs. Gill.

Ireland is probably the only country in Europe where the majority of the people do not understand the meaning of the names of the towns, hills, valleys, plains, and districts wherein they live, move, and have their being—knowledge of our own language is not only taught to be unnecessary, but imputed a fault in the schools and colleges of this country. The Provost of Trinity College, for instance, could not tell a savant from Austria the meaning of the name of the mountain that impresses every visitor sailing up Dublin Bay, and two-thirds of the Senate of the "National University" could not distinguish an Irish word from a Greek one if both were written in Roman characters. Only a few days ago we read in a Dublin evening paper an absurdity intended to show an ancient connection between Ireland and Belgium, in which the writer, who is the secretary of a body styling itself "National" and Literary, adduced the placename "Belgee" in the County of Dublin as a proof of connection with "Belgium!" Such pretentious ignorance can pass for erudition in a nation where there is no national education and therefore nothing but miseducation. We welcome the publication by Father Paul Walsh of Part 1 of the Placenames of Westmeath, and although we must defer a review of this book adequate to its merits, we cannot let the occasion pass without recommending those whose friends are of that county to choose it as a worthy Christmas present to them. To the scholar and the archæologist it is unnecessary to recommend it. The study of placenames in Ireland throws a flood of light on our history and on our social organisation and our economy. O'Donovan's letters and field-books—which contain mines of information on the subject—lie in their original MSS. in the Ordnance Survey and the Royal Irish Academy. A MS. copy of the former has been made by the industry of a few, and in this volume Father Walsh prints the principal letters of O'Donovan regarding Westmeath. A sum of money—relatively paltry—would ensure the transcription and publication of these neglected MSS., which the Royal

Irish Academy will no more dream of publishing than it dreams of publishing the valuable MSS. which it keeps hid from the public in its strong-rooms—lest the Irish might get to know too much as to how this country was tricked and cheated. But if our County Councils were alive to their dignity and responsibility, they would guarantee the cost of printing for each county the letters and notes of O'Donovan. As it is, it is left to the initiative, the labour, and the cost of patriotic individuals like Father Walsh to make accessible some of the great material of local Irish history to the people of whom it is part of their lawful heritage.

## Mr Redmond as Prophet.

(To the Editor of "Nationality.")

Sir—I note that Mr. John Redmond came back from the front recently; also his son, the lieutenant. They both spent a few days there sight-seeing. Except for the peril caused by an aeroplane sent specially with a bomb for Mr. Redmond, both father and son had a pleasant holiday. That, however, did not prevent their return in as short a time as was possible for them to go there and back. Before his return Mr. Redmond fired a gun. "I hope it hit something," he said, with a martial glint in his eye, as he made his way back in the mud which dirtied his well-polished boots. Having fired the gun, he hurried post haste to London to tell the British people that the Germans were beaten. In his best debating society manner and with his usual copious supply of eloquent adjectives and well-turned phrases, he declared that "the real truth of the matter is this, that so far as the West front is concerned Germany is beaten" (loud cheers). As I read this sentence my mind went back mechanically, first, to the time quite recent when Mr. Redmond confessed that he did not know the difference between a brigade and a division, and then to the period more remote when Mr. Redmond used to preside at the meetings of the old "Independent" Co. Well I remembered how again and again he was wont to declare with a fine flourish:—

"Never, gentlemen, in the history of the Company were the 'Independent' papers in as flourishing and as prosperous a condition as they are at the present day—(cheers)—and never were the prospects brighter for a successful future." (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

At that time the old "Independent" was bankrupt, and was only saved from extinction by its purchase by Mr. Wm. M. Murphy.

As I thought of these days I really felt, to use Mr. Asquith's immortal phrase, that it would be better "to wait and see" before taking Mr. Redmond as a prophet.

AN OLD PARNEILLITE.

## IRISH XMAS CARDS.

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**Lessons Learned from War.**

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"Go at him, kid!" the big man cried,  
 "Nor let his strength appal you.  
 Go at him, kid, and do not fret,  
 For I'll be there and will not let  
 A bit of harm befall you."

## NUMBER 2.

"Keep at him, kid!" the big man cried,  
 "It fills my heart with sorrow  
 To see you walloped day by day,  
 But maybe, if I feel that way,  
 I'll help you out to-morrow."

## NUMBER 3.

"Don't weaken, kid!" the big man cried,  
 "They've put you on the hummer.  
 But hit 'em once again for me  
 And I will come and set you free  
 Some time, perhaps, next Summer."

## NUMBER 4.

"It grieves me, kid!" the big man cried,  
 "To see the sod above you,  
 But I will shed a tear or two  
 And build a monument to you  
 To show how much I love you."

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