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DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE.

Detective Department,

Dublin, 23rd. December, 1915

Subject, MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 22nd. Inst., *The Under Secretary*
the undermentioned extremists were observed *Submitted.*
moving about and associating with each other
as follows :-

With Thomas J. Clarke, 75, Parnell St.,
John McDermott, Joseph Murray and T. J.
McSweeney, Cork, for twenty minutes between
3 & 4 p. m. William O'Leary Curtis for a
quarter of an hour from 4 p. m. Frank
Fahy from 4. 45 p. m. to 5 p. m. J. J.
Buggy for a quarter of an hour between 8 & 9
p. m. M. W. O'Reilly for half an hour from
9 p. m. Thomas Byrne from 9. 40 to 10 p. m.
Pierce Beasley for half an hour between 10 &
11 p. m.

T. J. McSweeney arrived at Kingsbridge
from

The Chief Commissioner.

Legislation
Alumni 23/12
Costume Secretary
To see
U.S. in return
23/12
24/12/15
29/12
Chapman
29/12

from Cork at 12-30 p. m.

J. J. Walsh in his shop, 26, Blessing-

ton Street between 4 & 5 p. m.

Ernest Blythe arrived at Kingsbridge

from Limerick at 7-10 p. m. He was met at

the Station by E. O'Duffy.

John McNeill has removed from 19, Her-

bert Park to "Woodtown Park", Rathfarnham.

R. I. C. informed.

M.J. O'Rahilly; J. Plunkett, John Fitz-

gibbon, P. H. Pearse, M. O'Hanrahan and T.J.

McSweeney - Cork, in Volunteer Office, 2, Dawson

Street together for two hours from 8

p. m.

Attached are Copies of this week's is-

sue of The Hibernian, Nationality, and Irish

Volunteer and Honesty, all of which contain

notes of an anti-British character.

Owen Byrne
Superintendent.



The Hibernian

Incorporated
NATIONAL with the
HIBERNIAN

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

VOL. 2 No. 30. New Series

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25th, 1915

One Penny

The HIBERNIAN

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

Offices:

Hibernian Hall, 28 North Frederick Street, Dublin.

All literary communications must reach the Editor not later than the first post on Monday morning.

DIMES AND DOLLARS.

The Allies have been defeated in the U.S. The special correspondent of the "Daily Mail" in New York has cabled to the Northcliffe journal particulars of what he describes as an inside view of the situation regarding the Anglo-French loan of £100,000,000 which was placed in the United States last October. It is current knowledge that soon after the flotation of the huge loan, the English Press and their parrot imitators here in Ireland crowed loudly over the success thereof, and lulled the British people into the belief that the Yankees were literally falling over one another in their desire to pour their dimes and dollars into the Sassenach war chest.

In the course of the article in question the writer says that no one, with the exception of the agents for the syndicate managers, J. P. Morgan and Co., is able to state with entire accuracy the precise amount of bonds the syndicate has distributed to the public. Further, the "Mail's" correspondent declares that, owing to a "German movement to depress the bonds," Stock Exchange sales of the delivery thereof in twenty to thirty days from now were made as low as 94½—the issue price being 98½—and, also, that "the total of bonds withdrawn by the syndicate participants for investment, plus the bonds distributed to the public itself, will aggregate about £64,000,000, leaving the syndicate to handle £36,000,000. The result of all this is shown by the statement that "it must be a long time before the Anglo-French Loan is so absorbed by the American public as to permit of another similar operation"! We very much think so.

But who beat the loan? There's the rub; and the answer is—the bank depositors of New York, who refused to be cajoled into purchasing bonds at 98 whose real market value was less than 50. For fourteen months the American public had been well-prepared by the pro-British Press the other side of the Atlantic for the launching of the scheme, which was advertised at a cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars. But the bonds have been returned by Morgan's unsuccessful salesmen, and he and his group have been defeated in their first financial encounter with the patriotic American opposition.

And how was it done? Jeremiah A. O'Leary tells us in "The Fatherland," the

journal published in New York that calls for fair-play for Germany and Austria-Hungary. Hear our countryman recite the facts—indisputable as they are: "The sources of money to our New York City banks are as follows: Public funds; private depositors; Corporation depositors; depositors of savings banks with national banks and trust companies; country banks. Of all these the private depositor is the largest provider of funds. The problem, then, was to organise the private depositor. The German-American has been sneered at as a political nonentity, but as a bank depositor he has proved himself a power. . . . The National Administration has gone ahead as though the German-American did not exist in the country. There was nothing he could do to curb the pro-British tendencies of officials who theoretically represented him. With the money question, however, the situation was radically different. There was his opportunity. There was the battleground upon which he could meet the partisan pro-British financier with tremendous forces. The dollars he saved for years were now about to be impressed by J. P. Morgan and Co. for private profit into the services of his country's traditional foe. For the first time his pocket-book became involved. His business instincts were aroused. The promises of political reprisal he had made to himself he then determined to put into effective action."

To meet the situation, the American Truth Society organised its Bank Depositors' Committee of One Hundred. Mass meetings were held and thousands of citizens responded, with the result that in less than four weeks over sixty millions of dollars in bank deposits were organised into a solid fighting force, and, represented by their committee, served notice upon the savings banks of the city of New York as well as national banks, State banks, and trust companies, that their deposits would be withdrawn in the event of their participating in the loan. The bankers of New York were thrown into a panic. They received hundreds and thousands of letters threatening the withdrawal of deposits. They hastened to issue public statements denying their intended participation in the loan, with the result of the two and a half billion banking resources upon which Morgan relied for floating his loan were substantially subtracted from those institutions which feared the wrath of their depositors.

And the public mass meeting are still going on. Thousands of new bank depositors are being enrolled, and it is estimated that, ere now at least, one hundred million dollars in bank deposits have been organised to defeat the loan commissioners and the "bank bunglers," J. P. Morgan and Co. That is the way in which the Allies have been defeated in the U.S.A.—by the dimes and dollars of the frugal hyphenated bank depositors.

THE "BOARD OF ERIN."

To the Editor, "The Hibernian."

A Chara,—At the banquet held after the Convention appropriate toasts were given, amongst them being one in the name of J. Stafford—viz., the Convention. In proposing that toast, Mr. Stafford said that he and a good number opposed the withdrawal of the Ancient Order of Hibernians from the "Board of Erin"; but as it was the ultimate result of their deliberations he—on the word and honour of a man—would pledge himself to carry out faithfully and loyally the decision of the Convention, and that he would put forth his best efforts to further the interests of the Order under its new role, and appealed to his colleagues to do likewise. He appealed especially to Mr. J. Kennedy (Clydebank). Mr. Kennedy afterwards pledged himself in a like manner, as did also everyone present at the function. So ended the Convention and banquet.

That was on Wednesday, January 4th; but on receipt of—I was going to say our Irish papers—our papers from Ireland on Friday, 6th, to our surprise and astonishment we were advised not to recognise the Convention or its results. Our words of honour, our pledges, were mere "scraps of paper." We were to cast all to the winds and follow the then High Priest of The "Board of Erin," Mr. Owen Kiernan (since deceased), the orthodox Hibernian V.P., B.O.E. and U.I.L. organiser, also penny-a-line correspondent for the "Irish News." It looked as if the fat was in the fire, and that another of those unfortunate splits amongst Irishmen was about to take place. We of the Ancient Order of Hibernians who carried out successfully the great Convention were determined that its decision would be strictly adhered to. And, as Irishmen, we were in duty bound to recognise loyally the laws made by Irishmen for Irishmen.

Owing to the action in the Press of this arch-factionist, and the feeling of discontent it had created, our newly-elected National officers decided to summon a meeting of the Glasgow Executive for the following Saturday. But again, on receipt of the papers from Ireland, which arrived here on Friday morning, confusion was more confounded, as on the Sunday following the Convention several Divisions held their meetings and decided on upholding the Kiernan dictation and refusing to adhere to the Convention and their solemn word of honour. Amongst these factionist divisions was No. 4 (Glasgow) and No. 9 (Clydebank) with Stafford and Kennedy as their presidents. The meeting of the Executive, with representatives from the various Divisions, took place the following Saturday. Bro. Flannery,

(Continued on page 8.)

A CALL FROM CUMMINGS

PROPOSED IRISH CONVENTION AT WASHINGTON.

In the last issue of "The Hibernian," Boston, to hand (Nov. 23), Matthew Cummings, ex-National President of the A.O.H. in America—the date synchronising with his delivery of the oration at the Manchester Martyrs Celebration by Div. 26 at Wakefield, Mass.—contributes the following striking letter, which will be read with approbation by our readers, and especially by the members of our organisation, the Parent Body of the A.O.H. in alliance with the great American Order. Bro. Cummings says:—"Ireland has now reached the most critical stage in her history. During the past sixty years English-made laws and English tyranny forced the Irish to become exiles from their native land so that to-day only a remnant of the race remains.

"The nation that has boasted in the past that the Irish were going with a vengeance now forbids them the right to emigrate, and a brutal and cowardly mob in Liverpool called them cowards and shirkers because they refuse to fight England's battles.

"I thank God that we have one Catholic Bishop in Ireland who has red Irish blood in his veins, and who has the courage to stand up in defence of his people. Who can read Bishop O'Dwyer's letter, published in only one of our papers, 'The Boston American,' without feeling the blood course faster through his veins?"

The writer then quotes extracts from the Lord Bishop of Limerick's letter—which has already appeared in our columns—and thus proceeds:—

"Bishop O'Dwyer's criticism of the British Government's treatment of the Irish is the boldest to be printed since the war started. The most significant feature is the fact that the English censor not only allowed it to be published in a number of Irish newspapers, but also permitted it to be cabled to the United States.

"Compare the noble sentiments expressed by the patriotic Bishop with the crying, cowardly, lying, and insulting statements issued by Redmond, wherein he said the Irishmen, assaulted and insulted by the drunken rowdies of Liverpool, were only a cowardly contingent from the West of Ireland.

Redmond boasted quite recently that 95 per cent. of the Irish in America endorsed his actions. I believe the Irish in America at this time, as a matter of self-respect, should take some definite action in order to repudiate the statements of this false leader, who has betrayed the people who have made him. The Irish in America have a tremendous influence if properly organised and directed.

"I earnestly suggest that you use the influence of your paper for the purpose of calling a convention or congress of the Irish race at Washington, the capital of our nation. As Congress will assemble in the near future, this convention should be called at the earliest possible day. My suggestion is to issue a call to all of our Irish societies requesting them to send representatives to this convention. Every man of Irish blood who is willing to sacrifice his time, efforts and money, to protect the land of his fathers, clergymen and laymen, should be invited.

"The coming session of Congress will be

the most important held since the Civil War. We must serve notice on it that this Government of ours shall not permit the people's money to be taken from our banks without their consent and lent to England without security in order that she may continue this war. Above all we must take some action to save our kindred in the Old Land. The best minds of the Irish race should be called together, and they in convention assembled can outline and adopt whatever plan they may decide upon that will bring the desired results. Now is the time to act. Let us prove to the world that the Irish in America are united and true to the traditions of the race.

"I hope you will ask for an expression of opinion on this matter from your readers, and ask how many will allow the use of their names to be signed to a call for such convention. You can use my name for that purpose, and I will cheerfully contribute 100 dollars towards defraying the expense of such a convention as I have outlined."

The editorial comment of "The Hibernian"—which bears the caption "Are Irishmen Tongue-tied?" on the foregoing is as follows:—

"We have often wondered how long the 'watchful waiting' policy of Irishmen in this country was to continue. We have marvelled at the inaction of Irish leaders here as we have deplored the action of certain leaders in the Old Country. Time and again, with every new atrocity inflicted upon the Irish people, we have asked ourselves what has become of that old-time spirit of Nationalism so gloriously triumphant in this country some thirty or forty years ago. Have we tired of the fight? Do Irishmen welcome the chains and slavery of a dishonourable peace to the restful quiet of a patriot's grave? Do they fear to die for their country as did their forbears of old? The sealed lip and palsied tongue of present-day leaders are forcible reminders of the decadence of Irish eloquence, once so potent in arousing the national spirit to valorous and patriotic action. It is refreshing, in the midst of this inaction, irresolution, and uncertainty, to read the burning words of indignation uttered by Bishop O'Dwyer, of Limerick. . . .

"Aroused by this clarion cry of indignant protest which has broken the profound silence of the Irish Hierarchy (an imposed silence, we believe), Irishmen in this country have cast to the winds the 'watchful waiting' policy of timid and mediocre leaders, and are clamouring for some united action that will voice their sentiments in no uncertain words. These sentiments should be impressed upon our Government, and no better way of doing this could be proposed than as suggested by the ex-National President of the A.O.H., Matthew Cummings. He proposes a grand mass meeting of Irishmen to be held in Washington, to which delegates from all over the country shall be sent, and he subscribes 100 dollars towards the expenses of such an undertaking. He asks us to appeal to our readers for their co-operation. Any expression of opinion will, therefore, be welcomed, and any assistance, whether finan-

cial or otherwise pledged, will be gratefully acknowledged in "The Hibernian." If responses warrant it, a meeting will be called and a committee of arrangements formed. 'The Hibernian' will subscribe 100 dollars towards the expense incidental to the holding of such a meeting at Washington."

The game's afoot, so let it speed.

MUSTARD AND CRESS

A writer in an English paper suggests that all persons of German parentage, back for three generations should be expelled from England. Of course, we would have no particular grievance were this course adopted, but wouldn't it be exceedingly hard on the Guelphs and the Wettins?

We have people in this country who fondly cherish the hope that the Orange lamb is only waiting a favourable opportunity to fall into the arms of their Nationalist brethren in Ireland. We now learn that Orange Lodges are in full swing in the North of Ireland Regiments serving in France; and we are also naively informed that no Orange Lodge had met in France since 1814. These "Pets" have been nominally sent to the front, but they can carry on their junketings and concerts while Irish Catholic soldiers are sweltering in their blood and sweat in the Dardanelles the Balkans.

One military secretary of an Orange Lodge, who is serving in the 12th Inniskillings, unblushingly tells the readers of the "Impartial Reporter," in a letter to a Worshipful Master of an Orange Lodge in Enniskillen, that he received a parcel of comforts for the troops at right, and "that he took good care that only the right men received any share of them." This secretary is a corporal, and any one who knows anything of military matters will readily grasp the fact that he has it in his power to see that only "the right men" would receive any favours, either material or otherwise. It might be well to inform the public that the "Impartial Reporter" is published by a brother of Mr. S. D. Trimble, Armagh, who is making himself very busy looking after the comfort of troops.

The Optimist—Mr. John E. Redmond.
The Pessimist—Mr. Eoin MacNeill.
The Economist—Sir Mathew Nathan.
The Strategist—The Evening Mail.
The Historian—The Evening Telegraph.
The Damfool—"Mick" Quade.

We now know the real reason for the suppression of the London "Globe." It doesn't do to write anything but what is fair of a Cabinet Minister's female belongings; though it is quite English, you know!

"God Save Ireland," we are informed by the Dublin "Evening Telegraph" was "sung by Irish regiments opposed to each other on both sides of the Potomac (River) in the American Civil War." This seems mighty queer, as T. D. Sullivan did not compose it until after the Manchester Martyrs had been offered up as a bloody sacrifice to the English people in November of 1867, and the American Civil War had ended a couple of years previously, in 1865. The "Telegraph's" history, like its war "news," is made in Prince's Street.

We read thus in an English weekly: An excellent retort of the English Cardinal Gasquet to the German Cardinal Hartmann is reported from Rome. Cardinal Hartmann, in calling on Cardinal Gasquet, said: "Your Eminence, we will not discuss the war." Cardinal Gasquet looked at him

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very straight for a minute and then replied, emphatically: "Your Eminence, we will not talk about peace." This can safely be put down as yet another figment of British imagination.

Teacher—"What lesson do we learn from the Dardanelles?"

Pupil—"That one strait beats three kings."—"Boston Hibernian."

"I take my salary, and I mean to go on taking it," chortled the English Premier the other day. The following day the "Daily Mail" sneered: "And the Irish Party in particular cheered vociferously." Why should the Mimbers not cheer? Isn't England's difficulty, Ireland's opportunity now as ever!

The War Loan that failed in the U.S.A., had it not been earmarked to be spent in the States, would have kept the Britons fighting for exactly twelve whole days!

The most expensive war of modern times, up to the present conflict, was the American Civil War, 1863-1865, which cost \$1,600,000,000. During this time we never heard of Uncle Sam coming hat in hand to England begging for money or munitions! The United States does not forget the Alabama and Chesapeake incident.

The Serbs.

The crime committed at Sarajevo by the Serbian assassins of the Austrian Crown Prince and his consort has been direly revenged upon the subjects of the house of Kara-georgivitch. The Serbian people must acutely feel their enforced exodus, for with all their faults, they are a home-staying race, and seldom figured in the immigration statistics of other countries. One thing peculiar to Serbia in its heyday was that it had no paupers, no idle rich, no aristocracy. As a writer in the "National Geographic Magazine," an American publication, says: "The Government would not allow any man to become an absolute pauper." The writer also describes them as a sturdy, wholesome people, engaged in domestic and agricultural pursuits chiefly. The Servian woman is a good housewife, priding herself upon her linens, jams, jellies, and the daily meals. Every Servian woman, whether princess or peasant, is a needle-worker. In the choice of a life-partner the Servians are among the world's greatest sticklers against the violation of the law of consanguinity. Cousins never marry. The writer sums up the Servian character as follows: The Servians are hospitable, sympathetic, witty, and by nature full of merriment, song and dancing. At the same time they are a deeply religious people. At all family festivals three toasts are drunk—the first to the glory of God, the second to the Holy Cross, and the third to the Holy Trinity—with invocations for blessings on the men in all places..

Francis Josef.

The venerable ruler of the Dual Monarchy, the Emperor Francis Josef, has entered his eighty-sixth year. He ascended the throne in 1848, and though, owing to his age, he has taken no active part in the present campaign, yet he can boast of having once led an army in actual combat with the enemy. It was only a few months before his coronation he turned the day at the battle of Santa Lucia, by a magnificent cavalry charge led in person. His dragoons crashed through the square of the Sardinians, and captured the guns which all day long had poured a murderous fire into the Austrian's ranks. Francis Josef escaped without a scratch, though men fell like flies around him.

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"Meyther, Dublin."

"Irish Cowards."

An Australian contemporary reminds us that history is an amusing study, and that it is remarkable how a biased mind works. And it thus tells the tale:—"The other evening we were reading about the exploits of the various units engaged in the Boer War—mind you, the Germans were no bad lot then; they were the villains in the case, of course—but the cowards of the campaign were the members of the Irish Brigade, who, especially at the battle of Dundee, are described as great runners. But," our contemporary says, sarcastically, "they were not so fast nor so brave as the C. I. Volunteers, who made surrender such a habit that the Boers asked for charity's sake that the British keep them entirely out of action, as they were tired of capturing them. So we used to read in the Press of those days." Of course, the Spartans of the Tenth Division who sacrificed themselves the other day in their attempt to stem the Bulgar avalanche—while the British units skeddaddled for Salonika—will, in the course of time, be accused of poltroonery by some fireside chronicler of England debacle.

A Belated Eulogium.

It is some months now since that "Board of Earn" held its "seventh biennial" convention, but in the last copy of the "West Australian Record" received from Perth we find a belated eulogium of the Loyal Order's services to Mother England. Like many other of the papers "down under," the "W. A. Record" is an official, or semi-official, mouthpiece of the Hibernian Australasian Catholic Benefit Society, which Wee Joe and Jean de Nujong would have us believe, is a real Hibernian organisation—though it has been proved to the hilt that a Catholic of any nationality is eligible for membership. However, as a large number of the H.A.C.B.S. members—just like those in the Grand Orient here—have been doing their bit, like the boys of the bulldog breed and hearts of oak as they are, it is only to be considered natural that the "W. A. Record" should give—though belated—a slap on the back to the "B.O.E." for investing their £12,000 in the war fund, for so many of its members having—to quote Dr. Doherty—donned the khaki and gone out to slay the savage Hun (in the Blackditches?), and metaphorically throws down the gage to anyone who dared to utter the slander that the "Board of Earn" is not a loyal institution!

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MEMORIES OF MOUNTJOY

By SEAN MILROY

XIV.

A SMOKING CONCERT will be held in Cell 15, D 3, on the Evening of August 31st, to give Sean Milroy a send off on his release from Mountjoy.

The Governor has kindly consented to preside and will deliver a short Address entitled, "Cell-ebrities I have met."

PROGRAMME.

| | | |
|---------------|-----|---|
| The Bullock | ... | The Watch on the Stickyard |
| Liam Mellowes | ... | Oft on the Skilly Diet |
| The Walrus | ... | Put me on an Island where there are no Gaels. |

Sean McDermott will give one of his inimitable dialogues, entitled 'Me-self and the Guv'nor.'

The All-Star Stickyard Dramatic Corps will present an entirely up-to-date version of "The Gaol Gate."

The above is a copy of a small handbill, a limited, a very limited number of which I managed to circulate in Mountjoy some time before the expiration of my sentence. But though a felon proposes, Mountjoy formalities disposes, and the projected entertainment fell through owing to Governor Munro being away on his holidays at the time, and I had not the chance of even a parting handshake.

But though this project had to be abandoned in consequence, my last night in jail was interesting. I remember I did not go out to the stickyard after dinner-time, as I wished to get my growing beard somewhat abbreviated, and I passed away the hours in the afternoon reading a volume of Cardinal Newman's Historical Lectures. I did not feel in the least bit excited about my impending release from the Palace of Bars and Bolts, though to be sure I felt a deep sense of relief, and bided my time without elation. Presently the warder whose duty it was to look after our books came along and collected the couple I had, and I was left to fill in the time with my reflections, and they were considerable. I wondered how I would find things when I got out on the morrow; for, remember, I had had almost no inkling of outside affairs in general for three months, and three months in Mountjoy is something of a purgatory. Then I fell to speculating on how long it must be before I renewed acquaintance with the dear old spot I was leaving. A promenade up and down my cell, a gaze through its narrow, barred window, and a perusal of the annals of my predecessors in occupation scratched on the walls, plank or cell-door, with some nail or other crude instrument, and so on did I fill in the time until the door opened and my last supper in jail, a pint of cocoa, half-pint of milk, and eight ounces of dry brown bread, arrived, and I sat down to sup my farewell meal in cell 15. Thus engaged I fell to thinking, I fear seditiously. I analysed my mental outlook to see if my three months hard labour had in any degree changed or modified it. Oh, Mountjoy! where is thy sting? Oh, Realm Defenders, where is your victory? Here I was, after your experiment, totally and emphatically of opinion that you, and not I, were the transgressor in the transaction of which I was the victim. The opinion I held coming into Mountjoy, I still held with increased tenacity. Well, to-morrow, anyhow, will see me out again, and to learn which of us has fared worst of the encounter.

It is not easy to account for the currents of thought which runs riot in one's mind at such a time. I cannot, for instance, guess why I should have begun to moralise on Dean Swift's modest proposal of some hundred years or so ago. It could hardly be that I unconsciously compared the delicate fare which he proposed for digestion with the cocoa and dry bread which I was munching which made me reflect thus:

"Hum! that proposal of your, Dean, to

cook and eat Irish babies. Singular proposal, and modest, indeed, as you declared. Our flabby-minded nowadays swear that you jested with sardonic irony, Dean, when you put forward that suggestion, and I, too, did harbour such a notion myself until recently, for which misconstruction of your humane plan of action I now crave your forgiveness. Humane, I have styled it, and economical, too, I add, and why not? Contemporary notions of civilisation give graphic reasons for such descriptions. Humane! Surely, oh Dean! could your proposal be regarded contrasted with the proposals of our latter-day functionaries, who would sicken at the thought of ending abruptly the tenor of life of innocent babies, but who, with hardihood that passeth all comprehension, suggest that such Irish babies (if of the male sex) should be allowed to grow to manhood, and then be slaughtered to feed an Empire's distended stomach, which hath already devoured many millions of our race, casting their whitened bones, when picked dry, either to the bottom of the Atlantic, the famine pits of Schull and Skibbereen, the veldt of South Africa, and other countless areas where this Empire's shadow blotches God's gracious handiwork. Devoured countless millions of our race, did I say? Aye! only the records of Heaven or of Hades can file the returns of its victims, and, as I believe in a just God, I register my conviction that a judgment day shall dawn when such statistics will be recorded and published in letters of hellfire for the devourers of these hapless multitudes. And I ask if it be not the more humane procedure, as well as the more modest, to slaughter these innocent babies ere they have endured the horrors, the dismal burdens, the harsh wrongs which the rule of the British Providence shall presently overwhelm them with, rather than after they have struggled some how, God alone knows how, through this via Dolorosa to man's estate?

Is it not the more economical also, to terminate their existence at this initial stage, rather than when, having allowed them to exist for a score of years, or a score and a decade of years, at substantial expenditure to the Irish nation, to then mow them down in devilish agony, thus rendering barren and wasteful the expenditure of Irish cash and brain that has been put to their upbringing?

I admit, of course, that from the standpoint and the ethics of Christian ideals of civilisation, either proposition seems barbaric and repellent, but if, as seems uncomfortably obvious, the designs of the British Providence necessitates one or the other of these alternatives, then I plump for the modest proposal of the Dean's, and hail him for it as a philanthropist long misunderstood, but whom John Bull's bellicose civilising seems fated at long last to reveal in his true beneficence.

But I grew weary of thus speculating on the calamity-ridden blessings of mundane affairs and fixed my bed for the night, and laid me down, closed my eyelids, determined to shut out everything but slumber. Then came in a little while the extraordinary happenings the narration of which terminates this jail memoir. Did the warder forget to close my cell door? Did I walk in my sleep? I believe many years ago I was once guilty of such a performance, but I thought I had quite overcome the tendency to somnambulism. Anyhow, however it occurred, I found myself in some room other than my cell, and I was not alone.

I rubbed my eyes and looked about me. The room itself had a certain degree of

familiarity—a fairly commodious one it was. I discovered, much to my bewilderment, that I was sitting in a chair in front of a table, on which were a couple of newspapers, some books, writing materials, a bell and other odds and ends. Where exactly I was and how I came there was a mystery. I glanced round the room again, and slowly I recalled when last I had been within it. It was the occasion of my first morning in Mountjoy, and it was the room where I had made the acquaintance of Governor Monroe. But why should I be there now? Why this chair I was sitting in was the very one in which that gentleman was entrenched on that memorable occasion. I have said I was not alone. Standing near the door was a warder in uniform. Was this a new cell I had been ushered into? I began to wonder in a hazy kind of fashion, but my wits were wool-gathering, and I felt powerless to form any definite idea. I then noticed, to my surprise, that it was broad daylight.

"Will you see the prisoners here or in the other room, sir?" It was the warder who spoke.

I looked round to see whom he was addressing, but there were only the two of us present. It could not be me he meant surely? Yet he was looking straight at me. I stared back at him vacantly, and he repeated his question. Yes, there could be no mistake it was me he was speaking to.

"I beg your pardon," I managed to stammer out. "See the prisoners? What prisoners?" It was his turn now to look blank, and then out of sheer recklessness I added. "Oh, yes, I recollect now. Certainly, by all means bring them here."

"Alright sir," and he turned and left the room. I leaned my elbows on the table and rested my head on my hands, and tried to puzzle out the situation. Why was this warder treating me, a felon, as a person of some consequence, and why should I be asked to interview my fellow prisoners? Why was I in the room at all? But I gave up trying to solve these conundrums, and just waited for things to occur which might furnish a clue to my novel situation. I took up one of the newspapers lying on the table and opened it. It was the "Freeman's Journal." I glanced down its columns and was thunderstruck to read this paragraph:—

DEATH OF AN IRISH POLITICIAN.

"The death occurred yesterday, suddenly, of Mr. John Dillon, whom it will be remembered was some years ago rather conspicuous in Irish politics. His name has, however, almost disappeared from the minds of the present generation since his retirement from the arena of politics. Those acquainted with events prior to the establishment of Irish Independence, will recollect how Mr. Dillon fought bitterly to oppose that happy consummation, but the tide of national feeling proved too strong for him, and he abandoned public life in disgust when he found the Irish public opinion going against him. His demise is regretted by a wide circle of friends in England."

Strange sort of reading this, I thought. Surely some wag of the press is having a joke at Mr. Dillon's expense. I looked at the heading of the papers again. Yes, it was the "Freeman's Journal," but, gracious goodness! the date! July 12th, 1920! Is this a printer's error or another silly joke. I scanned the columns again, and my astonished eyes encountered these words:—

"The President of the Irish Republic Opens Session of Congress."

John Dillon dead! Irish Republic! Congress! What next, I wondered. This was the next, under the heading of Parliamentary Questions:—"Mr. Sean McDairmida, member for North Leitrim, asked the Minister of National Defence (The O'Rahilly) if it was true that orders had

been issued by the military authorities of the Irish Republic for the deportation of Messrs. Birrell and Nathan, and if so, upon what grounds." The Minister answered that such orders had been issued. Evidence was in his possession that the two persons named had been for some time past engaged in fomenting disaffection in the Irish capital towards the Government of the Irish State. In the event of their refusing to comply with the order, it was intended to commit them to Mountjoy. The statement was greeted with loud applause.

The Minister of the Interior (Mr. Eoin McNeill), in reply to a question from the member for Tuam (Mr. Liam Mellows), stated that the vacancy in the Governorship of Mountjoy Prison had been filled by the appointment of Mr. Sean Milroy. It was considered that his exhaustive experience of that institution amply qualified him for the office.

Answering a question from Mr. Herbert Pim (West Belfast), the Home Secretary (Mr. Denis McCullagh) said "he could not see his way to reduce the sentence of ten years penal servitude imposed on the convict Joseph Devlin. This man had been found guilty by a fairly empannelled jury, and after a lengthy trial, of conspiring with Messrs Carson, Kettle, and others, to embroil the Irish Republic with certain states in Europe. It was quite true that the other two named had escaped to England, but their extradition had been applied for, and he was hopeful that the steps taken would be effective in bringing these criminals to justice speedily."

I fairly gasped. But there it was in black and white before my eyes. Had I been emulating Rip Van Winkle and wakened up to find myself installed as Governor of Mountjoy. So it seemed. Surely the days of miracles have not quite passed. Just at this moment, while I was tugging my hair to try to reduce my bewilderment, the door opened, and the warder's voice called out:

"The prisoner Monroe."

Monroe! The name struck my ears like a shot. Monroe? Good Lord! Is this the next dose of surprise for me?

I looked up, and there stood my bould Monroe, once so haughty and monaced; my old jailor! But gone was that awe-inspiring eyeglass. So the tables were now turned with a vengeance. I almost laughed aloud, but checked myself and modified my hilarity to a smile—fixed him with a long, intent gaze, and then drawled out: "Waal, Monroe, and what can I do for you?" He did not answer, but cast a glance of glum, sullen resentment at me. The warder intervened. "The prisoner has threatened to hunger-strike if he is not allowed to wear a monocle."

"Oh, by all means let him wear it. Two of them, if he wishes," I answered. Any other complaints?"

"Yes"; he says he can't read Father O'Growney's First Book. Complains that the Irish words give him the blues."

"Very well, let him have a file of 'Irish Freedom' to read instead. Anything else. No. Alright. Send him out to the ring again."

And away went both. Presently the door opened again, and the same warder ushered in a second prisoner: a stout elderly man.

"What's the prisoner's name?" I queried.

"John Redmond."

"Well, what's wrong with him?"

Something very bad was wrong with him evidently. He was extremely restless, moving his arms about in a jerky, spasmodic fashion, and rolling his eyes in an awful way.

"Prisoners won't keep quiet in his cell," answered the officer. "He keeps walking up and down during the night and disturbs the other prisoners' rest by shouting out:

When I was a gunner in Flanders—The day is not far distant—Poor little Belgium Charters of Liberty—The Allies—The Empire—The Huns," and similar disconnected

phrases. We have cautioned him repeatedly, but it's no use."

"What's he in jail for?" I asked.

"Obtaining dollars on false pretences."

"Oh—well, let him be medically examined, and if the doctor considers his mind is affected, we will have to report the matter to the Prisons Board, and have him transferred to some lunatic asylum."

I had only finished these words when the prisoner began waving his arms about and shouting out in a terrible voice, "Disgruntled cranks! factionists! German gold," and so on. The warder tried to calm him, but he became violent, and tried to grasp the warder by the throat. I struck the bell on the table to call for assistance. What a queer sound that bell gave out. It grew louder and louder as the two men scuffled there before me. A strange bell, indeed. It made quite a discordant, jangling sound. And then—and then—the two struggling men vanished from my gaze—I was lying staring up at the ceiling of my cell, listening to the triangle sounding downstairs announcing that my dream of Governorship was over, but that my day of release from the Bastille had dawned.

THE END.

AUTUMN SUNLIGHT.

A perfect flood of sunshine,
Wherein all objects seem
A scene of golden splendour
That makes the senses dim;
Beneath a blue pavilion
A glorious feast outspread,
Where choicest gifts of nature
Abundantly are shed.

A lingering look cast backward
Unto the days gone by,
A turning to the future
With sad and anxious eye;
'Mid autumn's purple sunsets
A dirge-note swells the blast,
And tells that soon the brightness
Of the year will be past.

—H. G. ADAMS.

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John Redmond is back from the "Front,"
And is now on a recruiting-dodge stunt,
But faith he will run
Like a fox from the "Hun"

1.....

2.....

I enter LIMERICKS Competition in accordance with the rules announced, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

Name.....

Address

Closing MONDAY, 3rd January, 1916. No. of P.O.....
P.O. for Sixpence must accompany this Coupon

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Not more than two Limericks must be on one coupon, and each coupon must be accompanied by a Postal Order for 6d., made payable to THE HIBERNIAN, and crossed "& Co.," If more than one coupon is sent, one Postal Order for the full amount should be enclosed.

Coupons must not be mutilated in any way, or having anything affixed.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the Postal Order. Friends may send as many coupons as they please in one envelope, provided sufficient postage is attached. Envelopes must be marked "Limerick" in the top left-hand corner and addressed THE HIBERNIAN, 28 N. Frederick Street, Dublin. All entries to be in the Editor's hands not later than MONDAY, 3rd Jan., 1916.

Don't wait, but send in your Coupons now.

The Editor undertakes that all Limericks received shall have careful consideration, and the prize awarded according to his opinion of their merit, but his decision as to the prize-winner must be accepted by all competitors as final and legally binding in all respects, and entries are accepted on this understanding.

The Editor will not hold himself responsible for coupons lost or mislaid. The published decision may be amended by the Editor as the result of successful scrutinies. In the event of two or more competitors sending in the same winning Limerick, the prize will be divided.

Employees of THE HIBERNIAN are not allowed to compete.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning this competition. The result of this competition will be announced in THE HIBERNIAN dated January 8, 1916.

:: POLAND'S CAPITAL ::

A GLIMPSE AT WARSAW'S HISTORY

Warsaw, now under German Government, was the third largest city in Russia, and was, and will be again, please God, the capital of the Kingdom of Poland. Situated on the western bank of the Vistula, the city, including the suburb of Praga on the east side of the Vistula, consists of the Old City ("Stare Miasto"), the New City ("Nowe Miasto"), and the westerly suburbs of Walo and Mokotow. It is also the See of the Catholic Archbishop, and of the Russian Orthodox—Archbishop of Kholm and Warsaw. The Catholic Archbishop is the primate of the Kingdom of Poland, and is entitled to wear the red robes of a Cardinal, save the calotte and biretta, but the Russians would not allow him to call himself metropolitan, the authorities permitting only "Archiepiscopus Ecclesiae Metropolitanae Varsoviensis." Now under Germany all her old ecclesiastical rights have been restored.

The city has fine, handsome streets, and in the central part is the royal palace, the one-time official residence of the Russian Governor-General, and also the magnificent avenues which compare with those of any European cities, the new Orthodox Cathedral of St. Alexander Nevsky, and the fine park known as the Saxe Gardens, while to the north in the Old City is the historic Cathedral of St. John, and the frowning Alexander Citadel. The Jewish quarter lies to the north and west of the Saxe Gardens. Two iron bridges span the Vistula to Praga.

Many of the finest collections of books and manuscripts and art treasures made by the kings of Poland and noble families in the University and palaces of Warsaw have been confiscated by the Russian Government, and removed to St. Petersburg. The most ancient documents which mention the city of Warsaw date from the end of the 12th century; but the city probably existed earlier, perhaps in the 11th century. It developed greatly during the reign of Trojden, who in the 14th century surrounded it with walls. In 1431 it began to be embellished with houses and palaces, and became the residence of the Dukes of Masovia. In the 16th and 17th centuries it acquired great importance as the meeting-place of the Polish diets. In 1850 King Sigismund August chose it as a residence; and from the time of Sigismund III. it was the capital. In 1815 it likewise became the capital of the Polish realm incorporated with Russia, and began a rapid commercial development. Its population has increased from 75,000 at the beginning of the 19th century to 781,179 in 1910, of whom more than 265,000 are Hebrews, and about 30,000 Russians and 25,000 Germans. The city nevertheless preserves its Catholic and Polish character, and is the most important centre of Polish literature.

The archdiocese of Warsaw is of comparatively recent origin, though Christianity flourished there from the foundation of the city, ancient documents attesting to the existence of a church of St. George at Warsaw in 1195. Before the erection of its episcopal See, it formed part of the Archdiocese of Czersk, which was a portion of the diocese of Posen as early as the 12th century. In 1406 Adalbert Sastzenbicz, Bishop of Posen, authorised the institution of a collegiate church at Warsaw, and transferred the Archdeacon of Czersk there. In the 16th century the canons of Warsaw became a very important body, in which many nobles were included. In the 17th century the Bishops of Posen began to combine the title of the diocese of Posen with that of Warsaw. The Archdiocese of Warsaw lasted until 1798 as an append-

age of the diocese of Posen—an extremely large one, numbering 144 churches, at the end of the 18th century, exclusive of those

The Archdiocese of Warsaw should have two suffragan Bishops—one for Lowicz; the other for Warsaw; but these two suffragans are rarely elected. The diocese of Warsaw at present comprises the metropolitan chapter of Warsaw, with 11 Canons, and the collegiate chapter of Lowicz, with seven Canons. The diocese is divided into 14 deaneries. The secular clergy numbers 529 priests; the regular clergy is reduced to practically nothing, consisting only of a few religious who have survived since the closing of the convents in 1863, and some Capuchins of the Convent of Nowe Miasto, 13 in number; altogether 22 priests and two lay Brothers. In 1906 five redemptorists took up their residence at Warsaw, but were expelled in 1909. Two convents of religious women exist at Warsaw; that of the Visitation, with 14 Sisters; that of the Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, with 13 Sisters. At Szymanow there is a convent of Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, numbering 36 religious. On the other hand, the Sisters of Charity have charge of the hospitals, orphanages, almshouses, lunatic asylums, and sanatoria. The metropolitan seminary has 10 professors and 122 students. In 1816 the University of Warsaw had a faculty of Catholic theology; in 1825 it was transformed into a seminary of higher studies; in 1835 the Tsar Nicholas I. made it a Catholic ecclesiastical academy; but it was suppressed in 1867.

In the city of Warsaw, the faithful number 414,620 souls; in the diocese, 1,412,652, making 1,827,272 souls for the whole archdiocese. The city contains more than 40 churches and chapels, most of which formerly belonged to the religious Orders. The cathedral, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, dates from the 13th century; it contains many chapels, works of art, and tombs of illustrious Polish magnates. The famous Jesuit, Rev. Father Peter Skarga, preached there. It is a church of much historical importance for the events which have taken place in it, and is a parish church, served by a college of vicars. The Augustinian Church of St. Martins, founded in the 14th century, has been since 1625 the seat of a very flourishing Confraternity of the Girdle; the religious were expelled from it in 1864. Next in order of importance are, among others, the Church of the Visitation of the Most Holy Mary, founded early in the 15th century, restored in 1829-41; the Church of St. Ann of the Bernardines, founded in the same century, where the mortal remains of Blessed Ladislaus of Geiniow are venerated; Holy Cross, built in the first half of the 16th century, and given in 1663 to the Missionaries of St. Vincent de Paul. The religious were expelled from it in 1864. It stands in the aristocratic quarter of the city. The Dominican Church of St. James was built in the 17th century by the famous church historian Abram Bzowski (Brovius). The Church of the Holy Spirit, the origin of which is said to date from the 14th century, was given to the Paulines in 1661, and in 1819 to the German Catholic Confraternity. St. Anthony, founded in the earlier half of the 17th century, was entrusted to the Reformed Franciscans. The Assumption, built in the first half of the 17th century by the Carmelites, together with their convent, became in 1865-67 the seat of the Catholic academy, and is now occupied by the archdiocesan seminary. St. Francis, consecrated in 1646, is now the church of military chaplains. St. Mary, founded by the Jesuits, and completed in 1626, was

afterwards given to the Paulines and Piarists. The Transfiguration, formerly a Capuchin church, was founded by John Sobieski to commemorate the deliverance of Vienna from the Turks. The Carmelite Church of the Nativity was built in the 16th century. The Most Holy Trinity, Trinitarian, was begun in 1699. The church of St. Alexander, built by Tsar Alexander I., in 1836, is magnificently adorned with sculpture and paintings, but is not in favour with patriotic Poles. All Saints is a modern church, consecrated in 1883, and Our Lady of Loreto is situated in the popular suburb of Praga.

Notwithstanding the unfavourable circumstances under which the diocese of Warsaw has existed, Catholicism there is in a flourishing condition, and piety is vigorous among its inhabitants. The secular clergy is sufficient in number to supply the spiritual needs of the flock, though, unfortunately, the assistance of regular clergy is wanting. Catholicism has had to combat the corruption of morals fomented in a thousand ways by anti-Christian agencies; the anti-clerical propaganda of the Socialists and Freethinkers who have founded a periodical, the "Mysl Niepodlegla" ("Independent Thought"), to defame religion and its ministers; the legal persecution of the Russian Government, now happily a thing of the past; and lastly, the Mariavites, who are scattered throughout the diocese of Warsaw. Lodz has now become the centre of Mariavitism; there, according to Mariavist statistics, the adherents of the sect number 40,000.

C. P.

DURATION OF THE WAR

What a Pro-Ally American Writer Says

Discussing the question "How long can Germany last?" a writer in "Collier's Weekly" says the war cannot be stopped in the near future by the exhaustion of credit. That is clear. Germany and Austria, for example, have done no outside borrowing; and they have little need. The funds they have raised so far have been spent within their own boundaries; it has simply passed from one hand to another. It has been simply slipping from Peter to pay Paul. So long as they are not crippled industrially they can go on for a long time.

Now, this crippling cannot come from any destruction of foreign commerce. The foreign trade of any of the nations save England hardly equals 10 per cent. of their total product. In the United States, for example, it is only about seven per cent.

There is no evidence that the Teutonic Allies, practically cut off from the rest of the world by a ring of fire, are as yet suffering from any lack of ammunition. So far from this, they seem, up to the present time, much better supplied than some of their enemies. And if they find no shortage, still less will the other nations with all the rest of the world to draw from. The number actually killed and maimed in war is much exaggerated, as the later official accounts always reveal. On both sides the war probably has not added much more than a million men to the normal death rate. Yet one may read of estimates of three million killed and wounded in Germany alone, vide Boundless Belloc and his like. As if the reality were not horrible and shameful enough!

Even if the number of permanently invalided equalled a million more, this drain would have little effect. Half of the world's population is under twenty-one years of age. Out of the three or four hundred million of people now at war, the number of young men who will have within the year become of military age will far exceed the number killed and disabled. And it is absurd to say that this means no reparation of fighting strength because wars have

always been fought in large part by boys.

If then neither unmatched "preparedness," as in the case of the Germans, nor colossal numbers, as in the case of the Russians, nor the command of the sea, nor fighting qualities, nor capital requirements, nor any of the usual tosh and twaddle of the war "experts," seems to offer, either singly or taken altogether, a decisive clue as to the outcome of this imbecile struggle, what, it may be asked, will be the determining factor? The answer here, as in probably every great war, is the industrial strength of the nations. Napoleon described the source of his own victories when he said that God was on the side of the biggest battalions. In his time France was the best equipped nation industrially in continental Europe.

In our own day this must be changed a little to say that God is on the side of the biggest factories. In the American Civil War the North won, not because its soldiers were better fighters. They were not fighting for their homes, and in many ways the Southern troops were superior. It was not a mere question of numbers. The North won because it had the mills and mines and could keep its industrial life going at an undiminished and, in point of fact, highly accelerated pace. It is the industrial strength of Germany which holds the Allies at bay, and that strength, it is evident, America, and probably Europe, has woefully misprised.

Taken together, Germany and Austria represent to-day industrial supremacy in Europe. They have the biggest iron mines, the biggest coal mines, the greatest output of iron and steel, and all the manufactures allied with these, save perhaps ship-building. Within the last forty years there has come this amazing change.

When the Franco-Prussian War was fought, England was producing more iron ore and manufactures of steel and probably more coal than France and Germany put together. To-day Germany is producing more pig iron and steel than England and France, Russia and Italy put together. And Germany is now in possession of all the coal and iron of Belgium and perhaps two-thirds of the total product of France. The result is that in terms of a command of iron the position of the Teutons to that of the Allies is about three to two. This cannot mean for Germany a shortage of guns or shells. And it means that, save for the exactions of war, this basic industry may run on practically normal lines. What is true of the iron trade is true of almost every other industry. The next most important division of manufactures is now the electrical industry, and here forty years ago practically all the nations stood on an equal footing.

For the first twenty years England with her superior organisation had a long lead. Germany normally imports and manufactures half again as much copper as Great Britain, and her electrical machinery has steadily displaced that of England wherever the two have come in competition.

The same story is told in the prodigious growth of Germany's foreign trade. Forty years ago the exports of Britain were nearly three times those of Germany. The year preceding the war saw the exports of Germany surpass those of England. Where Germany's trade abroad had increased nearly four times, that of England had increased only about 60 per cent. Again, since 1880, the total receipts of German railways have gone up nearly four times, and the ton mileage more than four times. That of Britain has only about doubled.

Germany is yet far from rivalling the banking powers of England. But in 1876 the banking resources of Germany were almost negligible. In the interval these resources have multiplied nearly eighteen times. England's have hardly tripled.

The industrial advance of Germany is paralleled in almost every field of human activity. In the field of applied science Germany has led the world. It is probably

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fair to say that the amount of industrial research in Germany and the importance of its results in the last forty years have been equal to that of all the other nations, including the United States, combined. In city planning and providing for the public comfort she has had no rival. In forty years this amazing people has gone far towards wresting from England the primacy among the nations of Europe, as a hundred years ago England took the palm from France.

Germany and Austria, taken together, now form a self-contained empire of 120,000,000 souls. They have the finest industrial equipment in Europe and the best organised and most efficient government. Perhaps in two years they could be blasted out of Belgium and Northern France. But the cost would be terrific.

Certainly the belief in a German "collapse," or the notion that the hosts of the Allies could ever, unaided, enter Berlin and Vienna, belongs to the realm of iridescent dreams.

It is the belief of the writer that the Allies unaided could hardly wear down Germany in a four years' struggle. The Allies have but one hope in a straight-out contest. That is the powerful aid of United States.

It is conceivable that the end of the war may come from unexpected forces which no one perhaps save those on the inside can reckon on. It is certain that Germany would run short of ammunition long before she would run short of food. She could not be starved out.

THE MARTYRS.

I stood me in a prison yard at night,
Breathing the foetid atmosphere around,
For there the outcasts curst of God and Man

Found their last resting-place in un-
blessed ground—
The dust of hapless felons on whom Fate,
Or Nature, or the stars had failed to smile,
Mouldered beneath their narrow beds of lime.

Here, surely, lay what Heaven and Earth
deemed vile.

E'en as I watched, a mist before me rose,
And I could hear a sweet voice chanting low,
As though sad bells in dulcet monotone
Mourned for a soul whose pilgrimage of woe

In earth or Purgatory was still being trod,
While the loved spirit chafed for Heaven's light;

I heard in rapture and I gazed in awe,
The mist had passed before celestial light.

A presence holy purified the place,
And I beheld a woman with dark hair
Kneeling by that unconsecrated lime,
Her breast was seared with wounds, her brow knew care.

Her shapely limbs bore heavy iron bands,
But a noble pride illumed her face;
No shame had marred the story of her woe,
Her virgin beauty, or her queenly grace.

"'Tis here," she cried, "they lie in un-
blessed ground.

But, Lord, thou knowest they need no prayers from me,
Their souls have mounted to Thy heavenly throne

To join the rest—my brave, unconquered Three.

Their lives they gave to save their leaders true

Who led the band that swore to break my chain;

Far from their kin, ringed round by Eng-
land's wolves,
And, dying, prayed that I might live again.

"But are there none to follow where they trod,

And must the sword that they unsheathed rust,

While traitors vile besmire my honoured name,

Barter my freedom and betray my trust.

O, lived they now, they'd strike those traitors down;

And if 'twere so, then I would soon be free,

For hope anew would surge throughout the land,

Th' oppressor's power ebbs on land and sea."

She ceased to speak, but rose in dazzling might,

She bared the sword around the tried and true,

Raised the Green Flag with rifle and with pike:

"Now, sons, advance! let foes and traitors rue."

I heard the song of Freedom on the breeze,
The warpipes screamed the battle's wild refrain,

An uncrowned queen had sought the mar-
tyrs' grave,

Breathing their prayer her spirit lived again.

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THE "BOARD OF ERIN."

(Continued from page 1.)

National President, opened the proceedings; but, judging by the expression on the faces of some of the delegates, it was easily seen that "peace and harmony" were not to prevail. No sooner was the meeting opened when the proceedings were turned into a bear garden. The National Secretary had up till then failed to put in an appearance, and had not turned up when the meeting was closed. This individual was from the beginning looked upon with suspicion, and it was easily seen that he wanted to play with the hare and run with the hounds. But the National President, Bro. Flannery, rose to the occasion and held the meeting, completed the business, and left the factionist group to wallow in their mire. During the course of the proceedings several of the delegates met with rough handling from the factionists, but they showed to their factionist "friends" and the common enemy that, as Irishmen, they recognised their own laws, and were capable of transacting their business better than any others could do it for them. So ended the first meeting of the Executive.

The National Officers and Executive Officers rested not on their oars. The crisis had arrived. On the one side there were the money-bags of the U.I.L., an unscrupulous Press, and an only too easily deluded people, led by cunning and unscrupulous men, who neither respected principle nor honour, and whose pockets were nearer their hearts than their country was. On the other were men who respected truth and the value of a promise—men who were prepared to make many sacrifices in order to have their laws respected, but who were financially poor. Hence the fight was made stiffer for them. But nothing daunted them; they went on with their good work, notwithstanding the vile and scandalous abuse meted out week after week in a cowardly Press by base and false leaves. And to the credit of the members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, there was not one amongst them but deplored the unfortunate split which divided Irishmen once more into different camps and created an ill-feeling that never should, and never would, have existed only for the base action of a few evil-disposed creatures who saw an opportunity in the situation created to further their own personal aggrandisement.

In my next I will show that, although basely betrayed, we never turned the deaf ear to any honourable suggestion made, no matter by whom, in order to bridge the gulf that existed. The first overture was made by Mr. Kennedy, Clydebank, which I will deal with in my next letter.

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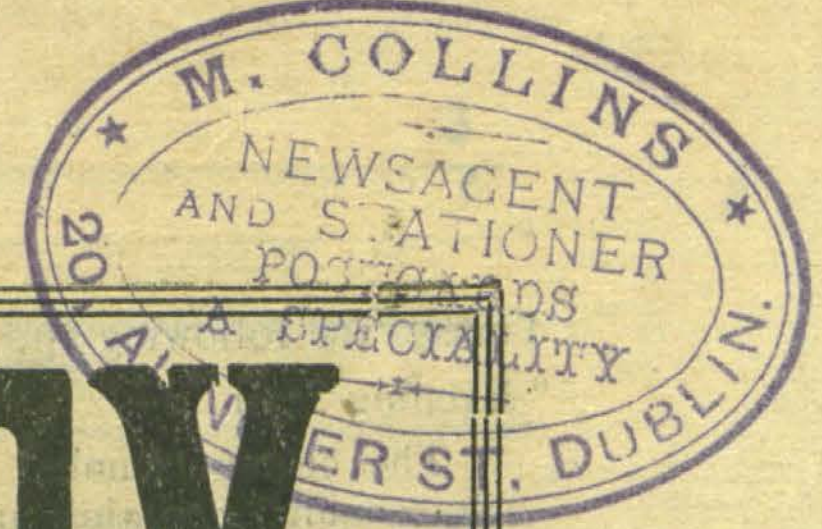
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ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS (I.A.A.)—Result of watch-guessing competition: Sheet No. 131. Time, 3 hrs. 49 min. 59 secs. Winner, Mr. J. Dolan, 23 Denzille St., Dublin. Drawing for Rifle has been postponed until Monday, 10th January, 1916. Blocks and unsold tickets to be returned to Sec., 28 N. Frederick Street, Dublin, on or before January 8th.



NATIONALITY

Vol. 1. No. 28.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1915.

One Penny.

Notes.

Irishmen, Jews and "Imperial" Patriots.

Some of the Kingstown Urban Councillors—the Chairman is the brother of an eligible K.C.—have had their patriotism disturbed by the non-filling of a vacancy in the stipendiary police-magistracy, and have Adopted a Resolution. In helping the adoption, Mr. J. J. Kennedy emitted the agonised wail of a stricken soul. He considered it was "hard luck for Irishmen to be deprived of their proper place in the government of Ireland," but let none imagine Mr. Kennedy was "pro-German" enough to hold that the proper place of Irishmen in the government of Ireland is the same as the proper place of Frenchmen in the government of France, Germans in the government of Germany, Spaniards in the government of Spain, and Dutchmen in the government of Holland—at its head and in absolute control of all its functions. Nothing could be further from the Imperial Kennedy's thought. The proper place of Irishmen in the government of Ireland in his estimation is in its minor posts under English—or if he prefers the inaccurate term, Imperial—management—in its Stipendiary Magistracies, Castle Under-Secretaryships and so forth.

"As an Irish Nationalist," Mr. Kennedy announced, he would have more confidence in an Irish Unionist's justice than that of a foreigner. So would we. But Mr. Kennedy must be more careful. It is part of his new creed that an Englishman is not a foreigner—and we believe it is with equal logic being taught that Russians, Serbians, Japanese, Belgians, and Italians are our kinsmen. It is hard to revolutionise nature, commonsense, and the dictionary in sixteen months, but much has been attempted, and we can cordially agree that an Englishman is no more a foreigner than a Russian. Mr. Kennedy also believes that it is to the interest of every Irishman—including Stipendiary Magistrates and Castle Under-Secretaries—to make Ireland happy, prosperous and contented. He knows that is what the English Treasury pays them their wages for—that is what the Royal Irish Constabulary exists for, and yet knowing and avowing this he most reprehensibly and illogically inquires whether it is

"any inducement to Irishmen to keep up the British Empire when the authorities would not appoint an Irishman to the most important position (*sic*) in the country?"

Here we have Mr. Kennedy telling us in one breath that the British Empire pays its Irish subordinates to make Ireland happy and prosperous, and in the next declaring that it offers

no inducement to Irishmen to keep the affair upstanding.

Mr. Kennedy's views that Irishmen should hold some of the small jobs connected with the English Government of Ireland does not apply to an Irishman who happens to be a Jew. As a whole he respects Jews, but they have *their* proper place. It is "in the world," not "in the government of this country." From which it follows that the government of this country is not of their world, and as it is obviously not of heaven, it follows in the literal, not the profane sense, that it is a damned government. We are left to wonder why Mr. Kennedy wishes Irishmen to have a part in it. The more we read the more our wonder grows, for in his next sentences Mr. Kennedy announced that it was honourable to him "to belong" to the British Empire—an honour he shares with the Blackfellows, the Hottentots, and the Andaman Islanders—and yet he added that this Empire to which it was his honour to belong was not acting "fairly, honestly, and squarely" to Ireland. Now, how can an Honourable Empire be Unfair, Dishonest, and Crooked?

Mr. Kennedy concluded with an impressive appeal to the "Government"—even "at the eleventh hour," to consider whether "they should not try to tie tighter the strings that bound the Celt to the Saxon." This is a prayer the late Lieutenant Hepenstall might echo. No Saxon ever tied the strings that bound him to the Celt tighter. He sleeps the last sleep of the British Imperialist a few miles from Mr. Kennedy's residence, and his memory as the Walking Gallows and his epitaph remain in the memory of South Dublin and all Wicklow imperishable.

Here lie the bones of Hepenstall,
Judge, Jury, Gallows, Rope and all.

We and three-fourths of the people of Ireland have no interest whatever in the fortunes of the Dublin Police Magistracy or the destined successor of Sir Matthew Nathan. We do not know of one Nationalist Irishman who objects to Sir Matthew Nathan because of the religion he professes, or who holds the creed that an Irish Jew should be ineligible for any office he was competent to fill in an Irish Government. Neither do any of them believe it would be a comfort to be hanged by an Irish Catholic or Irish Protestant hangman instead of by an Anglo-Israelite. For our part, we have never heard an honest and intelligent Irishman complain that he was oppressed by an English Jew appointed to Dublin Castle, as he had a constitutional right to be, instead

of being oppressed by an Irish Catholic or an Irish Protestant set over him by England. Their complaint is that they are oppressed by foreigners and the servants of foreigners, and it is only due to the English Government in Ireland to add that those who serve it in the essential positions in Ireland are quite free to profess any creed so long as they keep clear of all religion.

* * *

The Heroes of the Saxon.

Mr. Charles G. Marchant, the Dublin Unionist, who appealed to his fellow-Unionists in Ireland to subscribe a testimonial to the English crew of the *Saxonia* for their conduct to the helpless Irish emigrants at Liverpool, has received in response Sixteen Pounds, and we have pleasure in helping Mr. Marchant, who publishes their names in the "Irish Times," to give them immortality. Here they are:—

Collected by James D. Mitchell, Parsonstown, 4 guineas; Gustavus R. Hyde, 3 guineas; Charles G. Marchant, 1 guinea; James Mitchell and John Rossiter, £1 each; Miss Lilian King-Harman, 13/6; Rev. William J. Dowman, Richard Collen, 10/- each; Miss Violet Notley, Rev. J. L. Atkinson, 5/6 each; Michael Moloney, Thomas Turbett, Miss Salmon, the Misses Manning, 5/- each; A Lover of the Brave, 4/6; Mrs. Alice Brady, D. Ampleford, 3/- each; Lieut. R. Manders, C.B., R.N.V.R., Mrs. Manders, "From St. Andrew's," L. C. Tottenham, Lieut. Arthur H. Tottenham, 3rd R. Inniskilling Fusiliers, Mrs. P. A. Boyle, "H." Birr, Mrs. Eva F. H. Meredith, Miss Leslie, Rev. P. Conneff, W. S. Hugo, Miss Sarah Caldwell, "Guess Who," Anon. 2/6 each; Miss Hume, Mr. J. S. Hume (per *Irish Times*), 1/- each.

At the same time we condole with Marchant on the fact that out of a million Unionists in Ireland he could find less than 40 equal to sinking to his own level. The gallant fellow sent the £16 Tribute to English Honesty, Chivalry and Bravery, to one George Smith, of Liverpool, who with it and with other moneys collected from the real English people provided the heroes of the *Saxonia* with

"a hot-pot supper at the 'Bear's Paw,' Liverpool, to about 200 firemen, seamen, stewards, stokers, etc., of the *Saxonia*, coupled with a memento of cigarettes, a good briar pipe, pouch, and about 2 ozs. of tobacco, pipe-cleaners, matches, etc. We confined the liquid refreshments to mild ale and non-intoxicants, and I am extremely pleased to inform you that the entertainment passed off to the satisfaction of everyone concerned, including the men. I likewise took the liberty of mentioning your name in connection with the subscriptions, and I think it was only due to you that this should be done. The evening broke up promptly at 9-30."

On the same day Mr. Marchant's list of subscriptions appeared in the Unionist "Irish

Times," the following appeared in the Unionist "Evening Mail":—

The current number of the "New York Statesman" contains an indictment of the capitalistic system and of the "patriotism" which has exacted the high prices paid by the Government for the materials necessary to carry on the war. The writer draws attention to the means by which certain capitalists are seeking to avoid paying their due share of the national war bill.

"We learn," runs the message, "that the Government is now quite exercised in its mind about the deliberate 'ratting' of certain native-born British capitalists who have sold up their houses and other property in England, abandoned their English domicile, and casting from off their feet the dust of the land which had made them wealthy, fled in person (duly provided with Foreign Office passports) by one of the greatest passenger liners that left England a fortnight ago.

"They go to avoid war taxes, the high income-tax, and the excess profit tax. They do not see why they should yield up to the Exchequer one-half of the great additional income which they have been making out of the war.

"How many others are harbouring similar designs we cannot tell. The departure of a few Irish emigrants for America—a mere remnant of the swarm that prior to the war left each year—is published throughout the whole world as a discreditable evasion of national duty. The stokers of the Liverpool liner could not strike on learning that the capitalists were fleeing from England, because their presence on board was unsuspected."

Mr. Marchant should now arrange a "hot pot" for the heroic English sailors who helped the English Capitalists to get away.

The Bishop of Limerick on the War.

To the current issue of the "American Ecclesiastical Review," the Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, contributes the chief article—"The Pope's Plea for Peace." "Benedict XV.," he writes, "may be as the voice of one crying in the wilderness, and men may think that in the shock and din of arms his words must be lost, yet he is heard, and his appeal is going home to many hearts that in these bad days are yearning for someone to show us good things." The Pope, his Lordship says, asks the Powers to pause a moment in their devastating strife to see if peace be possible. So reasonable a proposal has met, so far as the public know, with no response. The English Catholics—"the 'Tablet' people"—treated it contemptuously, and as for the "Irish" leader—the Catholic Mr. John Redmond—Bishop O'Dwyer writes:—

"—He cannot find one word of courtesy or deference for the head of the church, but puts aside his solemn and fatherly appeal, made in the name of Christ our Lord, as if it were a resolution passed by some pettifogging political clique. It is painful and somewhat humiliating, but we all know that in his inner mind Mr. Redmond thinks and feels differently from the 'Tablet' men. They are Englishmen; their blood is up; they are engaged in a desperate war for the mastery of the world; between England and Germany at present it is a fight for the 'belt,' not a mere decoration but a symbol of universal power. As a distinguished publicist in a London newspaper stated recently, it is the manifest design of Providence that the Anglo-Saxon race should control the destinies of the world, and the English Catholics, I am sorry to say, breathe that spirit as arrogantly as the rest of their countrymen. But Mr. Redmond, at the back of his mind cares, I daresay, just as

much as the average Irishman for Anglo-Saxon domination; but the exigencies of politics compel him to simulate feelings that he cannot possibly entertain. Home Rule has been kept for many years dangling before his nose like the carrot before the donkey; he gets a sufficient sniff of it occasionally to keep him draughting for the English Government, and he fears now that if he attempted to show any independence as an Irishman or any spirit as a Catholic, his English allies or masters would gladly find their excuse for throwing him over and evading their promises on Home Rule. To my mind, that is the explanation of his attitude towards the Pope. It is a pitiable position for a National leader, and it remains to be seen whether the game is worth the candle."

* * *

Referring to the infamous "German Atrocity" campaign, Dr. O'Dwyer says:—

"The Germans are now the intolerable aggressive people that the Russians were up to the war with Japan, and the French at an earlier period; they are the enemies of England and her rivals, and consequently can be inspired only from the lower regions. No crime is too black to impute to them—they are not men but demons, and this is driven into the minds of the people by the most powerful propaganda that any government could command. The newspaper press in England and Ireland has been filling the minds of the people with detailed accounts of the most revolting crimes, which they allege have been committed by the German armies without rhyme or reason but in the wantonness of diabolical and bestial wickedness. Tales are told of crimes in Belgium that wring the souls of all decent men and are especially horrifying to Catholics. The result is a burning hate in the minds of the people. That is the purpose of the propaganda. To me it seems cruelly unjust. I have been receiving letters through the post, giving in detail descriptions of abominable crimes said to have been committed by German soldiers and officers in Belgium, but which I am convinced have no existence except in the disorders of very foul and corrupt imaginations. There is no attempt at reason, no weighing of evidence; the worse and filthier the story, the less it seems to require sifting. I have read the report of the Bryce Commission, and attach very little importance to it. Every member of the Commission is an Englishman. Its whole purpose was to make out a case against the Germans—a popular case that would harrow the minds of the public, but which would be recommended by the appearance and form of a judicial inquiry. What value would be set in England on a corresponding report made out by Germans? It is all a fraud upon simple people. The judges were not impartial, and the whole evidence was gathered from poor Belgians whose minds were warped and disordered by their cruel sufferings in the war. But the result is a national hatred such as I believe was never felt by one Christian nation for another. That is the great difficulty now in the way of peace. It prevents the Pope's most blessed appeal from getting a fair hearing, and leading English newspapers have not hesitated to suggest that it was made not for peace for its own sake, but in the interests of Germany and Austria."

* * *

His Lordship points out that if the United States of America maintains a strict neutrality it can throw an immense weight on the side of peace. He suggests that there is sufficient ground for the States to call a truce and "ask the belligerents at least what they are fighting for and on what terms they are prepared to make peace."

"It is all very well, he writes, to talk platitudes about vindicating small nationalities; but that, to use a rather strong phrase,

is 'too thin' for sensible people. Nor is it much better to tell us that German militarism must be crushed. Each country must be the judge of its own requirements. The United States would have no right to say to England that she must reduce her navy, and England has as little right to say to Germany that she must reduce her army. 'Live and let live' holds for nations as for individuals, and no nation has a right to aim at the crushing and annihilation of another. That is one essential point in the Pope's great letter. You cannot kill a nation. You may overthrow it for the time being, but its spirit will live and assert itself, and the greater the wrongs that it is made to suffer, the more violent will be its upheaval at some future time."

"The American Ecclesiastical Review," in which this able article appears, has for its European agents Messrs. Washbourne, of Paternoster Row, London.

"We will not have Conscription."

The great anti-Conscription meeting held in Dublin last week overflowed from the vast Round Room of that building into the gigantic Supper Room, and thence out into Dawson Street, which was crowded by thousands of people unable to obtain admission. Three meetings were therefore held simultaneously instead of one, and each resolved with unanimous determination that Irishmen would never submit to forcible conscription for the English Army, and that any attempt to inflict Conscription by economic pressure would be met and fought with disaster to those base enough to attempt it. We doubt there is any number of employers in Ireland willing to attempt to starve Irish workmen into the English Army, but if there should be employers base enough to attempt it, an Ireland which learned how to deal with a felonious landlordism can equally deal with a felonious industrialism. It is not a class but a nation they will find opposed to them, for as the case of the tenant-farmer became the nation's case when landlordism conspired against his rights to liberty of choice, so the case of the industrialist becomes the case of the nation in a similar circumstance.

The English Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has sought from Irish employers particulars of the Irishmen of military age employed by them, and has urged their "release." Release is a word with a definite meaning, and who is the Peer that uses it? From the English publication "Who's Who" we learn that he is one Ivor Chantill Guest, aged 42 years, formerly an officer in the English Army, and that he is the possessor of 83,000 acres of land in England. And this Englishman of military age and military experience, instead of being at the front fighting for his country and his 83,000 acres, is filling a post, suitable for an old man of 70, and seeking to round up Irishmen to do his fighting. Irish Unionists, no doubt, think in other matters, but they never reflect in Irish affairs—for that way Nationalism lies. We see in our streets old men—some of them apparently between 60 and 70 years of age—dressed in the uniform of English officers. Some we know to be Irish Unionists, who had served in the English Army, had been retired, and are now back again. We wonder, do these old men, bred in the belief that they have "an equal share" in "the

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Empire," ever reflect on the fact that *they* are in military service and that the English Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, of whom many of them are old enough to be the father, is comfortably provided with a position at £20,000 a year to "direct recruiting." We believe not. We believe these old men have lost, through the training of anti-nationalism, the power of reflection, and that it has never occurred to them that it is at all strange that an English Peer of military age and military experience should be appointed "Lord Lieutenant of Ireland" and "Director-General of Recruiting," while they, being Irish, are mustered back to uphold him in his titles, dignities, wealth, and the comfortable possession of his 83,000 acres. Yet the history of the English connection is concreted in that reflection.

The Dublin Removables.

Mr. Ginnell has reduced the English Chief Secretary to silence over Police-Magistrate Drury's refusal in open Court to take notice of accusations of intimidation by the Crown Prosecutor—a matter to which we have already called public attention. After two successive replies that "There was no intimidation" from Mr. Birrell, Mr. Ginnell inquired—

"Will the right hon. gentleman explain how the Magistrate knew that there was no intimidation at the time of the complaint of it, when he said he would not notice it?"

Mr. Birrell could find no vocal answer, but Removable Drury still administers "Justice" and "Law," and the Person of Military Age who acted as Crown Prosecutor still draws his salary and occupies his office in balmy peace.

The New Chinese Monarchy.

We trust our readers did not miss the affecting news of how the Russian Czar, the Japanese Mikado, and the English King, becoming convinced that republicanism was the best form of government for China, interposed through their representatives to persuade the Chinese people not to give it up and return to monarchy. Unfortunately, owing to engagements elsewhere, they could not use the customary methods of persuasion, and so China to-day is governed by an emperor, a man of war, a dictator, instead of being governed, as these altruistic monarchical Powers wished, by a weak republic.

* * *

England has been so much interested in the uplifting and Christianity of the Chinese people that the rejection of her good advice must hurt her sensitive soul. Also, it is not impossible that a "Chinese militarism" may develop threatening to regain for China the ports which England, for the best interests of Civilisation, Christianity, and the Small Nationalities took from her, under a virtuous necessity.

* * *

A very flourishing trade in opium existed at one time between England and China. The opium ruined the Chinese who became addicted

to it, in body and in soul, and the Chinese Government prohibited the trade. For a period England put up with this prohibition, being content with sharing some of the profits with Chinese officials who were above the squeamishness of their unenlightened Government. But when that Government began to destroy these officials and thus seriously hamper English trade, it was obvious that England could no longer stand such nonsense. The outrage that finally forced England to enter into a just war against China was committed by one Commissioner Lin. This heathen Chinaman most audaciously carried out the law by compelling a number of Christian English merchants to deliver up 20,000 chests of opium they had smuggled into Canton. This outrage was followed by the refusal of the Chinese Government to degrade Commissioner Lin. Never was England more righteously stirred with anger. She held a service in St. Paul's, and made war upon Heathen China. The Chinese had no arms worth mentioning, and they insolently called the English "Barbarians," which fully justified the severities the English were compelled to inflict upon them. Those who turn to the English newspapers of the time will discover that no such monster had appeared in the world's history for several centuries as Commissioner Lin, and their feelings will be harrowed by the recitals of the wrongs the poor Christian English opium smugglers of Canton had had to endure.

* * *

England delivered Christianity from the menace of Lin. By the treaty of Nankin she made China pay for her wickedness in forcing England to fight her, made her pay with 50 per cent. added interest the poor Christian English merchants whose opium she had destroyed, and in addition England took Hong Kong and a number of other useful ports which the Chinese were evidently unworthy to retain. From Hong Kong she carried on the opium business and increased it so enormously that the English China merchants grew fatter and fatter and the Chinese leaner and leaner. Despite all good advice, the Chinese Government continued to obstruct the trade, and England's patience at last becoming exhausted, she was compelled to go to war again with the Chinese and slaughter them in thousands—they not being able to resist—before she could make them put her Christian opium into their heathen pipes and smoke it uncomplainingly.

* * *

Yet the Chinese were a sinfully obstinate people. Defeated in their wars of 1842 and 1858 to prevent England opium-drugging them, they actually attempted to fight again in 1860. This was the last straw. England and France joined hands, entered Peking, looted the famous Summer Palace, and having looted it, destroyed it. Then they took what loose money they could find in China's pocket, a few slices more of her territories, and Civilisation and Christianity were vindicated. If since

then the Chinese have confounded Christianity with opium and massacre, it is to be put down to their heathenism.

* * *

But China, though still weak, is no longer the pathetic China of 70 years ago which with weapons 3,000 years old endeavoured to fight the power of England to impose its opium. China has become strong enough to stop the opium trade, and England has been compelled to substitute it by a gin and British spirits trade, which, however, is doing poorly. The new Emperor of China is suspected of the foul design of properly arming and instructing the Chinese how to fight organised Christian troops who come to take their territory or make them buy opium or gin. Obviously such a man would be capable even of the infamy of demanding back Hong Kong and all other Chinese territory, which England has civilised, if he possessed the strength. In fact, he is potentially as great an enemy to Civilisation as Commissioner Lin or the Kaiser. Still it is to be hoped that he can be persuaded to see that China's interests are England's interests, and that the cause of Civilisation and the rights of weak Nationalities are safe in her keeping.

THE NEW NATIONALIST.

In dark and evil days there rose
One who assailed his country's foes,
Who struck that Ireland might be free,
And perished in her agony.

*But, surely, Emmet was a fool
To kick at Britain's kindly rule;
He should have told his friends to go
And lay the French usurper low.*

How often "in O'Connor's van
"To triumph dashed each Connacht clan,"
Or sought and found a holy death,
Battling for freedom and for faith.
*But we must show our tolerance,
So our O'Connor goes to France
And serves his God and drinks champagne
With Viviani by the Seine.*

"No man may tell a nation, 'So
"Far and no farther shalt thou go!"
And Ireland's slumbering soul awoke,
Roused by the words that Parnell spoke.
*But times have changed: his sentiment
Was futile, tho' no doubt well-meant.
Our modern leaders ne'er forget
The Empire's glory, Ireland's debt.*

And still a race of men is born
Who hold an Empire's dreams in scorn,
Who make her force of no avail
To quench the hopes of Inisfail.
*Well, really, folk are hard to please!
What can you do with men like these?
Had they been less disloyal, they
Might be in Parliament to-day.*

T. H.

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Foresters' Hall, 41 Parnell Square,

when **HERBERT PIM (A. NEWMAN)** will deliver an important address on

"How We Stand To-day in Ireland."

He will also contribute to the Concert Programme in his own inimitable style that stirring song, "**Rory of the Gael**." He will be supported by Brian O'Higgins, Miss Mollie Byrne, Gerard Crofts, Sean Connolly, Miss Florrie Ryan, Miss Lena McGinley, McHale Dancers, Capt. T. McCarthy, and a host of Irish-Ireland Talent. Doors open at 6-45. Concert commencing at 7-30 p.m. sharp.

Prices of Admission—2s., 1s., and a limited number of 6d. tickets.

Price, One Shilling.

NATIONALITY.

Saturday, Dec. 25, 1915.

All literary communications for "Nationality" should be addressed to the Editor.

All business communications to the Manager,
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*.

REMEMBER BELGIUM.

"55. Mr. Ginnell asked whether the Government have considered the suggestion that Germany would restore complete independence to Belgium on condition that Britain would restore complete independence to Ireland; if so, what decision has been arrived at; and, if not, when this opportunity of making good the promises to Small Nationalities will be availed of.

"The Prime Minister: The answer to the first part of the question is in the negative; the second part of the question does not therefore arise; the last part of the question I am afraid I do not understand."—*Hansard*, Wednesday, Dec. 15, 1915.

So the suggestion of the "Koelnische Volkszeitung"—organ of the German Catholics—that Belgium should be freed by Germany in return for England freeing Ireland, has not merited the consideration of the English Government, whose agents and emissaries flood this country with appeals to Irishmen to "Remember Belgium" and to fight for "the Freedom of the Small Nationalities."

No Irishman unfit for an Asylum for the Feeble-minded expected the contrary. Every Irishman who was not bought or bedevilled knew that of all the cants Old England ever canted, the cant of concern for the Small Nationalities was the apothetical cant.

Within one hundred years past—within still living memory, England violated the rights and independence of Norway, Denmark, Belgium, Greece, Burmah, Egypt, Abyssinia, Portugal, the Orange Free State, the South African Republic, the Sovereign States of India, and delivered three unsuccessful attacks on Afghanistan. She connived at the robbery of Bessarabia from Roumania, and interposed to prevent Bulgaria becoming independent. That the appearance of this Power—which in a history of 500 years has never kept a Treaty which it became its interest and its opportunity to break—as the Champion and Vindicator of Small Nationalities and the Sanctity of Treaties, did not set the world shaking with laughter till the ribs of the earth cracked, is the proof

to posterity of how another Carthage had infected the globe with its own cant and the air of the world had become poison-gassed.

The Premier of England is also in December, 1915, "afraid he does not understand" references to the assurances of England that she would never sheathe the sword until the rights of Small Nationalities had been secured. In fact, the Small Nationality cant has no longer an asset. Belgium and Serbia have been used up, and Greece's neutrality has been profitably violated. If there were any other Small Nationality which could be forced to die that England might live, "Remember Belgium" would still be placarded over Dublin, and the sacred cause of the Small Nationalities would inspire the "Irish Times" to further flights in Healy prose and Russell verse. As it is, these eminent West Britons who wept for Belgium will resolutely refuse to write, speak, or refer to in any manner whatsoever the fact that the Government they support has not considered and will not consider the proposal to restore Belgium her independence by the process of restoring Ireland hers. Certainly, Remember Belgium, now it has been discarded as the war-cry of England's slaves and toadies in Ireland, will have an admonitory and educative value for Irishmen. They will remember that Belgium, when Germany guaranteeing its integrity and independence and compensation for any damage caused, asked permission to pass her army through, was urged to refuse and to fight. They will remember that Belgium fought. They will remember that she was left by England and France for three weeks to do the fighting unaided. They will remember that, as a result, her territory passed into the occupation of another nation. They will remember that her name and her misfortunes were used by England to induce Irishmen to join England's army—not to fight for England—but "to avenge Belgium." And then they will remember that when a suggestion came from a great German organ that Germany would free Belgium provided England freed Ireland, the English Government announced that it was not a thing to be considered. May we hope that Belgium will treasure that reply.

THE CHRISTMAS "SPARK."

We have received a copy of our bright little contemporary, "The Spark," which is this week increased to eight pages, it being the Christmas number. A photo of Roger Casement on art paper is given gratis with each copy. Amongst the various contributions are a sketch of Casement's life, "Peace and the Gael," "Facing Facts," "Mr. Dooley on the War," "The Pal and the Turk," and a fine article by Father Campbell on "The Convictions of Patriotism," etc. The number is excellent value for 1d., and can be had from all newsagents or direct from the publishers, 4 Findlater Place, Dublin.

eblin tuatáig,

10 HIGH STREET, DUBLIN,

— FOR —

News, Stationery, Cigarettes, Irish-Ireland Papers, Books, Tracts, Labour Periodicals, etc., a Speciality.

Disgracing Ireland.

In his magnificent letter on the treatment of poor Irish emigrants by a howling English mob, the Bishop of Limerick in a striking sentence declared:—

"But in all the shame and humiliation of this disgraceful episode, what angers one most is that there is no one, not even one of their own countrymen, to stand up and defend them."

It was after reading this pathetic sentence again and again that I happened to glance through a copy of an article in the "Irish Independent" written the very day after these poor Irishmen were subjected to every kind of insult and degradation that a mob of English shirkers in Liverpool could think of.

Read the way in which this newspaper—this "Irish" newspaper—stood up for these poor Connaught peasants, many and many of whose halfpennies had helped to build up its circulation.

Under the heading of "Disgracing the Country," it opened with gushing praise of the Cunard Company—the Company that dropped Queenstown as a port of call.

"There will be general approval of the action of the Cunard Company in deciding not to accept bookings of British subjects who are fit and eligible for military service. It is to be hoped that other British Trans-Atlantic Shipping Companies will at once adopt a similar attitude."

Having thus endorsed the action of the Company whose employees joined in the jibes at the unfortunate Irish, the "Independent" went on to say:—

"No one will have any sympathy with the young men whose flight has been stopped at Liverpool, for their conduct in running away from their country before there is even a risk of Conscription is disgraceful as well as stupid. Such cowardice is discreditable to the country," etc.

Oh, well you might write, good and brave-hearted Bishop of Limerick, that there was no one to defend these poor Irish whose only crime was that they did not want to die for England. And you could have added that not alone was there no one to defend them, but that, on the contrary, with the task of defaming them, with the task of throwing mud at them, in the task of repeating the insults of the howling English mob, "an Irish leader" (Heaven bless the mark!) and an "Irish newspaper" would be found agreeing in this unholy work if in nothing else.

The "Independent" heads its attack on these poor Irishmen "Disgracing the Country." I will adopt the heading, but I will apply it to the Irish Press itself. I say the Dublin Press is "Disgracing Ireland" in the eyes of the world. It has sold itself body and soul to England. No foul lie coming from English sources is too loathsome for it to print, no slander too wicked to utter, when applied to Germany and Austria. The depths have surely been reached, however, when in addition to defaming two great countries that have never injured Ireland, an "Irish" newspaper is found joining with a howling English mob in throwing mud at poor Irish peasants.

Some day, please God, the inner history of the Dublin Press since August, 1914, will be written, and then the Irish public can prepare for revelations about these newspapers. With a full knowledge of what I am writing about, I say that the attitude of the Dublin Press during the war has been such that words cannot describe it. Cowardice, treachery, suppression, slander, defamation—every form of lying, no matter how horrible—all these have been practised daily in the interest of England.

When you try and think of the depths to which this "Irish" Press can descend, think of the crowd of poor Irish emigrants at Liverpool howled at, spat at, reviled and scoffed at by an English mob, and remember that an "Irish" newspaper supported the action of the mob that exposed the poor Irish emigrants to this great shame.

It was left to a great and a good Bishop to reveal the real voice of Ireland on this outrage. If the winning of our freedom was left to our "Irish" newspapers, we would always be slaves and helots. Thanks be to God, the English Government may buy Irish politicians, it may bribe Irish newspapers, but it cannot purchase the heart and soul of Ireland.

Better the spirit of nationhood than forty bogus Home Rule Bills. A PRESSMAN

"Voices of the Past." A Review.

COMPILED BY LIAM DE ROISTE.
One Penny. Published by P. Corcoran, Cork.

The great men of the past took long visions of the future. The courageous of heart to-day look into that past and catch glimpses of that destiny of Ireland, still unfulfilled but still inspiring, which made those men of bygone generations poets, prophets and pioneers.

We have been advised that Irish history is a thing for Irishmen to forget. A monstrous proposition, surely! Who will say to the Germans the history of the Fatherland is a thing for them to forget? Who will advise similarly the youth of France, of Greece or of any civilised nation? No one indeed who would strengthen the foundations of the honour and glory or progress of these countries. But Ireland, it would appear, must stand on a different plane. Ireland must forget its history—must erase from its memory all the events that give such history a touch of racial individuality, must obliterate all personalities that have risen and portrayed an ideal, hymned an inspiring song or done an ennobling action.

This blank, bleak retrospect is the foundation upon which we are to build, not our future Irish nation, but a West British shire to be known as Ireland. But were it never so desirable, it is an impossible idea. Ere you succeed in rendering Irish history a forgettable thing you must eliminate much that has hitherto proved impervious to even the insidious Imperialising angliciser—the place-names that own a derivation from some historic event or personality, the ruins that have stood mutely resolute against both the ravages of time and the hands of the conquering Vandals—carrying through the centuries a rugged outline of traditionary beauty and pre-English nobility of Irish life.

Yes, the blotters-out of Irish history have still a job of some magnitude before them; but its very nature implies one thing, *viz.*, that it is neither possible nor desirable that Irish history should be forgotten. It is the vintage of our race which will give manliness where we now have weaklings—courage where now cringes cowardice, and progress where now misery shivers—and political backbone where, for lack of an understanding of the real outlook of the Irish Nation in past ages, we now have blundering, stumbling and pitiful crawling—strident lungs announcing an innane, imbecile, nerveless abandonment of national principle as the crowning mercy of our political struggles.

Do the voices of Ireland's leaders (?) to-day re-echo the claims of the men who stood for Ireland in the past? A test has been furnished by Liam De Roiste, in his pamphlet "Voices of the Past," by which we can answer this question. It is truly a valuable document, and provides a clue to many things greatly obscured by the clamours of the petty minds which speak from the housetops to-day offering their mean souls for sale.

In concise compass this pamphlet relates and emphasises the potent fact of the unbroken continuity of Ireland's demand for centuries, not for a shabby facsimile of a council like to that which any English shire possesses, but for the sovereign rights of an independent nation. It is a pamphlet with a message. Buy it, read it, digest it, and then marvel that bloated lies can posture in our midst as immaculate truths.

S. MAC.

THE DAY.

Close tight the door against the wind
That blowing down from grey Kalgeen,
And tell us tales of Michael Dwyer,
Crouched low beside the warm turf fire,
O' Shanachaidé.
Until our veins throb valorous
And slavery is left behind,
And we shall dare to do as he
In wild, undaunted bravery,
For Eire.

The fog creeps up the lone hillside,
The wind is keener in the air,
The fire droops with each flick'ring spark,
And shadows weird flit through the dark,
Now strangely!
Then suddenly the door bursts wide,
His flashing eyes light up the gloom.
"Quick, follow me. To-night," he cries,
"We strike the blow, and he who dies
Breaks Roisin's chain."

And deeds that night were wrought as brave
As in the days of Michael Dwyer;
For when the dawn stood from the night,
She held the banner green and bright
Of Caithin.
And set it on the west'rn clouds,
That far across the sky it waved,
A Nation's banner—free, unfurled,
And set against the mighty world—
Of Eire.

Mavrone! that rippling with such joy,
A caoine should pass my door along,
And in the shadows of the room
A dear voice echo from the tomb
vibratingly!

Each night the Banshee visits me,
And combs her silver locks and keens;
I know she's making me a grave
Beside a noble heart and brave,
A Mhuire dhil.

In Hazelwood I'll lay my head
Under a little mossy stone,
Just where the stream from grey Kalgeen
Will whisper through each Wicklow scene
A lonely dirge.

"In Hazelwood he struck a blow
For Cairtin ni Houlicain,
And set her nobly on her throne."
And I shall rest beneath that stone,
A Mhuire dhil.

LILY M. O'BRENNAN.

"Meagher of the Sword."

If there were any prospect that the English could misgovern this country for, say, the next ten or twenty years, I would politely suggest to Dublin Castle that it should issue a list of those persons whom it intended to transport or hang, in order that Mr. Arthur Griffith might immediately set to work upon their biographies, and so complete his series of Irishmen who have received the highest honour that England can bestow upon Irishmen! For there is no man who can write, or who has written, so perfectly of such men as Mitchel and Meagher as Mr. Griffith.

It is a joy to be understood, even after one is dead. And as I have maintained in this paper on several occasions, Mitchel and Davis and O'Connell have been understood and interpreted with subtlety and perfection by one man, and that man, Arthur Griffith. The book before me is a proof of this contention. It is a book which must be purchased at once, and read carefully, in the lurid light of the present day. When I began this review, I had intended to say nothing at all, but to introduce some choice passages from Mr. Griffith's pen. You see, a review of such a book as this, is a review of a review. Mr. Griffith himself interprets and edits Meagher; and it is more satisfactory to allow him to speak of the man, than to speak of his speech on the man. In Waterford the Mayor proudly showed me some of the Meagher treasures. The portrait of Meagher's father struck me as specially eloquent. It was the portrait of an honourable, wise, shrewd, courteous old gentleman: a true Waterford man. For Waterford is a town of fine culture and tradition. It was the birth-place of the man who wrote "Maritana." In a free Ireland it would be a second Munich or Dresden. As it is, Waterford does not forget her sons; and she is tremendously proud of Meagher. Few men have done more for the preservation of Meagher's memory than the present Mayor, Mr. Power. And I feel certain that Waterford itself will absorb one edition of this excellent book. Mr. Griffith's editing is quite perfect; his selections are happy, and

his indexing is all that one could wish. As a proof that the problems of Ireland, in the grip of England, proceed always in a circle, and that a vicious one, the reader should note carefully Meagher's words on page 81. I congratulate Mr. Griffith on a brilliant and scholarly performance; and I only hope that the great patriots of Ireland in the future may be as fortunate in their biographers as Meagher has been.

A. N.

MEAGHER OF THE SWORD. Speeches of Thomas Francis Meagher in Ireland, 1846-1848. His narrative of events in Ireland in July, 1848. Personal Reminiscences of Waterford, Galway, and his schooldays. Edited by Arthur Griffith, with a preface, appendices, index and illustrations. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 3/6.

English Manufacture in Ireland.

A POINT OF VIEW.

Those who have lived in Ireland like cattle, taking everything that happens to come their way with a smile of gratitude, curios such as members of Parliament and policemen don't interest. They have become so accustomed to the bombast of one and the self-appropriated necessity of the other, that they cannot imagine an Ireland without them. But to those who are not content to be patronised alms-seekers, those two articles of Ireland's furniture are strangely interesting. Perhaps I insult one or other of them by classifying them together. If I do, I apologise to the M.P. and tender my most sincere and abject apologies to the Peeler. The M.P. exists to guard our Rights and Liberties, the policeman to see that our Rights and Liberties are kept within proper bounds. They are both our servants, and as such are perfectly entitled to order us here or there, to do this or that, as they please. The M.P. is a stolid man, well fed and well dressed. His face bears a look of satisfaction and a few cultivated wrinkles that immediately disappear when their owner is alone in his private room. He is a man of weight, some of which Providence threw on him and some of which he believes his position confers on him. His conversation which, prior to his elevation to the floor of the House, might have been jovial and unconventional and even interesting, on his election becomes prosy, dull, forced, and innocuous. He is a man of many words and few actions. In this last respect he resembles the policeman. He is a stout man and very much addicted to the tall hat and frock coat, not merely on Sundays, but also on weekdays—in short, he is the Height of Respectability. His coat, which is generally of a very dark colour, when open, discloses a laborious-looking grandfather's gold chain, with which he ostentatiously toys with his gold-ringed fingers while he looks out upon a world which he believes to be mesmerised by his eloquence, impressed by his silence, and enriched by his activity.

England has in her time placed rare curios in this country to look after our welfare, but

I venture to say that the policeman holds the position, not merely of the most disliked, but also of the most superfluous of all. The policeman is not a bad sort of a fellow himself—indeed, he can often be congenial and humorous—when, and only when, you can distract his attention from that painfully-polished uniform of his. But, once he reverts to his uniform, the devil himself could not be more forbidding. He is sufficiently educated to make his ignorance thoroughly objectionable. He, like the M.P., is prosy to an extent almost unimaginable, and delights in laying down dogmas not merely for himself but even for the world. His vocabulary, though very limited, is very long. By this I mean that when there are two words meaning the same thing, he invariably uses the longer one of the two.

I once knew a policeman who was far-famed for his use of long words, and on enquiring from him as to his art, he informed me that he culled his sentences from the pages of a book entitled "The Orator's Oracle." This was one of his favourite questions to his intimate friends—"Is there any probability of a cessation of hostilities between the belligerent Powers on the Continent?" It is said that the only man who ever attempted to answer his question was the local schoolmaster.

The policeman's outlook on the world in general is one of inveterate hostility. He regards the people as his enemies, unprincipled enemies, who are only waiting for the opportunity to injure him in some way or other. This attitude of his—the offspring of English tuition—is responsible for his being so stupidly suspicious, not merely of his own people, but even of his uniformed confrères. His suspicious instincts lead him to say things he doesn't mean to say, do things he doesn't mean to do, and think things he doesn't mean to think. Briefly, I believe that Irish life furnishes no greater example of hypocrisy than the able-bodied policeman.

You can laugh at the member of Parliament and enjoy your laugh, but—oh! for Chivalry and Charity—please refrain from laughing at the worthy Peeler! Give him the charity of your silence.

Were Irish life a pantomime, I should say that the member of Parliament and the policeman would be the mirth- and tear-provoking clowns—the M.P. as the fat, vulgar, and unsqueamish joker, and the Peeler as the unfortunate, miserable, melancholy humbug. But since I consider Irish life as a serious thing, I long for the day when these two English curios will no longer exist to insult our pride by holding up the responsible positions which they occupy to the contempt and contumely of an easy-going, over-forgiving, and—shall I say over-forgiven?—people.

"TORMOD."

Ancient Order of Hibernians.

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Has been POSTPONED until MONDAY, 10th JANUARY, 1916.

All Blocks and Unsold Tickets to be returned to the Secretary, 28 N. Frederick Street, Dublin, on or before Saturday, 8th January.

Training Patriots.

The "Irish Times" wrote an article the other day on "Training Patriots." After seeing the heading and knowing the record of the "Irish Times," I turned up Webster's Dictionary and found the definition of a patriot to be as follows:—"One who loves his country and zealously supports its authority and interests." Then I pondered on how the "Irish Times" stood in relation to this definition. Claiming to be the leading daily organ of the Capital of Ireland, it has for years denied the right of the Irish people to make their own laws. While professing to be a passionate supporter of the independence and nationality of Belgium, of Serbia, of Montenegro, of Roumania, and of Poland, it has had nothing but scorn for the idea of an independent Ireland. It has ceaselessly sneered at the attempt to revive the Irish language. When the Ulster Volunteers were formed to resist Home Rule for Ireland, it approved of their action. When the Irish Volunteers were formed to safeguard the rights of Ireland, it denounced them. It throve on the Parnellite split. It has for years devoted every effort to accentuate existing differences in Ireland, and where they did not exist, to cause them. It has been un-Irish in tone, in wording, and in feeling. The word nationality in its eyes was anathema. Its greatest pride was to be a pale reflection of the London "Times." If a scene took place at the Dublin Corporation, the "Irish Times" vied with English journals in pointing out how unsuitable the Irish were for self-government. If (as actually occurred) scenes took place at Manchester or other City Councils, they were either not reported or they were toned down. Everything English was superior—even English rows. English games, English appointments, English methods, all were approved of. Everything Irish was low, vulgar, common. Let an Irish hurling match or football game take place in Dublin. Not alone was it not reported, even the result was not given. So deep was the contempt of this superior journal for all things Irish. On the other hand, whenever an agrarian disturbance occurred in the West, no space was thought too long or too prominent to devote to it. Instead of being a disturbance it became an outrage. The farmers whom the "Irish Times" now wants to enlist to fight for England were denounced as savage malefactors. Truly the "Irish Times" presumes a good deal when in the Capital of Ireland it writes about "Training Patriots."

It was only on reading the article, however, that I discovered it referred to the training of English patriots. The undesirability of leaving "such a sacred matter" to the local authorities was referred to, and it was hinted that the best man to make Minister of Education would be Sir Robert Baden-Powell. In this way Irish children would be best taught how to be English patriots.

Please God (despite the "Irish Times," and despite everything that it can do or say), the day will never come when the Irish will become English, though every shoneen in the land burst himself in the attempt.

CANICE.

"Jolly" Recruiters

We take the following from the "Dundalk Examiner":—

"There was a good deal of good-humoured banter at a recruiting meeting held in the Market Square, Dundalk, on Wednesday night.

"The first speaker was Lieutenant Sheehy, who told the audience that he was the son of a Nationalist M.P., and that he wanted some people to come forward that he might have finished with recruiting. He proceeded to dilate on German atrocities, when somebody shouted 'What about '98?' An interesting disputation between the interrupter and one of the auditors followed, winding up with a declaration on Home Rule by a loud-voiced local celebrity, who declined Lieutenant Sheehy's invitation to don the khaki.

"Lieutenant Grant, who had been in the trenches, followed. He apologised for his lack of oratorical ability by explaining that he was only a soldier—and a d— young soldier. They might not believe all they read in the newspapers about life in the trenches. If they joined the army they would have a jolly good time in the trenches. They might not care to go because of their girls at home, but there were girls in France just as good and they could see them just as often. In the trenches they would have their rum as regularly as their beer at home. When they returned after the war those who had not gone would be regretting it. They would be marching through the streets of Dublin, they would have all the women-folk kissing them, and they would have a jolly good 'drunk' when it was all over. The speaker concluded by stating that he would stand a drink to every man who came up and joined.

"Lieutenant Sheehy stated that the kind of officers they would have would be jolly good fellows, such as the last speaker. He then introduced to the audience Lieutenant Moynagh.

"Lieutenant Moynagh's discourse was rendered somewhat incoherent owing to frequent outbursts of laughter on the part of the audience. 'The men are in the trenches fighting for us,' declared the speaker—and the audience laughed callously. 'Laugh away,' said Lieutenant Moynagh somewhat irritably, and the audience complied with unexpected readiness. 'Are you finished?' queried the impatient orator—and the audience again went off into a side-shaking paroxysm. The speaker gazed embarrassingly at the good-humoured crowd. 'It is no laughing matter,' he urged, but the auditors would have their little laugh, and there was a further spasm. The speaker proceeded to refer to the 'ravishing' of certain institutions. This was too much for the audience, there was a titter and then a further explosion. The speaker, in obvious discomfiture, retired—with the unique distinction of being the first to be 'laughed down' at a public meeting."

Bazin and His Country.

"France has, in the course of her history, passed through many troublous epochs. Ten times her enemies, waiting for her death, believed that at last this nation, whose soil and riches they covet, whose genius they would hanker after were it possible to seize it, was about to be wiped off the map of the world. When you hear it said that France is lost, children, do not believe it, say that she will be restored, and pray that the hour may be nigh."

I extract these words from my friend Rene Bazin's *Gentle France*. M. Bazin is probably the most popular novelist in France to-day; but in France popularity is not an indication of inferiority, as it is in England where Correllies and Caines are encouraged to exhibit "literary" incontinence.

Rene Bazin is an artist in words upon whom

the honour of the academy has been deservedly bestowed.

And it was to this man that application was made by a national educational society to write a book which would teach little French children to love France.

This book would serve as a model for a similar work in Ireland; and that work, which requires to be written, should be written only by a supreme artist.

We could take M. Bazin's words to ourselves and say to the children of Ireland:—

"When you hear it said that Ireland is lost, children, do not believe it, say that she will be restored, and pray that the hour may be nigh."

I myself feel that the hour is nigh—yea, "even at the door," and that amid the swelter of nations Ireland shall rise triumphant and invincible.

When I saw two thousand armed men in Cork who were pledged to Ireland a Nation, I saw a miracle. Think of it!—at the end of the 700 years' war! May the God of Battles soon say unto Ireland:—"Her warfare is accomplished; her iniquity is pardoned; for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins." Ireland's sinners have been national sinners; but by the virtue of the many we shall presently be saved!

A. N.

Gentle France, by Rene Bazin, excellently rendered into English, while preserving the French idiom, by Mary Dougherty. Dublin: Gill, 6/-.

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" 20—Celtic and Irish Law and its Administration Eoin Mac Neill
Mar. 5—The Leinster Tribute Cú Ulaó
" 19—Ireland and the Spanish Armada ... Arthur Griffith

The Cumann na mBan (Central Branch) Publication Committee have now four pamphlets on their list. They are:—

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4. WHEN THE GOVERNMENT PUBLISHES SEDITION. By Arthur Griffith. (England judged out of her own mouth.)
5. ASCENDENCY WHILE YOU WAIT. By A. Newman. (How the Ascendancy class is manufactured.)
6. DANIEL O'CONNELL AND SINN FEIN. By Eoin Mac Neill. (Revealing the gulf between O'Connell and the modern "Nationalist.")
7. DANIEL O'CONNELL AND SINN FEIN (Part 2). By Eoin Mac Neill. (An eye-opener for West Britons.)
8. WHAT IT FEELS LIKE. By A. Newman. (A study of Jail, written in Jail, with a preface on lunacy in prison and several additions.)
9. WHY THE MARTYRS OF MANCHESTER DIED. By A. Newman. (How the murder was planned by the Cabinet, and why.)

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THE IRISH VOLUNTEER

EDITED BY EOIN MAC NEILL.

Vol. 2. No. 55 (New Series).

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25th, 1915.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

NOTES

One or two instances of what may be called unwise impatience among Irish Volunteers have come to my knowledge. When I advise patience under great evils, it is not that we should expect our country to go suffering these evils for ever, but rather that through the patient endeavour and tenacious determination of her children she may be relieved from her wrongs as speedily and as completely as possible. Impatient action, especially of a detached and sporadic kind, may be a way of relieving this man's or that man's feelings while delaying our country's deliverance, we do not know for how long. Now, no man has a right to seek relief for his own feelings at the expense of his country.

Impatience is sometimes caused by the sight of anti-Irishism flaunting itself under license and encouragement in the face of the people. We feel that the conduct of this or that person deserves punishment. What if it does? We are not appointed the administrators of either Divine or human justice. While we hate tyranny and injustice, let us not fear them. They are working out their own destruction. Day by day they are educating the Irish people. If you or I are stirred to indignation, remember that others who were blinded for a time are getting their eyes opened by the same facts that are making us indignant.

"Omnia honeste et secundum ordinem fiant." Let all things be done honourably and in a regular and disciplined way. We have many enemies, many factious opponents, many undecided onlookers. Any act of rash violence will be used to the great injury of the national cause. Especially should we guard ourselves against making enemies of our own people, and all the people of Ireland are our own people. Nothing can be for Ireland's advantage that is not for Ireland's honour. If we

love our country, her honour must be sacred to us.

We have convicted our enemies of trampling upon law and plotting the destruction of order. Law and order and loyalty are words which in Ireland and in regard of Ireland have been debased by every charlatan and soiled by all ignoble use. In any true and honest sense, we Irish Volunteers are the defenders of law and order and loyalty. There is no reason why we should be impatient, but rather that we should go forward confidently. Our conscience is clear. Our cause is good. Our purpose is unclouded. Let us fulfil the duty we have taken up, and while we do so, let us be cheerful and lighthearted. The happiest men in Ireland this Christmas should be the men of the Irish Volunteers.

The anti-conscription meeting in the Mansion House was the greatest public meeting held in Dublin since the inaugural meeting of the Irish Volunteers two years ago. The Irish capital has shown its mind. The two largest halls in the Mansion House were filled to the last place, and many failed to find room. The audience, or rather the two audiences, were orderly and unanimous. Entrance was absolutely free to all-comers. The stewards had nothing to do except to find places for the crowd.

It was remarkable that nearly all the speakers laid most stress on fighting the sort of conscription that works by economic pressure. Conscription by economic pressure is too roundabout a phrase. The plain name for it is conscription by starvation. That sort of thing is criminal conspiracy, whoever may be mixed up in it. It is a crime of inexpressible meanness. When the Registration Act was under discussion, it was not applied to Ireland, the Government declaring that all the necessary information could be obtained in Ireland through official channels. That being so, what is the meaning of applying to employers to give the same information in duplicate, if it is not to induce employers to bring "economic

pressure" to bear? I warned employers at the meeting, and I warn them again, not to be induced to lay the foundation for a class war. If I wanted to see an implacable feud created between employers and employed, or unemployed, I would regard this economic pressure policy with feelings of exultation.

Now it turns out that my diagnosis of Dr. Starkie's attack of political fever was quite correct. He caught it from Sir M. Nathan. In reply to Mr. Ginnell, the Chief Secretary says on December 13th: "In a communication addressed to the Secretaries to the Commissioners of National Education by the Under Secretary on the 15th June, 1915, attention was called to the fact that the teacher referred to," and so on. The egregious Hicks of the Kinsella prosecution set the Castle in motion, the Castle appointed Dr. Starkie to do police duty for Hicks, and Dr. Starkie, like Magistrate Drury when invited to intimidate, said "Indeed I will," and on the 18th June he opened fire on the Irish Volunteers from behind the secure fortifications of Tyrone House. Shame for the Irish Volunteers to be hostile to a regime in which Dr. Starkie plays such a noble part!

To another question by Mr. Ginnell the Chief Secretary answered: "The evidence that the Irish Volunteers have endeavoured to foment disloyalty in Ireland is voluminous." Hardly yet so voluminous as the evidence at the Pigott Commission, or even as the evidence of the Crossmaglen Conspiracy. However, Mr. Birrell is progressing, and may yet show the Irish people once more the stuff that "our sincere friends" are made of. His evidence, he tells us, consists in part of "proceedings against officers and organisers" of the Irish Volunteers. Mr. Devlin will see that "these senseless prosecutions" have a meaning after all, and Mr. Redmond will figure as a mainstay of a Government in Ireland for the suppression of Irish liberty.

For the first time in history, Ireland has produced an Anti-pope. The Rev.

Dr. O'Doherty, C.C., has laid down the duty of Catholics "to be true to Holy Church." The vast majority of his fellow-priests in Dublin and throughout Ireland have no intention of taking their duty from the teaching of the new Antipope.

I have no acquaintance with this new Doctor of the Church, but I was once well acquainted with Canon O'Leary, of Dingle, and regret to see a report of a meeting in Dingle over which he presided. The meeting was nominally held for the purpose of Recruitment, but no recruits are reported, and the Press account shows that the proceedings were a carnival of vituperation of the Irish Volunteers. Kerry, like Dublin, will bring in its verdict in due time. The Canon declared that the object of the meeting was to keep the Huns and the Turks out of Ireland. I have never heard that the Turks took any special interest in Ireland beyond sending a large sum of money to relieve the Irish Famine of 1847, when the people of Kerry were dying like flies, and when the Government that brought about the Famine was helping to deprive the country of food. Of course that was very long ago, and the British statesmen of our time are not the ruthless scoundrels of seventy years ago.

Encouraged by Canon O'Leary's presence in the chair, one Mr. Denis Reidy, of Castleisland, declared that Mr. Redmond had won Home Rule, and that those who disagreed with him were "cowards, humbugs, and little blackguards," moreover, that they were "cowards who disrespected their religion, their country, and their race," and concluded with an eloquent peroration "calling upon all right-thinking Irishmen to stand by those who had won them their liberty, to extend their support to those who were giving their blood to maintain that liberty, and to ignore the cranks, the humbugs, and the bulavaun bakes." The result of this advice was that the Dingle people ignored Mr. Reidy and his fellow-orators.

Sergeant-Major O'Rahilly, of the Connaught Rangers, spoke next. He said that Egan O'Rahilly was his proud ancestor, and was a nephew of Myles the Slasher, who died for Ireland at the Bridge of Finea. He said that the young men who would not listen to him "were hypnotised and carried away from the path of their fathers by ingenious individuals for the lucre of lusty gold." The Canon continued to preside. "Their leaders are employed in Government departments, but they would soon be turned out of those departments," and the recruiting officer then proceeded to mark down a man for Sir Matthew Nathan's fire. He said the "Sinn Feiners" were on the side of the Dark Demon, and the Angel of Liberty

was on the other side. "Yes, if Myles the Slasher, Robert Emmet, Wolfe Tone, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald were that day alive they would be on this platform helping under the Very Rev. and distinguished Chairman to procure their help to go and strike a blow for Ireland's sake and the cause of justice." He said the "Sinn Feiners passed a resolution congratulating Germany on what they called a glorious achievement," the sinking of the Lusitania. He said, "Remember that Ireland is now a new Ireland, restitution has been made for the wrongs done us in the past, and the teachings of our Holy Faith is to forgive as we should wish to be forgiven, especially where restitution is made."

Mr. T. O'Donnell, M.P., spoke next. "He was more than pleased that they had the Very Rev. Chairman with them there that day." Mr. O'Donnell then completed the process of boxing the compass in Irish politics. The once out-and-outer denounced Desmond Fitzgerald, now undergoing six months' imprisonment, and Ernest Blythe, who was recently in prison. Yet we have been told that the leader who sent Mr. O'Donnell to the meeting and the Party of which Mr. O'Donnell is a member passed a resolution condemning the action of the Government in imprisoning Ernest Blythe. We can now understand why no notice was taken of the Party "protest" or of Mr. Devlin's protest against the "senseless prosecutions." Canon O'Leary, of Dingle, was all this time in the chair.

Mr. O'Donnell, M.P., went a stage farther, farther even than the recruiting sergeant-major, and named the man who should "soon be turned out" of employment. Mr. O'Donnell is having his time. He knows well that he is now a representative of the Imperial Parliament in Kerry at £400 a year, and that he is no longer a representative of Kerry in the Imperial Parliament. He told the audience that "a load of misery and misfortune had been lifted from that district during the past ten years," but he had the grace to say that this was done "with the help of agitation." The Dingle people are not fools. They know that the fight for the land was fought, not by truckling or fawning or flunkeying, but by the sufferings and sacrifices of the people, before and during the time when Mr. O'Donnell was as yet "a servant of the Crown," like the man he now publicly denounces to starvation. "We are now," he declared, "a free nation, a self-governing people!" No cheers are reported at this point. Is it possible that the audience, like the cranks, humbugs and cowards, denounced under the patronage of Canon O'Leary of Dingle, had their own doubts about being members of a free nation and a self-governing people?

General Gough, of Curragh fame, has got it into the newspapers that he now has "a bodyguard of Sinn Feiners and Fenians." I am beginning to get jealous of these Sinn Feiners, they seem to be annexing everybody and everything. The London "Times" says they have annexed the Gaelic League. Now they have surrounded General Gough. I suspect that the twisters and time-servers are succeeding in making everybody believe that Sinn Feiner means any Irishman who has the courage and honesty to stand up in any degree for the old ideals of Ireland a Nation.

EOIN MAC NEILL

Cumann na mBan

We have received a very satisfactory report from Liverpool this week. The branch is strong and doing good work. The members are quite assiduous in their labours, and attend First Aid, Signalling, and Drill Classes with punctuality. A Ceilidh Mor will be held on December 27th, and it is hoped it will be a great success.

Good reports have also come in from the branches in Tullamore, Athlone, and Tralee.

NOTES ON TRAINING OF AMBULANCE DETACHMENTS.

INDOOR.

1. First Aid or Home Nursing Lecture.

This being essential for Stretcher Squads, branches should use every effort to get the services of a doctor or qualified nurse to lecture them. Practice with triangular and roller bandages and splinting should take place once a week. A lecture should be arranged for on the use of the usual dressings and antiseptics (lint, cottonwool, gauze, iodine, lead lotion, etc.). Squad members who have any opportunity of assisting a doctor or nurse in dressing wounds, burns, etc. (or even of looking on at such work) are strongly advised to make the most of the chances, as more can be learned by this way in a few minutes than can be got out of books in as many hours.

2. Section Drill by Irish Volunteers. This has been found very useful from the point of view of discipline, and at the same time is interesting work. It should be followed by **Physical Drill** and **Semaphore Signalling**. Tests in Semaphore should be held after a few months (20 letters per minute, in the form of a message sent, and one received). Those who pass the test may proceed to **Morse Code**.

Stretcher Drill should be practised weekly if possible. Instructions for drill with 6 are to be found in the Fianna Handbook and St. Patrick's First Aid Manual.

A MILITARY CAUSERIE

POETICAL TIPS.

An interesting document has lately come into my hands, in the shape of a newspaper cutting giving tips for soldiers in doggerel verse. They are the product of the brain of a British officer, but many of them will be of use to Volunteers, who could easily commit them to memory. I therefore quote the more important items, occasionally taking the liberty of improving the metre, which is often execrable.

My first excerpt repeats one of the dogmata which I have been steadily driving home in lectures this long time:

"Care there should be, if your life you'd preserve,
Ammunition, food, men, keep a bit in Reserve."

And immediately afterwards the author adds a word or two on waste in general:

"Don't waste any food, and throw nothing away,
Or perhaps you'll go hungry the very next day.

Each bit of dry wood or of coal that you pass,
Just carry to camp, or a bit of dry grass.
For lighting a fire, some fat or some grease

Is a wonderful help, and it lights them with ease."

Next year's campers, please note.

A bit of moralising follows, to give a rhyme to the sound medical advice that comes after it:

"Have patience. All things will come right in a bit,
And the first thing to do is to keep yourself fit."

How? We had a lecture on this subject in the VOLUNTEER recently. Now that we are backed up by a competent military authority we refer you to -- again.

"Just keep your mouth shut, and don't talk when at work.

If everyone's talking a lot of them shirk."

Quite so. A valuable lesson this, and one which all Volunteers should appreciate. If the Volunteers have any faults, one of them is to stand about gossiping when they might be doing useful work. Of course they never talk when actually on parade!

Two essential rules and some useful knowledge follow:

"Keep rifles quite clean, and yourself too, as well,

Or the poisonous wound a sad story may tell.

Let pencil and paper be part of your kit;
You'll find that a great many uses they fit.

Messages written, not verbal, should be,
Or mistakes might occur, and then you're up a tree.

No order's correct, I must here clearly state,

Unless it is signed, with the time, place, and date."

Keep that last couplet buzzing in your head next time you go into action, and you will be saved many a wild goose chase. Slovenliness in the framing of messages and orders must never be overlooked on manoeuvres, or it may have disastrous results some day on the battlefield. If a verbal message has to be given let it be as short as possible, and make the messenger repeat it before despatching him. But better not give any if you can possibly avoid it.

Now a word to marksmen:

"At shooting you now must quite wonderful be,

But don't fire a shot if the foe you can't see.

Just take a good aim, and you may get the bull,

But up to the last keep your magazine full.

Quick firing's important, but no use a bit

To fire twenty rounds and nobody hit."

We would specially direct attention to the fourth line of this extract. The magazine is for use in extremity, in a tight corner, when there's no time to load. Under ordinary circumstances the cut-off should be closed and careful single shots fired. Volunteers should above all things be taught not to waste ammunition. Every bullet we have must be made to hit someone. The last couplet in the above enshrines one of those obvious rules which it never occurs to anyone to obey. We would like to make it recur for ever in the head of every Volunteer.

The contents of innumerable articles in the VOLUNTEER is summed up and concentrated in the next few lines:

"Resolve on a march that you'll never fall out.

It's the best marching side that will win without doubt.

So soap well your socks, and keep clean your feet,

Don't smoke, and don't drink, and you'll never be beat."

It was probably the exigencies of the metre that made the last line so terse and so drastic. Our poet could hardly expect to command an army of total abstainers, but of course it is perfectly true that the less you smoke and drink the better you'll march,—and the more money you'll have to spend on munitions.

Now for the steel:

"The finish with bayonets, trenches within,

'Tis the first point that counts, if it only gets in."

And in the lonely watches of the night let the sentry remember:

"Unless you are sure that a man is a friend

Mind you don't let him pass, or it may be your end."

No leniency, remember.

Sings our Britisher:

"White flags, or surrenders, well, those, we don't use them;

Be careful; the enemy's apt to abuse them."

Of course the first of these lines is ridiculous bombast. Surrenders are of constant occurrence on all sides in all wars. We commend the second line to the notice of Volunteers.

The poem ends a la plain blunt soldier:

"Expect to get through, and just hope for the best,

You just pull the trigger, and luck does the rest.

You only can die as a brave soldier can, If you don't, then you live, and thank God you're a man.

If it's peace or it's war the end is the same,

And it don't matter much if you're playing the game."

There you have it,—the true philosophy of cannon-fodder.

E. O'D.

GENERAL COUNCIL.

The first meeting of the newly-elected General Council of the Irish Volunteers was held at Headquarters on Sunday, 19th December. Eoin Mac Neill presided, and representatives from Dublin, Kilkenny City, Belfast, Limerick City, Limerick County, Louth, King's County, and Galway were present, while apologies were received from the representatives of Kilkenny County, Tipperary, Tyrone, Kerry, Cork City, Cork County, Derry City, and Wexford.

Much business was transacted dealing with the finances, equipment, training, and organisation of the Irish Volunteers. A number of training centres for Volunteer officers were arranged.

START THE NEW YEAR WELL AND COME TO THE CÉILÍ

To be given by Cumann Michil Uí Dhuibhir in the Club Rooms, Merchant's Quay, on SATURDAY, 1st JANUARY, 1916.

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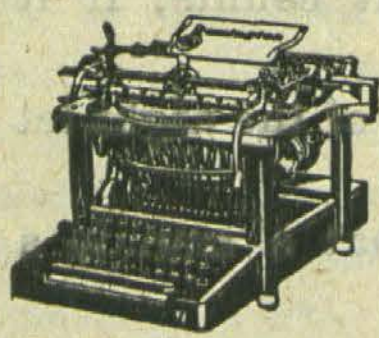
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Daoine Rua by pádraic Ó Conaíne (In Irish)

The Phoenix on the Roof, by Eimar O'Duffy.

The Swan Song, by Anton Tchekoff,

And a new Comedy in one act by John McDonagh, entitled **Author! Author!**

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS (Irish-American Alliance)—Drawing for Rifle has been postponed until Monday, 10th January, 1916. All Blocks and Unsold Tickets to be returned to the Secretary, 28 North Frederick Street, Dublin, on or before Saturday, 8th January.

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IRISH PRESS BUREAU,
30 Lower Abbey Street, DUBLIN.

The Irish Volunteer

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25th, 1915.

Affiliations

The question of affiliations is one that does not arouse any enthusiasm among the corps of Irish Volunteers throughout the country. It is none the less a matter of considerable importance. The Company officers often regard the sending of affiliations to Headquarters as merely a vexatious formality that may be dispensed with when they are busy, and one which is obtruded on their notice by the General Secretary with an unnecessary frequency. The sooner this notion is dropped the better for the Irish Volunteers.

The affiliations of the Companies are the only financial call that has so far been made upon the rank and file by Headquarters, and if the amount is collected regularly it is absurdly small. Nevertheless, when it comes in regularly

from all parts of the country it mounts up to a considerable figure, and one which would enable Headquarters to thoroughly organise and train corps in all parts of Ireland.

Do the Company officers realise that when they neglect affiliations they hamper the work of the Irish Volunteers? They prevent Headquarters from doing necessary work and from giving much-needed training to the corps. The corps need more instructors, and Headquarters has to find the means as well as the men. If affiliations were regularly paid by all the corps this would be easy. When the Company officers neglect affiliations it is very difficult.

Referring to this matter at the last Convention the President of the Irish Volunteers said:—"With regard to the coming year, the main point that I wish to impress on you is the maintenance of a thorough discipline, not merely in the stricter sense of carrying out orders on each occasion, but in the wider sense of maintaining the general order. Every company should fulfil its own place in the organisation. This depends, in the first instance, on affiliation maintained without neglect. Affiliation involves the payment of a fee at stated times to the Central Treasury. The fees are not large, and will not be irksome unless they are allowed to fall into arrears, and to let them fall into arrears is not consistent with discipline. In regard to expenditure, it should be the guiding principle that the regular income from affiliation fees should defray the regular expenses of organisation and administration and training, and that no part of these expenses should fall upon funds available for other purposes. Unless your regulations upon the payment of affiliation fees are observed in a disciplinary spirit, this principle cannot be observed, and we get into the very undesirable position of making up for neglect by waste."

The view that affiliations are a matter of necessary discipline should be acted upon by every officer—it is as much a part of his duty as the training and equipment of his men. The officers should also remember that the ability of Headquarters to give them the training that they need must always depend upon the financial resources which they place at the disposal of the Headquarters Staff.

SPECIAL COURSE OF TRAINING FOR SENIOR OFFICERS (ALL IRELAND).

There will be a special course of training at Headquarters for senior officers during the week January 15th to 21st. Every organised Battalion in the country should send at least one officer to the class. Names to be reported before January 12th to the Director of Training.

HEADQUARTERS BULLETIN

Tionól do bí ag Comhairle Shóca Féinne fáil ina nDúnroport tráchnóna D. Céadainn, an 15ú lá de'n mí ro, agus an Ceann Ceta pádraic Mac Briair ina cátaoirleac oirca.

Do rinneadh a lán oibre d'fár ar na gnáth-cumarsádaib.

Tug Briairde an Oirthe cunntar uaid ar slua na Gaillime. Trí Ceta agus cáis Complaicta déas ar fícho líon an tsluaig; an sluaig as á ullmúgadh féin go díceallac agus airm as níg bfuirmóir na bfeair. Do bí an Comhairle lántráta leir an gcunntar rin.

D'fóghair an tÁir-Rúnaide go raib fuirmeada réir cum roinnt ar bhorcuig-teoirib an luic Conganta.

Tionól do bí ag an gComhairle Coitcinn D. Domnaig an 19ú lá 7 an tOirde Eoin Mac Néill, Uachtarán, ina cátaoirleac.

Do rinneadh díorpoirleac ar cúrraib airm agus do chríochnúgadh comhairle cum na n-oirleideac púirte do bairiúgadh ó na Complaictaib i n-am agus a cúrram rin do cúir ar na Comhairleib Sluaig agus ar na bhoruaid Conntae. Do haontuigead ffeirín cáin raol an duine do cúir ar fiannaib fáil i gcoitcinne mar cádaib do círte na féinne.

Dúnroport na Féinne,

Át Cluac, 19 m. na n., 1915.

The Central Executive of the Irish Volunteers met at Headquarters on Wednesday evening, the 15th inst., Commandant P. H. Pearse in the chair.

A large amount of business arising out of the usual reports was dealt with.

The Director of Organisation made a special report on the Galway Brigade, which was regarded as highly satisfactory. The Brigade comprises three organised Battalions, together with numerous Companies not yet grouped into Battalions, the total number of active Companies being thirty-six. Training is being carried on vigorously, and practically all the men are armed.

The Secretary reported that enrolment forms to be used by organisers or centres of the Volunteers' Auxiliary were ready for distribution.

The General Council met on Sunday, the 19th inst., Professor Eoin Mac Neill, President, in the chair.

A discussion took place on finance, and it was decided to create proper machinery for the regular collection of the Companies' affiliation fees, the responsibility to be placed on Brigade Councils or County Boards where such exist. It was also agreed to place a special levy of sixpence per man on all Companies for Headquarters purposes.

Headquarters, 2 Dawson Street,
Dublin, 19th December, 1915.

others in course of formation. The majority of the Companies are grouped into three Battalions, but outside the Battalion areas numerous Companies and Scouting Sections exist. Training is being keenly carried on throughout the Brigade district, and the Brigade may be regarded as well armed.

The Dublin Brigade

Recruits are still wanted for several Companies of the Dublin Brigade. Every effort should be made to bring every Company up to full strength.

The Companies meet at the following halls:—

- Companies. BATT. I.
- A. Monday, 8 p.m., Colmcille Hall, Blackhall Street.
 - B. Monday 8 p.m., 41 Parnell Square.
 - C. Thursday, 8 p.m., 41 Parnell Sq.
 - D. Saturday, 8 p.m., Colmcille Hall, Blackhall Street.
 - F. Thursday, 8 p.m., 25 Parnell Sq.
 - G. Wednesday, 8 p.m., Colmcille Hall, Blackhall Street.

- BATT. II.
- B. Tuesday, 8 p.m., Father Mathew Park, Fairview.
 - C. Wednesday, 8 p.m., 25 Parnell Sq.
 - D. Sunday morning, 11 a.m., Father Mathew Park, Fairview.
 - E. Wednesday, 8 p.m., Father Mathew Park, Fairview.
 - F. Thursday, 8 p.m., Father Mathew Park, Fairview.
 - G. Tuesday, 8 p.m., Lamh Dearg Hall, Glasnevin.

- BATT. III.
- A. Monday, 8 p.m., Camden Row.
 - B. Tuesday, 8 p.m., Camden Row and Great Brunswick Street.
 - C. Thursday, 8 p.m., Camden Row.
 - D. Thursday, 8 p.m., Thorncastle Street, Ringsend.
 - E. Wednesday, 8 p.m., Cullenswood House, Oakley Road.

- BATT. IV.
- A. Monday, 8 p.m., Larkfield, Kimmage.
 - B. Tuesday, 8 p.m., Larkfield, Kimmage.
 - C. Thursday, 8 p.m., Larkfield, Kimmage.
 - D. Friday, 8 p.m., Larkfield, Kimmage.
 - E. Monday, 8 p.m., Rathfarnham.
 - F. Monday and Thursday, 8 p.m., Emmet Hall, Inchicore.
 - G. Tallaght and Clondalkin.

Note—Corps throughout Ireland should send a note of the times and places of their weekly parades for Publication.—Ed. I.V.).

Classes at Headquarters suspended from December 23rd to January 2nd, inclusive.

Notes from Headquarters

THE ANTI-CONSCRIPTION DEMONSTRATION.

As far as the Irish Volunteers are concerned, there was no need for the marvellous demonstration of Tuesday week last. Friends and foes know that they stand pledged as a military organisation to resist conscription. The demonstration was valuable, however, in showing, with a plainness that no man can gainsay, that the democracy of Dublin stands behind the Irish Volunteers. Any attempt to enforce conscription by Act of British Parliament will be resisted to the blood by the men and women of Dublin.

HUNCER-SCRIPTION.

In the meantime the other form of Conscription is in our midst. Men are being driven into the army against their will by a cruel form of oppression exercised by employers at the behest of the British Government. There is only one way to fight this. Proof of such action on the part of any firm must be followed by a rigid boycott of that firm by Irish Na-

tionalists. Volunteers who are in possession of the facts of any such case should immediately communicate them to the proper persons at Headquarters.

THE AUXILIARY.

Forms for the enrolment of members of the Auxiliary can now be had from the General Secretary. The forms contain spaces for ten names, and each enrollee of ten will be regarded as an organiser or centre of the Auxiliary, and will be expected to collect and forward the subscriptions of his ten members. The subscriptions will be received in monthly instalments of sixpence. This essentially democratic scheme should bring into the Auxiliary all the sympathisers with the Irish Volunteers who cannot for the moment come into the fighting line. Those who are in a position to get recruits for the Auxiliary should step forward at once.

THE GALWAY BRIGADE.

The Galway Brigade stands next to the Cork Brigade in point of actual size. From the nature of its district, it is perhaps a more homogeneous and definitely organised military body. It has thirty-six Companies in active being, with

LEABHAR DRILLE DOGLÁDAIB na héireann

(Ar leanmáint).

SCRÚDOGÁD GUNNAÍ.



Caittear an gunna anáirde leir an láimh
deir fíarthearna na
Cum a Scrúdaíste, cabáile i dtreo so
'Speáimí—Gunnaí mbeir beul an gunna
in uachtar agus an
meaigirín ar taob na láimhe clé ríor agus

an bairille fíarthearna puinthe na gualann
clé agus ar a aghaid amach. Lena linn rin,
beirtear greim ra láimh clé ar an ngunna,
lairtiar den radarc deirid, i dtreo so
mbeir an óróis 7 na méireanna timcheall
ar an ngunna agus caol na láimhe clé ar
a ghair an cléib i leir na láimhe clé agus an
oá uillinn so olúit leir an gcabail.
Cartar an glar rábála roir ar rad le
hórois agus le méir coraig na láimhe
deire.

Má bíonn an comla irtig, luigtear uirri
leir an óróis agus tarraingtear amach i.
Annan beirtear greim ar énapán an bolta
le hórois agus le méir coraig na láimhe
deire. Cartar aníor so meir é agus
tarraingtear riar é rait a radaid ré.
Beirtear greim ra láimh deir ar bair an
gunna, lairtiar den bolta, i dtreo so
mbeir an óróis rinte i dtreo beul an
gunna.

NÓTA—Má i oá rang a "bairleoir" cum na
ngunnaí so scrúdaíste, ní mór don rang deirid
beir trí coraig ar an taob deirid den rang
coraig.

day took place at Thomastown, in which all four
counties took part, detachments from Bagnalstown,
Ross, and Waterford co-operating with the various
Kilkenny Companies. This was a most instructive
lesson in the matter of concentrating scattered units.
There is still a lack of thorough inter-communication,
but small in-

are flocking to the standard of the Irish Volunteers,
and within the last three weeks over a dozen
separate corps have been newly formed.

COUNTY GALWAY.

All over County Galway the various corps
are working hard, and a good many sections in
the more remote districts have been recently
started. In addition a series of officers' classes
have been started in two or three centres, and
have been very well attended, many of the
men coming long distances to be present.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

On Friday night, the 10th inst., during
inter-battalion manoeuvres in Dublin, a
sentry group consisting of three men
found itself isolated at Portobello Bridge.
Some drunken soldiery attracted a crowd
by using bad language towards the men.
Soon a large number had assembled consisting
mainly of soldiers, whose attitude was
distinctly menacing. Police of various
ranks arrived and questioned the
Volunteers, asking them their names and
business there; to which they refused to
reply, stating they were "on duty." A
Police Inspector asked a Volunteer what
would happen in case of a breach of the
peace. "If you regard us as civilians,"
was the reply, "it is your duty to protect
us. If you regard us as military, we can
deal with the situation ourselves." A fine
answer and worthy of record.

A policeman who hustled one of the
men found himself instantly at the end
of a bayonet. Guns were then loaded,

Volunteer Happenings.

AGAINST CONSCRIPTION.

GREAT MEETING AT MANSION HOUSE, DUBLIN.

The IRISH VOLUNTEER went to press too early
last week to give a report of the great Anti-
Conscription Meeting which was held in the
Mansion House, Dublin, on Tuesday, 14th
December.

Eoin Mac Neill occupied the chair, and in the
course of his speech dealt at length with the
statements recently made by the English Chief
Secretary. The speaker gave the lie direct to
the statements made by Mr. Birrell in the
English House of Commons against the Irish
Volunteers.

P. H. Pearse said: That if any man loved the
English Empire let him go and fight for the
Empire, but that the men of Ireland would
never submit to be conscripted.

Rev. Father Connolly, Ballinasloe; Mrs.
Sheehy-Skeffington, Bulmer Hobson, James
Connolly, Arthur Griffith, and T. Farren (Pre-
sident of the Dublin Trades Council), also ad-
dressed the meeting and dealt with every phase
of the subject.

The Round Room of the Mansion House was
packed with people, and a large and equally
enthusiastic overflow meeting was held outside.

The meeting was a free and open one to the
citizens of Dublin, and there was not a dis-
sident voice when the Chairman put the only
resolution which was submitted at the close of
the proceedings—namely, "We won't have
Conscription." This was declared carried
amidst a scene of intense enthusiasm.

THE SOUTH-EAST.

The South-Eastern corner of the country is
coming on in good style: this district comprises
the Counties of Kilkenny, Carlow, Waterford,
and Wexford. Corps have been forming latterly
at the rate of about one per week, which is
fairly satisfactory; and this rate is likely to
continue. In addition the already existing
corps are steadily recruiting up. The best im-
provement of all is that evinced by Waterford
City Corps, which now musters twice its
strength of some months back, has a good
standard of training, and is proceeding with the
task of arming itself. A similar story is that
of Kilkenny; while both give a lot of attention
to working up the country districts around. On
Sunday, 12th December, a very noteworthy field-



IRISH VOLUNTEER STALL AT AONACH NA NODLAG, DUBLIN DEC. 9th to 18th.

intermediate corps are being worked up, which in
course of a little while will supply this defi-
ciency—and there is good reason to hope that
the South-East will presently rival the South-
West.

PROGRESS IN ATHLONE.

The Athlone Corps has been growing steadily
stronger of late, and many new recruits have
come in within the last fortnight. This corps
is becoming thoroughly proficient in both drill
and field work, and the progress that has been
made within the last few months is very satis-
factory. Something more, however, might be
done towards the surrounding country.

WEST LIMERICK.

West County Limerick has been recently
visited by an organiser from Headquarters, and
the result has been a very large number of
new corps. All over the county the young men

and a passing Section Commander stepped
in and took charge. At this point a
soldier called on the "Portobello men"
to form up. Another called on the
"Beggar's Bush men." The Commandant,
cycling home, arrived as the warriors
formed up, to hear another soldier cry,
"Any of Larkin's men here? Two can
play at this game. If Carson's men can
arm, I don't see why we can't." Before
this significant counter-stroke had time
to develop the Commandant, taking in
the situation, marched off the squad and
dismissed them.

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and Friends ordered for Monday, 27th Dec, at 7.30 p.m., to reinforce F. C., 2nd Batt., who will occupy a very strong position, at

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HERBERT PIM (A. NEWMAN)

(supported by Mr. GINNELL, M.P., will deliver an important address on "How We Stand To-day in Ireland.")

He will also contribute to the Concert Programme in his own inimitable style that stirring song,

"Rory of the Gael."

He will be supported by Brian O'Higgins, Miss Mollie Byrne, Gerard Crofts, Sean Connolly, Miss Florrie Ryan, Miss Lnea McGinley, McHale Dancers, Capt. T. McCarthy, and a host of Irish-Ireland Talent.

Doors open at 6.45. Concert commencing at 7.30 p.m. sharp.

COMMANDANT T. McDONAGH will preside.

Prices of Admission, 2s., 1s., and a limited number of 6d. tickets.

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

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"Green Cross Night Lights."

MADE IN IRELAND.

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HONESTY

An Outspoken Scrap of Paper.

Edited by GILBERT GALBRAITH.

VOL. I. No. 11

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ONE HALFPENNY

"HONESTY."

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE AONACH ?

The functions of criticism are occasionally painful in their reaction upon both critic and those criticised. One of the most distasteful duties which can devolve upon a critic is the duty of speaking harshly of individuals or institutions with whose aspirations and ambitions he is wholly in accord. Yet if he be an honest critic, and if he be imbued with an honest desire for the advancement of these ideals, it is his duty to speak out and endeavour to avert impending dangers by laying the finger of blame on the right spot. His own feelings are only of secondary importance in a case of this nature.

It is in this spirit that we wish to approach the organisation and the conduct of the Aonach na Nodlag or Irish Industrial Exhibition which closed on Saturday last at the Rotunda, Dublin. Last week we did not care to discuss this question, lest the slightest harm should be wrought to a project already embarked upon, but now we feel it may be discussed with greater freedom since the public work of the organisers is virtually over.

The Aonach as at present conducted is rendering a distinct disservice to the objects which it is presumed to advance. When the public see

an Irish Industrial Exhibition advertised they go to the place appointed in the expectation of seeing the industrial capabilities of the Irish people illustrated on a miniature scale. They go with the anticipation of seeing how the products of their own land are improving in quality and attractiveness, and how they compare with similar commodities of foreign origin. They go with a view to measuring the industrial resources of their country by the standard of efficiency they see displayed.

A member of the public nourishing these expectations would have been greatly disappointed on paying a visit to the Aonach last week. Could he take it that a dozen or so exhibits in a small Dublin concert hall were fully representative of Ireland's industrial capacity? If so what kind of prospects could he opine that the future holds for Irish industries?

Such a one, unless bound to the Irish Ireland movement by other and stronger ties, would assuredly not trouble himself to visit another Aonach. In fact the whole tribe of Irish industrial exhibitions would in all likelihood be taboo in the programme of his future movements. Yet it is he, and not the converted unit, that Irish industrialists want to get at. If we can rope in the practical man—the man who wants his money's worth and nothing less—the battle is won. Yet we have driven him from our midst by our heedlessness, our business ineptitude, and our indifference as to what he thinks of our public performances.

The Aonach na Nodlag in its early years more than justified its existence. If it was not a complete panorama of Irish Industrial capabilities it, at least, provided a broad field whereby one could take a just view of the whole. Why has it dwindled down to the glorified collection of suburban shops which we saw assembled last

week? Heedlessness, business ineptitude, indifference!

We have no knowledge as to the constitution of the body or Committee whose particular duty it is to organise this annual exhibition and Christmas shopping mart. We do not know the personnel of that Committee, or whether they are elected annually, or are merely fixtures. But we do suggest that unless somebody saves the Aonach na Nodlag from them, it will ultimately develop into a complete farce.

The organisation of even a one-horse power concert is invariably preceded by the obtaining of an attractive list of artistes, who are generally secured by means of diplomatic approaches to the artistes themselves. This is the first important step. The artistes in the case of the Aonach are the exhibitors, but we learned with astonishment that practically nothing in the way of a serious effort to obtain exhibitors was made in connection with the last Aonach. There were rumours of some perfunctory circulars having been issued, but a couple of old exhibitors assured us they received none such. In any event, when men are seriously out for business, they never get very far by sheltering themselves behind a circular, or a series of circulars. At the very least a pushing canvasser ought to be employed to voice the attractiveness of the business proposition offered, and to elucidate any misunderstandings or misconceptions which occasionally arise. If that was done in the case of the 1915 Aonach, the public would have received something better for their admission money.

There are projects which have suffered from stress of over-advertising—a pitfall which, however, was carefully avoided in the case under discussion. In the main it was only those “in the know” who got wind of the affair at all. It will probably be urged in extenuation that funds were low, and the prospects bad. For reasons already stated we can understand the latter, and we can gauge the kind of task upon which the next (if any) Aonach Committee will require to concentrate its energies. It is, perhaps, as well that too many strangers did not learn of the existence of the Aonach. We wouldn't have got them another time, if they had.

Another complaint which we heard is that the exhibitors are usually the last people to be consulted in connection with the arranging of the Aonach na Nodlag. To say the least of it, this, if true, is curious. One would think that by virtue of his exhibit, every one of these would be entitled to a place upon the Committee of management. We are quite sure that many of them, if approached, would agree to club together to advance the expenses of advertising the Aonach in such a manner as would make its existence, at least, known to the general public. It is understood that several of them greatly disapprove of the secrecy of the last proceedings—which can readily be believed.

To sum up, it is our opinion that the Aonach, on its present lines, serves no useful purpose. It ought to be organised properly or dropped altogether. It is a question of the reputation of the whole Irish Industrial movement, which, in the eyes of many, stands or falls by its presentation at public exhibitions, of which the Aonach na Nodlag is a staple type. It should not be a hobby for thoughtless muddlers, however well-meaning or enthusiastic. It ought to receive the treatment properly due to a business proposition. The exhibitors can make it a success by taking it into their own hands. And unless they receive some pledge of better organising in the future, they had better take it in hands now, and thus help to save it from its friends.

THANKING THE IRISH

On the rare occasions when Daniel O'Connell found himself or his proceedings the subject of commendation by the London “Times,” he deemed it necessary and expedient to examine his conscience. The “Times” of O'Connell's day stood forth as the personification and embodiment of British public opinion, and O'Connell's sarcastic attitude is illustrative of the distrust with which Irish Nationalists regarded the feeling of the English people towards Ireland at that period.

But in our own times a mighty change has been wrought, and we are no strangers to the loudly-bellowed praises of the Saxon, whose flatteries some of us are inclined to accept with a smirk of gratification. We have forgotten O'Connell's caution; we do not deem it necessary to peer behind these fulsome praises to discover a motive or an explanation of the unnatural phenomenon. Many professing Nationalists swallowed without a thought of enquiry the flood of eulogies which were poured upon the Irish troops in Serbia by the English Press last week. In the rearguard actions in which the Huns and the Bulgars flung the British troops out of Serbia, the Irish regiments were given the responsible work of covering the British retreat, and the British War Office proclaimed that it was “largely due to the gallantry of the Munster Fusiliers, Dublin Fusiliers, and the Connaught Rangers that the withdrawal was successfully accomplished.” The London “Daily News” followed this up with the declaration that “full and public honour should be paid to the Irish soldiers. Let the House of Commons,” it entreated, “and the House of Lords sweep aside all punctilio and precedent and pass a unanimous and simultaneous vote of thanks to the Irish regiments.” But why

should it add this significant *raison d'être* for the procedure recommended: "It would solace the grief of Ireland over her fallen sons? Hitherto the heroic sacrifices of the Irish regiments have been masked and hidden by official secrecy."

We have hinted that we feared the existence of something uncanny behind this outburst of flattery for the Irish amongst the institutions which render British public opinion articulate. The "Daily News" confirms our fears, of which, however, our previous experience provided almost sufficient confirmation. When the first big British retreat from Belgium and France had passed through its worst phase, we heard, through unofficial British sources, the trumpetings of similar praises for the Irish troops. When the Dardanelles landings had been accomplished at a frightful cost they broke forth again. After each of these transactions there was a momentary lull, which was finally broken by the publication of the casualty lists. When we saw the particulars for the Irish regiments eulogised, we began to see some glimmerings of system behind the English enthusiasm for Irish "gallantry." We are satisfied that the same motives are in hidden operation when the "Daily News" talks of "solacing the grief of the Irish" and of recognising our "heroic sacrifices." We are also satisfied that the publication of the next Irish casualty lists will prove that we are right.

In previous issues of this paper we laid the charge at the doors of those responsible for the conduct of the war that they have muddled Irish lives away—notably in the Dardanelles campaign. We now extend the charge to cover the Serbian campaign also, which does not appear to have ever had the remotest chance of succeeding. Since the Defence of the Realm Act forces us to discuss the question from the Imperialistic viewpoint, or not at all, we will take that viewpoint and enter a protest rather than remain mute. We protest against these continued and systematic sacrifices of Irish troops and Irish blood to save the English from enduring the full consequences of their military blunders. It is not playing the game—not even the Imperial game. Why should Irish troops be always selected for the invidious task of covering their beaten and retreating colleagues? Why should they be always thrown overboard to lighten the ship? What's wrong with the Gurkhas, or the Scottish Borderers, or even the English regiments?

But above all, we protest against the English Press thanking Ireland for Irish misfortunes. They speak with the canting voice of hypocrisy, not with the genuine tones of gratefulness.

Green, White, and Orange Celluloid Badges—One Penny each.—WHELAN & SON, 17 Upr. Ormond Quay, Dublin.

REDMOND AND THE PUBLIC PURSE.

The efforts of the Retrenchment Committee appointed to investigate the expenditure upon the public services in Ireland ended in an abject failure. This was brought about, mainly, by the action of Mr. John Redmond and the Irish Parliamentary Party in withdrawing their representative from the Committee on the flimsiest excuse we have heard put forward for a step entailing vital National consequences.

It may be difficult for the man in the street to divine the motives which urged Mr. Redmond to forbid any saving being effected in the British Imperial Expenditure on Irish public services. In fact, the man in the street may deem the matter too unimportant to think about at all, and he might feel inclined to dismiss it as a question of quite impersonal significance. But when we stop to consider that this huge expenditure—which it is a notorious fact is grossly extravagant—comes out of the Irish taxpayer's purse, it assumes a more personal aspect. Having arrived at this conclusion, one may well ask why has Mr. Redmond intervened to allow this drain on our finances to go on unchecked. What axe has he to grind in the matter?

The reason is not far to seek. Redmond has sold Ireland time and again to the "friendly" Liberal Government. His controlled votes have been the decisive factors in passing the most fantastic financial measures which wrought tremendous damage on Ireland and strengthened the bonds of her economic vassalage to England. Let us, at least, do him the credit of acknowledging that he has not sold the pass for nothing, and that he did not jeopardise his reputation for political sanity without some form of remuneration. His services were recognised in the current coins of the realm of jobhunters. His friends were hoisted into high places as a reward, and brainless incompetents were foisted on the public service at a request from the "leader." Where jobs did not exist, they were made to measure; all that was needed was an excuse to mulct the public purse.

Mr. Redmond's alarm at the sudden formation of this Retrenchment Committee can be readily imagined. The main object of the Committee was to investigate the expenditure on the public services and effect a saving wherever such was practicable. Mr. Redmond's "kept" jobs would have been sadly jeopardised if the Committee had gone on with its work. No sensible-minded body of men would have sanctioned the idiotic, if lucrative, functions which some of these positions entail. No Committee with an eye to saving could have passed unheeded the extravagant salaries paid as the reward of Redmond's

apostacy. Consequently Redmond crushed the scheme in its infancy. It wouldn't be keeping the political truce to deprive his friends of the comfortable sinecures mis-called jobs.

But Nemesis is surely overtaking Redmond and this looks like its first public appearance. His motive for squelching that attempt at economy is too palpable to escape the attention of that section of the Irish public who, in spite of appearances, deemed him an honest man. Reading these portents by the light of their intelligence, however limited, they can only conclude that Redmond has dipped too deeply in the public purse (through his followers) to permit of any light being thrown upon these dark places. In spite of themselves, it will affect their attitude towards the man, and they will be amongst the enraged and disappointed crowd who will finally hoot him out of Irish public life to that hell of renegade Irishmen to which he rightly belongs.

“SAVED BY THE IRISH.”

While the Irish troops in Serbia have been protecting the retreat of their English brethren, the Irish members in the British Parliament have been rendering equally useful service to the Coalition Government. The British people have been raising a loud outcry for the saving of the public money, but Mr. Asquith in England, like Mr. Redmond and the Irish Party in Ireland, thinks the mania can be carried just a little too far. Mr. Cowan, a Scottish Liberal, asked a question in the House of Commons last week urging the Prime Minister to take steps to reduce by not less than 25 per cent. the salaries of all public servants (including members of the House of Commons), who are now in receipt of more than £300 per year.

“I take my salary,” said Mr. Asquith, stoutly, “and I am going to continue to take my salary.” The “Daily Mail” adds that the statement was received with loud cheers, “the Irish members being particularly viciferous.”

When it comes to voting, the Irish members will do more than cheer vociferously. They will vote solidly against retrenchment in England just as they have openly opposed it in Ireland. To them belongs the chief merit of applying the Insurance Act to Ireland. This measure, at the time, was described by its fosterers as a simple way of “getting ninepence for fourpence.” Watch the result. Recently, in reply to a question by Mr. William O'Brien, the Irish public learned that Ireland had paid out £699,000 as contributions under the Insurance Act, and that the return it received by way of grants was £337,000, less the costs of administration. This is, roughly, an easy way of paying out twopence to get back a penny, which most of us could have done without the assistance of the Irish members of Parliament or any of their friendly Liberal legislation.

FANCY RECRUITING METHODS!

“Strangers have been visiting this district lately———paid by German gold to lead the people astray. There was a man named Blythe Another was Desmond Fitzgerald. If Desmond Fitzgerald ever again comes round ask him what his real name is, and what his father's name is, and where he (Desmond) came from.”

It would puzzle a good many to make a correct guess as to the object a speaker would have it in mind to further by making statements like the foregoing. It bears all the traces of an attack upon the Irish Volunteers. Yet it is really portion of a speech made by Tom O'Donnell at Dingle on the occasion of a recruiting meeting.

Mr. Tom O'Donnell is one of Kerry's leading Parliamentary lights and a Party hack of the approved type. For scurrility and proficiency in the art of making baseless innuendoes he has attained an unenviable notoriety. He has a fine scorn for logic—indeed like all “Party” men it is necessarily so when they sally forth on recruiting duty. He disdains to reason with his auditors and prove to them that Britain has a claim on their support in this war. His way of proving the justice of the Allies' cause is by attacking the Irish Volunteers. Prove them wrong, and the Allies must be right!

This is all being done on a settled plan. While Birrell is conducting the main offensive against the Volunteers in the British House of Commons, the members of the Irish Party are instituting isolated but methodical skirmishes in remote parts of the country. This is all bound to come to a head very soon, and from what we can infer the Irish Volunteers do not care how soon. When it does Mr. Tom O'Donnell will probably be amongst those who will sorely repent of his insensate attack on the character of individuals who, thanks to the unintentional services rendered by himself and his party, have realized the highest destiny of an Irish patriot——“The felon's cap.”

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