



NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF IRELAND

Archives are subject to copyright and should not be copied or reproduced
without the written permission of the Director of the National Archives

CSO/50/2/171(1)

10321

S.
2191

D.M.P.

(1858) Wt. 5333—66.4000.12/14. A.T. & Co., Ltd.
(6559) Wt. 3103—96.20,000.8/15.

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

DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE.

Detective Department,

Dublin, 30th. December, 1915

Subject, MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 29th. Inst., the undermentioned extremists were observed moving about and associating with each other as follows :-

With Thomas J. Clarke, 75, Parnell St., William O'Leary Curtis from 1-30 to 1-45 p.m. H. M. Pim and M. W. O'Reilly for a quarter of an hour between 8 & 9 p. m.

John O'Mahony left Kingsbridge by 9-15 a. m. train, en route to Cork. R.I.C. informed.

John Fitzgibbon arrived from Edenderry at 11 a. m.

Charles S. Power left Amiens Street by 3 p. m. train for Belfast. R.I.C. informed.

M. J. O'Rahilly and Ed. De Valera at 2, Dawson

The Chief Commissioner.

*The under Secretary
Submitted*

W. L. W. W. W.

C. C. C. 30/12

*Under Secretary
Submitted*

*W. M. C.
30/12*

*W. M. C.
30/12*

*Chester
W. M. C.
31/12*

CSO/JO/2/171(2)

10821

Dawson Street at 7-30 p. m.

Attached are Copies of this week's
issue of Honesty, The Hibernian, Nation-
ality and The Irish Volunteer, neither of
which appear to contain anything deserv-
ing serious attention.

Owen Breen
Superintendent.

the undermentioned extremists were observed

moving about and associating with each other

as follows :-

With Thomas J. Clarke, 75, Parnell St.,

William O'Leary Curtis from 1-30 to 1-45 p.m.

M. M. Pim and M. W. O'Reilly for a quarter of

an hour between 8 & 9 p. m.

John O'Mahony left Kingsbridge by 9-15

a. m. train, en route to Cork. R.I.C.

informed.

John Fitzgibbon arrived from Edenderry

at 11 a. m.

Charles S. Power left Amiens Street by

3 p. m. train for Belfast. R.I.C. informed.

M. J. O'Reilly and Ed. De Valera at 5.

Dawson

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. 31. New Series

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1st, 1916

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.

DANDY DICK

Most of our readers, we feel sure, have heard of that immaculately attired young gentleman known as Dandy Dick—otherwise Mr. Richard Hazleton, M.P. It is within the recollection of all that at the time the Volunteer movement was launched this hoity-toity, bandboxed “slacker” sneered at the idea, but whether he recanted his heresy when the “Nathanals” were wheeled into line under the able generalship of Stephen Hand and John Gore we cannot say. Anyhow the official organ of Mr. Redmond’s standing-at-ease army has not, so far as we know, chronicled the appointment of this sweet young thing to any rank therein. To solve the difficulty and give Mr. Hazleton the position he is eminently entitled to we would suggest to the quidnuncs who direct the machinery of the organisation to immediately form a Haberdashery Department—as an adjunct of their Army Service Corps—and instal at its head Dandy Dick. In the matter of ribbons—recruiting and otherwise—Mr. Hazleton has an exquisite taste. And as the Britishers have their Dandy Fifth, why not the “Nathanals” have their Dandy Dicks? The name of Brigadier-General Hazleton would thus be perpetuated for ever.

And what a training it would be for the time when Mr. Hazleton would make up his mind to “do his bit” for King and country, don the khaki, and go out and slay the savage Huns. Picture the khaki-clad exquisite leading in captive ribbons Kaiser Wilhelm, after the Central Powers had been beaten, and, having struck his best House of Commons pose, dramatically exclaim: “Alone I did it.” What a subject for the artist: what a canvas, a nation’s heirloom, to take its place on the walls of the old House in College Green at a no far distant date! What a rebuff to the House of Lords, whose legal lights cruelly dispossessed the estimable Dandy Dick of exactly one-half his quarterly salary as a member of the Imperial Parliament, the said money so filched from him to be devoted to paying his lawful debts. What a return for one who has devoted the ripe years of his manhood to the cause of his stricken country. What base ingratitude. Words fail us to express it; scalding tears dim our eyes—

Yet—tell it not in Gath—Dick still has his eye to biz. Though he burned his fingers over North Louth before—and in-

cientally drops £200 per annum as the result—the constituency is at present memberless, so there’s going to be a scramble for the plums. Our wideawake contemporary, the “Dundalk Examiner,” sheds light on the intrigue. According to the “Examiner,” there has been held in Dundalk a private meeting of the U.I.L. to ascertain the views of the delegates regarding the choice of a candidate. The writer of Dundalk Doings in the “Examiner” tells us that “it was hoped that a quiet chat would straighten out matters. The assembly was, however, honoured by the unexpected presence of two M.P.’s—Mr. Hazleton and Mr. Donovan. They had come to assist the delegates in their deliberations, or, in other words, to tell them the man they were to adopt as their candidate. The candidate suggested by Mr. Hazleton as a fit and proper person to represent North Louth in Parliament was his own nephew. The delegates jogged their memories, but could not recollect that this young man had taken any prominent part in national affairs. Like the men who founded the Volunteer Movement, he was an unknown person as far as North Louth was concerned, and members of the Irish Party have a deep distrust of people who are not ‘known.’ If their followers share the same distrust of nonentities they have themselves to blame. Mr. Hazleton’s suggestion was not kindly taken to by the meeting, and there were ‘hot words.’” Of course, Mr. Hazleton would repudiate a charge of nepotism being levelled against him. But the fact remains nevertheless that he would seem desirous of foisting this young scion of his house upon the people of North Louth whether they like it or not. Let us quote the writer in the “Examiner” again:—“When the boasts of the Irish Party as to the infallibility of conventions are re-called, the incident does not leave a pleasant impression. The selection of a Parliamentary representative for North Louth is a matter for the people of the constituency. It is not for Mr. Hazleton or Mr. Donovan to dictate to the electors as to the choice of candidate. Intermeddling such as took place at the U.I.L. meeting can have only one result—and that is to destroy the convention system altogether. Had the Irish Party adhered strictly to their own rules they would not have been represented at the meeting at all, and they would not have authorised any of their members to urge the adoption of a particular candidate for the constituency. If impertinent interference of this description is insisted upon, the people of North Louth may show their resentment in a manner which will not be altogether pleasant. There is at present in the constituency a general consensus of opinion that a local man should be elected on this occasion to represent North Louth. The delegates at the U.I.L. meeting would appear to favour the election of Mr. Peter Hughes, the Hon. Secretary of the Executive. Mr. Hughes has been a

member of the Dundalk Board of Guardians and Dundalk Urban Council for many years and Vice-Chairman of the latter body for at least one term. He is not given much to oratorical outbursts, but if he speaks little he works a good deal. During the past eighteen months he has, as a Nationalist, kept a straight course, which is a great deal in his favour. Although by no means anxious for the position, his friends in the U.I.L. are, we understand, likely to press his candidature. Mr. P. J. O’Hagan, of Newry, has been somewhat active in connection with the vacancy. He is well known in the northern end of the county and has a big crowd of admirers amongst the people of Omeath and Carlingford, where he spends a great deal of his time. Amongst his political opponents he also enjoys considerable popularity. The third of the ‘locals’ mentioned is Major Bellingham, son of Sir Henry Bellingham, and he is stated to be the nominee of Lieut. Redmond. Little is known of the Major in North Louth, though he is, no doubt, a gallant soldier, Soldiers, however, do not always make good politicians, and inasmuch as Major Bellingham is at the front, it is scarcely likely that his candidature will be seriously pressed.”

The squabbling of the politicians does not effect us much—indeed we often chuckle hugely over their indecent scrambling for place—but for downright graft commend us to Dandy Dick. What a sorry commentary the whole business is. No wonder the manhood of Ireland is sick and tired of its salaried “representatives.” We feel sure, however, that the level-headed electors of North Louth will give Mr. Hazleton’s nephew his congé in pretty quick style.

Where Religion is No Bar.

Previous to the outbreak of war, and ever since, one of the most frequent stipulations mentioned in advertisements of vacant situations was: “Protestant preferred,” or “Protestant only need apply.” No matter how proficient the applicant: if a “Catholic,” he was barred. But at the present time there is at least one profession to which Catholics may find their religion of absolutely no hindrance whatsoever. That is the Army. There at least no objection will be made from the point of view of religion, and a Catholic may apply with perfect confidence of “getting the job,” so to speak! Thus we can see that, while in peace time, the fact of being a Catholic may interfere with one’s living, just now—at any rate, being so, appears to make it if anything easier for us to die! Judging from the superabundance of Catholic Irish names in the casualty lists, one might even say that, at least in the occupation of soldiering, Catholics are preferred, or as some would rather have it, favoured!—J. Mc.

CONSCRIPTION.

II.

Conscription can be disguised under various names. It may be called National Service, or Militia Ballot Act, or the Quota System. No matter by what name it is called it remains essentially the same, and means compulsory military service.

Conscription for home defence may seem a mild form of conscription to some people; but the British Parliament could, in a few minutes, pass a law to compel those conscripts to take part in the campaign on the Continent.

Some people may say, "It would be a grand thing to have 100,000 Irishmen trained to arms." So it would, if those men had an abundant supply of arms and ammunition, and other war materials, if they had their own officers, and had sufficient artillery. But the British Government will not arrange things that way. The conscripts will not be supplied with full equipment until they have left Ireland. There will be no conscript officers, and no conscript artillery.

To make a beginning of the conscript army, it is likely that only a portion of the men will be called up at first, say the men of 19 years of age. No matter how small the number of men called up at first, the men who are affected should not be left to their fate, but should be energetically supported by the rest of the men of Ireland. Conscription should be resisted from the beginning. If men are allowed to be forced into the army, the men thus forced will be used to force the remaining men in their turn.

The conscriptionists are mainly men of property and above military age, who, knowing that they will not have to do any fighting themselves, have made out the scheme that other men, most of whom have no earthly goods to speak of, should be forced to sacrifice their lives defending the ill-got possessions of the rich. The chief conscriptionist is Lord Northcliffe, proprietor of the London "Times," the "Daily Mail," and other papers, a man who, through his newspapers, wields a power almost greater than the Government. He has been described by an English critic as "a renegade Irishman, who daily belittles his countrymen and the country of his birth in his pestilential journals." There are several other noble lords, some such as the Earl of Meath, the Marquis of Ormonde, and Lord Talbot, of the Norfolk family, who are well-known in Ireland as enemies of the people; others, such as Lord Milner, Lord Curzon, and Lord Derby, prominent English Unionists, who have always strenuously opposed any attempt to better the condition of the democracy. There is Sir Edward Carson, helped by his supporters in North-East Ulster and other parts of Ireland, who smack their lips with delight at the prospect of the Irish people being crushed under the iron heel of British militarism, and rejoice at the thought that as the men of Ireland are killed off, there will be nobody left to claim Home Rule. There are some prominent English so-called Labour men, who owe the position they occupy to the support of the working men, but who have basely betrayed their class, and have sold themselves to the ruling classes. It is easy to see the object that

most of those men have in view. The noble lords and their hangers-on do not want conscription so much for the defeat of Germans as for the defeat of the people. The people have votes, and if they have the sense to choose honest and intelligent representatives, they could gain control of the Government in a few years. Under conscription, no matter what way the people vote, they will be under the control of the War Office and the military officers.

Some of the objections to conscription have been set forth. There are many others, but sufficient has been said to show that conscription means ruin and untold suffering to Irish people. It remains to be seen what means can be taken to oppose conscription. Some men are quite willing to admit that conscription would mean the ruin of Ireland, but they say it is of no use opposing the British Government. In reality the cause is not at all hopeless. If the Irish people act vigorously, and show a determined and united front, we can have every hope that conscription may be averted. We are not so weak and helpless as some of the faint-hearted wish to make out, and we have friends in various parts of the world. The workingmen of Scotland, Wales, and the North of England, if they have any courage, will be able to do a lot to smash conscription; and the British Government has to consider the attitude of the people of the United States, and especially of our fellow-countrymen living there, as well as the attitude of the people in other neutral countries. England wants to be looked upon as the protector of small nationalities; and she would cut a strange figure before the world if she started to shoot down the people belonging to one of the oldest and best known nationalities—the nationality called Ireland.

The Irish people, however, will have to depend mainly on themselves; and the principal ways by which conscription can be opposed are: (1.) By the action of the Irish Parliamentary Party; (2.) by agitation in Ireland; (3.) by strengthening the Volunteers.

The Party have pledged themselves to oppose conscription, and, though the people have just reason to be suspicious of many of the members, there can be no doubt but that the Party will be able to do some effective work. They can place the case of Ireland before the British House of Commons, show how cruelly Ireland has suffered from the war, voice the determined opposition of the Irish people to the imposition of an intolerable burden; and, if there is any sense of justice left in the British members of the House of Commons, the wishes of the Irish people will be respected, and Ireland will be saved from conscription. Yet we are scarcely justified in expecting just treatment from the British House of Commons. If the British members adopt the maxim "Might is right," and determine that, in spite of all protests, conscription shall be applied to Ireland, then the members of the Irish Party have only 72 votes in a House of 670 members. It is certain that practically all the Unionists, and most of the Liberals, and about half the Labour members will vote for conscription, if called

upon to do so by the Government. In case of a division, only about 130 members, consisting of Nationalists, Labour members and Radicals, can be counted on to vote against conscription, so that conscription would be carried by a sweeping majority. Hence it would be the height of folly to believe that the Irish Party can be relied upon to defeat conscription under all circumstances in the House of Commons. But the action of the Irish members in Westminster can be immensely strengthened by action at home in Ireland.

Already there is being spread, in England and in other countries, the lie that the Irish people are not opposed to conscription, that the opposition is only the opposition of the politicians and the revolutionary leaders, and that the people of Ireland themselves are quite willing to fight to the last man for the cause of the Allies, "the cause of Christianity, of Civilisation, of the Small Nationalities." The English Press has such immense power, and English journalists and politicians are such consummate liars, that we must be on our guard to do what we can to prevent this lie being believed. In England several anti-conscription meetings have been held; and thousands of young men have signed a pledge stating that they are opposed to compulsory military service, and are willing to face any penalty rather than join in the slaughter of fellow-creatures with whom they have no quarrel. Some anti-conscription meetings have been held in Ireland, and we must have more of them. In the present state of political disorganisation, and with the military law in operation, it is often difficult to do anything; still in every district it should be possible for a few men, who have some courage and patriotism left, to organise, or get ready to organise, a meeting, so that the feeling of the district may be voiced. Also, as in England, signatures to a declaration against conscription could be collected. If the English Government become convinced that the people of Ireland are in earnest, they will probably have the sense to see that unwilling conscripts are worse than useless. History has shown that unwilling conscripts waste time and money, give as much trouble as they can, surrender whenever they get the chance, never stand up to the enemy when they can help it, and sometimes even, as happened in the case of the Irishmen conscripted by Queen Elizabeth to fight the Spaniards, they break away from the army they are forced into, join the other side and fight with the greatest valour against their oppressors. Let the voice of Ireland, therefore, be heard, and if England refuses to heed it, let her take the consequences.

When the rights and liberties of a people are threatened by outsiders, the people threatened can either submit tamely to their oppressors, or they can prepare to meet force by force. Very often, when the attacking party know that their intended victims are prepared to meet them with courage and determination, and with a well-organised military force; the aggressors refrain from taking action, not from any considerations of fair play or justice, but because they think that the advantage they wish to gain would cost them too much blood. The Swiss people have only a small army, but they are quite secure from any attempt at conquest by the mighty Empires that surround them; for in the event of invasion, every Swiss soldier would fight to the death, and the loss to the invaders would be enormous. The British Government in 1914 quailed before the threat of physical force, and, sooner than have bloodshed in Ulster, they consented to the partition of Ireland at the demand of Carson, backed by his armed Volunteers. If the British Government were willing to give up their policy in Ireland to avoid bloodshed before the war, they have much stronger reasons for wishing to avoid trouble in Ireland at the present time, when they find

— USE —
"Green Cross Night Lights."
 MANUFACTURED BY LALOR, LIMITED.

themselves engaged in a deadly struggle with the strongest opponent they ever had to meet. Ireland's real protection from conscription lies in the loaded guns of the Irish Volunteers, and in the stout hearts of the men behind the guns.

It is the duty of every Irishman, who possibly can, to get a gun and ammunition. It does not matter so much what kind of a gun, when an enemy comes to take your life, a shot gun may put him out of harm's way just as well as a magazine rifle. If it is impossible to get a gun, get some weapon, a pike or a pitchfork or something, so as not to be led off to the slaughter like a sheep. Join the Irish Volunteers if there is a company in your district, if not join together with your friends that are of the same way of thinking, and form a new section. There is police terrorism and all that sort of thing to be reckoned with, but when every one of us is in imminent danger of losing his life, it is time for us to give up being afraid of the police. This is no time for cowardice, or for letting the grass grow under our feet. The Irish Volunteers are our great anti-conscription organisation. The stronger the Volunteers are the less chance there is of conscription. It is well to have men scattered here and there, who have guns or revolvers and are determined to sell their lives dearly, but those men would be much better if they were banded together in the Volunteers. Unity is strength, and numbers inspire confidence. By joining the Volunteers, you give encouragement to others and strengthen your own position. There are two other smaller bodies, the Irish Citizen Army and the Hibernian Rifles, each of them pledged to resist conscription, and each of them may be relied upon to give a good account of themselves. They are both eager to get recruits, and it is to be hoped that they will go on increasing. Then there are the National Volunteers. In districts where they are controlled by officers, who place the interests of Ireland before the interests of other countries, and where a supply of serviceable guns and ammunition can be procured, they are worthy of the support of followers of Mr. Redmond who object to conscription. Every man who has a rifle and ammunition, and is determined to resist conscription, is a source of strength at the present time.

What we have to do is to make the armed forces of Ireland as numerous and as well-equipped as possible. It is no time for wrangling or class distinctions. We are faced with a terrible danger, and we must stand together and show our strength.

If, in spite of our peaceful agitation, and of our display of armed force, our right to live is denied us, we are condemned to death, and the man-hunters are put on our track, then we must be prepared for war. We will engage in no war of aggression; we will not have the curses of the conquered, and the oppressed, and the murdered descending on our heads. If we have to lose our lives, we will meet death fighting for our lives in the holy land of Ireland. It is not alone our lives that we have to fight for, but for everything that we hold dear—for liberty, for religion, for the women of Ireland, for the children of Ireland that they may not be doomed to slavery. We would be unworthy of the millions that died for Ireland if we were tamely to allow all that is good and noble in the race to be destroyed by alien tyrants. We must all die at some time, and if it is fated for us that our souls leave this world when facing the inveterate enemy of our race and our religion, there is no cause more holy or more sacred in which we could lay down our lives. Let us all be prepared for death, so that when the day of peril come we may unflinchingly face all dangers, and be ready at any moment to sacrifice our lives for God and for Ireland.

Hopkins & Hopkins

Manufacturing Jewellers.

Silversmiths, Watch & Clock Makers

Makers of Original Designs in Medals and Badges

Suitable for all kinds of Organisations.

QUOTATIONS FREE.

ORIGINAL AGENTS IN IRELAND
for the Perfected
AMERICAN WALTHAM WATCH.

Opposite O'Connell Monument
DUBLIN.

Telegrams— Telephone 3569
"Meyther, Dublin."

DENTAL SURGERY

High-class Sets of Teeth supplied by

Mr. HAYES, 39 STONYBATTER, DUBLIN

..... EXTRACTIONS PAINLESS
REDUCED FEES to People of Limited Means

EMMET'S PORTRAITS

Editor, "The Hibernian."

A Cara,—I have just read with interest the letter of your correspondent, "An Irish Exile in London," re "Emmet Portraits." There are, of course, several authentic portraits of Robert Emmet in existence—notably, the Petrie, Comerford and Brocas portraits (Dublin portrait printers of the day, who anticipated our modern photographers). Some of these I have already reproduced in my book, "Footprints of Emmet." Copies of the Petrie portrait are well known and readily obtainable, but the others are very rare. The portrait in the National Gallery is a copy of the Comerford portrait.

Your correspondent will be glad to learn that we do not forget the memory of Robert Emmet and all it conveys in Dublin, nor are we ever likely to do so. Quite a considerable addition to the already large Emmet literature and bibliography (much of it really valuable) has been made in recent years, both in Ireland and in America. Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, of New York, who has himself preserved the tradition of the Emmet family, although now in his 87th year, has quite recently brought out two magnificent illustrated volumes, which treat of the subject very exhaustively. Mr. James Collins, of Glasnevin, the well-known antiquarian and authority on our ancient city, and some others here in Dublin have not lost their life-long interest in the subject.

It may be of interest to your correspondent to learn that I have prepared over 100 photo-lantern slides dealing with the career of Robert Emmet which I purpose showing early next year in Dublin. They embrace all the authentic portraits (including also the one in the National Gallery referred to by your correspondent), various studies of the death masks, the reputed graves, most of the documents, etc., in connection with his life.

It is a satisfaction to know that in these days when we are expected to take an interest in any, and every nationality under the sun, that we all have not forgotten the brilliant young Irishman who sealed in his blood his last great message to his countrymen—a message delivered in all solemnity and in unmistakable terms; nor have we forgotten the twenty no less noble fellow-martyrs who were executed in Dublin with him—Mise, le meas mor.

Seaghan Mac Raghnaill.
(John Reynolds).

Dublin, Dec. 16, 1915.

KENNEDY'S BREAD

FINEST QUALITY
MADE.

BAKERIES:

124 to 130 Parnell Street

AND

St. Patrick's Bakery,

DUBLIN.

Neat Overcoats
from 21s.

AT DOYLE'S,
2 Talbot Street,

Pat McGrath.

Talk o' your aeros, monos or bi's,
Or other machines that take you up to the
skies:

Just come round to Pat's and I will Xplain
The wonderful power of McGrath's Jaroplane.

71 Upper Dorset Street.
The Biggest Snag in Dublin

Irish Goods Only

GLEESON & CO.
TAILORS and DRAPERS

UPPER O'CONNELL STREET

IRISH GOODS ONLY

BUY

The Gaelic Athlete,

The Only Journal in Ireland
devoted to Gaelic Pastimes.

Weekly—Price One Penny.
From all Newsagents. : : :

TO ARMS!

* * *

Drill for Ireland's
Independence

..... BY

JOINING the HIBERNIAN RIFLES

Dublin Men can Enrol Tuesdays and Fridays
at the Hibernian Hall,
28 NORTH FREDERICK STREET,
between 8 and 9 o'clock p.m.

A Trip to Cuchulain's Country

By SEAN MILROY

It is a delicious morning in October, and I am bound for Dundalk. Nature has been performing her ablutions overnight and is now smiling, with her tear-drops still glistening over her countenance; but her obedient servitor, the Sun, warms to the work of drying up these traces of her nocturnal bath, and she looks fresh and inviting as I speed away from Dublin, past the sloblands—pride of Fairview, through Clontarf of memorable episode and personalities—Brian—O'Connell—Barrell. On past Raheny, Portmarnock and Malahide, catching a glimpse in the passing of tree-decked orchards and flower-strewn gardens with delightful pathways, where the crystal drops of Dame Nature still shine and sparkle like pearls. On, while the hills across the river rise and fade and the calm waters of Dublin Bay fill in for a space the eye of the wayfarer and then vanishes as my whirling chariot careers through deep cuttings and high embankments and stops for a moment in the immediate vicinity of a waggon-load of prosaic-looking creamery cans in Donabate Station. Then yellow corn-stacks, fallow fields and stumpy hedgerows, with here and there aspiring clumps of lofty trees, acres of water-deserted sea shore, or almost deserted. A few shallow pools and streams linger in the channels and hollows which the tides have worked out. And above the great mysterious, glorious sky, where tufts of white fleecy clouds are shifting lazily over an exquisite greyish-blue background.

Through Rush and Lusk Station, where I see a solitary rose blooming amid a wilderness of ivy and palm.

Now the broad countryside opens out before me, mainly uncultivated, but here and there an occasional tilled field flits past; then a pretty farmstead or a vista of noble trees. Up suddenly rises a hateful wall, barring out the view, and I pause and watch the smoke of the engine curl up and wander into space. Onward we sweep, and presently the sea smiles on us again, and a gem-like picture, set in a silver frame, is before me as Skerries rushes up to meet us, only to be excluded from the eye again as we bang into a poky little station disporting a heavy array of advertisements of the products of John Bull. Now we emerge to the beautiful tranquil sea again, and another vision of merry Skerries, looking most alluring as it fringes the edges of the bay in quiet, unostentatious fashion. Another ivy-clad and much-prolonged wall tops an embankment for a while, then towers again, revealing a field of yellow grasses swishing by; and here we are at Balbriggan, where the train halts just opposite a choice assortment of recruiting posters.

"More men, and still more men," runs the legend on one. A khaki-clad bugler on another is appealing: "Don't you hear the Call?" Ah, poor bugler, "you may call spirits from the vasty deep, but will they come?" Ah, bugler, there's the rub! Another spreading glory in violent colours displays a Union Jack, and invites all and sundry to "rally round the flag." To which appeal let those who own such flag as theirs, hearken—but for us of Ireland—well, that is not our flag. No, not even though Mr. Redmond, whose name is the last item I view in this gallery of war alarms, swears so.

Now we reach a stretch of Sandysore, line-ribbed with black seaweed-coated rocks, bordering a noble expanse of glorious sea, pale-green here, blue there, and grey elsewhere with streaks of silver, and a misty horizon of hazy shadows surmounted by a fairyland of dreamy downy-clouded hills.

The view recedes and changes in curious variety. Green stretches of marsh, yellow, brown and dusky sand, gleaned fields and tufted hillocky meadows. Through the opposite window of my carriage I catch a glimpse of sweeping foliage and a miracle of cloud imagery, through which the blue of the sky seeks occasionally in shy delicious beauty.

There, on the embankment, are two men of the type beloved of Jack B. Yeats' pencil, who have a minstrel boy in attendance, who disports not a harp but a mouth-organ. Sea-gulls in mass-meeting are hovering over a patch of turnips, while a flock of geese betray a state of indignant alarmed protest as we sweep by.

Then varied shades of grassy meadows with golden, gleaming flowers, dark-hued hedges—some brown, some reddish, some of a colour yet lacking a name, with here and there the yellow-tipped haystacks peering through their crevices. And above the hedges red-tiled roofs of cottages imparting a touch of colour that quite eludes description. Wide again grows the landscape—hill, mountain, valley and field. They form a great picture, and I look on them and wonder why all their mute eloquence seems so little effective. "For sure the great God never planned for slumbering slaves a home so grand."

Drogheda, historic, fateful Drogheda is reached, but my recollection of my crossing the Boyne on this occasion are blunted and blurred by the cargo of noisy youths who crowded into the carriage flourishing a supply of Charlie Chaplin literature, talking khakism, and singing "Tipperary." This clamorous exuberance upset my descriptive faculty, and for the balance of the journey I study the consignment of raw material out of which England will manufacture casualties.

Dundalk at last is reached, and many friends of the cause greet me. That sound man, Paddy Hughes, who has held the pass for Ireland in fair Muirtheimne this many a long day, gives me a shake of his honest hand, and conducts me out to the capital of the wee county.

Later we drove out to Dun Dealgan, where we ascend the fort of Cuchulain: proud remnant of glorious historic memory. Leaving the town, we passed in one of the streets the monument which is alleged to represent the figure of Erin. Though, as a witty friend said to me during my visit, it looks more like "Lot's wife." A new figure, I am told, is to be placed at a later date on the pedestal. What the design for it is I have not heard, but it seems to me that the most appropriate monument for Dundalk would be one of Cuchulain. The subject would be heroic enough, surely. It would revive old tradition, dignify historic valour, and renew national inspiration. For, in truth, few places in Erin have an ampler vista of historic memories to recall. Visit Dun Dealgan, ascend the building which crowns its top, and look out on the splendid panorama which struts out before you; and if you are a Louth man, ask yourself why on earth it is that the picturesque ground beneath you was ever allowed to become the cockpit of political party squabbles. You are viewing that part of Ireland which formed the stage for exploits that have echoed through the ages for nigh two thousand years, echoes which have been heard not merely in our own land, but which have attracted the ears of savants in Germany, France and Norway.

Had Louth remembered Louth had played

a worthier role these latter days, but Louth is beginning to remember. The voice of Cuchulain is recalling the men of his patrimony to the noble heritage which is theirs; and when the realisation of it all quickens their hearts and warms their imagination to the full—then let the politicians of no country but Mammon have a care, for the temper of Muirtheimne when roused is a thing to be reckoned with.

Oh, it is grand beyond power of expression to stand upon that height on Dun Dealgan and look round. There are the dark Mourne Mountains, hallowed by the saintly memory of Brigid, which hovers round Faughart. The gates of the North that resounded to the clash of Cuchulain's arms look down you. Slieve Gallion, majestic and sombre, towers its great head as if proud of the tradition which attaches it to the great Fiom Mac Cumhaill's mother.

Dun Dealgan fort fills you with admiration for those who chose it as a stronghold. What you behold from its brow inspires you with a belief that they know that this land was worth fighting for; and, standing there, you grow akin to them in spirit, and vow within your heart that their memory shall not fade from the land they trod, that it shall yet be free to honour them worthily.

Later in the day I had the chance of meeting men from different parts of Louth, gathered together to take council as to how to make strong in this county Ireland's latest and greatest hope—the Irish Volunteers. And they had cheering news to bring from their respective districts. The name of Muirtheimne will not be missing from Ireland's roll of honour when the records of her last fight for freedom are chronicled. Yes, Louth is waking, and the cheers that resounded at our meeting that night, carrying dismay and alarm to the breasts of the bevy of plain-clothes 'Friends' who stood as a guard of honour (?) at the door of the Hall where the meeting was being held, had a significance that bodes ill for some strong but vicious things in Ireland. They were but the voice of the reviving hopes of this old nation. Yes, Dun Dealgan survives after eighteen centuries, and the traditions it perpetuates are not likely to die yet a while in Muirtheimne.

THE CROPPY PIKE.

Ah, Shemus, dear, bring out that pike
Your great-grandfather made,
'Tis hid so long from human eye
There's rust upon the blade.
Come out this night and rise it high
While marching in a line,
And proudly march to honour
Allen, Larkin and O'Brien.

Asthore, that pike is very old,
'Twas made in '98
By dear old Paddy Hegarty,
And better was his fate.
Although he strove with heart and hand
To banish those who ruled,
He ne'er could plant the green bag
On the hills of sweet Hisgoold.

The handle of the crotty pike
Is straight, stout and thick,
It grew behind poor Paddy's house
In sweet Dundullerick.
And then he hid it in the thatch
So that no one could see,
Because he said some day 'twould help
To set old Ireland free.

He braveley fought in many a field
With honour and renown,
And every time he raised the pike
He brought a foeman down.
And when he died we buried him in Temple-
cureheen;
We planted on his resting-place
The banner of the green.

A CURRENT CAUSERIE

Canadian A.O.H.

The Boston "Hibernian" says: According to dispatches the A.O.H. of Canada may secede because of anti-British expressions by American members of the body. Well, let them secede if that is the way they view freedom of speech. We in America are not bound by any laws of allegiance to the British crown, and notwithstanding the attempt of John Redmond and his "for-revenue-only" patriots to make us a Board of England organisation, the A.O.H. of America is still true to its promise "to be the devoted advocate of Fatherland and ever work for Irish National Independence, so that the principles of this Order may be realised." The Ancient Order of Hibernians was not formed in the English House of Commons. It did not at that time, nor has it since, pledged its loyalty to England. It was formed on the hills and in the vales of the County Wicklow, while Irishmen stood guard on the distant mountain-tops to watch for the English murderers who hunted the priests and prohibited the saying of Mass. The members pledged themselves to defend faith and fatherland against English profanation and aggression. English soil is not fertile enough for a vigorous, healthy growth of Irish Nationalism, and we are not surprised to find some of its branches are decayed. It does not thrive in an English atmosphere. If there are Canadian A.O.H.'s who would violate their oath for English preferment or applause, the Order is better off without them.

* * *

Mr. Sheehy Skeffington and America.

Next Tuesday (January 4th) at 8 p.m., in the Foresters' Hall, Parnell Square, F. Sheehy Skeffington will give, under the auspices of the Irish Women's Franchise League, his "Impressions of America." As, during his recent visits he has come into touch with the various progressive elements in the States, and has addressed meetings in the four largest cities of the U.S., the lecture promises to be one of special interest. Though his "licence" has expired, the Government, in spite of its threats, has not put the Cat and Mouse Act into operation against Mr. Skeffington.

* * *

Late Bro. Foley.

His many friends in Hibernian circles will have read with deep regret of the death of Bro. J. C. Foley, which occurred last week-end in a Dublin hospital as the result of an operation. The late Bro. Foley was for a number of years a member of Division 80, and at the time of the visit of the American delegates to Dublin—Hon. Matthew Cummings, the then President of the American Order, and Rev. Philip O'Donnell, State Chaplain, Mass—held the position of County President for Dublin, and as such read the address of welcome to the distinguished visitors for the Hibernians of the metropolis. A man of many attainments, the late Bro. Foley was a fluent speaker, and was esteemed by all with whom he came in contact. Though evidently failing in health for a number of years, he was still cheerful, and ever bore the winning smile that was such a characteristic of his. Ever a sterling Nationalist of the right stamp, the loss of Bro. Foley creates a void in the hearts of his many friends. May God grant his soul eternal rest.

* * *

Peace Talk.

Discussing what it calls the "ominous signs that peace would be welcome to some people" in England, the "Catholic Times" states that it is the moneyed class that would welcome same. Our contemporary says: "The financiers, the wealthy classes, see that the expenses of the war will have to be met by the rich, and fear that con-

scription of men will be accompanied by conscription of money. Their fears are justified. If the State may take a man and bid him sacrifice his life, it certainly may take a man and bid him sacrifice his life, it certainly may take another man and bid him sacrifice his money; for a man's life is more to him than any possessions. And when peace comes it may bring with it such super-taxation on wealth as will make the lenders to the State pay themselves the interest on their loans. The future times will not be easy for the rich. The poor have been, in the mass, made poorer by the war; all the necessities of life dearer. So the poor can neither lend to the State nor pay taxes to the State. The war must be paid for by the rich. And that is more than half the explanation of these rumours of peace. The moneyed men would be glad to see an end of the expenditure which they see will have to be paid by them."

* * *

Fair Play Wanted.

Mr. Jeremiah O'Connell, schoolmaster of Filemore, Cahirciveen, Co. Kerry (says the "Catholic Times"), has taught the Irish National Education Board that there is such a thing as British law to which they are bound to pay some regard. Mr. O'Connell was an Irish Volunteer, and in June last the manager of his school, Canon Browne, received a letter from the secretary to the Board asking for a statement from Mr. O'Connell whether this was so. Mr. O'Connell replied that it was, and added that he had satisfied himself there was nothing in his connection with the Irish Volunteers contrary to the letter or the spirit of the rules of the Commissioners of National Education. Schoolmasters were not forbidden to become members of the Ulster Volunteers, and in reply to a request for information, Mr. O'Connell was informed by the secretary of the Board that "the question whether a teacher might be permitted to join the National Volunteers under Mr. John Redmond's leadership had yet to be considered by the Commissioners." The Board dismissed Mr. O'Connell for belonging to the Irish Volunteers. That is to say, it decided without legal authority or investigation that a teacher could belong to the Ulster Volunteers, that he could not belong to the Irish Volunteers, and that it was doubtful whether he could belong to the National Volunteers. The arbitrary and illegal action of this educational body was pointed out by Mr. O'Connell in respectful language, and the Board finding that their blunder was exposed, decided that teachers must not belong to any of the Volunteer organisations. Mr. O'Connell, who received no notice or warning debarring him from becoming an Irish Volunteer, has now requested to be reinstated, and the Board have replied that "they will be prepared to consider the question of his reinstatement" if he supplies them immediately with evidence that he has ceased all connection with the Irish Volunteers. He has made it clear that he objected only to unfair differentiation, and they are bound by every dictate of justice to reinstate him.

NIGHTFALL.

Now night has come upon the world;
The stars are overhead,
And at this time in ev'ry house
Good children are in bed.

The moon-man peeps from out the clouds
And looks so very wise
That children, wond'ring what he knows,
Grow tired and close their eyes.

As o'er the sleeping earth there steals
A stream of mellow light,
God's angels whisper to each child,
"Good night, sweet dreams, good night!"

MARIE HEALY.

TIPPERARY.

I love you, Tipperary dear, for sake of him
who told
The tale of homely "Knocknagow," its
hearts as true as gold;
For sake of "Mat the Thresher's" strength
and Nora Lahey's grave—
I love you, Tipperary, though I never saw
your face.

I love you, Tipperary dear, for sake of
Knockmealdown,
For sake of smiling Slieve-na-Mon, that
never wore a frown;
Where sunbeams, laughing all the while,
the lurking shadows chase—
Oh, I love you, Tipperary, though I never
saw your face!

I love you, Tipperary, dear, for sake of
Galtee More,
That gazes down in kingly pride on Barrow,
Suir, and Nore;
For sake of all the singing streams that
o'er your bosom race—
I love you, Tipperary, though I never saw
your face.

For sake of all the beauty spots that help
to make you fair—
Clonmel and Cashel, famed of old, and
kindly-hearted Cahir;
For Thurles, Nenagh, Carrick dear, and
many another place—
I love you, Tipperary, though I never saw
your face.

I love you best of all, perhaps, for sake of
one dear friend,
Within whose eyes your smiles and tears
for ever meet and blend,
Whose trust and friendship, freely given,
no change could e'er erase—
Oh, I love you Tipperary, though I never
saw your face!

I love you, Tipperary dear, for sake of each
and all;
By night and day on you, asthore, may
kindly blessings fall;
May sorrow pass you lightly o'er and never
leave a trace—
God bless you, Tipperary, though I ne'er
may see your face!

Brian O'Higgins in the "Ave Maria."

THE DEAD WHO DIED FOR IRELAND.

They died that she might live—
Ready their all to give
Eire, their uncrowned Queen—
For her they'd always been.
Quiet are their graves to-day,
By daisies and grass o'ergrown:
Yet their names shall live away,
Though their spirits away have flown.
Theirs was no vaunted love
For their green-clad native isle:
Quietly they ever strove
To bring to her lips a smile;
Bravely they ever fought
For Freedom's blessed day;
Wisely her sons they taught
And trained in battle array.
Emmet and Mitchel and Tone,
And Rossa, last of them all—
Their fate, though we may bemoan,
Their courage our souls doth enthral.
But though dark were those days and
drear,
When the dungeon ever loomed night,
The bright day of Freedom is near,
Its blest sun is rising on high.
For to-day we have men as true,
And as fearless in the fight,
Ready to die for you,
Eire, their guiding light;
They're the Irish Volunteers,
An army, strong and brave,
To guard thro' the coming years
The Gem of the Western Wave.

SEAN MACEVOY.

CATHOLICS AND THE ENGLISH ARMY.

The appearance of Irish priests on recruiting platforms in some parts of the country brings many thoughts to one's mind. Catholic priests are God's anointed—ministers of the Prince of Peace; He who said: "My peace I leave you, my peace I give you"; and again, "He who lives by the sword—"

Our Holy Father the Pope has set a noble example for priests to follow. He has counselled peace, not war. We Catholics are apt to forget, too, that the Catholic Church is world-wide, embracing all countries; that there are Catholics both sides of this terrible European struggle; and that, therefore, the Church or any of its ministers—even the humblest—should not take sides. For our Irish clergy His Lordship the Bishop of Limerick's words have special significance: "Any fair-minded man will admit it is England's war, not Ireland's."

Many Irish Catholics, through some cause or another, are in the English Army. It is the duty of the clergy to see that the spiritual welfare of these men is looked after. Not very long ago I read a letter received from a young man who joined the army and was undergoing training in England. The letter was written on Y.M.C.A. notepaper from a Y.M.C.A. reading-room or club where his detachment was stationed. He apologised, as a Catholic, for using such notepaper and for his surroundings; but he said it could not be helped—it was not his fault and he had to put up with it. I understand similar treatment is meted out to Catholic soldiers in various parts of England, and even in Catholic Ireland, not to mention France and the fighting area, where Y.M.C.A. Camps are quite numerous.

This state of affairs and its corrupting and detrimental influence on the religion of our Irish youth who join the English army should not be allowed to continue any longer.

The "Irish Catholic" appeals for Catholic Chaplains for the Front. While the priest is needed to administer the consolations of religion to the wounded and dying, the place for the avowed clerical friend of England and the Allies is in the fighting zone succouring the dying soldier, not on a recruiting platform here at home. Failing this, he should at least see that the Catholic who follows his advice and joins the army has every opportunity to practice his religion, and that there are no proselytising methods brought to bear on him.

M.

A LEAP FOR LIFE

Old Ironsides at anchor lay,
In the harbour of Mahon;
A dead calm rested on the bay—
The waves to sleep had gone;
When little Hal, the captain's son,
A lad both brave and good,
In sport, up shroud and rigging ran,
And on the main-truck stood!

A shudder shot through every vein;
All eyes were turned on high!
There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,
Between the sea and sky,
No hold had he above, below;
Alone he stood in air;
To that far height none dare to go,
No aid could reach him there.

We gazed, but not a man could speak!
With horror, all aghast—
In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,
We watched the quivering mast.
The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
And of a lurid hue,
As riveted unto the spot
Stood officers and crew.

BREAKFAST
LUNCH

DINNER
TEA

D-B-C

RESTAURANTS

The Best Restaurant in the United Kingdom.

FINEST TEAS.

We buy all our Teas by comparison and First hand.
We therefore can offer the Pick of the Market

At the following Prices: 2/-, 2/2, 2/4, 2/6, 2/8, 2/10, 3/-

BECKER BROTHERS (LTD.)

Tea Dealers and Importers. 8 South Great George's Street,
17 North Earl Street, Dublin.

Telephone 156

The father came on deck. He gasped,
"O God! Thy will be done!"
Then suddenly a rifle grasped
And aimed it at his son.
"Jump, for out, boy, into the wave!
Jump, or I fire," he said.
"That only chance your life can save;
Jump, jump boy!" He obeyed.

He sank—he rose—he lived—he moved,
And for the ship struck out.
On board we hailed the lad beloved
With many a manly shout.
The father drew, in silent joy,
Those wet arms round his neck,
And folded to his heart his boy—
Then fainted on the deck.

WALTER COLTON.

The "Catholic News" thus deals with a Mexican champion of Carranza, who, writing in the "Forum" says:—"The religious question is one which has been very much discussed, written about and misunderstood. The Catholic Church in Mexico is, to use a homely simile, a fatty degeneration of the Mother Church, and has for almost four centuries played politics, with disastrous results. It can be safely asserted that the religious question is really only a political question; when Mexican clericals have made up their minds to keep their hands off politics, there will not be any religious question to solve." That's what the robbers always say when they want to despoil the Church. Henry VIII. made similar excuses when he confiscated church property in England. So did the plunderers in France, in South America and everywhere else the Church was cheated out of her rights. As to Mexico, the Church for years has not had a chance to interfere in politics, if she wanted to, which she doesn't.

* * *

Says the "Catholic Columbian":—"Some opponents of the Catholic Church in America condemn it because its Pope, or Papa, or Father, or Bishop of Bishops is in Italy. Even so, he is not a foreigner. Although the present Supreme Pontiff is Italian by descent, he put away all his past affiliations, even his family name, yes, even his baptismal name, when he became Pope. He did so precisely in order that he might belong to the universal Church. He is not a foreigner civilly, because he is not a sub-

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

ject of the King of Italy. He is free from national ties, in order that he may be the Common Father of Christendom. According to these judges, God is a foreigner. He lived and died in Palestine. According to these judges, God is a foreigner, because He is in Heaven. The Pope, it is true, stays in Rome, but he belongs to every country in which there are Catholics. He is at home wherever Christ is preached and the Holy Eucharist is treasured. He is the centre of authority, the fountain of holy orders, the origin of mission throughout the Church. He is therefore a foreigner nowhere on earth."

A SONG OF THE TIMES

The stranger came into our land,
Our countrymen to rob and kill,
But our sword leaped forth like lightning darts,
And their bones are bleaching many a hill,
And while one Saxon skull is seen
Our Irish blades with blood to wet,
We'll still be true to Rosaleen
And cling to Holy Ireland yet.

We'll cling to Holy Ireland yet
Although her eyes with tears are wet,
Oh while our hand can hold a blade
We'll cling to Holy Ireland yet.

The offers that they send us now,
Beneath the brutal Saxon sway,
Can't tear us from our native land,
Nor lure us from our love away.
And though besmirched is now her sheen,
And with scalding tears her eyes are wet,
We'll still be true to Rosa'een,
And cling to Holy Ireland yet.

By all the martyrs of our land,
On gibbet, hulk, and battlefield,
We in their places take our stand,
And swear that we will never yield,
By all the patriot blood that flowed,
By all the crimes we can't forget,
Through life and death, through weal and woe
We'll cling to Holy Ireland yet.

PETER GOLDEN.

Telephone 3392

W. YOUKSTETTER,
Pork Butcher & Sausage Maker,
21 North Strand and 51 Lr. Dorset St., DUBLIN
Sausages Fresh Daily. Tripe, Cowheel and
153 Trotters. Best Brawn.

Gifts—worth giving

WE have an almost unlimited selection of articles suitable for NEW YEAR GIFTS—Beautiful Brooches in all the newest designs, charming Pendants and Necklets, curb and expanding Bracelets, Signet and Dress Rings, Wristlet Watches in great variety, Electro-plated Ware—all at most reasonable prices. Won't you come and see what we offer?

Ganter Bros.

63 South Great George's St., Dublin

PROF. H. MILFORD

The Irish Conjurer

At liberty for the Season and Xmas Holidays, An Entertainment which mystifies and amuses young and old.

Special low terms for Equipment Fund Concerts

Secretaries of Country Companies should not miss this item.

Terms and Testimonials on application to c/o

25 FITZROY AVENUE, DRUMCONDRA

WRITE, OR CALL TO

J. J. WALSH (OF CORK)

26 Blessington Street } DUBLIN
19 Berkeley Street }

TOBACCONIST, CONFECTIONER, NEWS EMPORIUM

Sixpenny parcel of Irish-Ireland Papers forwarded Weekly, on shortest notice

Phoenix Park and Glasnevin Trams pass the Door
Smart Hairdressing Saloon Attached,

GAELS—Where to get your News, Stationery, Cigarettes, General

Fancy Goods, etc., etc.,

O Faolain,

35 LOWER DORSET STREET.

Pure China Teas

2/4, 2/10 & 3/4 per lb.

KELLY BROS., LTD.,

39 Up. O Connell Street,

Telephone 292x

You are invited to inspect our stock of CLOSE FIRE KITCHEN RANGES before ordering elsewhere We guarantee them to cook perfectly, and to be economical in fuel. Our prices are right. Estimates Free.

GLEESON, O'DEA & CO. Ltd.

21 & 22 Christchurch Place, Dublin Telephone: Dublin 261

Restaurant

Continental

1 Up. Sackville St. & Earl St.

"HONESTY."

An Outspoken Scrap of Paper,
Every Tuesday, One Halfpenny.

:: :: Instantaneous Success :: ::

COMMUNICATIONS TO BE ADDRESSED TO
The Gaelic Press, 30 Upper Liffey Street
DUBLIN

UNDER THE CLOCK, 99 Up. Dorset St.

—Call and See J. T. RYAN,—
Tea, Wine, and Spirit Merchant.

Where to Stay in Dublin:

The Wicklow Hotel, WICKLOW ST. ^{Off Grafton Street}

CENTRAL, MODERATE,
AND
MOST COMFORTABLE.

FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT ATTACHED
Phone 66b. T. Mahon, Manager.

The Laundry which should be
supported by all is

The National Laundry Co.,

60 STH. WILLIAM ST., DUBLIN.
Special Terms to Clubs, Institutions, etc.

Eat Less Meat. Dine at THE COLLEGE CAFE

[VEGETARIAN]

COLLEGE STREET.

The Popular Dublin Resort for Excellent Luncheons
and "Select" Teas
Special 6d Teas. Best Value in City.

Terms Moderate ::: Separate Bedrooms

The Grattan Hotel & Restaurant

15 & 16 ESSEX QUAY, DUBLIN

Convenient to all Railway Stations and Boats
Trams pass the Door every Three Minutes
CLEANLINESS, COURTESY, and GOOD ATTENTION
MRS. MCCARTHY, PROPRIETRESS

"There is but one Tailor,"

THOMAS J. LITTLE,

38 DRURY STREET

(One door from Exchequer Street),
Terms: Cash or Credit DUBLIN.

P. CONWAY & CO.,

31 Exchequer St. and 10a Aungier St.,
TOBACCONISTS.

Telegrams—"Watt, Dublin" Telephone 4268 Dublin

GEO. WATT, Ltd.

Soho Engineering Works,
Bridgefoot Street, Dublin.

ESTIMATES given for all Classes Machinery
and Repairs.
Creamery Work a Speciality.

Estd. 1876

RELIABLE TAILORING.

C. MARTIN & SONS, 27 WELLINGTON QUAY.

Irish Tweed Suits from - 45s
Costumes from - 55s
Volunteers' Uniforms from - 35s
Officers' Uniforms a Speciality.
Makers of Official Uniform to Mounted Corps

A Call to the Sons of Eirinn.

(Let "Ireland" be the watchword of all her sons, let them work for her alone, arm for her and fight for her only. Let all our thoughts be centred in her welfare; let us love her, and glory in her fame and name and grand traditions, and when bambooz'ers come amongst us to preach their doctrine of treachery, let us scorn them as we would a plague of locusts).

O, sons of Padraic, O, boys of the Gael,
Be always true to your Innisfail;
Be a'ways ready to dare and to do,
For the dear, sweet sake of your Rosin Dubh.

Be always ready at Rosin's call,
Care not to fight or care not to fall;
The fair, rare name of your land uphold,
Be patriotic and valiant and bold.

If ever you hear traitors revile
Your matchless, glorious Emerald Isle,
Speak of her honour and fame and renown,
Tell them her banner must never come down.

Tell them it's fluttering high in the breeze.
Tell them that Erin's the gem of the seas;
Speak of brave Emmet, Wolfe Tone, Owen Roe,
Tell all the traitors from Erin to go.

Bouchals of Ireland, think of the men
Who fought for her Freedom again and again,
Who stood by her Soggarths, stood by her Faith,
Who willingly for her met prison and death.

When it was treason her name to breathe,
When ridiculed were her tongue and her creed,
The pike was grasped, and mountain and glen,
Were dyed with the blood of her noble men.

Bouchals of Erin, your own native land
Requires all the help of your brain and your hand;
Boys, be ready to build up once more
Your famous, illustrious, beautiful shore.

And wherever you be, O, sons of the Gael,
Be always true to your Innisfail;
Be always ready to dare and to do,
For the dear, sweet sake of your Rosin Dubh.

M. J. RUANE ("Shawn Banba").

To the Manager "THE HIBERNIAN,"
28 North Frederick St, Dublin.

Please forward me "The Hibernian" for
..... weeks, for which I enclose

£.....

Name.....

Full Postal Address.....

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:—
Yearly, 6s. 6d. Half-Yearly, 3s. 3d. Quarterly, 1s. 8d

A.O.H. (Irish-American Alliance)

Div. No. 60. Heber McMahon, Springburn.

A SOCIAL AND DANCE

WILL BE HELD IN

The Hall, 16 Gourly Street, Springburn,

On 4th JANUARY, 1916.

Doors Open at 7 p.m. Tea at 10 p.m.

Tickets may be had from Members of the Committee, or Mr. Peter O'Brien, 200 St. James's St., South Side, Glasgow.

Members and Friends Cordially Invited.

TICKETS - - - 2s. Each.

Why He Left His Irish Home.

I saw the ship, the Ocean Queen, sail
from our Irish shore,
And on its deck I saw a man whose home
he'll long deplore.
His brow bore marks of parting pain, for
those now left behind,
And yet his stern set features showed what
most was in his mind.
I said, "This is your native land—the land
that gave you birth,
A sweeter spot cannot be found—no lovelier
land's on earth,
Then why," I said, "desert the land—why
from it sail away,
Oh! do not roam, but stay at home—at
home I pray you stay."

"This land, it is our home," he said, "no
lovelier land's so fair,
No other land upon the earth with our land
can compare;
But this was conquered long ago and bound
in slavery's chain,
And that is why my friends and I are forced
across the main."
I heaved a sigh of sadness as the sails
swelled to the breeze,
And shed a tear for my fallen land as the
ship sailed o'er the seas;
But when I reached my native valley far
from the ocean blue,
I prayed the Lorr to send us yet another
Brian Boru.

M. J. M.

JOHN GIBBONS,

IRONMONGER AND
FANCY WAREHOUSEMAN,

Shop Street and Bridge Street,
WESTPORT.

CHEAPEST HOUSE IN CONNACHT
FOR EVERYTHING.

STRICTLY ONE PRICE.

GUNS.

GUNS, REVOLVERS,
RIFLES, CARTRIDGES

AND
SHOOTING REQUISITES OF ALL KINDS
CATALOGUES FREE.

Repairs of All Kinds Executed on the Premises

L. KEEGAN,
GUNMAKER

INNS QUAY, DUBLIN.
Telephone 2574

FINDLATER'S INDIAN TEAS

For Your Framing and Pictures

GO TO

WIGODER'S,
75 Talbot Street, Dublin.

Cheapest and Best in the City.

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 Mon-
day, 10th January, 1916. Blocks and unsold
tickets to be returned to Sec., 28 N. Frederick
Street, Dublin, on or before January 8th.

Trade Union

Printed for the Proprietors by THE GAELIC PRESS, 30 Upper Liffey Street, Dublin

[Irish Paper

MONEY FOR THE NEW YEAR.

LIMERICKS

£5 Prize, £5.

(If the amount subscribed realises more than £5, the Prize Money will be increased, and 2nd and 3rd Prizes allotted.)

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO—For this Competition, write a line to complete the following Unfinished Limerick:—

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.....

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"

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

READ THE RULES CAREFULLY.

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.

THE IRISH TWEED HOUSE

Employ First-Class Cutters and Tailors. Suits to order 42s to 84s. Special Irish Frieze Overcoats 42s. All made on the premises by

IRISH LABOUR.

4 Capel St., Dublin, and Up. George's St. Kingstown

IRISH WOMEN'S FRANCHISE LEAGUE

COME AND HEAR
MR. SHEEHY SKEFFINGTON

... ON ...

"Impressions of America,"

Foresters' Hall, 41 Parnell Square
TUESDAY, JANUARY 4th, at 8 p.m.

Admission, 1s. and 6d. Reserved Seats, 2s.

WHOLESALE AGENTS

FOR

THE HIBERNIAN.

Messrs. DAWSON & Co., Middle Abbey Street, Dublin.

" EASON & Son, Middle Abbey Street, Dublin.

Mr. L. CONNOLLY, 12 D'Olier Street, Dublin.

Messrs. S. O'CUILL & Co., 95 Patrick St., Cork.

" NEWS BROS., Ltd., Bowling Green Street, Cork.

Mr. KEARNEY, 18 High Street, Glasgow.

Messrs. CASSIDY & Co., 26 Holloway Road, London, N.

Mr. MICHAEL FARREN, Bishop Street, Derry,

NATIONALITY

Vol. 1. No. 29.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1916.

One Penny.

Notes.

The Orangemen and Home Rule.

The Orange Institution has directed its members to keep their powder dry lest any effort should be made to remove the ghastly Home Rule Act from the Statute Book, where it is interned side by side with the Renunciation Act, which recites that England never had and never can have any right or authority to have or hold Ireland. The Renunciation Act was observed as law by England until the Volunteers of 1782 disbanded, after which she violated it in every sentence. But it is still on the Holy Statute Book.

The direction to the Orangemen has the merit of frankness. The Ulster Unionist leaders, at least, do not play up to the Redmondian humbug of the war uniting Ireland in the acceptance of Home Rule. The Ulster Unionists stand where they stood four years ago. They have not receded one inch from their position, and *they* do not lie about it as some of the Southern Unionists do. They declare "they will not have Home Rule," and they declare they will oppose its enactment by force of arms. For that purpose they have armed themselves, and their English military sympathisers in Ireland are doing their best, with the Defence of the Realm Act, to disarm the Irish Nationalists. The fact that out of 200,000 Unionists of military age in Ireland—men who talked Empire, sang Empire, and protested they would die for the British Empire—four out of every five are still at home declaring they will not have Home Rule is proof that the Irish Unionist knows his present business.

Irish Unionists may be roughly divided into three classes—the first and strongest is a class which regards its commercial and social interests as bound up wholly with England. This class is purely selfish. It has a large strength and influence begotten of power and wealth. It is frankly anti-Irish and West British through policy. The second class—a small one—is not West British. It is timidly Irish. It wishes well to Ireland. It secretly dislikes England; but it has been bred in the belief that Ireland cannot stand alone—that she must remain for ever subordinate to England, and the people of this class go through life struggling to square a natural patriotism with what they accept as immutable facts. The third class may be for convenience sake denominated Orange, although much of it is not connected with the Orange body. It is Honest and Bigoted. It is bred up in hatred of Catholicity, and it confounds Catholicity with Irish Nationalism. It does not love England, but it fears and hates Rome, and it

is firm in the faith that if England did not rule Ireland Rome would. This is the bitterest and most ignorant of the three classes—yet it is the most masculine and the most sincere. It does not study to humbug itself.

Clongowes.

Clongowes College announces that 400 of its ex-students are fighting for England. We do not doubt it. Thomas Francis Meagher, one of the Irish Nationalists who escaped from it intact, wrote many years afterwards of its teaching and teachers—

They never spoke of Ireland. Never gave us, even what is left of it, her history to read. Never quickened the young, bright life they controlled into lofty conceptions and prayers by a reference to the martyrdoms, the wrongs, the soldiership, the statesmanship, the magnificent memories and illuminating hopes of the old land. All this was then to me a cloud. Now I look back to it, shake my hand against it, and say it was a curse.

Escaped from St. Patrick.

Have you seen the new United Irish League membership cards that are being vainly offered around the Province of Leinster just now? Emerald green, with a portrait of Wolfe Tone and a pike and gun crossed—"Remember '98." And now we read in the "Meath Chronicle" that at a meeting of a body wasted by galloping Conscription and known as the "South Monaghan United Irish League Executive," one Richard Boyle presiding, three human beings tendered an apology for having attended the Manchester Martyrs' Commemoration meeting at Carrickmacross. One being testified that he heard a speaker say, "How dare any man stand up before the Irish people and tell them that Ireland has sworn or promised to bury the past?" We assume the Remember 1798 - Wolfe - Tone - Pike-and-Gun emerald-green membership card of the U.I.L. does not run in South Monaghan.

The Conscription-Jugglers.

The "Irish Times" draws attention in its leading article of December 22 to the remarkable wording of the resolution of the "Irish Party" and of Mr. Redmond's speech in the English Parliament "against Conscription." Probably not one in a thousand people will have noticed that these politicians, while professing to oppose Conscription for Ireland, introduced words the effect of which is to convey to the Powers that Be that they oppose it because it is unnecessary. Redmond in his speech further dexterously used the word necessary, and added—

If it is proved that it (i.e., Conscription) is necessary to end the war, then as far as I am concerned the case is settled.

But not so far as the people of Ireland are concerned. When England proves to Mr. Redmond that it is necessary she should have a hundred thousand—more or less—of young Irishmen to form advance and rearguards for her own troops, Ireland will prove that Irishmen's lives and bodies are not for sale by Mr. Redmond, and that those who want them must fight for them. Let us add that the Irish Parliamentary Party would be an assenting party to any Conscription-of-Irishmen proposal the English Government made, were it not restrained by fear of the Irish people. Let Ireland keep a sharp eye on the proceedings of this traitorous body of men, which for £400 apiece and a share in England's corrupt patronage betrays, so far as it has any power left to betray, the National honour and the National safety.

The Late A. M. Sullivan.

Some correspondents have written to us in reference to an error in a contemporary by which the late A. M. Sullivan was confounded with his son, the present Serjeant Sullivan. The late A. M. Sullivan had his faults, but he was no place-hunter and no toady. He never exhorted Irishmen to join the English Army, and he never asked a Recruiting Committee to circulate his reply to a Bishop, and he went to prison for six months because he wrote that the Irish Nation would never be reconciled to the British Empire. Two of our correspondents seem to think that Serjeant Sullivan's existence is a crime justly chargeable against A. M. Sullivan. But it is only a mistake.

"The Bankers' Manifesto."

What is described in the English press as a manifesto to the nation from bankers and financiers has been issued. In it we read that to secure the necessary money for England to win this war England's energies

"must be completely concentrated upon the production of really essential things; and that the production of all non-essentials must be wholly stopped. Moreover, not only must the nation avoid the consumption of all non-essentials, but must even restrict the consumption of essentials to the limits of efficiency. Furthermore, individuals possessing securities marketable abroad must sell them in order to pay for goods and munitions purchased abroad for which no other means of payment can be provided. Lastly, the credit of the nation and of individuals must be employed in order to pay for goods and munitions purchased abroad for which pay-

ment cannot be made in goods, services, or securities. Only by all classes, employers and employed alike, adding to, and most carefully husbanding, income, by selling foreign securities and by creating foreign credits, will it be possible to provide the vast sum needed by the nation and the nation's Allies."

This is interesting. I is more interesting when the signatures are examined, and it is found that it is not signed by the Bank of England, by Rothschilds, by Glyn Mills, by the Capital and Counties, by the National Provincial of England, by the London and South Western, by the London Joint Stock, by the Union of London, by Cocks & Co., by Hambro & Sons, by Henry Schroeder & Co., by Martin's, and by others. One director of the Bank of England has his name signed to the document, but he signs not as representing the bank, but as representing his own firm. Only four first-class banks are represented, and six second-class banks—ten in all. Why is this? The impression created is that the London Banks have issued the document while retaining power, if necessary to deny the fact and allege that it was only the act of individuals.

The O'Rahilly in Belfast.

The second of the public lectures organised by the Belfast Cumann na mBan was given in the College Halls, Bank Street, on Tuesday, 14th ult. Roisin Bhreathnach presided, and The O'Rahilly delivered an interesting lecture on the military aspects of the campaign of 1798, illustrating his lecture by lantern views of battlefields and maps and portraits of leaders. Other speakers were Nora Ni Chonghaile and A. Newman. The hall was well filled by members of the Cumann, Irish Volunteers and the general public. The Belfast branch is doing excellent work in first-aid, shooting, etc., and increasing membership speaks well for the propaganda carried on.

A Real King.

Not all European monarchs have the ability or the statesmanship of the men who sit on the thrones—if they have thrones—of the Balkan kingdoms and Greece. Constantine of Greece and Ferdinand of Bulgaria are monarchs some people we know might with reason pray they had such rulers. It would, we suppose, disturb the New Year revels of Ireland's rulers if we were to quote for the benefit of Ireland's dispossessed population the comment of the German Chancellor on the Allies' application of the nationalities principle to the small nationality of Greece. No such fear need deter us from quoting the sound commonsense King Constantine managed to put into his Premier's interview with the representative of the English "Daily Chronicle." The Premier is reported as saying:

"My country has been maligned, her Government has been attacked; yet I say in all sincerity that the fault is not ours. We have tried to 'play the game,' as you English say; and if we have failed I maintain it is the Four-Power Alliance, not we, who are responsible. In my own way, as head of the Government, I have earnestly sought to

see eye to eye with the Four-Power Entente; if Greece is not fighting whole-heartedly on your side to-day it is because your statesmen and your diplomatists—I am speaking in general terms of the Quadruple Powers—have failed in their duty towards their respective countries, and towards Greece.

"Wholly and disinterestedly, I have endeavoured to avoid a conflict in Macedonia. I have sought to prevent poor Macedonia being given over afresh to the horrors of war, being visited with fire and sword, being pillaged perhaps and sacked. The Allies have flouted and angered Greece instead of placating us; instead of dealing with us frankly they coquetted with Bulgaria, while treating us disdainfully. The result is that the Allies have fallen between two stools—the errors of the Allied Powers' diplomacy have been many; they have suffered from the folly of divided counsels; and now there is an attempt to throw the blame on to Greece.

"If the Allies had come frankly to Greece," said the Greek Premier, "if they had said, 'Come in with us, we want your aid, you may count on clearly-defined recompenses at the end of the struggle,' Greece, I affirm, would not have hesitated for a single minute—with this or any other Government in power.

"Instead of this, England and France began by demanding sacrifices from Greece. We were asked to co-operate with the Allies in the Dardanelles; and at the same time we were asked to relinquish Kavalla and Seres to our bitterest foes—to give up, in fact, those our richest provinces, which have been won by Greek blood.

"We were free to shed our blood in the attempt to force the Dardanelles; but we were warned that on no account were we to dream of marching to Constantinople in the event of an Allied success; in fact, it was expressly forbidden, in the event of your success, for the Greeks to show their national flag within fifty miles of the ancient Byzantine capital.

"After all," said M. Skouloudis, "Greece, too, nourishes her national dreams and ambitions, and if our eyes turn from time to time eastward, who shall say this aspiration is an unworthy one because it emanates from Greek hearts?"

The Big Bullies.

"You have bullied us; we have simply turned the other cheek, meekly and uncomplainingly. We honestly sought to aid you—and proffered you aid—which you rejected.

"Once more Greece was flouted. Such have been our reward. We have been grossly misunderstood and misjudged. The Allies ignored and humiliated us. We decided to continue neutral. Latterly, treated with the ignominy of a conquered people, we have almost been goaded into hostilities against you.

"Let us take the expedition to Salonica. Whether Greece invited the Allies to come there or not is now beside the question. You are in possession, and I maintain that this Government, in listening to and accepting the ever-growing demands of the Allies' army

of occupation, has gone to the extreme limits of friendship compatible with neutrality.

Diplomatic Amenities.

"The other day, one of the Entente Ministers came here and insolently told me that the Government had broken promises made by our King. It was untrue, and I felt that his language was an insult. I told him so, and flung his written protest back.

"Further, my indignation went to the length of communicating officially with Sir Edward Grey and M. Briand, telling them in plain, undiplomatic language my opinion of the protest.

"Greece's friendship has been repaid in a singular way—an embargo laid on our commerce, our ships help up, people friendly to the Entente within an ace of being starved for want of bread.

"We come now to to-day. Our aid was spurned. Nevertheless we have given freely. We have done our utmost for you and for your cause. That is to say, the utmost you, in your own blundering, high-handed, haughty way, would permit us to do.

"Now we are faced by a still more terrible problem: How are we to stop our land from being deluged by blood? One set of belligerents is already there; the other set is soon to come. In obedience to the Allies' request, we partially displaced our army and made important transfers of troops.

"The Austro-Germans may enter at any moment. Strictly they have a perfect right to do so, since the Allies have been allowed to enter.

"They—the Austro-Germans—may bring their allies, the Bulgars. What can we do? How can we prevent the ingress of the enemy, who, already successful in Macedonia, has an eye on Kavalla and Seres?

"So," concluded M. Skouloudis, "as I see it, Greece is to be ravaged by a cruel, relentless war because the Allies have badly blundered in a diplomatic as well as a military sense.

"Do I overstate the case when I say it is a tragic hour for my country? I think not."

When the Western Allies and their diplomats met King Constantine and his Premier, they met more than a king and a diplomat—they met men, and men who knew their nation's business.

"Nationality" in the New Year.

In our next issue we shall begin the publication of Liam O'Briain's Irish lecture on the evolution of modern Germany, and in future issues an Irish article will form a feature of our columns.

THE SAFEST INVESTMENT.

A Policy of Life Insurance with an American Office not only conserves the savings, but protects the capital and family of the Assured.

Particulars from

DIARMUID LYNCH,
GRANIG, KINSALE

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

PILLAR PICTURE HOUSE.

MARY STREET PICTURE HOUSE.

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

REPRESSION IN THE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS.

BY C. H. NORMAN.

[From the *New Age*, London.]

One of the most lamentable consequences of the Press Censorship and the gagging of the House of Commons has been the complete absence of any discussion on the grave events which have taken place in the Dependencies under the control of the Colonial Office or the India Office. One hears now and then reports that there has been a big trial for treason or conspiracy in British India, Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, Egypt, and other dependencies. The old procedure of "moving for papers" on such matters seems to have been relegated to that Parliamentary dustbin to which most of the rights and privileges of Englishmen have been consigned for the duration of the war. What has been really happening in the British Empire since August, 1914, is almost unknown, as the censorship has contrived to keep the people in ignorance of the various trials, sedition ordinances, and other devices of suppressive legislation, with which the British people are becoming only too familiar in execution of the policy of defending the liberties of Europe.

A correspondent in Singapore has been good enough to forward to us the concoctions of the Pro-Consul and the Legislative Council under whose tyranny the unfortunate people of the Straits Settlements apparently are compelled to suffer in the silence ordained during war time. Ordinance No. XII. of 1915, issued on August 16, 1915, provided for the establishment of a Reserve Force to the Volunteer Force and for a Civil Guard. In pursuance of this object "every male British subject of pure European descent" between the ages of 18 and 55 must register; and every person between the aged of 18 and 40, "shall be liable to undergo military training, on due notification by the Governor in the 'Gazette.'" The Ordinance provided for the training of the civilian population on principles of compulsion; but it is not applicable to the Regular Military or Police Forces in the country. The force created by this measure is rather of a comic opera character, as we are informed that our correspondent, having put in 50 drills, has had no musketry course at all! There are the usual provisions for the oath of allegiance to King George; but it is to be observed that the oath-taker is not required to pledge himself to obey the orders of his superior officers. That was, perhaps, a wise provision, as some of the officers in this peculiar Force seem to know more about the manipulations of the rubber market than how to conduct themselves as officers and gentlemen. There is a clause stating that any person declining to take the oath or declaration shall be liable to fine or imprisonment or both. The Ordinance is being administered in such a way that those recruited in the Civilian Guard are forced into the Reserve Force where they come under military

law enforced by persons entirely removed from the control of any sane individual, as sanity appears to have vanished in the Straits Settlements, as elsewhere, since August, 1914. One or two people have declined to take the oath in the circumstances, and some have refused to submit to any form of service. Threats of prosecution have been held out to them; while one individual has been convicted and informed that he will be deported unless he makes due submission to the Government.

Deplorable as the general state of things is in Britain, we may be thankful that we are not resident in the Straits Settlements, as unwilling participants in the performances of a man named Arthur Young, who appears to combine the rôle of Commander-in-Chief and Governor, for one might be moved to inform that gentleman that even the Straits Settlements has no place for any tinpot Cromwells.

Ordinance No. XI., enacted on July 14, 1915, by this person, Arthur Young, and his Legislative Council of panjandrums in petticoats, provides for the suppression of what are described as seditious publications, which include newspapers, books, pamphlets, sheets of music, maps, charts or plans. One can imagine the solemnity with which Arthur Young examines the music records which are dispatched to the Straits Settlements in order to discover sedition in the German tune of "God Save the King!" "Document," in this Ordinance, means any painting, drawing, photograph or visible representation. Reflect for a moment on the spectacle of Arthur Young detecting sedition in reproductions of the pictures of certain Hanoverian Kings of England, and recollect that these men are the toilers upon whose shoulders the white man's burden has fallen! "Disaffection," it is stated, "includes disloyalty and all feelings of enmity." Surely, the natural charm of Arthur Young must be so disarming that this definition was unnecessary, for who could be so seriously minded as to have "feelings of enmity" against a gentleman who has derived his principles of government from "Alice in Wonderland"? However, Section 3 is such a choice specimen of Governmental humour that it must be set out in full. It should not languish in the far-off Straits Settlements, as Sir Frederick Smith may get some hints from it: "Any person who prints, publishes, imports either by land or sea" (Arthur Young has missed out the air), "sells, offers for sale, distributes, or has in his possession any newspaper, book or document, or any extract from any newspaper or book, or who writes, prepares or produces any book or document, containing any words, signs or visible representations which are likely or may have a tendency, directly or indirectly, whether by inference, suggestion, allusion, metaphor, implication, or otherwise: (a) to incite to murder or any act of violence; (b) to seduce any officer, soldier, or sailor from his allegiance or duty; (c) to bring into hatred or contempt the Government established by law in this Colony or the United Kingdom, or in British India, or any

other British Possession, or the administration of justice in any of such places, or any class or section of his subjects in any of such places, or to excite disaffection towards his Majesty or any of the said Governments; (d) to put any person in fear or to cause annoyance to him; (e) to encourage or incite any person to interfere with the administration of the law or with the maintenance of law and order; (f) to convey any threat of injury to a public servant or any person in whom that public servant is believed to be interested," shall be guilty of an offence, and the various articles or publications may be destroyed. Sub-section 2 provides that sub-clause (c) shall not apply to "comments expressing disapproval of the measures of any such Government or of its administrative action, or of the administration of justice, which do not excite or attempt to excite hatred, contempt, disaffection." The words of this section are eloquent in their testimony of the state of mind of Arthur Young and his colleagues. It is almost impossible to regard such men in a serious light; yet what can be the result of measures of this kind but smouldering discontent on every side? Legislation of this character discredits its authors and undermines the morale of the community that submits to it; and a general paralysis of energy is the consequence. That has been the outcome of the much milder Defence of the Realm Regulations in Great Britain.

Section 4 confers this drastic power on Arthur Young: "The Governor in Council may, by order published in the 'Gazette,' prohibit to be imported or brought into the Colony any newspaper, book, or document." This power was exercised by an Order in Council on July 27, when the Governor prohibited these newspapers and books from entering the Straits Settlements: "Al Hilal"; "Comrade"; "Al Islam"; "Free Hindustan"; "Liberty"; "The History of India," etc., etc. The author of "Liberty" is not stated; but one may wonder whether it is John Stuart Mill's famous pamphlet, which is in bad odour in the British Empire at the present moment.

Section 7 is a similar enactment to Regulation 51a of the Defence of the Realm Regulations empowering a police inspector on the warrant of a magistrate to enter premises and seize any suspected publications therein; while Section 8 enables parcels of books or documents or newspapers to be seized in course of post, and provides for the detention of any person bringing impugned publications into the Colony. Section 9 permits the Postmaster-General to detain any suspected article in course of postal transmission. So that the Postmaster-General in the Straits Settlements is authorised by Arthur Young to become a common thief, as the seizure of correspondence is the lowest kind of theft that one can well imagine. The incapacity of Governmental officials to behave as other cads in time of national stress is well known; though it is not often described in the plain language which

(Continued on page 7.)

A Hero Tale of Modern Ireland

Would be a fitting title for the Second Edition of the

O'Donovan Rossa Souvenir.

It contains a complete account of the monster demonstration of the sympathy of all Ireland with the dead hero and the principles he suffered for and died professing, together with numerous illustrations, from photographs taken the day of the funeral.

Special articles on Rossa and his times are contributed by W. O'Leary Curtis, A. Griffith, P. H. Pearse, Séan Ua Ceallaigh, W. J. Ryan, and Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa, together with poems by Thomas Mac Donagh, Seumas O'Sullivan, and Brian na Banban.

ORDER AT ONCE.

GAELS! SUPPORT THE GAEL!

M. O'Feaigall,

HCMESTEAD DAIRY, DONNYBROOK.

BRANCHES—52 Denzille Street,
135 Brunswick Street, and 2 Deane Street.

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

The Four Gospels.

First Catholic Publication in Irish.

Each Gospel, 6d. net.

By Post, 8d.

BROWNE & NOLAN, Ltd., DUBLIN,
and all Booksellers.

VOLUNTEERS! Have you seen the
POPULAR PLAY:

"Ireland First,"

By P. KEHOE, Enniscorthy:

The First Dramatic Product of the Volunteer
Movement.

GET IT AT ONCE!

Price 6d. Post Free, 8d.

M. H. GILL & SON, Ltd., DUBLIN.

D. M'CULLOUGH,

Music Dealer and War Pipe Manufacturer,

8 HOWARD STREET, BELFAST.

BUSINESS AS USUAL

An Árd-Chaob de Connrad na Gaeilge.

Mansion House, Saturday, 8th January, 1916

plead na nOdlas.

Tickets 3s. single; 5s. double; may be had at Aonac,
at Irish-Ireland Shops, and at 25 Parnell Square.

Cumann na mBan (Central Branch), Series of
Pamphlets, No. 3.

No. 4 of the Cumann na mBan (Central
Branch) Series of Pamphlets is now on
Sale.

It deals with the Romantic History of
one of

Ireland's Most Heroic Sons O'Donovan Rossa,

WRITTEN BY

T. M'SWEENEY.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

ORDER NOW.

Central Branch Publication Committee,

Cumann na mBan,

12 D'Olier Street, DUBLIN.

Price, One Shilling.

NATIONALITY.

Saturday, Jan. 1, 1916.

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*.

A MISSION FOR MR. REDMOND.

The United States General Board announces
that the American Navy should be "equal to
the most powerful maintained by any other
nation in the world," not later than 1925.

At a moment when England is engaged in
crushing German Militarism, it is obviously
impossible she could take on the task of crush-
ing American Navalism. It is true that when
she was engaged in crushing French Militarism
she simultaneously took on the task of wiping
out the American Republic. But in that case
she got beaten, and since then, whenever she
has been at war she has professed the highest
esteem for America—at present her affection
for that country exceeds in fervour her love
for ourselves. That the affection is returned
every reader of the printed sheets which term
themselves newspapers in Ireland know.
Daily they serve out quotations from the "New
York Herald," the "New York Sun," the
"New York Tribune," and sometimes the
"New York World." There are other
important cities in America besides New York,
and there are a hundred other American daily
papers—such as the "Washington Post" and
the "New York American"—of equal stand-
ing, but they are never quoted in the "news-
papers" of Ireland. They frequently say un-
kind things about England.

It will therefore astonish all and grieve some
of the people who depend upon the "Daily
Independent," the "Freeman's Journal," and
the "Irish Times" for their information as to
American feeling, to learn that America has
been guilty of acting on the maxim that
England's difficulty is her opportunity, and has
planned to build a navy within the next ten
years to equal the navy of England.

It is not alone impossible for England to
interfere with this design of America, but in
the present embarrassing circumstances Eng-

land's Government cannot even officially
mention it, for if America be not kept in good
humour the chances of Crushing German
Militarism, Advancing Civilisation, Regenerat-
ing Christianity, Vindicating the Sanctity of
Treaties, and Liberating the Small Nationali-
ties must be diminished. But Lord Rosebery,
not being of the English Government, can
express English feeling, without fear of
complications, and he has done it very well.

"I know nothing," says his lordship,
"more disheartening than the announcement
recently made that the United States—the
one great country left in the world free from
the hideous bloody burden of war—is about
to embark upon the building of a huge
armada destined to be equal or second to our
own.

"It means that the burden will continue
upon the other nations, and be increased
exactly in proportion to the fleet of the
United States. I confess that it is a dis-
heartening prospect that the United States,
so remote from the European conflict, should
voluntarily in these days take up the burden
which after this war will be found to have
broken or almost broken our backs."

The reflection must be distressing to the true
Englishman. He has sought nothing for him-
self in this world except the whole of the ocean
and all the good land. In turn, though he
would have preferred peace, he has been
obliged to war with Spain, Holland, France
and Germany because of their iniquitous
obstruction of him in this particular. He
quite believed that if he overcame Germany he
would be secure from annoyance for another
century or two, and he cordially invited
America to help him. Instead America has
started to build a fleet as big as his own. This
madness which Spain, Holland, France and
Germany have all in turn suffered from—this
insanity which prevents them from realising
that when God divided the waters from the
land He executed a deed of them in favour of
John Bull—has infected Columbia; and unless
it be cured is likely to retard the Millennium
which was due to dawn upon the earth when the
German fleet had been destroyed.

As to how it is to be cured, we can offer only
limited counsel. The Irish element in America
is large in numbers and powerful in influence.
According to the "Freeman's Journal" 95 per
cent. of it loves and reveres Mr. John Redmond.
His word is its law. Since the beginning of
the present war Mr. Redmond was evidently
so busy that he had not time to pay his usual
visit to America. We suggest the Government
for which he has asked Irishmen to give their
lives should ask him to give a month of his
time to journey to America and exhort the Irish
there to put down American Navalism, even as
he exhorted the Irish here to put down German
Militarism. We can answer for it, that the
Irish in America pine to see Mr. Redmond.

All persons who think as the English Govern-
ment directs are agreed that German Militarism
must be crushed, since but for it harmony
would reign in Europe. In the last hundred
years Germany has been at war four times,
whereas gentle France has only engaged in
eight wars in the same period, and peaceful
England in seventeen. This is sufficient to

show how necessary it is for the peace-loving powers to free the world from the bloody incubus of German Militarism, and consign it to the benign rule of English Navalism. But how much will this plan for the future happiness of mankind be upset if America be permitted to build up an equal Navalism? Will it not then—always supposed that Germany has been disposed of—become the painful duty of English journalists and politicians to discover that the American people are governed by miscreants who aim at the overthrow of Civilisation and Christianity, and will not Mr. John Redmond have to again lift up his voice and tell the people of Ireland that American Navalism stands between them and Home Rule—which is on the Statute Book only awaiting the overthrow, with their help, of the designs of the Transatlantic Navalists to blossom like the rose. This possible future trouble might be averted by Mr. John Redmond now going to America and informing the Irish there of their bounden duty, as he terms it. We confess we have never enthusiastically supported Mr. Redmond's former numerous missions to America, but as we have read in Mr. Redmond's official organ that 95 per cent. of the Irish in America are at present supporting him, and as we know that 99 per cent. of them are eager to meet him there we would cordially approve of the English Government, for whom obviously he can do no further good in Ireland, sending him to America with a commission to preach against the sin and burden of American Navalism which disheartens Lord Rosebery.

THE FOOD OF THE IRISH.

I.

Our bodies are built up with the food we eat. With the exception of the little body that we take with us when we first appear in the world, all the rest of our material being is constructed out of the substances that we put into our mouths and swallow into our stomachs. And as the body is continually breaking down as well as being built up, as it is constantly wearing away and being renewed, even the substance of the little body with which we were presented on our birthday disappears in a few years, and its place is taken by other substances which entered into the mouth as food. So that it is literally true that every man, woman, and child listening to me, at some past time either ate or drank every particle of the body that he has brought with him here to-night.

If one of you were about to build a house, you would consider carefully two things: the material of which the house was to be built, and the tradesmen that you would employ to build it. You might build with marble or stone, or brick or wood or clay. It would depend upon your circumstances and your taste. If you decided upon marble, you would try to get good, square, clean blocks of marble. You would not take the refuse of a marble quarry. If you were only able to afford a mud wall cabin, you would at least try and get the toughest and most suitable clay to build it with; you would not be content with the sweepings of the street. Then you would try and

get a good tradesman. If you had good material and a bad tradesman you could not expect to have a good house. If you had bad material, the best tradesman in the world could not make a good house out of it. You must expect to have a house bulging here and sagging there, and toppling down about your ears a short time after it is built.

The human body is the house. And the food is the material. And the stomach and other organs of digestion are the builders. Unfortunately in this case we have little choice in the builders. We inherit our digestive organs from our parents. They may be good or they may be bad or they may be middling, but in any case we have to take them as they are and make the best of them. I should say that with the exception of those children who die in infancy, everybody gets a set of digestive organs good enough to get along with. In any case, if they are set to work upon the right kind of material, given at the right time, and in the right quantity, they will improve as time goes on. And here is where our opportunity comes in. We have almost unlimited freedom in our choice of material.

One man will take white bread, butter, and tea for breakfast, another will take brown bread, a third porridge and milk, a fourth bacon and eggs, and a fifth will present his stomach every morning with the complicated problem of trying to handle all these things at the same time. The stomach is a wonderful wizard. No matter what kind of stuff it gets, it tries to do the best it can with it. And the problem it has got to solve is to turn the morning mess and the midday mess and the evening mess into clean, pure blood. In order to do this it must do a lot of picking and choosing. It may get more material than it requires, and then the work-room is crowded and there is a regular hubbub trying to find place for this thing and that, and in the hurry things are often put in the wrong place. The poor stomach is a patient ass. He very seldom kicks. Sometimes, indeed, when he is very sorely tried, he will take the whole vile mess that he is asked to work upon, and he will fling it back into the face of his attendant. But the dog is compelled to return to his vomit. He gets the same again and again and again, or he gets worse. And at last he ceases to have spirit enough to go on strike in this particular fashion.

Then he tries satire and he becomes a comic artist. He distorts the body of his attendant. He makes it bulge in one place and sag in another. The blush that was intended for the cheek he places on the top of the nose. The roses that ought to decorate the lips are put upon the lobes of the ear. The teeth that ought to be white and hard become brown and rot away. The body that ought to have a certain definite and beautiful shape, which you can see sculptures of in the National Gallery, becomes a series of ugly, bulging masses. It ought to be wide at the chest and hips and a little more slender at the waist; it becomes the shape of a badly-made bag stuffed with hay. The limbs, which ought to look more or less like those of an Apollo or a Venus, become distorted into shapes like those you see in the pages of the *Leprechain*. The colour scheme,

which ought to be like what we see in the wax figures of the windows of a high-class drapery establishment, become so faded that the aid of the druggist or the massage artist has to be called in.

But the efforts of the stomach turned into a caricaturist are as powerless as the efforts of the poor stomach as a rebel. We take the living grotesque and we clothe it in the robes of a king or a queen, we place it upon a throne, and the nation gathers round it to pay homage. If the bodies of any of the wild animals, that are fed by the hand of nature, were to become distorted as the bodies of men are so often distorted, the world would be filled with horror and disgust.

Having failed at rebellion, and having failed at caricature, the stomach becomes a torturer. The body is racked with ague and pain, the bowels are full of illusions, the brain grows dull and heavy, the joints are lacerated by crystals of uric acid. The stomach is at last on an effective strike, and many other organs of the body join in a sympathetic strike. Then the doctor is called in. The patient flies to the sanatorium or the mineral springs. A little artificial relief is given to the poor jaded organs of digestion. Sometimes it is too late. Sometimes temporary relief is experienced. The world begins to look bright again. But the patient goes back to his old life. The root of the evil remains untouched. In a short time the tide comes back, and the cycle of woe goes on to the end.

It may be said that I am picturing extreme cases. I am. One must shout in the ear of a deaf man. If I were to picture the ordinary case you would not listen to me.

When God made all the other objects of creation He said that they were good. When He made Adam and Eve He said that they were very good. The body of man is the best and the most beautiful thing in the material world. It is the organ of the soul. It is the instrument of the human mind, and a most beautiful instrument at that. If you would have beautiful music you require two things: a good player and a good musical instrument. No player can make good music without a good instrument. A sound mind in a sound body. The best instrument in the world will go to the bad unless it is properly cared. God made the mind of man, and He made it well. He made the body of man also, and He made it well. But He gave both mind and body into our own keeping in order that we might take care of them for a while. If we take proper care of them, they will grow better as the years grow by. If we abuse them, they will grow worse.

The body of man may be compared to an electric battery. It has two poles. One pole puts us in touch with the material world, and the other with the world of spirit. The stomach is one pole, and the brain is the other. Through the stomach we are in contact with the material world. Through the brain we are in touch with the spiritual world. Between the stomach and the brain there is a constant action and reaction. Put food or drink into the stomach and immediately you can read the result in the register of the brain. Heavy food will dull the brain. Intoxicating drink will addle the brain.

There are other important vital organs in between the stomach and the brain. The heart, for example, and the lungs. But these are automatic. They are not under our direct control. We must breathe air into the lungs. There is nothing else to breathe. In some places we get it a little purer than others. That is all. We cannot regulate the beating of our hearts except indirectly through the food we put into our stomach, perhaps, or through the ideas we allow to pass through the brain.

But both stomach and brain are under our direct control. We can think of what we like, we can talk about what we like—or at least we could but for the Defence of the Realm Act—and we can read what we like. We can also eat what we like—if only we can get as far as it.

The lower we go in the animal world the more important becomes the stomach, and the less important becomes everything else. In the lowest animal forms there is nothing at all but the stomach,—a tiny stomach floating about in the water of the sea, and constantly opening and closing to absorb its food from the surrounding liquid. Taking man as an animal he may be described as a stomach, with legs to carry it about from place to place, in search of food, with hands to reach out and grasp things to put into it, with a mouth to bite for it, eyes to see for it, and a brain to plan for it. Taking man's body, however, as the instrument of the soul, the most important organ is the brain. All the other organs of the body may be looked upon as the servants of the brain.

It has been well said that an army marches upon its stomach. That is why an army imbued with the potato bread spirit is so much more formidable than an army imbued with the cigarette spirit. But it is not an army alone that marches upon its stomach. A nation also marches upon its stomach, or if it does not march, it lies down and dies upon its stomach.

Ireland, like every country, has two great problems—a material problem and a spiritual problem, a stomach problem and a brain problem. One is how to feed the Irish, and the other is how to educate the Irish. There are two ways of approaching both problems. Let us look at the education problem first. There are two ways of educating the Irish, one I shall call the National Board way, and the other, for want of a better name, I shall call the Gaelic League way. The National Board way is to teach the young people to read and write, to add and subtract, to learn the names of places and the kind of work that is carried on in these places; but not to care what they read or what they write, what they add or what they subtract, or what names of places they learn, or whether the things done in these places are ever likely to be of any use or interest in after life. In this way the Irish children are left the blind victims of a fashion that is moulded by political and commercial forces which leave the special interests of the Irish children themselves entirely out of consideration. A publishing house has got out a book which is unable to get a market on its merits. It has influence with one of the Com-

missioners, and so the book is put upon the programme of the Irish National Schools. Or a politician has some theory of Empire or commerce to advance, and so another piece of rubbish is added to the parcel that our school-boys carry with them to school.

The other way of educating Irish children I have called the Gaelic League way. It is for want of a better name I have called it the Gaelic League way, because the Gaelic League has not yet got a fully developed theory of education. But in the Irish Language movement it has got the germ of the right way. An Irish child should be taught to read about Ireland and to write about Ireland, to add and subtract the things that he sees around him in Ireland, to learn the names of places in Ireland and what people do in these places and how they do them. I do not, of course, mean that he should learn nothing about things outside Ireland, but Ireland should be the centre from which all other things should radiate or to which all should return.

Like the two ways of approaching the education problem are two ways of approaching the food problem. One is simply to look for food and drink, leaving it to chance or fashion to decide what kind of food and what kind of drink. That is the prevailing method all over the world. People see something in a shop window. It looks nice. They go in and try it. It tastes nice. If it is cheap enough for their pocket, and if its bad effects are not sufficiently pronounced to be noticed immediately after eating, it is added to the daily bill of fare. It is all the better if it is done up in a nice box, having on the outside the picture of a little boy who has got rosy cheeks and laughing eyes and white teeth from eating it. After a time it may give the little boy at home sallow cheeks and crying eyes and rotten teeth, but that is not discovered till long afterwards. Or rather the effect is discovered, but the cause is never suspected.

The mouth is the gateway to the stomach. Standing guard at the gateway is a sentinel,—the sense of taste. It is the only sentinel that is necessary in the case of the wild animals. If man lived in a wild state upon the raw fruit and nuts of the forest, it would be the only sentinel that would be necessary to him. If man searched for his food by instinct alone, then instinct alone would be a sufficient guide in the preservation of his health. But man uses his mind in the artificial preparation of his food. If he wishes to retain his health he must use his mind also in selecting the proper kind and quantity of food to use. All the wit of man has been utilised in making food enticing. And then the poor blind sense of taste is left the sole task of selection.

Let us take a few instances. Bread is a highly artificial product. It required human intelligence a long time to develop the modern milling machinery. The art of baking has got a long history back of it. Bread is mixed with salt, and salt being a mineral substance, can scarcely be classed as a food at all. A large quantity of flour is used, and only a small pinch of salt. But the salt has a very strong taste and the flour a very weak taste. When the sense of taste comes to pass judgment upon the bread, its attention is taken up more with

the little salt than with the much flour. Bread steals its way into the stomach in disguise. The sentinel standing guard at the door does not get a fair chance, and he is unequal to the task imposed upon him. And this is true even when the bread is eaten alone. How much more true is it when the bread is coated with butter or jam. The case is particularly clear when jam is used. The taste of the jam is strong that it completely hides the taste of the bread. The same is true when tea or any other strong-tasting liquid is used, at least if the liquid is introduced into the mouth immediately after the bread.

And now before coming into closer quarters with the food problem, let me say a few words upon drink. What is the right drink? I ask this question first because the answer is simple. It is as easy to answer the question, what is the right thing to drink, as it is to answer what is the right thing to breathe. Nature has given water to the whole animal world to drink, just as nature has given air to the whole animal world to breathe. The Greeks had a proverb, "Ariston men 'udor," "Water is the best." Water is not merely the best drink; it is the only drink. All the other things that we call drinks are merely drinks in so far as they contain water. Water, after air, is the greatest of all the necessities of life. Three-fourths of the entire weight of the human body is composed of water. A man will die of thirst in a much shorter time than he will die of hunger. There is no other substance in the world that can be of the slightest help to a thirsty man in place of water. Tea is nearly all water. Wine is nearly all water. Porter, beer, whiskey and soda, milk are mostly water.

(To be continued.)

IRELAND and CONSCRIPTION.

NEW PAMPHLET

By JOHN SWEETMAN.

NOW ON SALE.

PRICE - One Halfpenny.

EDWIN TUAČAIG,

10 HIGH STREET, DUBLIN,

— FOR —

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

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 N. Frederick Street, Dublin, on or before Saturday, 8th January.

(Continued from page 3.)

such conduct merits. Government officials may in the future recognise that Government employ and Government pay are not a moral authorisation for petty blackguardism. That day, however, seems very far off at a period when lying and roguery are the only detectable activities of many Ministers of State and their subordinates.

Section 10 winds up the Ordinance with an assurance that any person guilty of an offence against its terms shall be liable to penal servitude for life or to imprisonment not exceeding seven years, or to a fine not exceeding ten thousand dollars, or to both penal servitude and fine or both imprisonment and fine. The Straits Settlements *must* be a delightful spot to live in at the moment! Cannot you imagine Arthur Young and his confederates solemnly deciding that "We shan't go home till morning" is music calculated to excite "feelings of enmity" against persons who wish to go to bed early, and that the possessor of this odious jingle should be sent to penal servitude for life? "Tar-ra-boom-de-ay" would be condemned as some mysterious Islamic publication intended to bring his Majesty into hatred and contempt! One begins to tremble at the possible fate of a subscriber of "The Candid Review," or "The New Age," in the Straits Settlements. One trusts that Lord Loreburn, or Mr. Winston Churchill, or Lord Courtney, or Mr. T. Gibson Bowles will not place themselves within the jurisdiction of Arthur Young and his Legislative Councillors. Sir William Butler once wrote something about "pantaloon in putties"; the Councillors of the Straits Settlements might be described as muddlers in mufti, judging by their general proceedings in this unfortunate Colony. We commend this Ordinance to the attention of the House of Commons, and to the Canadian humour of Mr. Bonar Law, in the hope that some scheme may be designed by which Arthur Young and his colleagues could be transferred to Berlin for the duration of the war, taking their precious Ordinances with them as consolation for the absence of "Punch," or "Comic Cuts."

WHAT PARNELL WOULD HAVE DONE.

In the course of his speech at the extremely crowded meeting in Foresters' Hall, Dublin (the only hall available for that night), on Monday, 27th inst., Commandant Tomas Mac Donagh presiding, Mr. Herbert Pim said that if Parnell had been alive, and faced with the present situation, he would probably have declared for a Provisional Home Rule Government to conduct a general election at once for an Irish Parliament, and then automatically cease to exist. Parnell would probably have explained his reasons for demanding the *immediate* formation of such a government in Ireland by saying that:—

(1) Ireland has always been cheated when she trusted England.

(2) Because one country which trusts another with its own destiny should—if such a thing were possible—be put into an International Lunatic Asylum, and kept there!

(3) Because the Government which was pledged to Home Rule is extinct.

(4) Because such men as Birrell and Asquith have done their level best to wipe out of existence the only force which could hold England to her promise of granting Home Rule. The open and secret attacks on the Irish Volunteers should make us very suspicious.

(5) Because England thinks that men who claim to be free in Ireland deserve to go to jail; and because she sends them there.

(6) Because an Irish Parliament must be brought immediately—at the earliest moment that is—into existence to save the country from being ruined by the most preposterous and awful taxation that ever fell upon a nation that has been systematically bled for generations. Because if we do not save ourselves we shall be lost.

(7) Because when we set up our parliament, England could not destroy it. It would represent a united nation; and a united nation cannot be destroyed.

(8) Because we have a national army to protect the sovereign rights of the parliament which Ireland shall choose for herself.

(9) Because Grattan did not wait!

But you will perhaps say, continued Mr. Pim:—"There would be no immediate provision for taking-over the R.I.C."

Well, as a general answer to such a statement, I would point out that there are a host of people in Ireland who deserve to be watched. It would be the duty of an Irish Parliament to set up the necessary machinery for watching such undesirable gentry as the R.I.C.—especially the G Department. As a general rule the movements of men hostile to Ireland would require to be under constant supervision. It might indeed be necessary to teach some severe lessons; that is quite possible. But I would remind you that Irishmen have been treated roughly on several occasions. Don't forget that. Self-protection might be said to be nine points of the law!

Well, when a Provisional Government had set up its machinery for election, and when the Parliament in Dublin was in existence, what could that Parliament do? It could develop mines, industries, reduce the freights on railways in the case of coal and iron, and thereby make it possible to produce coal in Ireland at half its present cost. It could develop education, canals, a mercantile marine. It could smelt its own steel and make its own guns, explosives, and such like.

If Parnell were alive to-day he would probably say that he could see no reason why a Provisional Government in Dublin, or its successor the Irish government in Ireland's Parliament, could not undertake immediate co-operation with the Provisional Government which Sir Edward Carson had declared would come automatically into force on the day that a Home Rule Parliament was established in Ireland, in order, for one thing, to relieve the burden of taxation under which the four North-east Counties would suffer if left to themselves. You see the four-counties problem is one which must be faced: and the sooner it is faced the better. As distinguished from Mr. Redmond's policy, the Provisional Government whose

formation Parnell might have suggested would, of course, have been pledged to an undivided Ireland. There could have been absolutely no going back on that point; and our fellow-Irishmen in the four counties would have recognised his sincerity. I mean they would have recognised a man who had the same telling argument for an undivided Ireland as they offered for the destruction of Home Rule, as the result of England's secret intrigues against Home Rule, which made that offer by the Liberals, as Sir Edward Carson called it, "a hypocritical sham."

In conclusion Mr. Pim asked for bids for the chances of Home Rule as things stood at present. Was anyone prepared to offer 6d. for Home Rule. (Cries of "No.")

Among those present on the platform were Mr. Laurence Ginnell, M.P., and Mr. R. Ponsonby Staples, and representatives of the various political bodies in Dublin. A letter of apology was read from the Duke of Marr.

In addition to the speeches, a most enjoyable concert programme was provided.

THE FELONS OF OUR LAND.

By ARTHUR M. FORRESTER.

Fill up once more, we'll drink a toast

To comrades far away—

No nation upon earth can boast

Of braver hearts than they.

And though they sleep in dungeons deep,

Or flee, outlawed and banned,

We love them yet, we can't forget

The felons of our land!

In boyhood's bloom and manhood's pride,

Foredoomed by alien laws,

Some on the scaffold proudly died

For holy Ireland's cause.

And, brothers, say, shall we to-day

Unmoved, like cowards, stand,

While traitors shame, and foes defame

The felons of our land?

Some in the convict's dreary cell

Have found a living tomb,

And some unseen, unfriended, fell

Within the dungeon's gloom!

Yet, what care we, although it be

Trod by a ruffian band—

God bless the clay where rest to-day

The felons of our land!

Let cowards sneer and tyrants frown,

Oh, little do we care—

A felon's cap's the noblest crown

An Irish head can wear!

And every Gael in Innisfail

(Who scorns the serf's vile brand),

From Lee to Boyne, would gladly join

The felons of our land!

HAVE YOU READ "DEAN SWIFT on the Situation?"

If not, you should do so at once.

Order it from your Newsagent, or from the
Publishing Office—

12 D'Olier St., DUBLIN.
PRICE ONE PENNY.

Dublin Gaelic League. History Lectures

For Session 1915-16,

At 25 Parnell Square, at 8 o'clock p.m.

- Jan. 9—The Celtic Social System in Ireland Eoin Mac Neill
 „ 23—The Council of Drumceat Cú Ulaó
 Feb. 6—The Bruce Invasion Áit ó Spíobéa
 „ 13—The Battle of Kinsale Capt. ó Conaill
 „ 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:—

- No. 1—"THE SPANISH WAR." By T. WOLFE TONE.
 No. 2—"WHY IRELAND IS POOR." By ARTHUR GRIFFITH.
 No. 3—"DEAN SWIFT ON THE SITUATION."
 No. 4—"O'DONOVAN ROSSA." By TERENCE M'SWEENEY

These are excellent publications for propagandist work. You should order a few dozen and send them to your friends at home and abroad.

PRICE ONE PENNY EACH.

OFFICES 12 D'OLIER STREET, DUBLIN.

TRACTS FOR THE TIMES.

1d. each. 1 doz. post free.

Order No. 9 at once. It will be on Sale on 15th inst.—

'Why the Martyrs of Manchester Died,'

By A. NEWMAN.

Make your set complete by purchasing the first eight Tracts for the Times.

1. WHAT EMMET MEANS IN 1915. By A. Newman. (A study of Emmet's mind and Emmet's purpose.)
2. THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS. By the O'Rahilly. (Revised edition with new secrets.)
3. SHALL IRELAND BE DIVIDED? By Eoin Mac Neill. (A searchlight on the Saxon Spider.)
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.)

No. 9 ready on 15th Dec., completes the phenomenal figure of 60,000 Tracts for the Times.

Wholesale from **WHELAN & SON,**
17 Upper Ormond Quay, DUBLIN.

The 'Spark'

Christmas Double Number, 1d. with gratis Photo Roger Casement, at all News-agents, or post free 1½d. from 4 Findlater Place, Dublin.

CALL OR WRITE TO . .

J. J. WALSH (Of Cork),
26 BLESSINGTON ST. } DUBLIN,
19 BERKELEY ST. }

For Tobacco, Confectionery, News.

News Parcel—"Nationality," "Spark," "Republic," "Volunteer," and "Hibernian," post free, 6d. Weekly.

Smart Hairdressing Saloon attached.

Full range of Irish Books, Pamphlets and Badges.

DON'T FORGET

Larkin's
LITTLE SHOP
FOR BIG VALUE IN
CHANDLERY, TOBACCOS, CIGARETTES, &c.
IRISH GOODS A SPECIALITY.
WEXFORD STREET, DUBLIN.

Practical Patriotism! IRISH OUTFITTING HEADQUARTERS

— FOR —

IRISH HOSIERY. IRISH BRACES.
IRISH FLANNEL SHIRTS. IRISH HATS AND CAPS.
HOMESPUN PYJAMA SUITS. IRISH BOOTS, ETC., ETC.
IRISH POPLIN NECKWEAR. PRICE LISTS FREE.

T. O'LOUGHLIN,
Parliament Street, Dublin.

M. & F. LOUGHNAN,
TYPEWRITER EXPERTS,
15 EUSTACE STREET, DUBLIN,
and 14 HOWARD STREET, BELFAST.

ALL MAKES OF TYPEWRITERS—New and Second-hand—SOLD, REPAIRED and HIRED.

We can supply you with a machine that writes both Gaelic and English by simply twisting a knob.

MRS. HEGARTY, Costumier,
93 Harcourt Street.

Cumann na mBan Costumes a Speciality.

an árd-ádhú de comrad na saeóilge
Flead na Nodlag, MANSION HOUSE, :: ::
 Saturday, 8th Jan., 1916.

Tickets, 3/- Single; 5/- Double.

May be had at AONAC, at Irish-Ireland Shops, and at 25 Parnell Square.

"SENTINEL SONGS,"

By **BRIAN O'HIGGINS**, containing all the best songs and recitations of "SIGNAL FIRES," "THE VOICE OF BANBA," together with all Songs written by him for the past two years. Included are his MITCHEL CENTENARY SONG, "EIGHT MILLIONS OF ENGLISHMEN," "ALLEN, LARKIN & O'BRIEN," "WHO IS IRELAND'S ENEMY?" Well bound volume of 100 pages. Post free, 1/3.

WHELAN & SON,
17 Upper Ormond Quay, - - DUBLIN.

We are offering Marvellous Value in IRISH-MADE GOODS. EVERY buyer gets a BARGAIN because we sell IRISH GOODS ONLY

Splendid Variety of Articles and Materials to Select from.

GLEESON & CO.,

Drapers, Tailors, and Outfitters,

O'Connell Street, DUBLIN.

COURT LAUNDRY

58a Harcourt Street, DUBLIN.

(Proprietor—H. E. WATSON.) Telephone 1848.

HIGH-CLASS FAMILY WORK.

Winners of Silver Medal for Fancy Ironing Work, and DIPLOMA for Shirts and Collars at Manchester Laundry Exhibition, 1913. The only Irish Laundry successful at Manchester.

VANS COLLECT FROM BRAY TO BALBRIGGAN.

Postage Paid one way on Orders of 2/6 and over.

Printed for the Proprietors at the Northgate Printing Works, Belfast, and published at the "Nationality" Office, 12 D'Olier Street, Dublin.

CSO/50/2/171 (19)

THE IRISH VOLUNTEER

EDITED BY EOIN MAC NEILL.

Vol. 2. No. 56 (New Series).

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1st, 1916.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

NOTES

The Irish Volunteers offer a New Year's greeting to their mother Ireland. They tell her that the word they have given her will not be taken back. They will keep on making themselves more efficient in her service and more capable of doing the duty they have undertaken towards her at whatever time she calls on them to do it. They also wish a happy New Year and a happy future to all the people of Ireland, both those who have stood by them and befriended them and those who have not.

They send the same friendly greetings and wish the same blessings to all the children of Eire who dwell beyond the seas and are mindful of their motherland. They ask the prayers of all their brothers and sisters in Ireland and abroad, that they may fulfil their duty according to the ancient rules of prudence, justice, fortitude, and temperance.

The sense of discipline and duty grows slowly in a volunteer body and in a country where law for ages has been made the enemy and oppressor of the people and of justice. I heard the other day about the case of a Volunteer who, in the gaiety of his heart, fired a shot from his rifle in public. He was summoned by the police before a magistrate and fined a small sum. I have had to expose before now the gross misconduct of police officers, law officers, and magistrates. That is no pleasant task. I could heartily wish that all Irishmen who are in the service of the unrightful Government of Ireland would at least refuse at all costs to do any plainly dishonourable action and to make themselves the willing tools of anti-Irish politicians in power. But in this case I have the pleasure of congratulating the police and the magistrate, whoever they may be, on having been in a position to do what the officers of the Volunteers must do, to enforce discipline. The Volunteer who fires a shot without orders, except

in a case of undoubted necessity, commits a breach of discipline, and deserves punishment. When a Volunteer is carrying his arms, or wearing his uniform, or part-uniform, or part-uniform authorised by his officers, he is under discipline, and no sort of monkeying or irresponsible separate action on his part should be allowed to go uncensured. By the same token, I hear some complaints of bad care of arms by individual Volunteers—rifles, etc., kept with the action spring in tension, or with foul barrels, and so on. Every officer is responsible for the proper care of weapons by the men under him, and inspection of arms should be made as frequently as may be found practicable.

Another good service has been done by the police in some places and deserves to be recognised. When active recruiting for the Volunteers has been in progress, the police, no doubt acting under Mr. Birrell's instructions, have gone about telling young men or their relatives that the Irish Volunteers are severely frowned upon by the benign Government, and that it might be better for the young men to keep away from them. I have been telling people the same thing—young men who are afraid of lawless intimidation had better take no risks, and if their relatives think that the young men should look to their own selfish interests and the devil take the country, it is well they should be put to the test. I commend Mr. Birrell for having instituted this form of preliminary examination in patriotism.

Mr. Redmond told the Imperial Parliament on December 21st that the thought of what was happening and might happen at Gallipoli "had been for some weeks past something like a nightmare." Uneasy lies the head that makes a political bolster of the lives of men. Mr. Redmond's nightmare is a sign of grace. The Gallipoli retirement will not bring peace to his pillow.

Mr. Redmond went on to speak on another matter. "He would state his per-

sonal views on compulsion. He was content to take the phrase the Prime Minister used last week, and be prepared to say that **he would stick at nothing** that was calculated to effect their purpose and end this war (cheers). That was the view, he was certain, of the people of Ireland." Where did Mr. Redmond get mandate or authority for this utterance? Now that he has declared himself, will he venture to go before any free and open audience, like the meeting held recently in the Mansion House, and ask for mandate and authority? We have heard on fifty occasions the rant of "stabbing Mr. Redmond in the back." I do not wish to see the violent language of faction established as a feature of Irish politics, and it is enough to say plainly that Mr. Redmond's "stick-at-nothing" declaration is not "the view of the people of Ireland" or of any considerable section of the people of Ireland.

Mr. Redmond proceeds: "**He was not convinced** that the compulsion of any class of the people of this country was necessary to end the war or was calculated to lead to that result. This was **not a question of principle** but of expediency, of necessity, and if it was proved that it was necessary, to end the war, so far as he was concerned the case was settled. But **he did not think** it was necessary, and he was convinced that they could prove it was not necessary. On the contrary, he believed that the introduction of compulsion **under the conditions of the moment** would have the contrary effect. With the man who would say he would rather lose the war than have compulsion, he had no sympathy at all, and nobody had. But the onus of proving the necessity rested with those who advocated compulsion. . . . He was convinced it would be disastrous, and if it was proposed **under present circumstances and conditions** he for one would oppose it by every means in his power. . . . For these reasons he said to the Prime Minister and the Government—and in this he spoke for all his colleagues from Ireland—that **in the existing cir-**

cumstances and conditions they were opposed to anything of the kind, and they sincerely hoped and believed the Government would make no such proposal."

Those who have compelled Mr. Redmond to surrender at stage after stage can take no meaning out of his words but that they will compel him to surrender on this point also if they so desire. He "is not convinced," but "if it was proved" . . . ! They have already learned how to convince Mr. Redmond. "The conditions of the moment," "the present circumstances," as he and they well know, are certain to change; and Mr. Redmond carefully kept open a way of retreat by saying nothing at all about the sort of proof that would "convince" him or the sort of conditions and circumstances that would enable him to make up another strategic retirement with inconsiderable loss, if the losses during the campaign beforehand are to be ignored.

It is the mind of the Irish people that matters in this compulsion intrigue, not the forcible feeble pronouncements of Mr. Redmond, and this fact, too, is well known to the compulsionists both of the political and of the militarist school. The only reason for quoting Mr. Redmond is to show the sort of lamentable indecision, of carelessness about Irish opinion, and of want of trust in Ireland that have made him the instrument of a set of British statesmen and have brought to its present plight the policy entrusted to him by his Irish supporters. The compulsionist policy is a deliberate piece of political trickery on the part of the more audacious section of the British Oligarchy. Mr. Dillon, who spoke later in the discussion, came very near to an exposure of the fraud. He practically challenged the Government to declare what they proposed to do with the four millions of men enlisted under the present "voluntary" system. The Under-Secretary for War, Mr. Asquith's nephew, recognised the challenge, and interrupted with an answer that was no answer. The true answer is that compulsion means snaffling the democracy with a view to what may happen, not during the war but after the war.

Mr. Dillon will not claim me as his obsequious follower, but I am bound in fairness to say that on this occasion, so far as he dealt with militarist compulsion, as it might be applied to Ireland, he spoke like a man and an Irishman and he did not speak like Mr. Redmond. "Do not let this country," he said, "be drawn into this militarism." Mr. Dillon knows how far militarism has gone already. He knows who were at the back of the "Civil War" threat, at the back of the Curragh threat, and at the back of the threat to use the army to overbear

the constitutional enactment of Home Rule. That was militarism and a little more. It was an aggravated kind of militarism that the most war-fevered English patriot does not venture to charge against Prussia.

Sir Edward Carson spoke after Mr. Redmond and before Mr. Dillon. Sir Edward Carson has some experience in the art of convincing Mr. Redmond, and began the task afresh with a hardly hidden threat: "I do not know why my hon. and learned countryman introduced this subject to-day at all! . . . I hope the hon. and learned member for Waterford did not mean to throw out in advance that there would be any difficulties in this house or in Ireland in relation to a question of this kind."

Sir Edward Carson is out in search for a policy at present. He is not quite so popular in Ulster as he was some time ago. It is needless to inquire why. He recognises that he is an Irishman, when in the Westminster Parliament he calls Mr. Redmond his fellow-countryman. I will offer him a policy. Ireland, including Ulster, is now threatened with further depopulation and economic ruin. Let him consider how to avert that danger and take action accordingly, disregarding other political interests as he knows how to disregard them. If he does so, he may find himself the statesman of a Nation, and leave Mr. Redmond a seat in the House of Lords. Whether he is man enough or Irishman enough to achieve this, I confess I do not know.

At all events he laid himself open to an effective answer, and he got it from Mr. Dillon, who said: "He felt it to be **his duty** to warn the Government that conscription they would not tolerate in Ireland. Sir Edward Carson had got up to answer for Ireland, but the right hon. gentleman knew perfectly well that **his own part of Ireland was opposed just as much to conscription as were the other parts.**" The value of this answer lies in its elaborate truth, which makes it worth more than columns of "ifs" and "buts" and shilly-shally reservations.

When Mr. Dillon said, "Conscription we will not tolerate in Ireland," he spoke the mind of the Irish Nation, not the hypothetical reflexion of the mind of the British Prime Minister. His declaration was received with "loud cheers," which did not greet the in-and-out declaration of his leader, Mr. Redmond. We may be sure that the cheers included those of the Irish Party, who must have listened to Mr. Redmond's earlier words with extreme uneasiness. Mr. Redmond will learn one of these days that his attitude has ceased to command any respect among the Irish public.

EOIN MAC NEILL

Strategic Points of the Irish Counties.

XII. DERRY—DERRY.

No other place in County Derry can compare with Derry City in importance from a military point of view. It is a seaport of very considerable importance, and has a ship-building yard and dock accommodation. There is an important road bridge across the Foyle connecting the Counties of Donegal and Derry, and on the eastern bank of the river there is road communication with Coleraine, Toomebridge, Omagh, and intermediate places, like Limavady and Strabane. On the western bank there are roads to different parts of Donegal. Derry is also a terminus of two lines of railway: that from Belfast by Antrim-Coleraine, and that from Portadown by Dungannon and Omagh—the two lines being separated by the central expanse of the Sperrin Mountains. A light railway runs from Buncrana to Letterkenny.

XIII. DONEGAL—LIFFORD.

Lifford is a very small town—nothing like the largest in Donegal, and in immediate importance is entirely overshadowed by its next neighbour, Strabane, just over the River Foyle, in Tyrone. But Lifford is important because it is the only way into County Donegal—all the railways that tap that county converge on Lifford. The reason for this is that the land of Donegal consists of a set of parallel mountain chains running roughly from south-west to north-east, and the passes across these chains are few and far between. The roads to different parts of the county also branch out from Lifford: the only exceptions of any consequence are the roads near Ballyshannon and Derry, and these are at the extreme ends of the county.

XIV. DOWN—NEWRY.

Newry is a place that is not now so important relatively from the military point of view as it was before the construction of the Irish railway system, because it is not on the main line between Dublin and Belfast—only a branch line running to it. There is also a line to Greenore, on Carlingford Lough, which is a cross-channel port. Small ships can also come up to Newry itself, and the Newry Canal connects with Portadown, Lough Neagh, and so on to Belfast. But the main importance of Newry lies in its situation on the main Dublin-Belfast road, which there runs through a mountain defile. From Newry also roads diverge to different parts of the south of County Down, and another road runs due west, with branches into the well-tilled Counties of Armagh and Monaghan.

XV. DUBLIN—HOWTH.

The Hill of Howth is not actually a military position of importance, but is capable of being made such. If properly equipped with powerful coast batteries it would by itself go far to make Dublin impregnable. Heavy guns on Howth would be able to engage and defeat a hostile fleet out of range of Dublin, which would thus be in no danger of naval bombardment. Moreover, the forts on Howth by reason of their great command—over 500 feet, would be largely safeguarded from the guns of the ships, which latter, on the other hand, could be sunk by the plunging fire of the batteries on the height. Again, the shores of the promontory are so precipitous that no attempt at landing would have any chance of success in case it was designed to rush the forts. Finally, lighter batteries sighted on the reverse slope of the hill would be in a position to shiver by their enfilade fire any attempt at a landing on the coast from Howth right away up to Rush. The existing electric tram line up to the summit admits of convenient development for the transport of stores of all kinds from the bottom.

XVI. FERMANAGH—ENNISKILLEN.

The Jacobite War affords an instructive example of the importance of Enniskillen. In point of fact Enniskillen is an extraordinary military position and extremely difficult to beleaguer. It is situated on a five-mile neck of land between two large lakes, which neck presents the further character of a river line expanding into small lakelets in many places: it is thus very easily defensible. Moreover, a great number of routes converge on this neck, including the following railways:—That by Belcoo and Manorhamilton to Collooney; that by Fintona to Omagh, with a branch from Bundoran Junction round the north of Lower Lough Erne to Ballyshannon; that by Newtown Butler to Clones—another fairly important junction. All these lines are paralleled by roads running close to them. In addition, there is another road to Ballyshannon by the south side of the lake, one by the western side of the Upper lake to Belturbet and Cavan, and one due east by Tempo, through the Clogher Valley.

XVII. GALWAY—ATHENRY.

Athenry is situated at the junction point of the Great Southern Railway from Limerick to Sligo with the Midland from Galway to Dublin. Railways are important in Galway more than in other counties, because the roads are not very plentiful and several are bad, while the distances are very great. In this respect Athenry resembles Claremorris, in Mayo.

By road Athenry is also centrally placed, being within easy distance of Galway, Headford, Tuam, Mount Bellew, and Loughrea.

XVIII. KERRY—KILLARNEY.

Although not a place of the highest military value, Killarney is nevertheless by far the most important point in Kerry. It is so on account of the very peculiar shape of this county, a great part of which is comprised in the three long, narrow mountain peninsulas of Smerwick, Cahirciveen, and Castletown-Bere—part of which latter is in Co. Cork. These peninsulas are separated from each other by Dingle Bay and Kenmare River, and the towns of Castlemaine and Kenmare at the head of these inlets command all the roads from these peninsulas to the interior. Now, good roads and railways run from Killarney to each of these towns, and also from Killarney to Tralee and Listowel. Killarney is such an important tourist centre that all the roads from it are good. It will be seen at once that Killarney is by far the best point of assembly for a military force in Kerry, being the only one capable of being reached by all with comparative ease. And contrariwise it is the best centre to move from to any part of the county.

Inland from Killarney runs the road and railway by Macroom to Mallow; and another road over the mountains to Cork.

XIX. KILDARE—SALLINS.

It may seem strange to select a small village like Sallins as the most important strategic centre in Co. Kildare, and it is so for one reason chiefly—but a very important one. In its neighbourhood the Great Southern and Western Railway, the most important line of communication by far between Dublin and the South of Ireland, can be destroyed in two places: a little above the town where it crosses the Grand Canal and a little below where it crosses the Liffey. Moreover, the canal itself passes through Sallins, and in places its banks could be broken and the country flooded.

North of Sallins the country is easily defensible, being well wooded in great part on the side of Straffan, and covered by the Bog of Allen in the direction of Prosperous and Timahoe.

XX. KILKENNY—KILKENNY.

The City of Kilkenny is of course by far the most important town in point of size in the county of the same name. It is further, although not precisely in the middle of the county, sufficiently central to be a natural point of junction. Finally, it is of consequence by reason of its commanding the most important routes through the county. Of these the principal is the road from Clonmel by Callan, and so on by Athy and Naas to Dublin. This road

at Kilkenny crosses the Nore, here a fair-sized river. Another road runs north-west to Roscrea; one goes due south to Waterford; and a third by way of Thomastown to New Ross. The city is on that line of the Great Southern Railway which runs from Maryboro' to Waterford, and there is a short transverse branch to Bagnalstown.

XXI. KING'S—TULLAMORE.

Tullamore, like Kilkenny and some of the other points described, is locally important because it has a central situation which admits of easy communication with all parts of the county. It is connected by road with Banagher, Birr, Maryboro', Portarlinton, Edenderry, Mullingar and Athlone. It is also one of the most important points on the Grand Canal between Dublin and Ballinasloe.

But it is also a place of consequence for another reason: it is situated midway on the branch line of railway connecting the two important junctions of Mullingar and Portarlinton, and this line passes over a bridge near the town. This cross-line is the only north-and-south railway east of the Shannon connecting important systems. Indeed in the matter of communications generally between North and South Tullamore is very important by reason of the number of such routes passing through it.

XXII. MEATH—NAVAN.

The Boyne Valley is one of the most important tracts of land in the province of Leinster, and Navan is the principal town in this district: it is so alike by reason of its size and its situation. Placed at the junction of the Boyne and Blackwater, it controls the valleys of both these rivers.

The Great Northern Railway from Drogheda to Kells and Oldcastle passes through the town, as also does the Dublin-Kingscourt line. There is also a very good and direct road to Dublin, two to Drogheda—one on each bank of the Boyne, one due north, and others to Kells, Mullingar, and Trim.

GROUPS! GROUPS! GROUPS!
Keogh Bros., Ltd.,

Photographic Group Specialists.

Lr. Dorset St., Dublin

Phone 2902.

The Munster Furnishing Co.,

11 CT. GEORGE'S STREET, CORK.

JOHN JENNINGS, Proprietor.

All kinds of Household Furniture—
Irish Manufacture.



GAELS! Remember an Irish Irelander when you want New or Secondhand Typewriters, Duplicators, Stencils, Stencil Ink, Ribbons, Carbons, Papers, etc. Any make of Typewriter Repaired.

THE FOLEY TYPEWRITER TRADING CO.,
Rels Chambers, DUBLIN. Telephone 117Y.

Send it To-day, or 'twill Fade Away.

The FRANCO PORTRAIT STUDIOS

(M.I.P.P.A.)

Copy or Enlarge any old or faded Photo in any style—"Black and White," "Sepia," Water Colours, or in oils, at Moderate Prices.

111 GRAFTON ST. 39 MARY ST.
35 TALBOT ST. 40 HARRINGTON ST.
WRITE FOR PRICE LIST.

Call or write to

J. J. WALSH (of Cork)

FOR

TOBACCO, CONFECTIONERY, NEWS

Newspapers:

"Nationality," "Spark," "Worker's Republic,"
"Volunteer," and "Hibernian,"

Post free, 6d weekly.

Smart Hairdressing Saloon attached.

Full range of Irish Books, Pamphlets and Badges.

Xmas Tobacco and Cigarette Parcels from 2s.
Enquiries promptly attended to.

Dolphin Stores

53 JERVIS STREET, DUBLIN,

FOR

SUGARS, TEAS.

Irish made Sweets Special Value.

Shops only supplied.

H. M'ALLISTER & Co.,

Wholesale and Retail

PORK BUTCHERS AND SAUSAGE MAKERS.

26 Capel Street, Dublin

TRIPE, TROTTERS, COWHEEL, AND SAUSAGES FRESH DAILY.

Brawn, Collard Head, Brazed Beef, always in stock.

Four Plays at the Irish Theatre.

The Irish Theatre, Hardwicke Street, will produce every night next week and on Saturday Matinee four Plays:—

Daibne Ruad by pádraic Ó Conaige (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!*

GORT CORPS.

A Rifle, with 100 Ball Cartridges, raffled at Town Hall, Gort, on St. Stephen's Day. Winning number, 705 (Seven, nought, five).

All literary communications for the **IRISH VOLUNTEER** should be addressed in future to

VOLUNTEER HEADQUARTERS,
2 Dawson Street, DUBLIN.

All communications re Advertisements to be addressed to the

IRISH PRESS BUREAU,
30 Lower Abbey Street, DUBLIN.

SUBSCRIPTION.—THE IRISH VOLUNTEER will be posted free to any address for one year at a cost of 6/6; for half a year, 3/3; for the quarter, 1/8.

Cheques and Postals should be crossed and made payable to the Manager, IRISH VOLUNTEER.

The Irish Volunteer

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1st, 1916.

Cork Communications Cut

Letters addressed to the Irish Volunteer Headquarters in Cork and to Cork Volunteer officers are not being delivered. All friends of the movement, especially those in Cork County, anxious to get in touch with the city for help and co-operation are requested to send their communications by other means than that through the post. The Headquarters Staff in Cork are taking steps to establish communication with their corps and friends in the county. Meanwhile, any sympathiser who has sent a query and got no reply will understand from this notice that his letter was not delivered in Cork. The upset is only temporary.

Hedge-Fighting for Small Units

IMPROVING THE GROUND.

There are certain points to be borne in mind with reference to the deliberate preparation of a position. The best general line should be selected, and measures taken to strengthen that. **The most essential things should be done first.** Sections of the front that may be approached under partial cover should be strongly held—where there is dead ground, bushes, etc. The stronger parts may be thinly held. **Holes may have to be cut in hedges** to enable the troops to see through them. Frequently in summer tall weeds grow up close to the hedges which obstruct the view. These may be quickly cleared by telling off a detail to trample them down. Any additional earth thrown up will be easy to conceal as a rule: the hedges afford good screening. Roads, as we have seen, should be specially prepared for defence.

The best way to **strengthen hedges** is to nail strands of barbed wire along them from stump to stump. Gaps should be

filled by thrusting formidable thorn bushes into them and wiring these solidly together. If there is no time to fill gaps great care must be observed in passing them—by sprinting past quickly, by rolling over and over, by worming along on the belly.

On the other hand, it may be necessary to make gaps in order to improve lateral communications, as the Irish did at Aughrim. To make a gap in a hedge choose a weak spot, and cut away the wood with bills, axes, saws, etc. Wire fences should be cut near posts and the loose ends twisted back around them. Loose stone walls can have the stones taken away for use elsewhere. Similarly when bushes are cut down they may be used to strengthen other points. A few rough strong steps will help in crossing masonry walls.

FORE-GROUND.

Clearances may be effected by burning or cutting down the bushes in front. Sometimes there will be no time to carry out a complete clearance: and then it will be a question of what to clear. Hedges that can be easily enfladed can be left standing. If there are still dangerous hedges that it would take too long to clear, the difficulty can be overcome by cutting a few wide gaps in them and telling off picked shots to watch these gaps. By concentrating fire on the gaps it will be possible to completely spoil the hedges as lines of advance for the enemy.

VILLAGES.

These should not be held if they are likely to come under artillery fire. They are too easy a target. It is best to hold a position in rear of a village commanding the exits than one in front of it. Similarly reserves or trains should not be assembled in villages within artillery range by day if avoidable. It may be remarked that commonly very enclosed ground occurs in the immediate neighbourhood of villages.

FIGHTING RETIREMENTS.

In addition to the ready-made facility for defence, there is another characteristic of Irish terrain calling for very special notice in its defensive aspect. This is the possibility of operating on lines of **fighting retirement**—one specialised type of which has been referred to in discussing road combats. But the subject has many bearings in the widest aspect. Many of the best-known Irish battles afford examples of this fence-to-fence fighting: It will be unnecessary to cite more than Aughrim, Ballynahinch, and Foulk's Mills. It is merely a special case of a principle often exemplified in fighting all over the world. Frequently in combats in woods it has happened that

(Continued on page 6.)

HEADQUARTERS BULLETIN

Éiríocht na h-Éire Comhairle Shóisialaí Féinne
Fáil ina n-Ónórta tréidhna D. Céadain
an 22 d'Éanáir 1916, agus an Ceann
Cata páirle Mac Rianair ina cátaoirleac
orta.

Fhíor cunntar ar an dáil do b' i b'pórt
Laoisire D. Donnais an 19 d'Éanáir a n-áir
teachtairí ó don Comhairle de as i
Laoisire, agus an Lear-Ceann Cata
Rianair Déirle ina teachtair ann ó'n
SComhairle. Do cuirleas Coirte Conntae
ar bun cum freartail ar obair na Féinne i
Laoisire.

Fhíor deas-cunntar ar gluaireac na
hoibre i SComntae an Cábáin.

Do haontuigeas nár mór o'fiannair
Fáil i SComntae breir ruime do cur ran
luac Conganta agus ball do folácar cuise.
Ónórta na Féinne,
Át Cluac, 22 M. na N., 1915.

FORÉOSRA COITCEANN.

Sunnaóirleac.

1. Féacat na Cinn Comhairle cuise go
mberd cleacat urcúracta as sac óglac.
Dá bfuil fá n-a sceannur uair ra treacat-
main ar a laigeas.
2. Uirteuigir na fir cum cleacat
do déanam ór íreal com minic agus ir
féirir é, i'ceannta a b'asair de cleacat
ra SComhairle.
3. Tá ar Céannair Cat agus Sluag an
méir rin do cur o'fiacat ar sac uruig
Dá bfuil fá n-a sceannur.

Mire,

TOMÁS MAC DONNCHADÁ,
Ceann Cata,
Rianair na hOileanna.

Ónórta na Féinne,
Át Cluac, 22 M. na N., 1915.

Notes from Headquarters

TARGET PRACTICE.

A General Order issued by the Direc-
tor of Training this week calls the atten-
tion of all Commanders of units to the
extreme importance of target practice.
It is to be feared that in many Companies
too little attention is paid to what is,
after all, the most important part of our
training. It is now laid down that every
man must get practice at the Company
target at least once a week, and in addi-
tion that the men are to be encouraged
to get as much private practice as pos-
sible. It should not be necessary to em-
phasise the fact that if we fail to hit when
we shoot we fail in everything. The one
way to learn how to hit is to practise.

THE AUXILIARY.

Again the Executive directs the atten-
tion of the organisation to the important

The Central Executive of the Irish
Volunteers met at Headquarters on Wed-
nesday evening, the 22nd inst., Com-
mandant P. H. Pearse in the chair.

A report was received of the County
Conference held at Maryboro' on Sunday,
19th inst., at which there were delegates
from eleven Companies in Leix, Vice-
Commandant Pierce Beasley representing
Headquarters. A County Committee to
take charge of the work of organising
Leix was formed.

A very satisfactory report on the pro-
gress of organisation in Co. Cavan was
received.

It was agreed that Volunteers in
general should be asked to take a more
active interest in the Auxiliary and to
exert themselves to enrol members.

Headquarters, 2 Dawson Street,
Dublin, 22nd Dec., 1915.

GENERAL ORDER. MUSKETRY.

1. Company Commanders will see that
every Volunteer in their command gets
target practice at least once a week.
2. They will encourage their men to
make use of every opportunity of private
practice in addition to the usual Company
practice.
3. Brigade and Battalion Commanders
will ensure the carrying out of this order
in all units of their command.

THOMAS MacDONAGH,

Commandant,

Director of Training.

Headquarters, 2 Dawson Street,
Dublin, 22nd Dec., 1915.

possibilities of the Auxiliary. It is not
too much to ask the Irish Volunteers to
see that during the next few months
every man and women in Ireland who
sympathises with us be brought into
official connection with the Volunteers
through the Auxiliary. There is really
an immensely powerful body of public
opinion behind the Irish Volunteers, and
the task is to make that body of opinion
effective. It can be done by bringing
all our friends into the Auxiliary.
Volunteers and others who are able to
act as organisers or centres of the Aux-
iliary should communicate immediately
with Headquarters.

ORGANISING LEIX.

Leix has to be added to the counties
which have reached the County Board
stage. At a conference in Maryboro' on
Sunday last eleven Companies were re-
presented, and a County Board was
elected to take in hand the work of con-
solidating and extending the organisation

and of pushing on training. Headquar-
ters will help.

CAVAN GOING STRONG.

Cavan is well repaying the attention
which has been devoted to it. The
scheme of county organisation, under the
County Board, is working admirably,
and the men are reported to be "thinking
in guns." This is as it should be. Every
unit in every county should be thinking
steadily in guns. One's opinion of any
corps should depend largely on its
answer to the question: "How many
guns have you?"

AN IMMORAL PAMPHLET.

WHY THE MARTYRS OF MANCHES-
TER DIED. By A. Newman. Tracts
for the Times, No. 9. Price 1d.
Dublin: Whelan and Son.

They died, because, like the Bishop of
Limerick, they were Traitors to England.
They died because, like Father Nicholas
Sheehy, they were Irish Murderers. They
died, like the millions that died in the
Famine, for the good of the English
Empire. They died, in a word, because
it was necessary to Defend the Realm.

In these days the Realm can be De-
fended by merely imprisoning or deport-
ing Irishmen; in those days it was neces-
sary to hang Irishmen. If it were neces-
sary to flay Irishmen or to boil them in
oil the thing, however disagreeable,
would be done.

Instead of seeing in these men the ne-
cessary victims of Empire—the eggs that
make up the English omelette—Ireland
perversely sees in them martyrs of her
national cause. It is an instance of
Ireland's peculiarly medieval outlook.
She has not yet learned to think im-
perially.

Mr. Newman's pamphlet is carefully
calculated to foster Irish prejudices
against England. It is therefore a dan-
gerous pamphlet. Mr. Newman's pam-
phlet is a glorification of Three Mur-
derers. It is therefore an immoral pam-
phlet. Obviously, no Irish Volunteer
will buy it. The price is one penny, and
it can be had post free in quantities of a
dozen and upwards.

P. H. P.

THE BODENSTOWN SERIES.

Nos. 1 and 2 of the Bodenstown Series
have now been re-printed. No. 1 is Mr.
P. H. Pearse's "How Does She Stand?"
and No. 2 his "From a Hermitage." The
former is issued at a penny, the lat-
ter at twopence. Both can be obtained
wholesale from Whelan and Son, 17
Upper Ormond Quay, Dublin.

IRISH THEATRE, Hardwicke Street, avail-
able for Performances, Concerts, Rehearsals,
etc. Terms (low) from the Manager.

leabhar drillle dóglaíoch na héireann

(Ar leanmáint).

cum sunnaí o'folmúgáó agus d'ísluigáó.

Asur an sunna mar a'ubhaó bí ré ra
ceacht deirid, oibrithean
folamhaigíó— an bolta roir riar go dtí
Sunnaí. go mbeir na pileuráca go
léir caite amac ar an
scalam a' meaisirín agus a' bairille an
sunna. Annapan o'untar an o'caile agus
luigthean ar an o'picean agus ráitche i an
comla irceac agus cartar an glar rábála
anoir agus leagtar an lám ar caol baire
an sunna.

Asur greim daingean ar an ngunna as
írluigíó—Sunnaí an lám clé, beirtean
A haon greim ra lám deir
as an mbanna air.

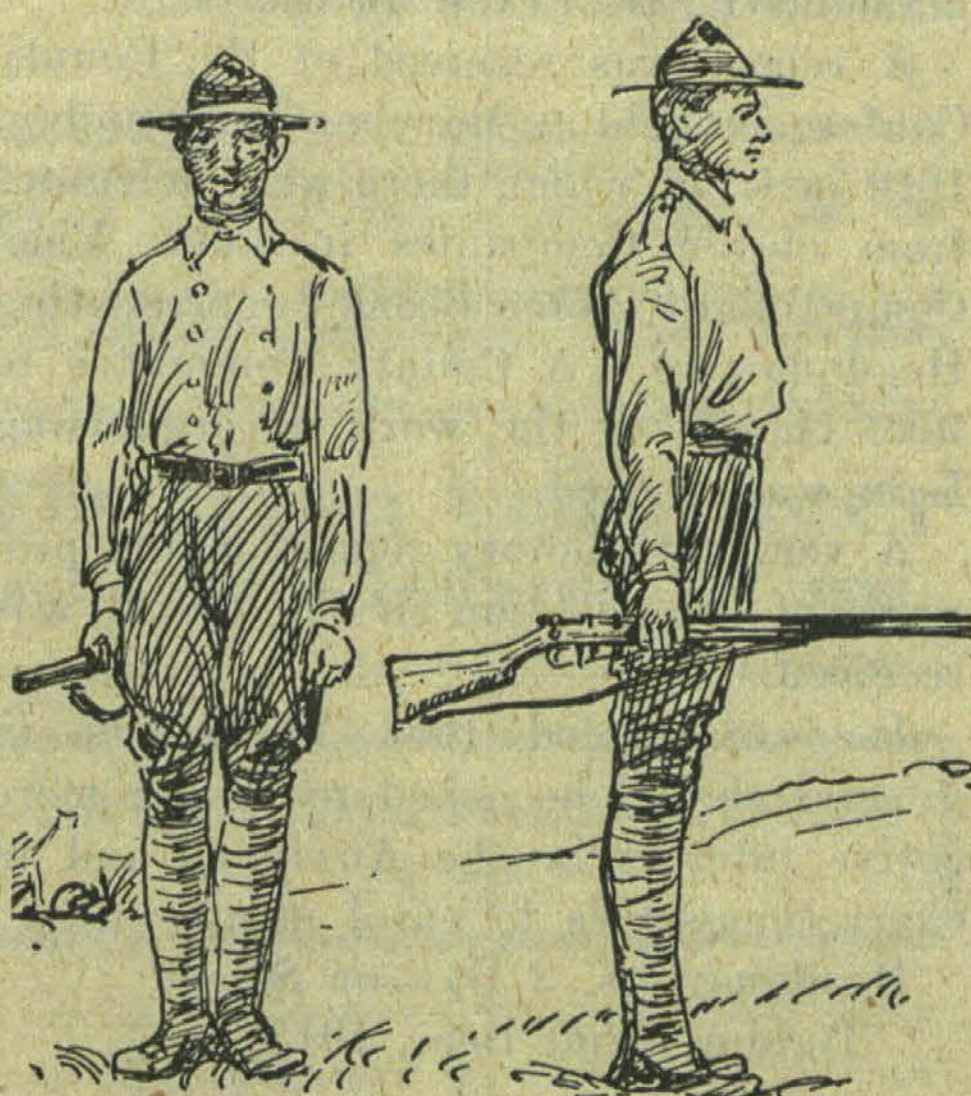
Írluigíó—Sunnaí Cuma ran nó an dara
A dó hacruagáó cum írluigíó
caréir árdaithe.

Írluigíó—Sunnaí Cuma ran nó an tríom-
A trí aó acruagáó cum írluigíó
caréir árdaithe

cum sunnaí do "crocáó" caréis ísluigíó.

Caréir rcarapa an sunna do leigint amac
raio a raigáó ré, cuirtean an
Crocáig— ceann agus an lám deir
Sunnaí irceac roir an rcarapa agus
an sunna i o'pice go mbeir
beul an sunna ráitche anáirde agus an
sunna féin riarithear na an o'roma.

cum sunnaí do "meadócaint" caréis "ísluigíó"



Ar a'gáó
duine.

Cluácaí
le duine.

Caréir an sunna amac agus beirtean
ar puinte láir a meadócainte
Meadócaíó— agus beirtean irceac é i
Sunnaí o'pice go mbeir ré ar a
com'rom 7 é leir an o'caó
noear agus an lám deir com'rao rior
agus feurfaó ríoul agus na méireanna
agus an o'pice timcheall ar an ngunna.
Ná bíó an lám deir ina rcalca.

Árdaithean beul an sunna agus beirtean
írluigíó— ar an ngunna féin as an
Sunnaí mbanna agus bitar mar ir
gnáit beir caréir "ísluigíó."

HEDGE-FIGHTING.

(Continued from page 4.)

the rear edge of a clearing or roadway has been successfully held. Similarly a hedge can be held against a force attempting to break out from another hedge just in front of it. At Aughrim the Irish infantry, driven from the first line of fences, filed off to the flanks and lined the other fences at right angles to the first, pouring an enfilade fire into the attackers.

But a force holding a hedge is better placed. Strong hedges are formidable physical barriers—they hold up attacking troops precisely as if they were barbed wire entanglements. This fact tends to inspire confidence in the defending troops, and makes it easy to induce them to stand and fight to a finish. There is the knowledge that the attacker is certain to be seriously delayed at the last moment, and consequently less fear of the defenders being cut off. The men will stand fast and remain firing up to the last moment.

A further development is that gradual withdrawals are possible. The men may slip away a few at a time, and the first to retire take up their position behind the next fence, where they are well posted to check by their fire any close pursuit of the remainder. Then some more fall back until only a few men are left, who keep up a brisk fire until the very last, when they finally retreat.

An increase in the size of the fields increases the difficulty of withdrawal by reason of being so much more open and there being so much further to go: the men are exposed for some time. In this case the system of gradual withdrawals is particularly useful. Another method sometimes to be used with good results is in single file along the fences. Officers should be practised in the moving of quite large forces in single file—e.g., a company or so. Wide intervals across the open may be used in retirement as in advance, but in this case even a large field will only give manoeuvring ground for a comparatively small body.

BELFAST VOLUNTEERS AND CUMANN NA mBAN.

Xmas Shooting Competition.

A highly-successful shooting competition was organised by the Belfast Committee, for which entries were received from members of the Cumann na mBan, as well as from the Volunteers. A sealed handicap was drawn up, and shooting took place at the Drill Hall, Willowbank, on Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights. Keen interest was shown by the competitors, and some fine shooting was made. Friendly rivalry between the Cumann na mBan and the Volunteers gave additional zest to the competitors. On the handicap the first two prizes were secured by cailini, while the honour of the Volunteers was ably defended by the winner of the third prize. Remarkable accuracy was shown by the prizewinners. Miss Kelly, the 1st prizewinner, scored 92 per cent., which was excelled only by one competitor, Tomas Mac hUain, who made the highest individual score, 98 per cent., and obtained third prize. Miss Corr was the winner of the second prize, scored 78 per cent.

MR. SHEEHY SKEFFINGTON.

F. Sheehy Skeffington will speak under the auspices of the Irish Women's Franchise League on January 4th, Tuesday next, at 8 p.m., in the Foresters' Hall, Parnell Square, on "Impressions of America." This will be his first public appearance after his imprisonment, release under the "Cat and Mouse Act," and subsequent tour in the State, and seeing that he has recently been in touch with most of the progressive movements in the United States, having spoken in four of the largest cities, his lecture promises to be of special interest.

VOLUNTEERS!

Have you seen the Popular Play,

"Ireland First"

By P. KEHOE, Enniscorthy.

The first Dramatic Product of the Volunteer Movement.

GET IT AT ONCE!!

Price 6d; post free, 8d.

M. H. GILL & SON, Ltd.,
DUBLIN.

IRISH WOMEN'S FRANCHISE LEAGUE.

COME AND HEAR

MR. SHEEHY SKEFFINGTON

ON

"IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA."

FORESTERS' HALL,

41 PARNELL SQUARE,

TUESDAY, JANUARY 4th, at 8 p.m.

Admission 1s. & 6d. Reserved Seats, 2s.

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

DON'T FORGET

LARKIN'S LITTLE SHOP

For Big Value in Chandlery,
Tobaccos, Cigarettes, etc.

IRISH GOODS A SPECIALITY.

Wexford St., Dublin.

WARPIPE BANDS.

VOLUNTEERS, we ask your support when starting Bagpipe or other Bands. We are actual makers in Ireland, and can give you better and cheaper Instruments than those who are merely Importers.

Best Uileann Bagpipes always in stock. Chanter, Bag, and Bellows, 75s. net.

Wholesale Agent for all publications by Carl Hardebeck. Write for lists.

D. McCULLOUGH

MUSICAL WAREHOUSE,

8 HOWARD STREET, BELFAST.

TREASON! It is treason for Irishmen to buy the Foreign Article and neglect Irish Industries.

LOUGHLIN'S IRISH OUTFITTING is better than the Foreign Shirts, Hosiery, Gloves, Braces, Hats, Caps, Boots, etc., etc. ALL IRISH. Fair Prices. IRISH OUTFITTING HEADQUARTERS. 19 Parliament Street, DUBLIN.

We are an exclusively "IRISH FIRM" employing only IRISH LABOUR.

All garments made to order in our own workshops. EXTENSIVE STOCK to select from, bought for CASH from best IRISH MANUFACTURERS.

SUITS, 42s. to 84s.

The Irish :: CASH TAILORING CO.
Tweed House

(John Neligan, Manager),

4 CAPEL STREET, DUBLIN,

and 50 Upper George's Street, Kingstown.

For the Institution, the Mansion or the Cottage.

You are invited to inspect our stock of

CLOSE FIRE KITCHEN RANGES

before ordering elsewhere. We guarantee them to cook perfectly, and to be economical in fuel. Our prices are right.

GLEESON, O'DEA & Co., Ltd.,

21 & 22 CHRISTCHURCH PLACE.

Estimates free. Telephone: Dublin 261.

Watches that vary.

A Watch that varies from day to day—sometimes fast, sometimes slow, is worse than no watch at all. So-called "cheap" watches seldom keep accurate time. A good watch does not necessarily mean an expensive one. It does mean getting it from a dependable house. For almost 60 years the name GANTER has stood this test. Our Catalogue is yours for the asking.

GANTER BROS.

63 Sth. Great George's Street, DUBLIN
Estd. 1856. Phone 2495

CITY CLUB CIGARETTES. 10 for 4d.
TRY THEM.

P. Conway & Co.

TOBACCONISTS,

31 Exchequer Street and 10a Aungler Street.
Established 1894.

JOHN DALY'S

BAKERIES,

26 WILLIAM STREET

AND

SARSFIELD STREET,
LIMERICK.

All Classes of Feeding Stuffs Stocked.

Lucania Cycles

ARE MADE IN IRELAND.

Best Terms (Cash only) from

Domnall ua buacalla,
1 muiş nuadad.

TELEPHONE 222.

JOHN A. O'CONNELL

Sculptor

KING STREET, CORK.

MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, Etc.

VOLUNTEERS

Get Your New Overcoat from

L. DOYLE

2 TALBOT ST., DUBLIN

SPLENDID SELECTION OF
RELIABLE IRISH MATERIALS AT
REASONABLE PRICES.

AN CUMANN COSANTA

Insures Irish Volunteers
against Viotimisation by
their Employers.

Write for particulars to the Secretary,
I.V. Headquarters, 2 Dawson Street,
Dublin.

If you want Dry Feet and Perfect Fit

— TRY —

LAHEEN, BOOTMAKER

115 Emmet Road, Inchicore,
22 Stoneybatter and 23 Bishop Street.
REPAIRS Neatly Executed at MODERATE
CHARGES.

Football Boots Irish Manufacture.
IRISH-MADE BOOTS AND SHOES

Can be had at

PARKER'S

9 CAPEL STREET

(Formerly of 28 Lower Camden Street, Dublin).

A Saedea, cabruigir le Saedea!

For real Bed-rock Value in Groceries and
Confectionery try

M. O'RIORDAN AND CO.,

1 and 2 SOUTH MAIN STREET, CORK.

1782—1913.

VOLUNTEERS' BOOTS.

Best ever produced for comfort and ease in marching. Made in my own workshops by skilled Irishmen, under Trade Union conditions. Price 15/6. Reduction for Companies.

J. MALONE,

67 NORTH KING STREET, DUBLIN.

"Everything that is not Irish must be Foreign."

GLEESON & Co. IRISH GOODS ONLY

Irish Volunteer Tailors and Drapers,
11 UPPER O'CONNELL ST., DUBLIN.

START THE NEW YEAR WELL AND

COME TO THE céilidh

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

This will be a genuine Irish Night.

TICKETS - Double, 3s.; Single 2s.

A DANCE

will be held at SWORDS,
(Carnegie Library),

On New Year's Night

At 8 p.m. sharp.

TICKETS—Double, 4/6; Single, 2/6.

COURT LAUNDRY,

58a HARCOURT STREET, DUBLIN.
(Proprietor, H. C. Watson).

Telephone, 1848.

High-class Family Work.

Winners of Silver Medal for Fancy Ironing Work, and Diploma for Shirts and Collars at Manchester Laundry Exhibition, 1913.

Post Paid one way on orders of 2/6.

For Collars and Shirts only.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS (Irish-American Alliance)—Drawing for Rife 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.

— USE —

"Green Cross Night Lights."

MADE IN IRELAND.

Miss E. MacHugh
 "63" Talbot Street, DUBLIN.

Lucania, Pierce, Swift, Rudge, B.S.A. New
Bicycles. Cash. Easy Payments.

Repairs. Accessories. Second-hand Bicycles
from 15/-. Prams and Gramophones Repaired.

CONSCRIPTION

I know absolutely nothing about it, but I DO know that I can give best value in Ireland in Razors. Try my Special 2/6 Razor. Money returned if not satisfied.
Old Razors Ground and Set. 4d.

M'QUILLAN, 35-36 CAPEL ST.

Rifles. Guns. Repairs.

All kinds .22 Ammunition.

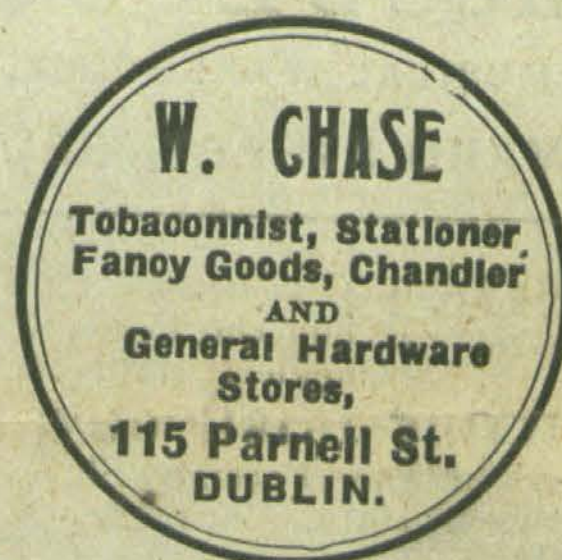
All Boards, Targets.

Cleaning Rods, Pull Throughs, Oils, and
all Rifle Sundries.

CATALOGUES ON APPLICATION.

L. KEEGAN, Gun and
Rifle Maker
3 INN'S QUAY, DUBLIN.

Telephone 2574.



DO YOU FEEL WEAK, DEPRESSED, or RUN DOWN? CAHILL'S AROMATIC QUININE AND IRON TONIC will tone you up, steady your nerves, improve your appetite, enrich your blood. For summer lassitude, for Neuralgia, try a bottle 1s. and 2s.; postage 4d. Made only by ARTHUR J. CAHILL, The National Chemist, 82A Lower Dorset Street, Dublin.

VOLUNTEERS! Send your Shirts, Collars, &c.

TO THE

NATIONAL LAUNDRY,
60 South William Street, DUBLIN.

SUITS AND UNIFORMS CLEANED and
PRESSED in Two Days.

**Irish Made Shirts, Caps, Poplin Ties,
Collars, Hosiery, etc.**

THE BEST VALUE FOR CASH IN LIMERICK.

ῥΑΤΟΡΑΙΣ ὁ η-ΔΙΜΟΥΡΔΙΗ,
Draper.

10 WILLIAM STREET, LIMERICK.

Ḥa'eḇil iṣ e'ad rīnn-ne
iṣ nī nāiṣ līnn ē.

Give us a trial order for **FRESH IRISH OAT-
MEAL, MACROOM OATMEAL, TEAS**, from
2/4 to 3/-. Sent Post free.

MacCURTAIN BROS.,

52-54 SHANDON ST. AND 40 THOMAS DAVIS
ST., CORK.

FIRST AID CLASSES

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

Printed for the Proprietors at Mahon's Printing Works, Dublin, and published at the Volunteer Headquarters, 2 Dawson Street, Dublin.

On your powers of observation will largely depend your success or failure as a scout. Unless you make up your mind to become a trained observer you can never hope to be of any use as a scout. Your power of observation will depend upon the standard of perfection to which your senses—sight, hearing, smell, and touch—have been trained. The majority of people are very careless observers. For instance, two persons of equal degrees of eyesight will walk through a wood. Both of them will **see** trees. To one of them there will be but trees perceived, while to the other—the trained observer—there will be a perception of the different species of trees, the bark, leaves, size, shape, etc.

The scout, whose chief object is to get information, must be trained so as to observe everything, things near at hand and things far off in the distance. The broken twig, the turned leaf, the footprint, the glint of a rifle, the puff of smoke, the small cloud of dust, the sudden flight of a bird, may convey a message to the trained scout where the untrained observer sees nothing uncommon.

I could hardly exaggerate the importance of training in observation—not only in your capacity as a scout but also in your everyday life. To give serious attention in developing your powers of observation will well repay you, for as a sharp observer you will be invaluable as a scout, and very valuable in ordinary affairs to yourself and others.

In order to become a sharp observer requires steady and continuous practice, and your training need not be confined to your Fianna parades. You should cultivate the habit of noticing things in detail and storing them in your memory. Start now. Try and describe some building you pass every day—your school-house. Your offices or place of business. You will, no doubt, be able to describe it in a general way. You will know its shape, whether it is built of brick or stone, and the number of its windows perhaps; but I will be greatly surprised if you can describe fairly accurately the size, shape, and colour of the doors and windows, to say nothing about the shape of the roof, chimneys, etc. And then you have the cornices, the trimmings, the angles of the roof and a multitude of other details. I am curious to know the result of this little experiment. How many of you have really **seen** the building at all. You have **looked** at it every day, perhaps, for a year or more, without seeing it as a scout should. To-morrow have another look at the building and observe the de-

tails, and in the evening again try and describe the building. Next day look out for new details, and continue each day until you can form a perfect mental picture of that building. Then take up another building for observation and you will be surprised to find that you will notice, at a single glance, more detail concerning it than you did in the early stages of your training. Exercises of this sort take up very little time and should be practised on your way to school or business. Remember I do not suggest that you should spend ten minutes staring hard at the building. A good look at it as you pass, noticing and memorising as much detail as possible, is all that is necessary.

Until your training has advanced somewhat you should not try to "take in" a complex object at one look. Begin by noticing the details of the object instead of observing it in its general aspect. If you go into the country don't try to observe half a county until you are able to notice and memorise the main features of a single field. You may say that there is not much to observe about a field. Well, just try. Look at a single field for five minutes, then turn your back and note the details you have observed: the gates, the hedges, the ditches, the gaps, the humps in it, the crops, and so on. You will find in the beginning, as in the case of the building, that you are unable to take in all the details, even of a single field. Keep at the same field until you have all its important features impressed on your memory. Note the depth of the ditches, and how much deeper or shallower they require to be made so as to turn them into proper trenches. Observe the nearest road. Imagine that some of your infantry may have to entrench themselves in that and the adjoining fields before the evening. What hills command that field? That tree, only two fields away on your right, may contain a sniper; how are you going to find out, without experiencing the unpleasant sensation of being "potted."

PADRAIC O RIAIN.

[These notes on Observation will be continued in next week's issue.]

**DUBLIN COLLEGE OF MODERN
IRISH**

20 KILDARE STREET.

IRISH Classes

Session Opens September 23rd.

Fee for Teachers - - - 5/-

Fee for Non-Teachers	-	-	19/-
----------------------	---	---	------

Syllabus from Registrar, 20 Kildare Street.