NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF IRELAND

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

DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE.

Detective Department,

Crime Special

Dublin, 6th. January, 1916.

Subject, MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 5th. Inst., the undermentioned extremists were observed moving about and associating with each other as follows:-

With Thomas J. Clarke, 75, Parnell St., M. J. O'Rahilly and John McDermott for half an hour between 5 & 6 p. m. P. Hughes, Dundalk, C. J. Kickham and J. J. Buggy from 7-45 to 8 p. m. Michael O'Hanrahan for half an hour between 9 & 10 p. m. F. Fahy for twenty minutes between 10 & 11 p. m.

John Nolan in College Green between 9 & 10 a. m.

Bulmer Hobson, Herbert Mellows and M. O'Hanraham in 2, Dawson Street at 12 noon.

H. M.

The Chief Commissioner.

The Under Secretary
Submitted
W. E. Johnstone
Commr.
6.1.16

Under Secretary
Submitted
[illegible]
7/1

Inh.
7/1

Chief Secy
[illegible]
7/1

H. M. Pim left Amiens Street by 3

p. m. train en route to Belfast.

Joseph Murray by same train for

Drogheda.

P. Hughes by 8-20 p. m. train Amiens

Street to Dundalk. R. I. C. in each

case informed.

John McDermott, E. O'Duffy, and

John McGarry together in 12, D'Olier St.,

from 6-15 p. m. to 7-30 p. m.

Attached are Copies of this week's

issue of The Irish Volunteer, Honesty,

The Hibernian and New Ireland, some of

which contain notes of an anti-British

character.

Owen Breen

Superintendent.

THE IRISH VOLUNTEER

EDITED BY EOIN MAC NEILL.

Vol. 2. No. 57 (New Series). SATURDAY, JANUARY 8th, 1916. PRICE ONE PENNY.

NOTES

It should interest Irish people and be a lesson to them to watch how the British Oligarchy is working out things in the neighbour island at present. I may remind the reader of the account of this great institution, the British Oligarchy, given in these columns some months ago. At that time we were getting advice to trust the British Democracy. There has not been just so much talk lately of trusting the British Democracy. The formation of the Coalition Government gave a setback to the value of Democracy shares. The British Democracy is an excellent beast of burden, not quite as docile as a horse or a milch cow, but generally quite manageable by those who study how to manage it. The rulers of the B. D. have found a very successful plan of dividing themselves into two "parties" and exhibiting different programmes and policies. Anything in the shape of a contest captivates the British Democracy and some other democracies. When twenty or thirty men turn up on opposite sides to play a game, the Democracy turns up in its thousands and tens of thousands and pays its hard-earned money at the gate for the privilege of looking on and applauding its favourites. There you have the root principle of party government by the British Oligarchy. They provide the game, the Democracy pays the expenses and looks on from behind the barriers.

* * *

In ordinary times, the game of opposite parties has all the appearance of being played in earnest, even though the part of the Democracy is still to pay the expenses and keep off the ground. We may even suppose that the opposing teams believe themselves to be in earnest. It is about a century since Tallyrand discovered that one of the chief traits of English character was an infinite capacity of self-persuasion. I think it was Carlyle, a Scot, who once summed up the difference between the great Disraeli and the great Gladstone. Disraeli was an Englishman by adoption, and became ruler of England by making a study of English character and acting accordingly. He studied them all, from the Crown down to the Cornerboy. When I was a youngster, the Cornerboy learned to sing ditties in honour of Disraeli. Some of us remember the chorus beginning "We don't want to fight, but by Jingo! if we do," and ending "The Russian shall never enter Constantinople." Disraeli's notion was to captivate Court and Cornerboy with the glories of Empire. Gladstone was all for truth, honour liberty and conscience. Carlyle said that Disraeli had no conscience, but that Gladstone had a tremendous conscience, a grand and glorious conscience. Every day and every hour he offered up adoration and incense to his conscience, and the consequence was, his Conscience was so gratified with all this devotion and worship that it never refused Gladstone anything he demanded of it. Whether that was true of Gladstone or not, it is true of British statesmen in general. They are most honourable conscientious men. They never do anything that is not entirely virtuous. You have only to read their speeches and writings to be assured of this. Take Mr. Birrell for an example. He is the Liberal Minister "for" Ireland. He has declared his belief in the right of Ireland to self-government. He is pledged in honour to a measure of self-government for all Ireland. And his chief, Mr. Asquith, came to Dublin a year and a half ago and announced that we Irish were a Free people. And at this moment, any free Irishman who sells, presents, or otherwise disposes of a common fowlingpiece or a cartridge to fit it to any other free Irishman, unless he has previously got the special permission of General Friend, is liable to be locked up with—I was going to say the common burglar.

* * *

The touchstone of the English game of party government and managing the Democracy is English foreign policy, which includes English policy in Ireland. Our benevolent Birrells will have no hesitation in declaring, conscientiously, that any statement to the effect that England is foreign to Ireland or that Ireland is foreign to England, is a "disloyal" statement which requires to be blue-pencilled and filed away among other "voluminous" evidences that are to justify certain measures at the appropriate time. So I confine myself to stating the fact, for which the evidence is voluminous, that English policy in Ireland, even under Mr. Birrell and since we became a Free People, is a foreign policy. The proofs are up to date. One of them is that, the British State being at war, no British subject may properly sell, give, or otherwise dispose of munitions of war to foreigners without British Government approval; but in this case, Irishmen are more foreign than foreigners, for it has been made unlawful for any Irishman to sell or give a sporting gun or a sporting rifle to any other Irishman without the express and special permission of British authority. I presume that Mr. Dillon has not been consulted about this, for I remember chronicling specially and with satisfaction in this paper a declaration in which Mr. Dillon pledged himself to maintain the right of Irishmen to arm themselves.

* * *

The foreign policy of a State is usually more or less of a continuity. In this respect, the British policy in Ireland observes the character desirable in a foreign policy. For the past twelve months I have been trying to get people in Ireland to take a firm and clean grasp of the fact that the English government of Ireland is a continuity, a principle laid down in our own time by a Liberal Viceroy under Mr. Gladstone's premiership. Ireland, like other countries to which a foreign policy is applied, is a touchstone of the real metal of British party government. Whatever may be done in Ireland in pursuance of a continuous foreign policy, no matter how nasty it may look, is highly moral and virtuous—of this no greater proof is needed than Mr. Birrell himself. Is he not a man of high character, the honourable associate of honourable men, and above all a Liberal? If, therefore,

he keeps Alfred Monahan in prison on the testimony of a hired witness who was listening not at the window but under the window, you may be certain that Mr. Birrell, who hates jesuitical casuistry, will be able to explain that swearing by instruction is sometimes a necessity, and that, if the end to be gained is necessary, the means to gain it are not to be judged by Sunday-school standards.

* * *

When it comes to dealing with foreigners, we see the relations of the British Oligarchy of both parties and the British Democracy in their true light, and we see what the Oligarchy can do and how much the Democracy counts for. At other times we read and hear a lot about that grand free institution, the Press. Just now the tune is not in fashion. We find a Coalition, first of all before the war, when the foreign policy embodied in the Home Rule Bill reached a critical stage; then after the war began, in a Council of Imperial Defence; then in the Cabinet—and the end is not yet. We find a cautiously worked up and creeping policy of Conscription. At first there is plenty of denunciation of what they call the Northcliffe Press. Lord Northcliffe was brought up in Irish Unionist circles, which, to do them justice, have never reached the higher models of political self-righteousness. What the Northcliffe Press does is to find out in advance the private tendencies of the Oligarchy, and then to advocate what it knows to be intended. For months past it has advocated Conscription, and now at last the announcement is made that the Cabinet is in favour of Conscription. No doubt we shall have highly moral explanations, and a fine exhibition of the art of handling the British Democracy. A year ago the British Democracy was so adverse to Conscription that even the most ardent Conscriptionists were afraid to call a spade a spade and talked piously about "National Service." Now that the cant of National Service has served its turn, the "Times" itself has no use for the pious phrase.

* * *

How does all this concern us, who are on the foreign side of British policy, though it would be "disloyal" on our part to call an Englishman a foreigner? It concerns us to this extent—Mr. Redmond's policy still rules the Irish Parliamentary Party, and Mr. Redmond's policy is summed up in one phrase: "Trust the British Democracy." Does Mr. Redmond, after being compelled to the "ifs" and "buts" and "present circumstances" of his recent speech on Conscription, does he still ask us to believe that the British Democracy will have the decisive voice on the fate of Home Rule? Does he guarantee that the British Democracy will be less manageable by the British Oligarchy in regard to an Irish question than in regard to a question that comes home to every household in Great Britain? Does he guarantee that, at the end of the war, the question of Home Rule for Ireland will be an issue of any importance at all for the British Democracy, at a time when the men let loose on a disjointed industrial England from military service and services subsidiary to the war will be more numerous than the whole population of Ireland? What do the Irish people think about it? There is no longer in existence a Ministry or the shadow of a Ministry pledged to Home Rule. The British Democracy has ceased to think about Home Rule. We are asked to believe that they will be on fire for Home Rule because Irish regiments have fought as Irishmen can fight. It is a pity that Mr. Redmond has not read the history of his own country.

* * *

Nearly seven centuries ago, an English Viceroy brought an army of Irishmen from Connacht to crush the liberty of Wales. He came back to Ireland and spent the rest of his life trying to crush the liberty of Ireland. Six centuries ago, an Irish army went to help Edward I. of England to crush the liberty of Scotland. A few years later large English armies were sent to Ireland to crush the liberty of Ireland. At Agincourt, Irish forces formed a large part of the army which helped Henry V. of England to crush the liberty of France, but Ireland gained no respite. "Ancient history," perhaps. Let us come later down. Two centuries ago Mr. Winston Churchill's ancestor brought an army to Morocco, hoping to secure Tangier at the gate of the Mediterranean. Where did he get that army? By Churchill's order, the ordinary words of command in his expeditionary force were given **in the Irish language!** After that we had the Penal Laws in Ireland, the most barbarous policy ever devised for the degradation of any people. Is that too ancient? We are still feeling the effects. Very well; a century ago Rodney's English fleet won a great victory over the French in the West Indies. The Irish poet, Eoghan Ruadh O Súilliobháin, fought under Rodney in that engagement, and wrote a ballad in English, "Rodney's Glory," which bears evidence that the men who bore the brunt and won the day were mostly Irishmen. The independent Irish Parliament voted 20,000 Irishmen to the British Navy, and the British statesmen of that time planned the destruction of that parliament. Richard Lalor Sheil, in the forties, reminded the British Parliament of the victories won by Irish valour in the Napoleonic wars, and within a few years of his eloquent appeal the British Parliament ruined Irish agriculture at one stroke in the interests of British manufacturing industry. Accordingly, when this war is over, we are asked to believe that the British Democracy, disregarding the British Oligarchy, will think of nothing but gratitude for the sacrifices made by Mr. Redmond and the Irish Party.

* * *

At the beginning of the war we were told that the old saying, "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity," was out of date. But what if Mr. Redmond had said to Englishmen, "England's difficulty is England's opportunity—now is your time to prove your goodwill to Ireland, not in pledges or promises, or in statutes hung up for amendment, but in the actual performance,"—who would have dared to find fault with him? He has phrased about Ireland keeping faith. Ireland has never broken faith. Ireland never undertook to do anything in return for promises and postponements. What does the present English attitude of promises and postponements and amendments mean, if it does not mean that the old anti-Irish spirit is still the ruling spirit in the counsels of Englishmen? And if that spirit rules now—now after Flanders, now after Gallipoli, now after Doiran—what are we to expect at any time? What are we to expect when these things have receded into the past, and when all England is in the throes of her domestic difficulties following the war? A renewal of pledges and promises from the Asquiths and Birrells at this stage might have some journalistic effect, but whatever their words might be worth—and words are cheap—we do not hear as much as would provide a text for a convention harangue or a leader in the "Freeman's Journal."

* * *

One thing we do know for certain, and that is that the taxation of Ireland, already far too great, is being increased by the million. Every million added to Irish taxation will compel hundreds of thousands of men and women to emigrate from Ireland.

* *

While Mr. Redmond is at "ifs" and "buts" and "please convince me" in Westminster, his lieutenants, the Tommies without khaki, Messrs. O'Donnell and Lundon, are commissioned to go about in Ireland reviling and denouncing the Irish Volunteers, under the pretence of assisting Recruitment! The idea is to strengthen Ireland's position and earn still more gratitude from the British Democracy. No doubt the testimony of these reputable gentlemen and their platform companions, with the tacit approval of Mr. Redmond, will be duly added to the Voluminous Evidence which is to enable Mr. Birrell to strike a blow at the Irish Volunteers when America is not looking. From the first inception of the Irish Volunteers I never doubted that they would have to meet the hostility,

secret or open, of Mr. Birrell and his associates, but I must confess that I felt a deep anxiety about Irishmen claiming to be Nationalists, and in particular the members of the Irish Parliamentary Party, lest they should be manœuvred into the position of sharing the responsibility. That is now the very position into which they have been manœuvred.

• • •

By the time these words are printed the Government's present plans regarding Conscription will have been made public. The London Correspondent of the "Irish Times," on Monday, writes: "I fancy that, when the terms of the Bill are revealed, it will be found that the Prime Minister has constructed a golden bridge, along which **Mr. Redmond will be enabled to make a more or less graceful retreat."** We now see the estimate in which Mr. Redmond is held by the Unionists, after two years of more or less graceful retreating.

EOIN MAC NEILL

Cumann na mBan

The Thursday afternoon First Aid Lectures at Headquarters will be resumed on Thursday, 13th January, at 4 o'clock.

MUSKETRY.

Target practice is optional to Branches, but the cleaning and care of the rifle, and practice in loading and unloading should be part of the Ambulance training. When a wounded man has been lifted on to the stretcher No. 6 must collect his rifle and other equipment. She should at once find out if the rifle is loaded, and if so remove cartridges. She then follows in the rere of stretcher. Several different types of rifle are in use, and members of Stretcher Squads should be familiar with all, if possible.

Target practice, both outdoor and indoor, is interesting, with .22 miniature or converted rifles. Revolvers are the most suitable weapons of self-defence for Ambulance members, and practice may be got with a .22 revolver, starting at 6 yards and increasing to 12 yards.

A VOLUNTEER PLAY.

We welcome the publication of the little play, "Ireland First," which is, we believe, the first dramatic effort that deals with and was stimulated by the Volunteer movement. Written by Mr. P. Kehoe, who was bred in the traditions of County Wexford, it evidences a first-hand acquaintance with the rural Ireland of to-day.

"C" COY., 3RD BATTALION.

Prize Drawing result:—1st Prize, No. 22553; 2nd, No. 29410; 3rd, 21113; 4th, 29418; 5th, 4210; and 6th, 432.

S. O'DONGHAILE, Sec.

A MILITARY CAUSERIE

It is now a commonplace of criticism to say that the scouting of the Volunteers is their weakest point, but it has not yet been shown wherein it is weak. Recent observation has shown me that there are two separate points of weakness, each associated with one of the two great classes into which the Volunteers may be divided. Roughly, it may be said that the country corps are fairly good at scoutcraft, but fail to apply it to the military situation, while the townsmen, with a pretty good idea of what military information is wanted, lack the scoutcraft that should enable them to obtain it. In other words, the country man knows how to look, but doesn't know what to look for, and the townsman knows what to look for but cannot find it.

• • •

One cannot learn much on scoutcraft from books. Only constant practice will make townsmen proficient in this. But it is a pity to think of the scoutcraft of the country corps being wasted for lack of knowledge of how to apply it. We have a few words to say to these, which may also be read with profit by the townsmen; for, though we have said that they generally have a fair idea of what to look for and what to report on, we have said no more. Their ideas are only fair.

• • •

In the first place, a scout should know that he is sent out for a particular purpose: it may be to reconnoitre the ground; it may be to discover the enemy; it may be to obtain some particular piece of information. Then, realising that, he must conclude that it is his duty to achieve that purpose or die in the attempt. Coming back without information is no use to anyone, whereas (as a militarist friend of mine remarked) not coming back is information.

• • •

It is a common delusion among Volunteers that scouts are sent out to take the scouts of the other side prisoners, frequently with comic results. A sham fight frequently consists for the most part of a game of hide-and-seek among army-corps of scouts, and an umpire may be called on to decide which of two men holding each other up with empty revolvers has captured the other. Sometimes a Volunteer officer, anxiously awaiting information from his scouts, is gratified by the sight of half-a-dozen of them returning, each leading a prisoner. Once, when acting as umpire in a small affair, I stopped a scout rushing in breathless excitement to the rear, and asked him what was his report. "I've seen a scout of the enemy," he said.

Unless an enemy scout actually crosses your path you can generally disregard him; but, if he really does obtrude himself unpleasantly on your view, bayonet him. Don't take him prisoner. You have your information to get.

• • •

If you are sent out to discover the enemy go on till you do so, and then take careful observation of his position, direction of advance, numbers, etc. If you have to reconnoitre the ground you look for the best line of advance for your own side (if you are on the offensive), or for the enemy (if you are on the defensive). This line will be decided by the nature and extent of cover available, the obstacles in the way, such as rivers, marshes, etc., or by the strong and weak points in the defenders' position.

• • •

Having found out what is wanted, return and report. Just as you are not to shirk danger in getting information, so you are not to risk losing it by trying Cuchulain-like exploits on the way home. Give your report fully, directly, and briefly, and if possible illustrate it with maps.

• • •

As to how you are to obtain your information, or how to learn how to obtain it, I can only refer you to Padraic O Riain's page.

E. O'D.

Connrad na Gaedilge—The Gaelic League

BRITISH RAID
ON
IRISH EDUCATIONAL FINANCE

A GREAT PUBLIC MEETING

Of Protest against the withdrawal of

GRANTS FOR IRISH

By the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction will be held in the

ROUND ROOM, MANSION HOUSE,

ON

JANUARY 17th, at 8 p.m.

EOIN MAC NEILL WILL PRESIDE.

Gaels and all lovers of the Irish Language and of Ireland, come and tell the British Treasury what you think of their action.

Clann na nGaedeal Gusta le Gualainn.

HEADQUARTERS BULLETIN

Tionól do bí ag Comhairle Gnóta Féinne Fáil ina n'Oúnpoirt tráthnóna D. Céadaoin an 29 adh lá de'n mí seo, agus an Ceann Cata Padraic Mac Piarais ina cathaoirleach orta.

Do fríoth na gnát-tuarascbála agus do rinneadh a lán oibre d'fár arta.

Do fríoth tuarascbála fá leith ar gluaiseacht na hoibre i gConntae na Gaillimhe, i lár na hEireann i agus i gConntae an Chabáin.

Oúnpoirt na Féinne,
Ár Cliath, 29 m. na n., 1915

The Central Executive of the Irish Volunteers met at Headquarters on Wednesday evening the 29th inst., Commandant P. H. Pearse in the chair.

The usual reports were received and a large amount of business arising out of them transacted.

Special reports were received on the progress of the movement in Co. Galway, in the Midlands, and in Co. Cavan.

Headquarters, 2 Dawson Street,
Dublin, 29th Dec., 1915.

Notes from Headquarters

TARGET PRACTICE.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the recent General Order of the Director of Training on the subject of target practice. There was a real need for such an order, as information which reaches Headquarters shows that in many centres the men are getting only occasional practice at the target. In future every man is to get **weekly** practice under supervision of the Company officers, and every man is, moreover, to be asked to avail to the full of such opportunities for private practice as he has. Every man who has a miniature rifle or an air-gun (or who can beg, borrow, or steal a miniature or an air-gun) should take three shots at a target every morning after his morning prayers. A thick board in one's bedroom or a tin can in the back yard is all that is necessary in the way of accessories. Where practice with a miniature or an air-gun is not possible a few minutes spent at "snapping" is the next best thing. Officers are urged to see that this order on target practice is taken seriously by the men. The Organisers and Organising Instructors are expected to report on the matter in the areas in which they are at work.

THE AUXILIARY.

Are you a centre of the auxiliary? If not, why not? Do you mean to say that you have not got ten friends willing to pay sixpence a month for the furtherance of the objects of the Irish Volunteers? What have you been doing all these years if you have not earned the confidence of ten of your friends? It is a confession of ineptitude, of lack of character, for a man to say that he does not know ten people who, on his mere request, will subscribe sixpence a month. Do not make such a confession. Write to the General Secretary at once for an Enrolment Form. The form contains spaces for ten names. Get ten of your friends to inscribe their names and then collect their sixpences. If you can collect five shillings from each in one sum it will save you trouble. There is absolutely no reason why **every** reader of the Irish Volunteer should not become a Centre of the Auxiliary.

The inevitable slackness of the Christmas time is over, or ought to be. A New Year is with us. This may be **our** year. With all the earnestness of which we are capable we urge every Volunteer Battalion and Company, every Volunteer officer and man to put on a spurt. Speed up the field training; get plenty of target practice; perfect the mobilisation schemes. This is the message of Headquarters to the Organisation at the beginning of 1916.

A CLONDALKIN RALLY.

A splendid concert was held under the auspices of F Coy., 4th Batt., Dublin Brigade, at the Public Library, Clondalkin, on Sunday evening, 2nd inst. The audience was exceedingly large and enthusiastic, the fine hall being crowded to its utmost capacity. The Very Rev. Canon Baxter, P.P., and all the local clergy were present.

Commandant P. H. Pearse delivered a short address. He said that the Irish Volunteers had armed to secure the rights of the people of Ireland, and the first right of every people was national freedom. Their fathers had defined freedom, and there could be no new definition. He directed attention to three matters which, he said, might become urgent at any moment. One was the question of food supply. They must not allow the food of the people to be removed from Ireland to such an extent as to threaten a repetition of 1847. Another was the muttered threats of some of their enemies as to disarming the Irish Volunteers. Let them try it. The third was Conscription. As to that they were absolutely resolved not to allow a single Irishman to be removed from Ireland without his free consent. The place of all who agreed with that policy was with the Irish Volunteers.

The Dublin Brigade

ORDERS FOR WEEK ENDING 9th JANUARY, 1916.

1.—Classes at Headquarters as usual.

2.—Lecture for Junior Officers on Saturday at 8 p.m.

3.—Inspection of 3rd Batt. at Camden Row on Sunday by the Brigade Commandant. The Battalion will assemble at 10.45 a.m.

4.—Officers will hold themselves in readiness for immediate examination.

EAMONN DE VALERA,
Brigade-Adjutant.

RESULTS OF FIRST AID EXAMINATION.

The following have been successful in the First Aid Examination recently held.

1ST CLASS.

Vol. J. Byrne, C Coy. 3rd Batt. -	100%
Vol. W. Stapleton, B Coy. 2nd Batt.	96%
Vol. V. Gogan, B Coy. 1st Batt. -	92%
Vol. M. Kavanagh, C Coy. 3rd Batt.	92%
Lieut. G. Murphy, C Coy. 2nd Batt.	90%

2ND CLASS.

Vol. J. Daly, C Coy. 3rd Batt. -	88%
Vol. J. Doulan, A Coy. 4th Batt. -	88%
Vol. H. Ridgeway, C Coy. 2nd Batt.	86%
Vol. E. Sweeney, F Coy. 2nd Batt.	86%
Vol. D. O'Brien, C Coy. 4th Batt. -	86%
Vol. G. Mahoney, C Coy. 1st Batt.	84%
Vol. J. F. Brooks, C Coy. 1st Batt.	84%
Vol. P. Fuhery, C Coy. 2nd Batt.	84%
Vol. J. Hannon, E Coy. 2nd Batt.	84%
Vol. J. Bracken, A Coy. 3rd Batt.	80%

3RD CLASS.

Vol. L. Cassin, E Coy. 2nd Batt. -	76%
Vol. J. McKenna, C Coy. 4th Batt.	74%
Vol. P. Walsh, G Coy. 1st Batt. -	74%
Vol. J. O'Gorman, A Coy. 4th Batt.	70%

SPECIAL COURSE OF TRAINING FOR SENIOR OFFICERS AT HEADQUARTERS, JANUARY 15th to 22nd.

The Special Course for Senior Officers will comprise conferences and lectures on Organisation, Military Geography, Military Engineering, Night Operations, Defence of Buildings, Orders and Reports, Lessons of the War, and kindred subjects. There will be frequent staff-rides.

As previously announced, the course is open to Senior Officers of all Ireland. Every battalion in the country should send at least one officer to the class. Officers other than Commandants and Vice-Commandants are to be chosen by the Battalion Councils, and the names of officers intending to follow the Course are to be reported, before January 12th, to the Director of Training.

THOMAS MACDONAGH,
Commandant,
Director of Training.

Hedge-Fighting for Small Units

THE POINTS WHERE FENCES INTERSECT.

Intersection points of hedges are of the utmost importance. These are the only **proper posts for outlying scouts and snipers.** One man concealed at such a point can enfilade both sides of every one of the four hedges meeting at that point. He only needs to have a small clear space for the muzzle of his rifle. He is also admirably placed to pick off any hostile troops moving across the middle of the fields. It is very easy for these solitary outlying scouts to fall back unobserved from point to point. In this way they can easily keep up a running fight, halting successively at each intersection point of the hedges. It must be remembered that in the circumstances one man will be always able **to fall back faster than the others will dare to follow.** For these outlying snipers will be readily able to give one another mutual support when falling back.

When these outlying scouts are posted at or near the flanks of a position they must be specially alert and watchful. It is their duty in such a case to give warning of and hold off any attempt at a turning movement. Snipers picked for this service should be specially trained men, and should be detailed for the same work on manœuvres and field days.

The manner in which the Germans in the present campaign occupied such localities as the famous "Labyrinth" at Souchez gives on a big scale an idea of the kind of action that in Irish hedge combats would be pursued on a small mobile scale. There the points held were the intersection points of fire trenches and communication trenches, and they were held by machine guns instead of by individual snipers.

THE FIRE ACTION REQUIRED.

The action of the advanced snipers would be quite distinct from that of the main strength of the infantry. The latter would occupy suitable positions in accordance with the principles previously indicated. They must be always ready to open a burst of concentrated fire at a moment's notice and at close range. If they can always do this there is no danger of their being rushed and overwhelmed. Evidently for these short, sharp bursts of fire at point-blank range revolvers and automatic pistols are quite suitable: any ordinary assault would be shattered before the pistols were empty. Coolness and steadiness are required to secure the needed fire-discipline in the men: for this purpose Section Commanders of a resolute stamp are needed. They need only be able to ensure steady fire, which does not need elaborate training on their part. The practice of volley firing by sections is the best peace training for this kind of action. The tactics of Wellington's infantry in the Peninsular War should be carefully studied.

SNIPERS.

The snipers who would be detailed for the holding of advanced points should be picked and specially trained men. They would all be armed with rifles, even in those cases in which the bulk of their companies were not so armed. Their musketry training should be such as to render them dead shots at ranges of a couple of hundred yards; quickness in catching their target being essential. They should also be men of quick intelligence and resource, and these qualities should be developed by constant practice on manœuvres.

SUPPORTS AND LOCAL COUNTER-ATTACKS.

Opportunities will frequently offer themselves for small local counter-attacks. These should be resorted to on every possible occasion. With a view to them supports should be held well concealed in suitable covering positions. As a general rule the supports should depend entirely on the bayonet or pike, rushing in when the firing line is being attacked. The tedious, complicated nature of the advance in hedge-intersected country renders the attacking troops particularly liable to be disorganised by the determined onslaught of even a small body of men. It may happen that a section of the line is forced back, and this might be thought to involve the withdrawal of units to the right and left of the gap. This should not be tolerated. The enemy just where he is successful exposes his own flanks by pressing forward. This exposure of his flank must at once be seized on as the signal for a prompt and energetic counter-attack, which has every chance of success.

All Officers and men of the 1st Batt. wishing to attend the Special Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of the late Capt. Thomas Dolan, "C" Company, will assemble at 41 Parnell Square at 9.15 a.m. on Sunday the 9th inst. Full equipment. No rifles.

Leaḃar Drille d'Óglácaiḃ na hÉireann

(An Leanṁaint).

An Ṁion-ṁeáḋċaint.

Árdaiġtear an gunna cúpla órlaċ den talaṁ gan aon aṫruġaḋ eile do ḋeunaṁ.

Má tugtar an t-órduġaḋ "ceiṫre ranga" nó "deas-ḋlúṫaiġiḋ," nó "clé-ḋlúṫaiġiḋ," ⁊c., agus an gunna ísliġṫe, árdaiġtear an gunna mar aduḃraḋ tuas faid a beifear ag coṁlíonaḋ an órdaiġṫe.

Ċum gunnaí do "aṫruġaḋ" agus iad "árdaiġṫe."

Aṫraiġiḋ—Gunnaí. A hAon.

Beirtear greim ar ḃais an ġunna fa láiṁ ḋeis i dtreo go mbeiḋ drom na láiṁe in uaċtar, agus, lena linn sin, leagtar an láṁ clé ar an gcaol.

Aṫraiġiḋ—Gunnaí. A Dó.

Beirtear an gunna trearna an ċléiḃ agus leagtar ar an nguallainn clé é le linn é ḃreiṫ trearna, castar an meaisisin amaċ agus coimeádtar an gunna go maiṫ amaċ i dtreo ná bainfiḋ sé leis an gceann.

Aṫraiġiḋ—Gunnaí. A Trí.

Sciobtar an láṁ clé ċum an taoiḃ clé.

Ċum gunnaí d'aṫruġaḋ ón nguallainn ḋeis go dtí an ġualainn ċlé deuntar mar aḋeirtear tuas aċt "deas" do léiġeaṁ in ionad "clé" agus "clé" in ionad "deis."

Ċum gunnaí d'aṫruġaḋ ó ṫaoḃ nuair a ḃíd "meáiḋte."

Cuairtear an gunna ina ċoilg-ṡeasaṁ ar aġaiḋ na gualann

Aṫraiġiḋ—Gunnaí. A hAon.

deise, i dtreo go mbeiḋ an meaisisin iompaiġṫe amaċ agus a ḃfuil ón uillinn aníos den láiṁ ḋeis go dlúṫ leis an gcliaṫán agus an ċuid eile ḋí amaċ díreaċ.

Caiṫtear an gunna trearna agus, lena linn sin, beirtear

Aṫraiġiḋ—Gunnaí. A Dó.

greim fa láiṁ ċlé ar ṗuinte láir a ṁeáḋċainte air ⁊ sciobtar an láṁ ḋeas ċum an taoiḃ ḋeis. Beiḋ an gunna ina ċoilg-ṡeasaṁ ar aġaiḋ na gualann clé annsan ⁊ beiḋ an meaisisin iompaiġṫe amaċ agus a ḃfuil ón uillinn síos den láiṁ ċlé amaċ díreaċ.

Leiġtear síos an gunna faid na láiṁe

Aṫraiġiḋ—Gunnaí. A Trí.

clé agus coimeádtar "meáiḋte" mar sin é.

FLEADH NA NODLAG.

The Gaels of Dublin will have a unique opportunity of spending many a happy hour together at the Mansion House next Saturday night. The Committee in charge have left nothing undone that might conduce to the success of the undertaking, and they confidently expect that Saturday will witness a brilliant gathering of the Gaels. A special prize of £1 or value is offered to the wearer of the best lady's Irish costume.

Training Camps for 1916

Now is the time to discuss ways and means for setting up training camps for the coming year. We must look ahead to these camps as the best system of training for our officers. We want such a system to enable Headquarters to cope with the speedily increasing number of corps that are springing up all over the country.

Last summer's camps were an experiment—and a very successful experiment. This year we want more camps; we want them in more centres; and we want them continuing for a longer period. The aim should be to include in the training every officer and every N.C.O. that we have in the country, and for this purpose there must be camps in several widely-separated areas. In no other way can we cover the ground.

What we must aim at is the taking over of this camp training by well-established county bodies helped out by Headquarters. Headquarters should supply the equipment at cost price and superintend the training. The local bodies should provide camp sites, camp commandants, etc.

At the present time in Ireland there are a number of localities where the Volunteer corps are sufficiently numerous to need the establishment of a camp, and where a local officer of the necessary capacity to impart the instruction can be found. In Ulster a camp could be established in Tyrone, in Connaught in Galway, in Munster in Limerick, Kerry and Cork, in Leinster in Dublin, Kilkenny and Wexford. The county authorities in their localities should take immediate steps to have their camps in working order in good time. If the matter is taken in hand early it will be possible to guarantee the required training to all the men who should have it.

These camps need not be on a big scale: a thorough grounding in all the elementary work—whether drill or field work—can be obtained if there are enough men in camp to form a section. And it must be remembered that these camps are designed to teach preliminary drill and training to raw officers. Last summer's camps were attended by men varying very much in capacity, training, and rank, and were thus on a different footing.

Such County Boards as are really in earnest should immediately take up this matter and get into communication at once with Headquarters with reference to it. Similarly they should try and work the local end of the business, and give their officers and N.C.O.'s the opportunity to make their necessary arrangements to spend—if not a session—at least a number of week-ends at the camps.

WITHDRAWAL OF THE GRANTS FOR IRISH.

The monster public meeting of protest which the Gaelic League has decided to hold in connection with the withdrawal by the Department of the fees for the teaching of Irish has been definitely fixed by permission of the Lord Mayor to be held in the Round Room of the Mansion House on Monday, January 17th. Prominent speakers, representative of all shades of Irish National public opinion and of Irish education, are being invited. Already several important meetings have been held in different parts of the country. The Committee of Technical Instruction of Co. Carlow, presided over by his Lordship Bishop Foley, have passed a strong resolution of protest against the mean action of the Board. A deputation from the County Committee of the Gaelic League, having waited upon the County Committee of Technical Instruction in Co. Kerry, this latter Committee unanimously joined in a resolution of protest, as did also the County Committee of Limerick. Numerous other public boards and educational bodies have protested, and it is certain that when the opportunity arises to put its views on record Irish public opinion will show itself as vehemently opposed to the renewed attempt of the British Government's representatives in Ireland to strangle Irish nationality through killing the Irish language.

OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL, CORK.

Owing to the rapid growth of the movement in Cork City and County, and the inability of the City Battalion to supply instructors to all the county corps, the Cork Battalion Council have devised a scheme of training, whereby they will be able to place a trained officer over every corps in the county.

During the past three months, up to thirty instructors were sent out every Sunday to the different parts of the county. These men had in some cases to cycle twenty and twenty-five miles before reaching their destination.

So efficient is the work of these men, that now almost 70 corps exist, and still appeals for help are coming weekly to start new ones. At the rate of progress at present the City Battalion expect that, before January of the new year closes, they will account for at least one hundred corps.

Commandant O'Connell, of Headquarter's Staff, has been secured to conduct the School, so that nothing will be left undone to make the course a complete success.

The course begins January 22nd, and will continue for a fortnight. It will consist of field work, elementary drill, physical drill, and lectures. Each corps sending a man must defray all his expenses, which will not exceed two pounds.

The course is also open to officers or men from any part of Ireland. Those who intend to avail of this unique opportunity for training should apply at once to the Secretary, Training School, Cork City Corps, Irish Volunteers, Sheares St.

All letters should be sent by hand as far as possible, as letters are being stopped through the post.

NA FIANNA EIREANN

TRAINING IN OBSERVATION

(continued).

As your powers of observation develop you will be able to take in quite a large stretch of country and to retain a vivid impression of its main features. But this degree of perfection can only be acquired by consistent practice.

Route-marches should be organised for the special purpose of training the scouts in observation. (Officers will be well advised if they take out only one section at a time on such marches. Each boy will have his own idea as to the important points which ought to be observed. Personal explanations will be necessary, and if you parade the entire Sluagh your route-march will be little better than a lecture in the hall.) On the march you should observe the lie of the land as you go along and notice all special features: houses, churches, towers, farm buildings, rivers, streams, bridges, hills, valleys, woods, isolated trees, telegraph-poles, cross-roads, etc. Frequent halts should be made when any important feature in the country which, in the opinion of the officer in charge of the parade, calls for special note or explanation. During such halts you should ask any questions regarding the things observed since the last halt. When you return you should be able to describe the country covered by the march. Write down the main features noticed and try and get a mental picture of the country, so that you will be able to know that road and district again, even after nightfall.

When you are able to do this you should notice, in addition to the sort of country you pass through, the carts, wagons and motors that pass you, and the different tracks they make; also the different people you meet on the road.

With regard to this last point it is not sufficient to observe merely the height of the person and the colour of the clothes worn. This is about all the information the average boy could give you if you asked him to describe the man who had just passed. You must, if you wish to become a highly-trained scout, be able to observe at a glance his face, colour of his hair, height, build and gait, so that you would recognise that man again if you met him. Now to be able to do this requires special training, and training which may be practised in your spare time. Your training should be carried out on the same principle as I outlined, in last week's notes, regarding the building and the field: notice the details of the object before "taking in" the object as a whole.

Take faces, for example. How often do we forget the faces of those we have met. The reason is that we have merely looked at the person without really **seeing** him. Begin by observing the scouts in your sluagh, and be sure you are an expert before practising on strangers. Don't stare at anyone or your training may come to an abrupt and painful end. Notice carefully the colour of hair, general shape of head, nose, eyes, mouth, ears, chin, etc.

Sit down now and try and describe the features of some scout in your sluagh with whom you are intimate. If you cannot describe him accurately, how can you expect to be able to remember the persons you meet on a route-march. However, it comes easily after a little practice. I would again warn you to avoid staring.

You can judge the height by a comparison with your own. For instance, if your height is five feet four, and you estimate that Corporal O'Connor is about two inches smaller than you, then you can say that Corporal O'Connor is about five foot two. Nearly everyone has some little peculiarity in his manner of walking. Such peculiarity should be noted. You do not require to be a highly-trained scout to notice a policeman by his manner of walking, even when he is dressed in civilian clothes. Men of different nationality walk differently, and women walk differently from men.

I read somewhere an account of how a detachment of Boers was saved as a result of the observation of a Boer woman. The Boers did not believe the enemy was within a great many miles of their encampment, and a man walking on a neighbouring hill against the skyline did not excite any interest. The woman insisted that no Boer walked in that manner, and they sent out scouts to find out the facts. They returned with the information that the enemy were creeping up under cover of darkness.

Two lessons may be learned from this. One from the observation of the Boer woman and the other from the stupidity of the soldier who showed himself on the sky-line.

PADRAIC O RIAIN.

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

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HONESTY

An Outspoken Scrap of Paper.

Edited by GILBERT GALBRAITH.

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THE IRELAND OF THE EAST

India in its correllation to the English people and the English Government may not inaptly be described as the Ireland of the East. It has suffered under English misrule for centuries, it has made several brave, though fruitless, efforts to throw off the foreign sway, and it has suffered corresponding tyrannies and butcheries at the hands of its conquerors. In the great world war against the Hun it has been appealed to in terms similar to the phraseology adopted here in Ireland, to forget ancient feuds, ancient oppressions, ancient "scraps of paper," ancient vandalism, and ancient tyrannies in order to put down with a firm hand an alleged modern outbreak of the same types of crime against Humanity. But the Ireland of the East, like the Emerald Isle of the West, has its Redmonds, its Dillons, and its Devlins, who are ready to turn their back upon the traditional interpretation of Indian nationhood, and who freely offer their services to the ancient foe. In this manner, many Indians have been led astray, but as India has no "kept" Parliamentary Party to misinterpret its ideals before the world, it is not altogether past hope of rehabilitating itself in the esteem of the liberty-loving peoples of the earth.

Indeed there are now some very self-evident signs of growing unrest and dissatisfaction in that quarter of the world. At the Indian National Congress in Bombay last week, there appears to have been some strongly-expressed dissatisfaction with the progress of Indian affairs, as a unit in the British Empire. In spite of its expresssions of good-will and trust in the Indian people, the Government of India has inflicted some serious disabilities upon them at which great umbrage is taken. For example, commissions in the army and navy are now withheld from Indians—for what reason does not appear. Indians are also compelled to enlist under certain definite distinctions of class and creed which is felt to hurt their democratic instincts. The English rulers of India have always sternly repressed any importation of arms into India, which is another index of the suspicion in which the Indian people are still regarded. Indeed, this aspect of mind follows the Indian into the self-governing Colonies of England, notably, South Africa and Canada, where he is denied the common rights of citizenship which is allowed to all other immigrants.

There is also a growing desire in India for a measure of self-government, which, however, is now typical of the extreme wing of the Nationalist Party in India only. The "Moderates" (another parallel with the Irish Party) wish to hear no mention of "Home Rule" until after the war.

The following report of the proceedings at the Bombay Congress will give some slight idea of Indian Nationalist feeling at the present time:

"The Congress urged that commissions in the Army and Navy should be given to Indians. Interest centred in the resolution on the subject, which emphasised the necessity of reorganising the present system of volunteering so as to permit Indians to enlist without distinction of race or creed. Sir Narayan Chandavarkar, who

moved the resolution, said that the question had now assumed a vital and Imperial character, and was within practical politics. Britain could not do without India, nor India without Britain. If they wanted to stand united they must take advantage of the present situation.

"Another speaker declared that if India had been trained on military lines Germany would have been crushed by now. India armed would be a source of great strength, not a menace to the Government.

"Mr. Gandhi moved a resolution regretting that the laws affecting Indians in South Africa and Canada were still not justly administered, and trusting that the Colonial Governments would extend to Indians equal rights with European immigrants, and that the Imperial Government would use all possible means to secure these rights.

"Mr. Natesan (Madras) seconded the motion. Even the Colonial newspapers, he said, now declared that the time had come to give the Indians a proper share in the Empire. The English newspapers here describe Sir Satyendra Sinha's presidential speech as wise and moderate, but a section of the Indian Press is disappointed. Some newspapers regard it as directed against Mrs. Besant's campaign to establish a Home Rule League in India, on the subject of which an animated discussion is expected to-morrow.

"The moderate members of the Congress deprecate the movement as premature and ill-timed."

CAPTURE OR KILL

Whenever there is some particularly glaring departure proposed for the exercise of Parliamentarian tactics in a new direction, the commonest preamble employed is a demand by the A.O.H. for the interference of the Irish Party in the desired direction. For instance, Redmond's attempt to "capture, or kill" the Irish Volunteers was preceded by an organised Board of Erin request for his interference. The result is only too well known. The Board of Erin are now turning their eyes in another direction, with a view to "capturing or killing" bodies which wield considerable influence in the affairs of the nation, but which are strictly non-political. The Gaelic League and the Gaelic Athletic Association are now put forward as worthy of the attention of the politicians, and an article in the current number of the official organ of the A.O.H. runs as follows:—

"The youth of the country in particular make for the success of these bodies one of which is supposed to be non-political. There are many evidences, however, that the governing bodies, who wield much power and influence, are largely composed of men of the Sinn Fein brand. It is accordingly up to the supporters of John Redmond, John Dillon, and Joe Devlin in the ranks of these bodies to make their influence felt, and to secure their just share in the selection of suitable representatives on the Executive of the Gaelic League and the G.A.A. It is absolutely necessary that our members should be kept well in touch with the turn of the wheel, and that our young men in particular should be taken in hands. We should be tolerant with every Irishman whom we know to be actuated with good motives, and allowing for differences of opinion as to the methods to be pursued, our desire should be to consolidate our forces as far as possible in the right direction, so as to produce the best results for the Motherland."

In a weak moment the Irish Volunteer Executive acceded to the "moderate" request of Mr. Redmond for a "just share" of representatives on the Executive, and therein opened up a chapter of disasters for the movement. In a strong moment they expelled them again, and thereby did much to redeem the position. The Gaelic League and the G.A.A. may safely be credited with sufficient intelligence to profit by the example. Any genuine well-wisher of either body is fully aware that the affairs of his organisation has nothing whatever to do with politics or politicians, and they will keep both at a respectable distance.

FIDELITY

His mother came wildly, with outstretched hands—
"My son, wou'dst bring my curses on thy head?
Wouldst see me swiftly numbered with the dead?
What words—oh what—of mine that could avail!—
Retract this pledge that binds thee to a band
Whose foregone doom is exile or the jail!"

His sister then—"My dear, my brother true
The old, the beaten track is safe and good,
The path you follow ends in tears and blood,
Desert it—oh! desert it while you may,
Whose restless lead forever leads astray!"

His sweetheart wept and prayed that Heaven might send
Him wisdom—"Think what you would do!
Think what the end will be for me and you!
Those men are mad! who to a 'whelming flood
Oppose their weak resistance—to what end?"
One instant—and he wavered where he stood.

Then in that poising moment, to his mind
There rose the vision of his fadeless land
That stood, and that—unconquered—still shall stand,
Her children's inspiration, her foes dread,
Eager they looked some meek reply to find—
"My life is hers—not yours," he proudly said.

MARGARET GIBBONS.

A NEW USE FOR IRISH MONEY.

Mr. John D. Nugent, M.P., Secretary of the Board of Erin Insurance Society, has discovered a new use for the money of Irish workers. At the Annual Convention of his Insurance Section, he stated that his Society had saved £50,000 in administration and benefits for the two and a-half years up to 1st January, 1915. This he hailed as a triumphant vindication of the National Insurance Act (which we have already justly described as an easy way of paying out twopence to get back a penny), and a refutation of the contentions of its critics that this Act is altogether opposed to the best economic interests of Ireland.

Further on in his address, however, Mr. Nugent gave the show away, as to the use to which his £50,000 in savings would ultimately be applied. His report went on to show that there was one and a half million pounds of Irish money lying in the hands of the National Debt Commissioners at present, and this sum had been wholly derived from the the surplus collections in Ireland under the Insurance Act. Furthermore, the sum is being augmented from the same source by some £200,000 per annum. In other words, after one penny has been paid out to insured persons for every twopence paid in, and after a handsome remuneration has been paid to the Jobocrats of the A.O.H. for their part in this splendid National service (?), the balance is devoted to the redemption of England's National Debt! This is certainly a novel use for Irish money, and a rather easy way for England to pay off the debts incurred in her many wars for the liberation of Small Nationalities, including that against the America rebels in 1775, the Irish rebels in 1798 India, Egypt, and Ireland at various dates in the nineteenth century, and against South Africa in 1882 and 1900. However, the whole thing is only in keeping with the Board of Erin policy of butchering Ireland economically to provide a Molly Maguire holiday.

WHAT ENGLAND HAS ACCOMPLISHED.

England has accomplished much in this war. She has woven a mighty fabric of military power to fight her enemies—to which, for the most part, she has contributed the money, and her allies the requisite flesh and blood. Wherever there was need of further assistance, she induced somebody to step into the breach and sacrifice themselves to protect her interests. She has successfully deluded her people into the belief that she is playing a winning hand in this war, and she is about to prove it to them by violating their Constitution and instituting universal military service. This much she has done and done well.

The only thing that England has failed to accomplish is the winning of a victory on the battlefield. It is very disappointing, no doubt, but her other "victories" may be viewed as so much compensation. There is the compensation of the "successful withdrawal" out of the Dardanelles, and also the "magnificent retreat" (at the expense of the Irish) from Macedonia. There is the "splendid response" under the Derby scheme of recruiting, which suddenly became transformed into a proof of the necessity for compulsion. There are the compensations in the stoppage of the German submarine activity in British waters, and diverting the U boats to confine their damaging work to the Mediterranean. In this connection, however, it is disconcerting to find these U boats turning up in the Irish Channel last week, now that their work in the Dardanelles is concluded.

Above all, it must be a great source of consolation to England to know that Mr. Redmond and the vast majority of Irish Nationalists are wholeheartedly favourable to her cause, and that she need have no scruple in applying any compulsory methods to Ireland which she deems necessary for her own people. It is true, of course, that even in the ranks of the Irish Parliamentary Party, there are a few cranks solidly opposed to conscription, but now that Mr. Redmond is won over all is well. The Irish people will loyally do whatever Mr. Redmond advises. Anyone that disbelieves this can wait and see.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

The Allied Press informs us that no real danger exists of an attack on Egypt or upon the Suez Canal by the Turkish or German forces. Their confidence is discounted, however, by the action of British and Japanese shipping companies (following a sharp rise in insurance premiums for ships passing through the Suez Canal), who are now abandoning the Canal route in favour of the Cape of Good Hope route.

Nine days ago the Yasaka Maru, one of the finest and newest of the Nippon Yusen (Japanese) fleet, was torpedoed in the Mediterranean while carrying 120 passengers, and sank in 49 minutes. On December 15 the Rotterdam Lloyd line announced that certain of its steamers would use the Cape route to the Far East instead of the Suez Canal. The change of route means an addition of ten days to the duration of the voyage by the mail liners to Japan.

QUIBBLING

In England it is now generally whispered that Lord Derby's effort to obtain recruits has failed so far as unmarried men are concerned. This brings the British people up against the question of Conscription, and a full-dress debate on the question took place recently. Mr. John Redmond let his oratorical power go on the question and revealed an altered attitude of mind towards the idea of compulsion. Heretofore Mr. Redmond merely stated that he was opposed to Conscription, but he took this opportunity of amplyfying his previous statements by declaring that he was not opposed to Conscription on principle, but as a matter of expediency. If he is not opposed to compulsion on principle, we are afraid that very little can be expected from him or his party in the way of opposition to that unpopular measure. In fact, he gave a broad hint of his possible compliance in bringing it into operation when he roundly declared that he "would, like Mr. Asquith, "stick at nothing to win this war." Redmond's quibbling over this question is on a level with all his previous backsliding and twisting. We will know how to deal with Conscription when it comes, but we are putting no trust in Mr Redmond to get us out of the difficulty.

DEFENCE OF THE REALM FOOLERY.

An Athenry Case.

In an earlier issue we published details of a rather ridiculous prosecution which was brought up under the Defence of the Realm Act in Tralee. The Justices deciding the case brought in a verdict totally in conflict with the balance of the evidence furnished at the trial, only to have a new trial ordered by the higher authorities. We have now a rather similar case cropping up in Athenry, where a Mr. Stephen Jordan was sentenced to one month's imprisonment in June last for an alleged offence against the Realm Act in a picture house. Subsequently the Bench which passed this sentence was discovered to have been illegally constituted, and a new trial was ordered. On December 10th the case came on again, and the magistrates disagreed. Not in the least discouraged the Crown brought forward another prosecution against Mr. Jordan a fortnight later, with the result that a further disagreement took place, two of the magistrates being for upholding the previous conviction, and two for an acquittal. According to English law, a man is innocent of crime until proved guilty, but Mr. Jordan's case appears to be an exception, as his trial has again been adjourned after the police have failed in two efforts to prove him guilty. If he is going to suffer prosecutions at the rate of one every fortnight Mr. Jordan's future prospects are indeed bright. As in the Tralee case, the evidence appears to be altogether in favour of an acquittal, but apparently judgments according to the weight of the evidence are going out of fashion under the Defence of the Realm Act.

THE DARDANELLES MUDDLE

A GERMAN VIEW.

The blundering away of human lives at the Dardanelles is now only a quickly-fading memory in the concerns of the British public mind. Before the incident passes into a partial oblivion, perhaps, it may be well to reproduce what a German expert thinks of the whole business. A writer in the "Frankfurter Zeitung" expresses himself thus:—

"When the impossibility of over-running our lines in the West was realised, a search was made for new possibilities. The Dardanelles should be forced! The plan was good; the execution of it was wretched. The attack might perhaps have succeeded, if England immediately after Turkey's intervention in the war had forced her way through the Dardanelles with large forces. But when Turkey, by means of a rapid advance to the Suez Canal, which deceived and terrified the English, had gained time, and under German advice had splendidly prepared everything for the defence, the undertaking was entirely hopeless. The attempt was made with forces that were much too weak, and the land attack was not comprehensive enough. The political hope, that by this escapade the Entente might entice the Balkan States into the war, went awry, and the people in London had not the courage to withdraw the troops and so admit absolute defeat. Now the withdrawal has at last taken place under the fire of the Turks.

"The same game has been repeated in Macedonia. A difficult campaign, undertaken with thoroughly inadequate resources, is a miserable failure, but it is continued—this time at the demand of France—although the political purpose—the winning over of Greece and Rumania as allies—has come to naught."

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The Hibernian

Incorporated National with the Hibernian

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MEAGHER OF THE SWORD

A really good service has been done to the cause of Irish literature by Arthur Griffith in giving us in book form the speeches of Thomas Francis Meagher so presented as to cover an important epoch in the history of our country—viz., from 1846 to 1848. In addition, is included Meagher's personal narrative of '48, written by him in Richmond Prison in 1849. Unfortunately the narrative is incomplete, but not so attenuated that it does not grip. Then we have Meagher's description of his penal voyage to Tasmania, his boyhood in Clongowes, recollections of Waterford, the Galway election, to which are added the appendices, including two of Meagher's poems, short biographies of Meagher's contemporaries, and an Index Hominum.

The Preface to the book is from the pen of Mr. Griffith. From it we learn that the father of Thomas Francis Maher was one of the last of the great class of Catholic merchants of which Sweetman, Keogh and Byrne were the old types. That Thomas Meagher, whose ships carried freights between Waterford and America, married the daughter of a Waterford merchant—Quan—and the subject of the book was born in the city by the Suir on the third day of August, 1823. When the boy came of an age that it was time to send him to college, his father, regarding Trinity College as anti-Irish and anti-Catholic, sent him to Clongowes Wood, thence to Stonyhurst. As Mr. Griffith truly says: "In the first institution he was bred in ignorance of his country and all that related to it—in the second his preceptors, with some success, laboured to overcome what was termed his 'horrible Irish brogue,' and succeeded in sending him back to his own country with an Anglo-Irish accent which grated on the ears of his countrymen when he addressed them from the tribune, until the eloquence and native fire of the orator swept the gift of the English school from their jarred consciousness."

Meagher, we are told, returned to his native land in the year 1843 with vague plans for a martial career in the army of Habsburys, to which the traditions of the Bradys, Taaffes, and Nugents, as well as other native families, united Irish sympathy. Meagher did not join the Austrian army; instead he found his country "swaying in a new passion of national vigour. The 'Nation' had relit fires of patriotic pride in the people, and O'Connell, stimulated by Davis, was sweeping the country with the slogan of 'Repeal.'" The result was that Meagher became the centre around which the young Nationalists of his native city rallied, and his eloquence soon won him fame. The following year Meagher, with the intention of reading for the Bar, took up his abode in Dublin. Throwing himself into the Repeal movement with all the ardour at his control, his eloquence at the meetings in Conciliation Hall stamped him as an orator of the highest order. As Mr. Griffith says: "His was an eloquence that before was not heard within its walls, where there was no lack of trained and accomplished speakers. Passion and poetry transfigured his words, and he evoked for the first time in many breasts a manly consciousness of national right and dignity. As handsome and chivalrous as he was eloquent, he became something of a popular idol." . .

When O'Connell, in 1846, attached himself to the Liberals under Lord John Russell, Meagher and the other Young Irelanders denounced in unmeasured terms what they rightly considered an attempt to betray the people. The result was that the Young Irelanders were denounced as cranks, soreheads, and factionists—we are used to the same endearing terms to-day—and resolutions formulated at the meeting in Conciliation Hall declaring that, under no circumstances, was a nation justified in asserting its liberties by force of arms. It was on the 26th July, 1846, that Meagher, in opposition to these resolutions, delivered the speech that occasioned the title to be conferred on him—Meagher of the Sword. The outcome of the expulsion policy of the policy of the O'Connellites was the founding of the Irish Confederation. Events followed in rapid succession, the Galway election of '47, the death of O'Connell, the failure of the potato crop, the withdrawal of Mitchel from the Confederation and his founding the "United Irishman," Meagher's standing for Waterford City as an opponent of all English parties and Governments, his mission, with O'Brien and Hollywood, to Lamartine, the arrest and transportation of Mitchel, and then, six weeks later, Meagher's apprehension—for the second time—on a charge of sedition, his release on bail and the great hosting on Slievenamon, which he tells in the personal narrative, the error of the insurgent leaders—all these Mr. Griffith details in his admirable and absorbing preface.

Meagher, at the special Commission held at Clonmel in October, '48, was — with others — sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, but the sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life. In January, 1852, Meagher succeeded in effecting his escape to America, which he afterwards made his home. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he raised the celebrated Irish Brigade, which won such undying fame in the fraticidal contest, especially at Fredericksburg. On the conclusion of the war, Meagher received the appointment of Secretary for the State of Montana, afterwards becoming Acting Governor. Having incurred the hostility of some professional politicians whose methods of graft were not overlooked by the upright Irishman, Meagher one evening arrived at Fort Benton on official duty and went aboard a steamer to rest for the night. But, whether through accident or design, 'tis not known to the present day, Meagher disappeared from the vessel. Sad ending, indeed, to such a life.

"Meagher of the Sword" is a book that must be read. Though the printed words cannot rouse us as the uttered sentences of the eloquent orator may, yet in the speeches contained within the covers of the book will be found sufficient incentive to stir the mind to a true concept of what the art of oratory is—an art, as Plato's definition of rhetoric goes, that rules the minds of men. Meagher, too, was a poet—not a great one—but sufficient to give him imagery. He possessed likewise statement, method, selection, tenacity of memory, the power of dealing with facts and illuminating them. Yet, with him, from the imaginative to the actual was but a step. As a soldier he played his part nobly and well. We congratulate Mr. Griffith, as also the publishers—Messrs. M. H. Gill and Son, who have done their part well both as regards the printing and binding. The illustrations enhance the value of the book.

*"Meagher of the Sword": Speeches of Thomas Francis Meagher in Ireland, 1846-1848. His Narrative of Events in July, 1848; Personal Reminiscences of Waterford, Galway, and his Schooldays. Edited by Arthur Griffith. With a Preface, Appendices, Index and Illustrations. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, Ltd. Price 3/6.

After a year and five months of war we now know the Britishers for what they really are, that is if ever we had any doubts. Perhaps we had better quote the Scriptures again:—"Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips; their feet are swift to shed blood; destruction and misery are in their ways; and the way of peace they have not known." Nor will they know the way of peace until they have learned it in the hard school of privation and defeat; and if all the signs are true omens, they will soon be taught effectively this lesson of humility which is so long overdue.

:: A CURRENT CAUSERIE ::

Darkest Dublin.

In giving the foregoing title to this paragraph it is not meant as a reflection upon our corporation, but merely to express the appalling state prevailing at the North Wall immediately prior to the time the L.N.W.R. boat sets out on its journey to Holyhead. I had occasion to go down there one evening last week to bid farewell to a visiting Brother from the Modern Babylon, and the scenes witnessed were beyond description. Vast throngs surrounded the entrances to the L.N.W.R. premises, the great majority being in varying stages of degrading drunkenness—soldiers of all sorts and sexless women of varying ages, from the girl of 18 to the tousled harridan verging on senility. No wonder, indeed, that complaints have been uttered in many places as to the degrading scenes witnessed. Perhaps if the rev. gentleman who recently aired himself at Bray on the recruiting platform could be induced to wend his way North Wall-wards some night about 9 o'clock he would form a far different opinion as to the glory attaching to those who don the khaki. I earnestly trust it will never fall to my lot to look upon such sights again.

* * *

Well-deserved Rebuke.

The "Osservatore Romano," in a leading article in a recent issue, refutes the inaccurate and misleading statements concerning the Vatican appearing in certain of the foreign newspapers. After the last Consistory a telegram appeared in a number of these to the affect that "the Austrian and Hungarian Cardinals were unable to be present at the Consistory because they were forbidden by the Austria-Hungarian Government to attend. The purport of these insinuations is easy to understand, and those responsible for its publication were fully aware that the report was false, as also of the fact that Pope Benedict did not invite the Cardinals to Rome, and they never intended to be present at the Consistory. There was, therefore, no prohibition. The Rome paper says:—"We can say the same of the reports about the supposed plans for the journey of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Malines to the Eternal City, and of certain alleged obstacles which are said to have been placed in the way and to have prevented him from coming.

* * *

An Imminent Battle.

Major Moraht, the eminent German military writer, is of the opinion that many signs portent the imminence of one of the biggest battles of the war, the location of which will be Salonika. The Major contends that it is absolutely necessary for the safety of the German communications between Belgrade and Constantinople that the Anglo-French naval base should be attacked, maintaining further that the fortifications of Salonika are not capable of resisting modern guns, and, therefore, that the place cannot be held. To this purpose, a very strong force composed of Germans, Austrians, Bulgarians, and Turks will march into Greece and make the assault. The opinion held by the students of strategy is that this battle may prove the turning point of the war.

"Religion" in France.

We have heard a lot lately about the religious awakening of France, but the following should go far to show that the friends of Messrs. Devlin and Nugent have not yet given up the pious hope of extinguishing the lights of Heaven. It would seem that the French Government has issued a Ministerial circular in which directions are given that care must be taken to ensure to Mussulmans of Algeria, Tunis, and Morocco, who are patients in French hospitals freedom to exercise their religion; also that food which is forbidden by it must not be given to them. The circular in question further says that "the practice of their religious rites must be facilitated by placing at their disposal an apartment in which they can make their ablutions." No one will find fault with that order. But how does the same Government treat its Catholic soldiers? Another Ministerial circular forbids religious services for Catholics in hospitals where there is no "legally authorised chapel for that purpose." Moreover, regiments stationed in Paris have been kept to barracks every Sunday and holy day, and thus deprived of hearing Mass! So much for the Grand Orient!

* * *

Voluntaryism v. Conscription.

The "Kerryman" in its leading article says:—Despite all the soothing assurances that have been tendered to the nation in connection with the Derby Recruiting Campaign, and, notwithstanding the roseate pictures which have been drawn in describing the "marvellous success" alleged to have attended the last despairing effort of voluntaryism, it seems now to be established to demonstration that the patriotism of the people has been anything but equal to the demands made on its resources by the national peril. Shrewd observers of the trend of affairs have long been convinced of the fact that Conscription, sooner or later, was inevitable. The average Englishman, in this momentous crisis, has anything but justified his reputation for passionate love of his native land. If he has not been actually cowardly, he has, at best, shown himself to be unpatriotic to a surprising extent. While the repeated appeals which have been made by the Government to the manhood of England could not have left him in ignorance of the gravity of the situation with which his countrymen were faced, he preferred to allow the Irish, the Indians, the Candians and the Australians to fight his battles—and so, it has come to pass that he, the boasted child of liberty, has entrusted the defence of his independence to the valour of races he affects to despise.

* * *

British Shirkers.

Our contemporary goes on to say the service of the negro have been requisitioned; and a return to that state of things, the condemnation of which by the famous Lord Chatham has become historic, has been witnessed, when the use of "the scalping knife and the tomahawk" of the savage were invoked in the sacred name of freedom. A shirker, in the worst sense of the term himself, the Briton, in mobs, could attest to his lack of humour as well as his want of patriotism by attacking, say, Irish emigrants for not undertaking the national duties which he was too much afraid or too slothful to undertake himself. No; the attempt, so long persisted in, to save his country vicariously has not availed the average Englishman; and the men governing England find themselves confronted with the unpleasant task of having to inform their compatriots that it is now left to themselves to defend their motherland. For quite a long time the members of the Cabinet have shirked putting the issue straight before the English people. They resorted to every conceivable dodge and subterfuge, in the hope that equivocation would serve to point to them a way out of the difficulty. Now the issue joined between the great nations of Europe has developed in a shape which will not, compatible with safety, permit of further indulgence in delay. The effect, of course, of forcing conscription upon an unwilling country may be accompanied by tremendous and unforeseen consequences. It is alleged by "inspired" writers, as they are called, that the Derby scheme has accounted for all the available unmarried men in the country except 600,000 or so. We think that is scarcely a true statement of how things stand. It is hardly credible that, if the eligibles, with the exception of a half-million had offered their services, there would be any necessity, at present, for forcing these to undertake military service.

* * *

Redmond's Betrayal.

According to almost every forecast, the "Kerryman" continues, Ireland, if conscription comes along, will be exempted from compulsory service. Mr. John Redmond need not be thanked for that. It is the Irish Volunteers, or the Sinn Feiners, as they are termed, who have saved this country. The authorities feel that, if they tried to force conscription on Ireland now, the temper of the people is such that serious trouble would result. To a certain, and considerable extent, some of the members of the Irish Party are responsible for the reluctance of the Government to "press" young Irishmen. Mr. John Dillon has voiced their opinions in the matter—and he has made it clear that Ireland would not have conscription. But as for John Redmond, that gentleman had consented to a betrayal of the country—if the country would consent to submit to betrayal. In the House of Commons, he conditionally, but unequivocally declared for conscription—and his presence at the Lord Lieutenant's secret recruiting meeting at the Viceregal Lodge some months ago indicates, plainly enough, what he would do if he had the power. It is due to the Irish Volunteers and a few—although a very few—independent members of his Party that we will escape conscription in this country.

IRISH STILL.

We're Irish still, we're Irish still,
Though centuries of woe
Have passed since first by Henry's will
Our nation was laid low.
Though Tudor's kings have passed away,
Though Stuart's reign has passed,
We're Irish still, as ere their sway,
And will be to the last.

Though Wexford's sod drank deep of gore,
Though Tone and Emmet died,
Across the sea though millions pour
With each returning tide.
Naught can our Celtic nation kill,
We'll stand to Erin fast;
We're Irish still, we're Irish still,
And will be to the last.

Rev. Mirhael Tormey.

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

NOVO GEORGIEVSKI'S FALL.

(From the "New York Times").

Of all the sights of the day—the wheeling lines of grey, the fortress that was sinking into ashes before one's eyes, and the villages that were going up in flame—I don't know but that this one of the prisoners was the most impressive, because it was the most decisive. It was no taking of a capital or of a fortification system from which defending troops had slipped away. It meant the gathering in of the flower of a whole army, and no explainer of "stragetical retreats" and no coiner of similar euphemisms could gainsay it.

Before I came on this trip, which is my seventh to the front, I didn't believe, because I couldn't believe, that Germany was making Russian prisoners in batches of 20,000, 30,000, 40,000, half a hundred thousand.

Now I believe it because I have seen it, which may be a poor reason from one point of view, but from another it is most conclusive.

The fact is that in Poland and Germany to-day the Germans have whole fortresses and highways, and pastures full of prisoners. Where they had assembled them in the fields on each side of the railway leading into Warsaw the effect was overwhelming.

It was strange how few guards were needed. Sometimes one would pass a quarter of a mile of fields in which the prisoners were squatting or lying, and one would not see six German landsturmers leaning on their rifles.

But, perhaps, the greatest sight was the column of prisoners we passed when we neared Novo Georgievsk. A broad highway was packed with men as far as the eye could see. They came in ranks never less than six wide, and sometimes they overflowed to the ditches and paths alongside the chaussee. There were many stragglers from weariness, but the guards treated them good-naturedly.

All the time the 20,000 were sweeping by us the staggering thought was that this detachment represented little more than a hundredth part of the total of Russians whom Germany and Austria held prisoner.

As the column passed our Captain the Russian under-officers saluted punctilliously, looking up with a smile, or, if not precisely a smile, a glance of ungular candour as they did so, The salutes were scrupulously returned, and the incident, brief as it was, produced an atmosphere of good feeling that was not easily to be defined, but was certainly very real. To me it proved again what I have so often observed in this war, and that is that soldiers don't hate each other. It is the civilians that create the rancour, and the further from the front they are the more rancorous they become.

The sight of the wreckage and ruin in and all around Novo Georgievsk was terrifically fascinating as a spectacle, but it had another value of more moment. It indicated as nothing else could have done the shocking panic which must have reigned in the hours just preceding the capitulation. Acres of cannon and trainloads of heavy shells lay all about. Far from there being a syllable of exaggeration in that statement, it does not even faintly convey a picture of the millions of roubles' worth of military booty the Germans had gathered in. Not a tenth of it had they found time to count or assemble.

And yet, in the days just after the fall of Warsaw, we were reading in Berlin cables which came out of Russia and to Germany via London, which quoted one Russian soldier as saying this: "With munitions we could always beat the Germans."

And another as saying:—"When we have plenty of shells we will take Warsaw back again."

In the face of the sights around Novo Georgievsk it made a man sick to think upon the delusions of Europe, to consider the plight of suffering nations so befooled, and to measure the depths of human fatuity.—James O'Donnell Bennett, American War Correspondent with the German Army in Poland.

"NOT YET! NOT YET!"

(September 20th, 1803).

"Not yet, not yet!" On a scaffold high
A comely youth has come forth to die,
Because the bondaged he strove to free
His life is doomed by the foe's decree;
His mien is haughty, erect his brow,
And England's minions are round him now,
Yet hopes he Ireland will not forget.
His gaze the street seeks. "Not yet, not yet!"

"Not yet, not yet!" While erect he stands
The motley multitude wring their hands,
And mourn his fate with piteous cries
(O who would think 'tis for them he dies).
E'en while their wails pass upon the air,
His young neck fast for the rope's laid bare,
His star of life erst so bright has set,
While he was crying, "Not yet, not yet."

For Heaven heeds not the craven's groans,
The weakling's curses or dastard's moans,
Or prayers of those who would feign be free,
Yet fear the dread might of tyranny.
God lends his bolts to the brave and strong,
Who'd smash the force of a world of wrong;
But the fill of slavery's cup was quaffed,
While the angels wept and the devils laughed.

RORY OF THE HILL.

:: AN ENGLISH INSULT ::

BISHOP OF KERRY'S RESENTMENT.

In the Cathedral, Killarney, on Sunday last, his Lordship the Bishop of Kerry, at the 10.30 Mass, addressing the congregation, said:—

My Dear Brethren—I have made it an invariable rule of my life not to speak in the Church of purely secular subjects, and I am not going to depart from it to-day. In drawing your attention to the public censoring of our letters, I feel that I am dealing with a subject that affects very vitally some of our most sacred spiritual interests. Let me make myself clearly understood. I do not object to the censoring of private letters in the critical times through which we are passing, but that should only be done under certain well-defined limitations. If responsible Government authorities have sufficient reason to believe that certain persons are using the Post Office to further objects hostile to the Government, I think that no reasonable person can object to the Government if it strives to protect itself against such people, and opens their letters. But to assert that a number of Government officials—sometimes blundering, and I must add, I fear sometimes also bigoted—should have a free hand to open all letters no matter to whom they are addressed—this is a proposition to which I shall never subscribe. As an example, let me give you my own experience. Some twelve days ago I found that a letter, addressed to me, was opened by the Censor. I wrote at once to the Postmaster-General, enclosing the censored envelope. By return of post I got a courteous reply, stating "that he was pleased to refer my letter to the War Office, which was the Department concerned, and that, doubtless, I would hear from them very soon." I have waited since without a reply, and on last Saturday I received another censored letter. Now, brethren, considering the sacred office I hold as your Bishop, I feel that I should be gravely wanting in my duty to it and to the faithful committed to my charge, if I did not here, in this Cathedral, enter a solemn protest against treatment of this kind. My relations with the people committed to my charge are largely of a spiritual character. Every day brings me letters sacred to the writers, and sacred and private with me. If these letters are liable to be read by every irresponsible Government official, the religious relations existing between a Bishop and his people would be at an end. I may say for myself that I am not going to abdicate my position or to submit tamely to such action on the part of the War Office or, for that matter, to any other Government Department. The anomaly of the situation is this: that while the Foreign Office has considerately offered a safe conduct of our letters to Rome, our letters in Ireland are ruthlessly opened by irresponsible officials of the War Office. What a farce? Hitherto, according to the measure of my lights, the present Government had my sympathy and support in this dreadful war. Is this the return they give to me and my Catholic people? We heard many strange things of the Germans during this war, but I have not yet heard that they are opening the letters addressed to the German Catholic Bishops. Many of our brave soldiers, such as the Munsters, have been gloriously and almost recklessly sacrificing their lives in the present war, and I may add very little recognition they have received for their valour. Let me ask is this the return their co-religionists at home are to expect from the British Government? It has been admitted on all hands that the officials of the War Office have been guilty of many grave blunders. Are they going to add one more to the number by violating the sacred privacy of the letters of the Bishops of Ireland? Let me tell these officials that in tackling this question they are undertaking responsibilities grave and serious. Again, brethren, the religious Sisterhood of our country have made willing sacrifices of their lives for the education and nursing of the poor. I speak from close personal knowledge of many of our convents, and I need not tell you that these sacred sanctuaries are not revolutionary centres. On the contrary, many of these Sisters have near relatives at the front. I know, moreover, that our brave soldiers receive the warm sympathy and support of these devoted Sisters. It is within my knowledge that some at least of these convents are actually and gratuitously engaged in Red Cross work in making bandages for the wounded soldiers. We should expect then that the letters addressed to them by their nearest relatives should at least be free from the gaze of the vulgar Censor. Not a bit of it. Their letters are as ruthlessly censored as if they had been the blackest enemies of this great Empire. I feel that it is a duty on my part to enter a solemn protest against such ungracious treatment, and in registering this protest I am confident I may count on the sympathy and support of the Catholic people of this diocese. We have read much of the blundering of these Censors, but I can scarcely believe that the action I have been describing can have the approval of their masters. Yet, before making this serious charge, I have approached these masters, but they have not even condescended to acknowledge my letter. Let me add that if they presevere in this policy they may yet learn that we can defend ourselves.

WITHDRAWAL OF THE GRANTS FOR IRISH

The monster public meeting of protest which the Gaelic League has decided to hold in connection with the withdrawal by the Department of the fees for the teaching of Irish has been definitely fixed, by permission of the Lord Mayor, to be held in the Round Room of the Mansion House, on Monday, January 17th. Prominent speakers, representative of all shades of Irish national public opinion and of Irish education, are being invited. Already several important meetings have been held in different parts of the country. The Committee of Technical Instruction of Co. Carlow, presided over by his Lordship Bishop Foley, have passed a strong resolution of protest against the mean action of the Board. A deputation from the County Committee of the Gaelic League, having waited upon the County Committee of Technical Instruction in Co. Kerry, this latter Committee unanimously joined in a resolution of protest, as did also the County Committee of Limerick. Numerous other public boards and educational bodies have protested, and it is certain that when the opportunity arises to put its views or record, Irish public opinion will show itself as vehemently opposed to the renewed attempt of the British Government's representatives in Ireland to strangle Irish nationality through killing the Irish language.

Division reports for insertion in following number of "The Hibernian" should reach the Editor at latest on Saturday.

THE CALL OF THE GAEL

Matthew Arnold, speaking on Celtic poetry, says that the Celt has "the gift of rendering with wonderful felicity the magical charm of nature—the forest solitude, the babbling stream, the wild flowers are everywhere in romance. They have a mysterious life and grace there; they are Nature's own children, and utter her secrets in a way which makes them quite different from the woods, waters and plants of Greek and Latin poetry—magic is just the word for it—the magic of nature, not merely the beauty of nature—the Greeks and Latins had—not merely the genuine smack of the soil and faithful realism—that the German had—but the intimate life of nature, her weird power and her fairy charm." And Douglas Hyde remarks:—"If there is one distinguishing note more than another peculiar to the literature of the ancient—and to some extent of the modern Gael—it is his fondness for nature in its various aspects. He seems at times to be perfectly intoxicated with the pleasure of mere sensations derived from scenery."

Centuries after Ossian had ceased to sing his pure Gaelic verse, the great St. Columba, looking over the waters from the Hill of Howth, feels the same thrill:

'Tis sweet to be on Ben Edar, to rest
Before going over the wide, wide sea;
The dash of the waves as it launches its crest
On the wind-beaten shore is delight to me.

Small wonder that the transplanted Gael, whose native land holds such pure delights, bound by such strong ties of old association, will sometimes "keep thinking long" and in fond memory wander again among the heather lands, even when surrounded by material comforts the old home never gave.

This intense home attachment is the heritage of the race and not the prerogative of any class. The following beautiful tribute to the power of the memory of the scenes of his boyhood around his old home in Tipperary was penned by Sir William Butler, K.C.B., in high place, while engaged in strenuous military service in India. The Gaelic blood in this descendant of the proud Norman settlers claims its tribute for the old land as warmly as if it flowed unmixed through the heart of some poor exile it Erin:—

In exile's solemn hour, in many a distant land,
In gloom of tropic forest—in glare of tropic sand—
Why heard I still the murmur of the Suir's rushing flow?
Why saw I still the river where the sallow bushes grow?

I know not, oh! I know not why the river's magic spell
Could many a danger lighten and many a fear dispel;
Why the forest gloom seemed brighter and the desert gave less glow
When memory saw the river where the sallow bushes grow.

But I know full well why Memory so often lingered there
And heard the rippling murmur float like music in the air;
For I passed my boyhood's hours and the days long, long ago,
In the old house by the river where the sallow bushes grow.

There is a Corkonian merchant away down in Brazil whose life is spent among foreign people and in strange places. He warmly asserts that once in a while, when there comes a lull in the clamour of the market places and he has a respite from the buying and selling, he has heard again the pealing melody of the church bells of

his own city of Cork. Though many years have passed since he was a boy wandering by the "pleasant waters of the River Lee," when the wished for opportunity comes and he sees again the Cove of Cork, there is no doubt he will be young enough to feel his pulse beat quickly. Such hearts are never old, for the poetry of life still has sway over them—Shandon Bells have kept some youthful ideals still undimmed.

C. P.

"THE PASSING OF THE ARMIES."

HOW THE NORTH AND SOUTH BLENDED.

Fifty odd years ago marked the end of the American Civil War. There have been many printed records of the great conflict, but one that should take a definite place among them is General Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain's "The Passing of the Armies" (published by Putnam's, New York), in which the author deals with the final campaign of the Potomac, the event at Appomattox, the review, and the disbandment. With the two great featural affairs of the struggle, the Surrender and Last Parade, General Chamberlain thus deals:

"The darkest hours before the dawn of April 9, 1865, shrouded the Fifth Corps, sunk in feverish sleep by the roadside six miles away from Appomattox Station on the Southside Road. Scarcely is the first broken dream begun when a cavalryman comes splashing down the road and vigorously dismounts, pulling from his jacket-front a crumpled note. The sentinel standing watch by his commanded, worn in body but alert in every sense, touches your shoulder. 'Orders, sir, I think.'

"You rise on elbow, strike a match, and with smarting, streaming eyes read the brief, thrilling note sent back by Sheridan to us infantry commanders. Like this, as I remember: 'I have cut across the enemy at Appomattox Station and captured three of his trains. If you can possible push your infantry up here to-night we will have great results in the morning.'

"Ah, sleep no more. The startling bugle notes ring out 'The General'—'To the march.' Word is sent for the men to take a bite of such as they have for food—the promised rations will not be up till noon, and by that time we shall be perhaps too far away for such greeting. A few try tc eat, no matter what. Meanwhile, almost with one foot in the stirrup, you take from the hands of the black boy a tin plate of non-descript food and a dipper of miscalled coffee—all equally black like the night around.

"You eat and drink at a swallow; mount, and away to get to the head of the column before you sound the 'Forward.' They are there—the men: shivering to their senses as if risen out of the earth, but something in them not of it. Now sounds the 'Forward' for the last time in our long-drawn strife. And they move—these men—sleepless, supperless, breakfastless, sore-footed, stiff-jointed, sense benumbed, but with flushed faces, pressing for the front.

"By sunrise we have reached Appomattox Station, where Sheridan has left the captured trains. A staff officer is here to turn us square to the right, to the Appomattox River, cutting across Lee's retreat. Already we hear the sharp ring of the horse artillery,, answered ever and anon by heavier field guns; and, drawing nearer, the crack of cavalry carbines, and unmistakably, too, the graver roll of musketry of opposing infantry.

"There is no mistake. Sheridan is square across the enemy's front, and with that glorious cavalry alone is holding at bay all that is left of the proudest army of the Confederacy. It has come at last—the supreme hour. No thought of human wants or weakness now; all for the front; all for the flag, for the final stroke to make its meaning real—these men of the Potomac and the James, side by side, at the double in time and column, now one and now the other in the road or the fields beside. One striking feature I can never forget—Birney's black men abreast with us, pressing forward to save the white man's country."

Events and orders succeed each other rapidly. In the case of our author's command there is some word of caution, for we read:

"But now comes up Ord with a positive order: 'Don't expose your lines on that crest. The enemy have massed their guns to give it a raking fire the moment you set foot there.' I thought I saw a qualifying look as he turned away. But, left alone, youth struggled with prudence. My troops were in a bad position down here. I did not like to be 'the under dog.' It was much better to be on top and at least know what there was beyond.

"So I thought of Grant and his permission to 'push things' when we got them going, and of Sheridan and his last words as he rode away with his cavalry, smiting his hands together—'Now smash 'em, I tell you; smash 'em!' So we took this for orders, and on the crest we stood. One booming cannon shot passed close along our front, and in the next moment all was still. We had done it—had 'exposed ourselves to the view of the enemy.' But it was an exposure that worked two ways. For there burst upon our vision a mighty scene, fit cadence of the story of tumultuous years. Encompassed by the cordon of steel that crowned the heights about the Court House, on the slopes of the valley formed by the sources of the Appomattox, lay the remnants of that far-famed counterpart and companion of our own in momentous history—the Army of Northern Virginia—Lee's army!

"It was hilly, broken ground, in effect a vast amphitheatre, stretching a mile perhaps from crest to crest. On the several confronting slopes before us dusky masses of infantry suddenly resting in place, blocks of artillery standing fast in column or mechanically swung into park, clouds of cavalry, small and great, slowly moving in simple restless—all without apparent attempt at offence or defence or even military order.

"In the hollow is the Appomattox which we had made the deadline for our baffled foe for its whole length, a hundred miles, here but a rivulet that might almost be stepped over dry-shod, and at the road crossing not thought worth while to bridge.

"Around its edges, now trodden to mire, swarms an indescribable crowd: worn out soldier struggling to the front, demoralised citizen and denizen, white, black, and all shades between—following Lee's army or flying before these suddenly confronted terrible Yankees pictured to them as demon-shaped and bent; animals, too, of all forms and grades; vehicles of every description—public and domestic, four-wheeled, or two, or one—heading and moving in every direction, a swarming mass of chaotic confusion.

"All this within sight of every eye on our bristling crest. Had one the heart to strike at beings so helpless, the Appomattox would quickly become a surpassing Red Sea horror. But the very spectacle brings every foot to an instinctive halt. We seem the possession of a dream. We are lost in a vision of human tragedy. But our light-twelve Napoleon guns come rattling up behind us to go into battery; we catch the glitter of the cavalry blades and brasses beneath the oak groves away to our right, and the ominous closing in on the fated foe.

"So with a fervour of devout joy—as when, perhaps, the old crusaders first caught sight of the holy city of their quest—with an upgoing of the heart that was half pæan, half prayer, we dash forward to the consummation.

"There is wild work, that looks like fighting; but not much killing, nor even hurting. The disheartened enemy takes it easy; our men take them easier. It is a wild, mild fusing—earnest, but not deadly earnest.

"A young orderly of mine, unable to contain himself, begs permission to go forward, and dashes in, sword-flourishing, as if he were a terrible fellow, and soon comes back, hugging four sabres to his breast, speechless at his achievement. We were advancing, tactically fighting, and I was somewhat uncertain as to how much more of the strenuous should be required or expected. But I could not give over to his weak mood.

"My right was 'in the air,' advanced, unsupported, towards the enemy's general line, exposed to flank attack by troops I could see in the distance across the stream. I held myself on that extreme flank, where I could see the cavalry which we had relieved, now forming in column of squadrons ready for a dash to the front, and I was anxiously hoping it would save us from the flank attack.

"Watching intently, my eye was caught by the figure of a horseman riding out between those lines, soon joined by another, and taking a direction across the cavalry front toward our position. They were nearly a mile away, and I curiously watched them till lost from sight in the nearer broken ground and copses between.

"Suddenly rose to sight another form close in our own front, a soldierly young figure, a Confederate staff officer undoubtedly. Now I see the white flag earnestly borne, and its possible import sweeps before my inner vision like a wrath of morning mist. He comes steadily on, the mysterious form in grey, my mood so whimsically sensitive that I could even smile at the material of the flag, wondering where in either army was found a towel, and one so white. But it bore a mighty message, that simple emblem of homely service, wafted hitherward above the dark and crimsoned streams that never can wash themselves away.

(To be continued).

We commend the following text to the poor Britishers who have been deprived so ruthlessly of their beer:—"There is a crying for wine in the streets; all joy is darkened; the mirth of the land is gone."—Isaiaah xxiv. 11. Old John Bull's Governments wants to make life so miserable for his braggart slackers that they will prefer to go to the trenches rather than stay at home on such "dry" terms.

* * *

We regret to confess that we do not read our Scripture very often, but sometimes we do. We commend the following to the Irish Volunteers:—"And five of you shall chase an hundred, and an hundred of you shall put ten thousand to flight; and your enemies shall fall before you by the sword." And again:—"I will give peace in the land, and ye shall lie down, and none shall make you afraid." Such is the promise of Leviticus.

* * *

The King—"The Hibernian."
The Queen—A Cabinet Minister's wife.
The Knave—"Cub" Devlin.
The Ace—President Wilson, U.S.A.

* * *

Just one more specimen of British Christianity. Herr von Bissing is a German prisoner in England, and he is accorded the privilege, not being in very good health, of having a drive out under guard for two hours each day. Horatio Bottomley says he wishes that he were the driver for once occasion, and that it would probably be Herr von Bissing's last ride. We wonder was Charles Bradlaugh, the English Atheist, responsible for bringing the Bottomley reptile into existence? Many people who ought to know say yes.

GUEST OF THE TURKS

Under a Bomb-Dropping Aeroplane

In describing in "Collier's" his experiences as a guest of the Turks in the hills of Gallipoli, Arthur Ruhl tells how it feels to be under a bomb-dropping aeroplane:—

It was about midday. The sun blazing down on the crowded flat; on boxes, sacks, stevedores wrapped up in all the variegated rags of the East shuffling in and out of the ships; on gangs digging, piling lumber, boiling water, cooking soup; officers in brown uniforms and brown lamb's-wool caps; on horses, ox teams, and a vast herd of sheep, which had just poured out of a transport and spread over the plain, when from the hill came two shots of warning.

The gangs scattered like water bugs when a stone is thrown into the water. They ran for the hill, dropped into trenches; to the beach and threw themselves flat on the sand; into the water—all, as they ran, looking up over their shoulders to where, far overhead, whirred steadily nearer that tiny terrible hawk.

A hidden battery roared and—pop—a little puff of cotton floated in the sky under the approaching flyer. Another and another—all the nervous little batteries in the hills round about were coming to our rescue. The birdman, safely above them, drew on without flinching. We had looked up at aeroplanes many times before and watched the pretty chase of the shrapnel, and we leaned out from under the awning to keep the thing in view.

"Look," I said to Suydam; "she's coming right over us!" And then, all at once, there was a crash, a concussion that hit the ear like a blow, a geyser of smoke and dust and stones out on the flat in front of us. Through the smoke I saw a horse with its pack undone and flopping under its belly, trotting round with the wild aimlessness of horses in the bull ring after they have been gored. Men were running, and, in a tangle of waggons, half a dozen oxen, on the ground, were giving a few spasmodic kicks.

Men streaked up from the engine room and across the wharf—after all, the wharf would be the thing he'd try for—and I found myself out on the flat with them just as there came another crash, but this time over by the "Barbarossa' across the bay. Black smoke was pouring from the Turkish cruiser as she got under way, and, with the shrapnel puffs chasing hopelessly after, the flyer swung to the southward and out of sight.

Officers were galloping about yelling orders; over in the dust where the bomb had struck a man was sawing furiously away at the throats of the oxen (there were seven of them, and there would be plenty of beef in camp that night at any rate); there was a dead horse, two badly wounded men and a hundred feet away a man lying on his face, hatless, just as he had been blown there; dead, or as good as dead.

It appeared that two flyers had come from different directions and most of the crowd had seen but the one, while the other dropped the bomb. It had struck just outside the busiest part of the camp, aimed very likely at the stores piled there. It had made a hole only five or six feet wide and three or four deep, but it had blown everything in the neighbourhood out from it, as the captain had said. Holes you could put your fist in were torn in the flanks of the oxen and the tyres of some of the wagons, sixty or seventy yards away, had been cut through like wax.

With a curious sense that the bottom had somehow fallen out of things—even the blue above was treacherous—and that one of those things which only happen to other people not only could, but was going to, happen to us right here and now, we watched the men go back to work and the afternoon wear on. We even went for a swim.

At every unexpected noise one looked upward, and when about five o'clock the crowd scattered again, I will confess that I watched that little speck buzzing nearer, on a line that would bring him straight over me, with an interest considerably less casual than any I had bestowed on these birds before. There we were, confined in our little amphitheatre; there was that diabolical bird peering down at us, and in another minute, somewhere in that space, would come that earth-shaking explosion—a mingling of crash and whouff! There was no escaping it, no dodging it, nothing to get under but empty air.

I had decided that the beach, about a hundred yards away from the wharves, was the safest place and, hurried there; but the the speck overhead, as if anticipating me, seemed to be aiming for the precise spot. It is difficulty under such circumstances to sit tight, reasoning calmly that after all the chances of the bomb's not landing exactly there are a good many to one—you demand at least the ostrich-like satisfaction of having something overhead.

So I scurried over to the left to get out from under what seemed his line of flight, when what should he do but begin to turn! This was really rubbing it in a bit. To fly across as he had that morning was one thing, but to pen one up in a nice little pocket in the hills, and then on a radius of three of four thousand yards circle round over one's head—anything yet devised by the human nightmare was crude and immature to this.

Was it overhead? No, behind, but it was travelling at fifty or sixty miles an hour and the bomb would carry forward—just enough probably to bring it over; and if over, still the bomb would be several seconds in falling—it might be right on top of us now! Should we run backward or forward? Here was a place, in between some grain bags. But the grain bags were open toward the wharf, and the wharf was what he was aiming at, and a plank blown through you—no, the trench was the thing, but—quick, he is overhead!

The beach, the bags, the ditch, all the way round the camp, and Suydam galloping after—was ever anything more inglorious? Somewhere in the middle of it a hideous whiffling wail came down the sky: "Trrou . . . trrou . . . trou!"—and then a crash! The bomb had hit the water just off the end of the pier. I kept running. There was another "Trrou . . . trrou!" another geyser of water, and the bird had flown on.

ENGLAND AND BELGIUM

That England went to war to protect the independence and integrity of Belgium we know. She has loudly told us so. And yet a former Prime Minister of England, Lord John Russell, tells us that England's first war with revolutionary France was for the purpose of keeping Belgium an Austrian province, that later Pitt planned to give Belgium to Prussia, that in 1815 England and her allies presented Belgium to Holland, and that when in 1830 Belgium revolted, England's preoccupation was the fear that she might be annexed to France.

Now turn to the map. Look at Luxemburg and the Dutch province of Limburg and see how nearly they close the Belgian frontier to Germany. See how the left bank of the Scheldt is assigned to Holland in deflance of geographical laws, and ask how these things came to be? Remember that in 1830 the inhabitants of Luxemburg and Limburg looked upon themselves as Belgians. They joined in the revolt, and were represented in the Belgian Assembly. Who over-rode popular preferences and natural boundaries? Again let us note that during the Dutch possession fortresses had been erected in Belgium largely at the expense of England and her allies. After the separation these fortifications were destroyed by the orders of the London Conference. Why? Holland, refusing to surrender Antwerp, had to be coerced. The Belgians were not allowed to do it. They were forced to rely on foreign troops, troops under the orders of the Conference. Why? The evident preference of the Belgian Assembly was for a French prince as King of the Belgians. They were not allowed to choose one. Queen Victoria's uncle was given to them. Why? How do all these things fit in with England's love for liberty and national independence and national integrity?

Lord John Russell's remark as to the fear of annexation to France affords the clue to answer all the questions. England never cared a rap for the welfare or the liberty of the Belgians. But for hundreds of years she has been determined that Belgium shall not be in the possession of any strong continental power. So it was that she fought to keep Belgium Austrian, so it was that she proposed to make her Prussian—Prussia not being dangerous then—so it

was that she presented her to Holland, so it was that, this scheme failing, she devised a powerless Belgium, disarmed and hemmed in by Dutch possessions. France, although ruled by the nerveless Anglophile-Louis Philippe, was still the dreaded enemy.

France was to be kept out of Belgium whether Belgium wished it or not. To this end all England's energies were bent, to it all her powers of intrigue were devoted. Since Belgium could not be kept under the Dutch yoke, it was necessary to agree to some form of "independence," but England resolved that this independence should be as little as possible. She manœuvred one of her own royal family into the kingship, but even this did not make her feel safe. The French and Belgians were friendly. Revolutionary enthusiasm might make them allies or even unite them as one. Precautions had to be taken in case either of these things should happen. So Limburg and Luxemburg and the left bank of the Scheldt were assigned to Holland, so that in case of necessity France might still be successfully hemmed in. So the fortifications, which had been built to threaten France while possessed by Holland, were considered dangerous in a free Belgium, which might prove over friendly to France. So Belgium was to be taught her place. She was to be taught that it was not for her to defend herself, that she must rely on the powers, and to the end that her affection for France might be broken, the spineless French king was directed to send his troops to carry out the orders of the Conference. And then to crown all, the treaty of 1839, "the scrap of paper," was forced on protesting Belgium. Well did Louis Blanc describe this outrage as the violation of Belgian nationality and the dishonour of France.

Times have changed. To-day Germany is England's enemy. But to-day, as in 1830, Belgium is England's victim.—"The Irish World."

THE DANCE OF THE SIDHE

The moonbeams are shining on lis and on linn;
'Tis time for the Sidhe their weird dance to begin—
Ah, list, in the glen of the thrush you can hear them!
Forego your fond seeking and venture not near them-
With spells that no mortal can break they will bind you
If loit'ring a-near their gay revel they find you!

'Neath low quicken branches they lilt and they laugh,
And mead from bright methers of silver they quaff.
Sweet time to the pipes' merry tones they are keeping.
Yet wake not the wild woodland flowers in their sleeping—
So airy and lightsome each fairy foot passes,
No dewdrop is shaken a-down from the grasses!

O deep in the hills are their Halls of delight!
The walls hung with shields won in many a fight!
And splendid their feasts, while with story and singing
And music of Harpers their rafters are ringing-
But venture not near, for with spells they will bind you
If listening out in the thicket they find you!

MARY GRANT O'SHERIDAN.

WILSON !

Extract from the letter of a Catholic priest in America to a prominent member of the A.O.H. in Ireland :—

"Wilson is a horrible man, a cunning, heartless Englishman, with all the Englishman's hypocrisy, cuteness, and treachery. His message which recently appeared is a masterpiece of cunning mendacity, and yet the rogue mentions no names. All those trials, plots, rumours of plots, the fiercest baiting and dismissal of German military and naval attaches, and even the blowing up of the powder magazines (like the blowing up of the Maine), were specially staged just exactly for the opening of Congress in order to stampede the Senate and the House of Rrepresentatives.

"The American people are the nicest, the most charming and the best in the world, but they are wax in the hands of the Government. They imagine they are free because the Constitution lays it down that the people are sovereign, but the Czar of Russia is less of a tyrant and has far less tyrannical power than Wilson. The Government of the United States is the most undemocratic and the most thoroughly tyrannical on the globe. Wilson can do anything. Not alone are munitions of war turned out here under Government patronage, but submarines and areoplanes are also manufactured for England. Things are working themselves out to this end—that the action of Wilson and his pals will at long last stir up the great German-American people to be more active than they are.

"The German Government is acting splendidly right through all this terrible time. They know in Germany that Wilson intends to have war between the United States and Germany. They know he has a secret treaty with England, and they consequently remain cool under the most terrible and most unbearable provocation. Imagine a secret treaty in the Great American Republic! Everything done in America —all the plots, rumours of plots—the German campaign against the munition factories, etc.—all these things are the work of special English agents, helped directly by Wilson's Government officials, and carried out solely to embroil Germany and to create a sentiment of hatred against her in the United States. In one word—all is done to help England."

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,)

Owing to the huge numbers of Coupons that have reached this Office, the Editor finds it impossible to get through all in time to announce the winner in this week's issue. Consequently, entrants will have to possess their souls in patience till next week, when the result will be definitely announced.

In this issue will be found a new Limerick, the last line of which our readers are a ked to supply. Don't delay, but send in your efforts early.

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

At the beginning of this New Year
Some things are not very clear—
Though he would be a fool
Who'd aver we'd Home Rule
. . . . . .

1.....

At the beginning of this New Year
Some things are not very clear—
Though he would be a fool
Who'd aver we'd Home Rule
. . . . . .

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 THURSDAY, 13th 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 THURSDAY- 13th 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 22nd, 1916.**

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NEW IRELAND

AN IRISH WEEKLY REVIEW.

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CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE CRISIS IN PARLIAMENT.

We are obliged, by the necessity of going to press early in every week, to write these notes in the very midst of the most momentous days that have passed for many months. Not so much the introduction of military compulsion as the vast effect that the decisions of these days will have on English political parties, is of tremendous importance to the future of Ireland. By the time the present issue of NEW IRELAND is published, the Government's Compulsory Service Bill will have been introduced. As we write, the rumour issued on Monday by the Press Association that Ireland is to be included in its scope, is still in the air; but no intelligent man or woman living in Ireland will attach any importance to the statement, even if it be well-founded. Even were it correct, it refers only to the form in which the Government's Bill is to be introduced. But as we go to press, the political correspondents of every important newspaper have contradicted it.

CONSCRIPTION NOT FOR IRELAND.

In truth, neither the details of the Bill, nor the possibility of its being in its original form intended to apply to this country, are of any great concern to us in Ireland. For the country has long made up its mind upon this question and has not the slightest intention of altering its attitude. It is not merely that countless Irish representative bodies have passed resolutions declaring that conscription will be an intolerable burden upon Ireland; not merely that the greatest and most enthusiastic public meetings of late years have in every part of the country proclaimed that conscription will meet with the most stubborn resistance in Ireland; not merely that the Irish Party have twice resolved that they will offer every opposition it is in their power to raise against compulsory service in Ireland, and that Mr. Dillon at least has proclaimed time after time that conscription is unthinkable in Ireland and that no Government will attempt to enforce it. The fundamental reason why conscription shall not and cannot apply in Ireland is that the young men of the country are organised and ready to defeat conscription if any attempt is made to impose it. The resistance that would unquestionably be provoked is the more insurmountable because it arises from a devotion to principles for which we are prepared to make the greatest sacrifices. The Irish case against conscription is grounded on no sentimental attachment to any abstract notion of democracy; it stands, no matter how many millions the Government may require for the new armies; it is simply this, that Ireland has an inalienable national right to decide its own policy with regard to the war, and Irishmen will refuse absolutely to recognise the authority of any external power to compel them to fight in a cause which they do not believe to be their own.

OUR STEADFAST RESOLVE.

We have written much against conscription in these pages and have no desire to return to the subject now. Conscription for Ireland is already defeated. No Government in its senses will attempt to enforce it upon this country. The country is ready to face the consequences of resistance. That suffices; and if we are firm in our resolve, conscription is already become unthinkable. For the Government in time of war has other problems enough on its hands without enforcing coercion in its most aggravated form upon Ireland in order to obtain at the very most another 50,000 recruits. Not alone the military problem of coercing Ireland, but the inevitable effect upon neutral opinion, make it utterly impossible for any Government to attempt any action of the kind. Irishmen know their own minds with regard to conscription and will act accordingly. We leave the matter there.

IRELAND AT THE CROSS-ROADS.

We have spoken of these present days as momentous, for their outcome, no matter what it may be, must reach far into the future of this country. If conscription is carried for Great Britain, and Ireland must in any case be excluded from its scope, the Irish Party must immediately reconsider its present policy from top to bottom. The new situation will bring into activity at once the opposition to Home Rule which we have all counted upon as impending at the end of the war. "It seems to be little short of a betrayal of Home Rule," writes the *Nation*, "to force Mr. Redmond to insist on the exemption of Ireland from conscription under penalty of exposing him to the retort that in doing so he reveals her essential disunity from the

Empire." The *Morning Post*, the most arrogant of all the Tory newspapers, already threatens Mr. Redmond openly with the consequences to Home Rule that will follow any independent line he may adopt.

> "There is one Party, it is to be assumed," it writes on Saturday, "that is certain to give trouble—the Nationalists—and they must be dealt with forcibly. . . . The Party is, no doubt, in an awkward position. Mr. Redmond's attitude has not been sympathetically received by the Nationalists of Ireland. On the other hand, if the country is to be left out of any compulsion Bill, the future of Home Rule—technically law but practically inoperative now without an amending Bill—will be seriously prejudiced. The Nationalist Party would be well advised to consider seriously whether it is worth their while to play an obstructive part. Nobody desires to go behind the truce, but if Mr. Redmond and his followers intend to fight against a united Cabinet and a nearly unanimous Britain it will be necessary to show to Englishmen and Scotsmen the attitude Nationalists in Ireland have adopted towards the war in general and towards recruiting in particular."

We have waited expectantly for the first symptoms of a disposition on the part of the Unionists to betray Home Rule. The *Morning Post* has been the first to show its hand. The *Irish Times* is not slow to follow, with an unscrupulous distortion of facts, absolutely grotesque in its extravagance, that can find no conceivable excuse:—

> "Mr. Redmond," it writes, "cannot be ignorant of the certain effects of exclusion upon the policy to which he has devoted his whole public career. If he fails to stand by England and the Empire now, the prospects of Home Rule must be seriously prejudiced. English gratitude for the services of Nationalist soldiers in the war might be extinguished by resentment at Nationalist Ireland's refusal to share the common burden at the most critical moment of all."

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AN OPEN BREACH OF FAITH.

It would be hard to beat the effrontery of such talk as this. Mr. Redmond is threatened quite openly that the Home Rule settlement, which received the signature of the King, and was the indispensable condition of gaining the enormous influence which he has thrown on the side of England in the war, will be nullified if he does not submit at once to the dictation of the conscriptionist party. The *Irish Times* is not content with so utterly unprincipled a suggestion. It is not so many months since the same paper appealed to young Irishmen to join the army to protect the security of the Home Rule Act against the possibility of a German victory. But what are we to say of its recruiting figures? It knows well that its statements now will be quoted in every influential Unionist newspaper in England; and yet speaks of *hundreds of thousands* of young Irishmen who could, according to common knowledge, be conscripted in Ireland. It supports its statements by a reference to a correspondent who shows tables that no intelligent man would think worth publishing in the interests of truth, comparing the English and the Irish populations without the least reference to the huge preponderance of old men in Ireland, and taking no account of the fact that 550,000 out of the 850,000 Irishmen of military age are engaged in farming.

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IRELAND ACCEPTS THE CHALLENGE.

Sooner or later the old struggle must be renewed, and perhaps the present week finds us at the beginning of the last stage. No sane man would pretend that Home Rule is not to-day infinitely nearer to attainment than it was before the war; it is beyond dispute that the bulk of the opposition to the movement in England has disappeared. But our enemies are still alert and have no intention of acquiescing in the Home Rule Act. The intrigues, the misrepresentations, the calumnies, of the old days will be renewed. The *Morning Post* threatens to start again the whole campaign of slander. The Irish Party are faced with an unscrupulous threat of political blackmail. They are bidden either to accept conscription or to lose Home Rule. Without a moment's hesitation we accept the challenge. Irishmen have faced the alternatives for many months without a misgiving. We protested repeatedly in these pages against any suggestion of exchanging the early enforcement of Home Rule for the acceptance of conscription. The contingency has been discussed a thousand times, and Irishmen without exception have rejected it with scorn. Home Rule was won eighteen months ago by fair fighting, and to entertain any bargain on the question now is nothing short of treachery to nationalism. Irish loyalty has been the price of the placing of Home Rule on the Statute Book; it has cost Ireland a heavier toll of the lives of her best and bravest men than any country in Europe has been called upon to pay. The time for any further concessions is past.

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THE IRISH PARTY AND THE FUTURE.

Great events are being decided as we write; but the precise outcome can scarcely affect the main inevitable trend of present circumstances. The Government stands committed to the principle of compulsion, and on Wednesday their Bill will have been introduced. Excepting the Irish Party, the opposition to the Bill in Parliament can scarcely be effective. There are only three possible results. The Government may carry its Bill, and exclude Ireland; or the Irish Party, together with the Liberal and Labour groups, may even yet succeed in defeating it. It is scarcely conceivable that they could so succeed: well-informed authorities place the whole anti-conscription coalition at less than one hundred and fifty members. Should they by any chance succeed, the crisis which faces the Irish Party will be partly averted. But it would appear that one of two situations must almost certainly arise; either compulsion will succeed and a Government, superficially the same as that which has held office for nearly a year, but in reality guided and controlled by the compulsionists under Mr. Lloyd George, will come into power; or in the alternative a General Election will be brought about as the one means of breaking down the control which Lloyd George and Northcliffe have skilfully acquired. The *Daily Telegraph* states boldly that "no doubt is entertained that a General Election will take place should any considerable difficulty arise in the passage of the Compulsory Military Service Bill."

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THE CHAOS OF WESTMINSTER.

The position at Westminster changes almost daily before our eyes. A fortnight ago the compulsionists were howling for a General Election to establish conscription; to-day the compulsionists are in possession, and the opposite party have no resource but an appeal to the country in order to hold them in check. A failure, even in part, to attain their fullest aims, may suddenly bring the compulsionists back to their cry for a General Election. Irish Nationalism, if it adopts any policy but that of concentration at home, can only strive to take its bearings from the direction of a whirling weathercock. Unless the Irish Party can succeed in defeating conscription utterly, the next few days must inevitably throw them back upon a more vigorous national policy. If the compulsionists come into power, then Ireland, exempted from conscription, will at once hold a vastly smaller place in the councils of Westminster, and at the same time the attacks of the extreme Tories will force the Irish Party into a defensive attitude. On the main question of the moment there can be no flinching: come

what may, the Irish Party is obliged to make conscription impossible in Ireland. The issue of these stormy days may be a general election or a situation in which Ireland is forced into undisguised opposition; in either case the Irish Party can have only one policy henceforward—to obtain a settlement at once.

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THE NEED FOR DECISIVE LEADERSHIP.

It may be that a brief spell of opposition is what will best arouse the Irish Party to a new activity. The alliance with English Liberalism has led to an orgy of concessions to English opinion which cannot continue longer once conscription is turned down. The Party have at their hand a policy with which they could rouse every corner of the country to a pitch of enthusiasm that vigorous and decisive leadership can at any moment evoke. The country is sick at heart and desperate at the interminable delay in granting the operation of Home Rule. There was scepticism from the first; but it has spread through all the ranks to-day. Irishmen are everywhere beginning to ask, with no desire to distrust the abilities of the Irish Party leaders, what Government now exists in England that is liable to any of the original obligations with regard to Home Rule. We have reached a state of chaos which demands the most steadfast leadership that ever went to the success of the Irish Parliamentary Party. The future looms more uncertain than at any time since the beginning of the war. The country calls aloud for some decisive leadership; we are actually in sorer straits than is England after eighteen months of official bungling.

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THE ONLY POLICY.

There is no need to recite the arguments that urge a settlement now. It is enough to say that the country is without either a National Government or a Council at the moment when it is most needed; when its population is being desperately drained; when its industries are obtaining none of the encouragement that England can give to its own industries; and our taxation is being steadily increased without any regard to the capacity of the Irish resources. We ask the Irish Party what their attitude is to be when the present Suspensory Order expires on March 17. Will they bring pressure to bear then upon the Government to enforce Home Rule, or will they drift along the line of least resistance, as they did in September last? The weight of inertia that will resist any effort to win Home Rule may be very great; but is that sufficient reason for letting a priceless chance go by? Cannot a new organisation in the country, directed towards a concrete and attainable object, and appealing to the latent enthusiasm of the people with the freshness and the courage of a new campaign, prepare the way in the few months that intervene? Last September Mr. Redmond assured us that at any moment "Ireland's hour" might strike and victory would be within our grasp. Who knows but that the hour is even now striking. Let Mr. Redmond satisfy us at least that we have a leader who will be equal to the occasion when it comes.

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"FULL STEAM AHEAD."

It is for us to win Home Rule when the country needs it, and not when it suits the Imperial Parliament to discuss the question. If the Irish national question is dormant to-day, if it is not a living, driving force, that is not because of the war, but because the Irish people have not been up in arms. The fault and the remedy lie with the people themselves. We have on our side the enormous advantage of the accomplished fact. Home Rule is already the law of the land. An uprising of feeling in Ireland—even a constant and impatient pressure upon Parliament—would win out in spite of the war. The policy is absolutely feasible if we exert our own united strength.

THE AMENDING BILL.

II. FINANCIAL RELATIONS: WHAT IS NEEDED.

AT the conclusion of my paper last week, I undertook to explain the three serious faults of the Irish Self-government Act and to suggest appropriate amendments for inclusion in the Amending Bill framed by agreement. I mentioned that the three faults in question were in connection with (1) finance; (2) dual administration; (3) the dangers of concurrent legislation. I shall deal now with finance.

FISCAL AUTONOMY AN ESSENTIAL PART OF SELF-GOVERNMENT.

As to finance, it may at once be stated without the slightest qualification that any form of self-government which does not include power, freedom, and responsibility in respect of all matters of national finance is not self-government at all. For, in the nature of things, the question of finance presents itself as one of the deciding factors in connection with every proposal that comes before Parliament—the cost entailed by the proposal, whether it seems worth the cost, and whether the country can afford the cost, or whether a saving is worth the unavoidable inconvenience of making it; and good finance is at the root of all good administration.

Good finance is impossible without freedom of finance. Anyone accustomed to the problems of national administration knows and realises that on the power of a nation to control and manage its own finances, and on the skill with which that management and control are exercised, depends, more than on anything else, the opportunity and capacity of the nation for the care and development of its own resources. Imagine the position of China and other weak nations subject to financial direction from without, and it will at once be seen how great are the disadvantages that follow from financial subordination.

Then let us try to realise the exact position of an Irish Parliament under the financial provisions of the Act as they now stand, when proceeding to take into consideration the country's ways and means and the annual vote of supplies. First, let it be explained that Parliament is given no part or even voice in the collection of the revenues and taxes, not even of those which it may impose itself, all that sphere of government remaining in the hands of Imperial Officials who are in no way subject to the Irish Executive or Parliament; it has no power to remodel or even amend the ways of raising revenue except along the lines of existing Imperial taxes, and even in that direction its powers are of the narrowest description, while any exercise of even those narrow powers stands subject by virtue of Section 15 (1) to the opinion of a new executive body, the Joint Exchequer Board.

So for the most part Parliament will have to be content with receiving the "transferred sum" payable back from the Imperial Exchequer as Irish revenue, and with attempting to make the best redistribution it can of that sum. The "transferred sum" being subject, before payment, to deduction on account of the cost of the police and other "reserved services" as managed by the Imperial authorities having control of them, and also to deduction in respect of many other guaranteed charges, salaries, pensions, etc., the financial duties and responsibilities of Parliament will therefore be in substance limited to the allocation of the balance it receives of the "transferred sum."

If Parliament were to enter into and continue for any time in so hampered a position, it must quickly and inevitably sink to a level below that of the Duma, and the only sure safeguard to take against the happening of anything so undesirable is to take care that the risk of such happening is

not allowed to begin. It must therefore be the first and most earnest care of the framers of the Amending Bill, to secure from the start an entire revision of the financial arrangements as contemplated in Section 26 of the Act; for it is to the individual and urgent interest of every person and party in Ireland that self-government shall rest on free finance.

CONDITIONS OF FINANCIAL AUTONOMY.

Now, for the conditions of fiscal or financial autonomy. In the first place, a people that desires to have and undertake the full management and conduct of its own affairs must be prepared to pay its own way. Failing in that primary qualification a people would not be worthy of self-government and should be ruled as it deserved. At the time the Act was drafted there was understood to be an excess of half a million on the side of Irish expenditure as compared with Irish revenue, and, apparently in that connection, it has been provided (Section 14 (2) (b)) that Ireland shall receive a gift or subsidy of £500,000 yearly diminishing year by year to £200,000. If that subsidy is in any sense the explanation of the financial trammels imposed on the Irish Parliament, then I say that the subsidy is the most costly gift that can be imagined, for the possession of fiscal autonomy constitutes the essence and most active virtue of self-government.

And as to a commencing deficit of half a million—less than half-a-crown per head of the population—what is that to a population of four and a half millions, if the population has any grit in it, when it is a question of having or not having the power to work out its own prosperity? Any of the self-governing Dominions or Colonies with less population would in similar circumstances face such a deficit without one hesitating thought. Why, the Union of South Africa had to face at the beginning the prospect of a greater deficit, and its white population is but one-third that of Ireland. And although raising a revenue greater than the Irish revenue, it was not deterred two years later from providing its own Defence Force when at the time its spare revenue was inadequate for the new expenditure. Nor was it frightened last year from undertaking the campaign for the conquest of German South-West Africa, notwithstanding that by reason of the European war, the revenue for the year had fallen below the ordinary expenditure. When a nation has a good population and strong natural resources—and Ireland has both—its best asset is a vital faith in its own will and capacity to develop and make the best use of its resources.

Returning to the Irish deficit of half a million, I am told by people who ought to know that it could be met many times over by saving where there are notable extravagances. For example, the old so-called Poor Law and its administration remains in full swing, although most of its objects were otherwise accomplished when old-age pensions, health insurance, employment bureaux, etc., came into being. It is true that economies are made difficult as to early results by reason of the compensation provided for abolition of Offices, but that difficulty only exists as regards personal salaries or emoluments, and those charges are not the greater part of public expenditure.

TRADE RELATIONS WITH GREAT BRITAIN.

In my opinion (which is at the disadvantage of being formed at this far distance from the scene of events) the explanation of the fiscal restrictions in the Act is to be found in the desire of Great Britain to guard herself against disturbances by tariffs or other enactments on the part of a self-governing Ireland of natural trade relations between the two countries. Well, in fairness one must admit that Great Britain as a partner in the concern is entitled to claim reasonable guarantees that her interests will not be unduly prejudiced through having her own concessions turned against her; and, on the other hand, the geographical and other constant relations between Ireland and Great Britain make it just as expedient and necessary in the interests of Ireland that trade relations should be on a settled and enduring basis. But that basis should be arrived at by a process of mutual agreement, where both sides would have their say, and where a rough and ready justice would be reached on a give and take method, each side in the end securing reciprocal advantages as against possibly unavoidable disadvantages.

A bargain made between two parties in ordinarily free conditions is one thing, but a stipulation forced by a stronger party on a weaker party is quite another thing; and the financial provisions of the Act seem to constitute a stipulation which has something of that character. Again, any bargain as to continuous relations would be open to mutual readjustment and renewal from time to time, but a statutory enactment, even though found unsuitable, remains hard and fast.

The best way of coming to a settlement of trade and like relations is to appoint a sub-conference between certain representatives of the Imperial Treasury, Board of Trade and Board of Agriculture on the part of Great Britain and expert delegates from Ireland chosen for their understanding of the finances, trade, and agriculture of Ireland, for the purpose of negotiating and framing a draft convention to govern the Customs, Trade, Postal and like relations between the two countries. The draft convention should then be incorporated in the Amending Bill in lieu of the financial provisions of the Act, all those last-mentioned provisions (including the provisions which set up the Joint Exchequer Board) being at the same time repealed. It would, of course, be provided that the convention as adopted in the Amending Bill, would be subject to revision by mutual agreement from time to time, say, at intervals of ten years. The Irish Parliament would then, outside the articles of the convention, have entire financial freedom, and could do as it thought fit in the raising or re-distributing of its revenues and taxes and in the revision and allocation of its own expenditure.

HOW IRISH FINANCE MIGHT ACCEPT ASSISTANCE.

The annual subsidy in aid of Irish revenues would, of course, drop with the repeal of the financial provisions as they now stand. I would suggest that in lieu of that subsidy the Imperial Exchequer should accept responsibility for half the amount of any compensation which in terms of the Act would become payable to Irish officials who may elect to retire (par. 1 (1) (a) of third schedule to the Act) rather than serve under the new régime, or whose offices may be abolished as being no longer necessary. If the Irish services are, as they are alleged to be, swollen and extravagant, the responsibility lies altogether with the Imperial Government, and it is but fair that that government should at least take a share in the cost now imposed on the carrying out of retrenchments. Assistance of this kind could also be accepted by the Irish Parliament without any detriment to its financial independence, and the Imperial Exchequer would at the same time reduce its liability for a perpetual charge to liability for a vanishing charge.

LAND PURCHASE.

Although the Self-government Act makes no change in the working of the Land Purchase Acts but leaves them to continue as if self-government had no concern with them, I cannot help thinking that an entirely new financial situation has arisen from the war and its events, which now renders it highly advisable to provide in the Amending Bill that the Irish Parliament shall have the option of taking over, if need be, the problem of maintaining the Land Purchase system in working order.

Two governing facts connected with this matter are now recognisable beyond any dispute. The first is that a new

financial world with quite different conditions, and likely to last as long as human vision can now reach, has come into existence in consequence of the war and its financial operations, and that those new conditions must jam the working of the Land Purchase Acts. The successful working of the Land Purchase Acts depended altogether on three favourable conditions, namely: (1) abundant money, (2) high security (the Imperial guarantee), and (3) low interest. Those three conditions have now ceased to exist, and as to at least (1) and (3), opposite conditions have taken their place. Even as to (2) it may be taken that at the end of the war the Imperial credit will stand pledged for all it is worth.

The second fact which must be recognised is that the peace, welfare, and prosperity of Ireland are bound up with carrying on the Land Purchase system to its consummation. As it is not to be expected that the Imperial Government, in the midst of all the crushing problems—social, political, and economic, which will press for attention and solution at the end of the war, can attempt to incur additional financial obligations for what will then appear an Irish domestic purpose, it is only prudence and wisdom that the Irish Government should be prepared to undertake, as best it can, a responsibility which otherwise would very probably pass into neglect and confusion. Having regard to the comparatively high value of Irish land, and to the fact that the land itself must always in any credit purchase system rank as the first line of security for advances in aid of purchase, it seems to me that a new working system, certainly not so favourable to buyers or sellers as the old system, but still good enough to work successfully, is quite practicable and within the ability of an Irish Government once it becomes well established.

As to past purchase advances, it seems necessary as a condition of fiscal and financial autonomy that Ireland must be prepared to take over the public debt created in the granting of those advances and likewise take over the right of receiving and collecting the annual instalments payable by the purchaser. The latter, if correctly calculated as presumably they have been, would cover the charges on the debt in the way of interest and redemption fund.

In my concluding paper in the next two weeks I will deal with the remaining problems, namely: (1) dual administration, (2) concurrent legislation, and (3) the perplexities connected with North-East Ulster, for which any Amending Bill by consent should make provision.

J. CLERC SHERIDAN.

Pretoria.

THE INTELLECTUALS AND IRISH POLICY.

THE Irish Intellectual is evidently a very shy bird. John Eglinton has invited him to come out into the open and discuss Ireland's attitude towards, and her share in, the war; but not one has so far, over his own name, accepted the invitation. It is true, of course, that they were practically asked to come out on the side of the Allied Entente and against the Allied Empires; and perhaps the shyness is due to their reluctance to accept the invitation on those terms, and they may be forced to maintain silence by the workings of the Defence of the Realm Act. Any way the opinion of anyone outside the Cabinet is not of much consequence in these days; and whether the person who gives an opinion is recognised as an intellectual or not, his opinion is of no actual importance except he declares himself on the side of justice and right and the cause of the smaller nationalities. He must be in favour of fighting to the last ditch with the last man on the last farthing, or he has not a chance of being heard at all.

Bernard Shaw would probably be described as an intellectual, yet his "Commensense about the War" merely had him labelled as a pro-German, and beyond becoming a kind of Magna Charta to the Union of Democratic Control, it has served no useful purpose. His plea has not been listened to, and the fact of his being an intellectual has availed him nothing; quite the reverse. John Eglinton in reality invites the Irish intellectuals to express their opinions on a barren subject from which nothing fruitful need be expected. Any discussion of the causes of the war and of the degree of justice on the side of each belligerent must now be merely academic and can serve no useful purpose either of the Entente or of Ireland. And no opinions expressed by Irish intellectuals can have any effect whatever upon the course and conduct of the war; they will merely be quoted for or against the interests of this country as the needs of English newspapers require. Shaw is publicly flouted and Bottomley has become the idol of English chivalry. Whether the Irish intellectuals are to be heard or not depends upon the opinions they have to express. If they take the commonsense view of Bernard Shaw they must expect to meet his fate, and if they take the line of Horatio Bottomley they will have ceased to be intellectuals and will deserve the success which will be their reward.

But it is surely inconceivable that Irish intellectuals (such intellectuals as are Irish and resident in Ireland) could take either line. In Ireland opinion is either bellonist or abstentionist, in England even Shaw is a bellonist, and from the trend of recent events we may conclude that abstentionism will not be tolerated there. In Ireland there is work in plenty for the abstentionist and also for the intellectual. Not the smallest good can now be obtained by discussing the causes of the war, or why people in this country are abstentionists. Let us take the facts as we find them and there leave them. Large numbers of Irishmen are fighting for the Entente Powers, other Irishmen think there is greater and more important work to be done in Ireland. Let us leave it at that. The opinions of the intellectuals can do nothing to alter the facts; their opinions on the present position and the future of this country are of much greater importance and are more likely to be received with gratitude than any opinions they may feel disposed to express about the war.

At the beginning of the war Ireland was the "one bright spot," and it seemed likely that Ireland could emerge from the chaos without undergoing very serious injury. But many changes have come about since then. Few people imagined that the war could have lasted so long, that such an enormous number of men would have been required, or that the cost would have been so stupendous. When Lord Kitchener spoke of a three years' war the man-in-the-street scoffed

openly and talked enthusiastically of the march to Berlin. But it seems to-day more likely that Kitchener was right, and the man-in-the-street is correspondingly depressed. More and more men are wanted for the trenches and the munitions factories, more and still more guns and shells and equipment are required, and money is being called for more and more loudly and insistently as the days go on.

Many of the English newspapers have hoisted a distress signal. The liability of England in the war, they say, is limited; England is not fighting for her existence, she has not been invaded, and she is only called upon to aid her Allies. And they think that enough has been or is being done to fulfil this requirement. Industry and commerce must not be crippled by the withdrawal of men, machinery, and ships from their service. England must elect to aid her Allies either with men or with munitions or with money, but not with all three. They expect the war to be carried on with the liability of the combatants limited; or perhaps it is only the liability of England that is to be limited. It is a novel conception of warfare and one that is likely to have lasting effects on the diplomacy of the future. It is all the more important and unexpected as the considered opinion of English journals of great influence.

When the plea of limited liability is put forward on behalf of England with its teeming population, its immense resources and enormous wealth, it is surely time for us in Ireland to put forward the same plea. We are pledged by no treaties, not having the standing of an international power, and the war can bring us no possible advantages. Great stress and emphasis have been laid upon the magnificent loyalty of the Self-Governing Dominions by the English Press, but they more than any of the belligerents can practice the doctrine of war by limited liability. The Dominions can measure their resources and their powers and can take part in the war, while at the same time keeping well within their means. They need not keep pace with the extravagance of England. They know how much of the population they can spare for fighting purposes and how much money they can afford to contribute to the costs of the war, and when their limits have been reached they can stop. How different is the position of Ireland. Ireland, dubbed "disloyal," has had her soldiers in the thick of the fighting on every battlefield merely to have them ignored by the authorities, while the Canadians, Australians, and New Zealanders have had almost whole newspapers devoted to their praise. She has sent more men to the war than any of the Dominions, yet recruiting still goes on. She has been almost bled white by the War Loans, and she is obliged to contribute to the cost of the war on the same basis as the more wealthy predominant partner.

But there must be a stop to this indiscriminate and ruinous tapping of our resources. Are we to be made a bankrupt nationality with a crippled young population and a decrepit old one merely because the resources of England are so much greater than ours and because we are compelled to march to her pace? Our national liability in this war must be kept within the limits of our resources; and to do that we must have, at the earliest possible moment, the same control of these resources as the Dominions have. In plain words, the Home Rule Act must be brought into operation at once, as only Home Rule can save us.

Here then is a cause in which our intellectuals have good reason to voice their opinions. They surely have not become so terribly intellectual that the spectacle of their native land being steadily and surely ruined leaves them indifferent. The war and its causes may perhaps offer greater scope for intellectual gymnastics, it may for the moment be more attractive, but it offers no results to discussion. The condition of this country is open to improvement, and if our intellectuals are not only intellectuals but are human beings as well, its condition must appeal to them. If they turn their attentions to their own country, their opinions will be listened to, and not be wasted in the wilderness of the newspapers.

L. P. B.

CASUAL COMMENTS.

I DISCOURSED last week of Pantomime. It is a curious thing that we never have a Dublin Pantomime. Of course, it may be objected that in our "theatres of commerce" we never do have anything either Dublin or Irish; our theatrical wares all come from England. But why would not some enterprising, albeit intrepid, person put on the boards of the Abbey a Pantomime dealing with Dublin life? Perhaps the suggestion is one that a "high-brow" like Mr. St. John Ervine might deem beneath his notice; but there are possibilities in it none the less. The modern Pantomime is partly an entertainment for children, interpreting more or less inaccurately some nursery tale with which they are familiar; it is partly—far less partly—a species of skit on circumstances and customs of the day designed to give amusement to the children of larger growth.

The *Revue* as it has been developed in these islands is modelled to a great extent on the British idea of Pantomime. The so-styled "Beauty Chorus" is nothing more in essentials than the Ballet of the old-time Christmas extravaganza. The much-criticised costumes of the ladies comprising—and compromising—it, do not constitute when all is said and done, so marked an advance, or departure, from those that passed the Censorship of the Mrs. Grundies of Victorian times. These *Revues* are all entirely foreign to the modes of life in Dublin. It is true that we can appreciate the inwardness of a jest about Lloyd George better than one that has, let us say, Monsieur Poincaré for its theme; just as our familiarity with the Englishman's idea of humour makes us innocently gay when red-nosed comedians wax merry about such genial topics as wife-beating and the undue consumption of alcohol. But, except in so far as the weaknesses and idiosyncracies common to humanity are thus treated of, the productions are without any local or national appeal. An effort to impart "local colour," always rewarded by loud shouts of laughter and applause, is made by dragging in irrelevant allusions to Rathmines and "Bird" Flanagan. For the rest, we are treated to studies of life on the Thames Embankment, in Hyde Park, or to exotic (and, one is inclined to think, exaggerated) examples of Continental existence.

We suffer these things in *Revue*, and, if one is to write truly, it must be admitted that we appear to suffer them gladly. Due regard being had to all the circumstances of the time, it would be too much to expect that one could sustain in Dublin ,even if the thing were desirable, a constant supply of *Revue* which would deal with our political, or municipal, or intellectual personalities (I trust that the distinction will not pain any of them), and with the topics of the day in this country. Once a year, however, a Pantomime might be presented which would gently satirise and hold up to redeeming ridicule many of the absurdities, actual and abstract, that abound among us. I do not know to whom I would entrust the delicate task, but I feel sure that there are some satirical rogues in our midst who would find it quite congenial.

Nor is there any reason why this "Irishising" of Pantomime should make it less palatable to the children. A large number of the themes on which Pantomimes are based are not especially English in their origin, and there are plenty of Irish folk legends which could be readily adapted for the purpose. Surely it is not essential for a child's enjoyment that the scene should be laid on Highgate Hill, or that "the dame" should drop his (or her) aitches and refer to her (or his) deceased husband as his (or her) "*h*old man." Looked at from this point of view the matter is of some importance. All children expect and want to be taken to the Pantomime, all children with natural instincts like the Pantomime (let cynics scoff if they please); it is the first form of theatrical entertainment with which they become acquainted. It is unnecessary to add any observations as to how twigs are bent or trees inclined. Our adults to-day like their Pantomimes as they get them.

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Of course I know in my bones that all this is an idle beating of the air. We have got into a groove in matters of this kind and there we are likely to stick. The Irish Irelander would, no doubt, observe—and he is not easy to argue with—that the remedy for the present state of things is, as Hamlet would say, to reform it altogether. I am not sure whether he would care to quote Shakespeare, but that would be the pith of his remarks. He would contend that one must be either English or Irish, that one cannot have things both ways. Those in whom the light of faith and hope burns less ardently, may, however, plead for a compromise on this point.

EYEWITNESS.

THE NATIONAL SPIRIT AS A PRINCIPLE OF PROGRESS.—III.

FOR a long period such outsiders as took any interest in our domestic affairs were content to ascribe our deficiencies, real or imaginary, to some inherent vice that was latent in the Irish character. The man who wrote a book about Ireland after visiting Dublin, Killarney, and the Giant's Causeway with an indecent haste assured his readers that the Irish people suffered in fact from what has been called a double dose of original sin. This summary, but somewhat inconclusive method of getting rid of the Irish difficulty, did not commend itself to the few foreign writers who searched a little more deeply for the causes of present-day conditions in our country. Englishmen might not be unwilling to escape from the fatal consequences of their own deliberate and long-continued policy by offering as a solution of the Irish question the assertion that our misfortunes were due to an aboriginal taint in the Irish character; but even amongst Englishmen there were not wanting strong voices of protest against this silly and disingenuous attempt to beg the question at the outset. Writing of Ireland many years ago, John Stuart Mill told his countrymen that "of all the vulgar modes of escaping from the consideration of social and moral influences on the human mind, the most vulgar is that of attributing the diversities of conduct and character to inherent national differences."

An occasional writer may still be found who has the hardihood to adhere to this theory of the natal calamity of the Celtic race, but the theory has never maintained its position when examined in the light of the historical method. Even a superficial study of the history of Ireland will satisfy any reasonable or fair-minded man that all the blame for the existing state of affairs cannot be laid at our own doors. Contemporary writers of whom it is necessary to take any serious account, seek, and seek rightly, for the causes of modern conditions in the past history of the country. The historical method, in the words of Mr. T. M. Kettle, imposes itself not out of political passion, but by a mere scientific necessity on all students of contemporary social, or indeed spiritual, problems. The past is studied, not for its own sake, but for the sake of the present. Those who wish to penetrate below the surface in such matters have all come to realise that, in the words of a great writer, the history of the past ends in the present; and to behave ourselves duly towards the phenomena of the present time we must understand them, and in order to understand them we must have recourse to the past events that led up to them. Thus the present appears before us as a text, and the past as its interpretation.

Of the various studies of modern Ireland that have been based on this historical method, the most valuable is, perhaps, "L'Irlande Contemporaine," by Paul Dubois. M. Dubois has the initial advantage of not belonging to either of the nations that have for so long waged a Pyrrhic warfare on the soil of Ireland, so that he is able to approach his subject with an open mind. He has taken the greatest pains to arrive at facts, and he has the French gift of expressing them with lucidity and force. The conclusions of such a writer, arrived at after the most careful study, cannot be otherwise than helpful to those who give any consideration to present-day problems in Ireland.

M. Dubois' study of the Irish question may be fairly summed up in his description of Ireland as a country of arrested development. He finds evidences in the earliest records of the Irish people of a native civilisation which had in it all the elements of growth. In the first centuries of the Christian era this civilisation had reached what was, relatively to the other civilisations of Europe, an advanced stage of growth. The Brehon Code, a system of laws remarkable for their subtlety and imagination, governed all the human relations. The earliest Irish monuments display delicate and distinctive workmanship, and were conceived and executed with a pure taste. Contrasting our oldest native literature with the early literature of England, Mr. Standish O'Grady writes:—"The dawn of English literature is in the seventh century, a late dawn, dark and sombre without a ray of cheerful sunshine, that of Ireland dates reliably from a point before the Christian era, luminous with the light that never was on sea or land, thronged with heroic forms of men and women, terrible with the presence of the supernatural, and its over-arching power."

The advent of Christianity to Ireland marked a further stage in the process of development. The marvellous

IRISH HISTORY LECTURES.

DUBLIN GAELIC LEAGUE.

"THE CELTIC SOCIAL SYSTEM IN IRELAND."

ON SUNDAY, 9th JANUARY, 1916,

AT 25 PARNELL SQUARE.

By EOIN MacNEILL.

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examples of Christian art, the Tara Brooch, the Cross of Cong, the High Cross of Monasterboice, the wonderful illuminative art of the Book of Kells and other ancient manuscripts, show a marked advance on the workmanship of the pagan period. Irishmen became famous all over the Continent for their learning and sanctity, and so great was their influence that it seemed, says Mr. Goldwin Smith, "as if Celtic and not Latin Christianity was to mould the destinies of the Church of the West." This native civilisation that gave such splendid promise was shaken and almost destroyed by the savages from the North who caused such havoc on the western coasts of Europe during the seventh and eighth centuries. Ireland was ravaged from the sea by a race "who destroyed for the mere lust of destruction, and whose life revel was a pride of demolition."

Before the country had recovered from the ravages of the Northmen it was shaken a second time by the Anglo-Norman invasion. The history of Ireland in the centuries that followed is a record of successive attempts to stamp out any remnants which the people retained of their native civilisation and culture. Their dress, laws, manners, speech, religion, trade, were banned. After seven hundred years of English rule, the marks of Irish nationality had become so obliterated from the public life of the country that Grattan said to the men who secured Parliamentary Independence for Ireland: "You had not the advantages that were common to other countries; no monuments, no trophies, none of these outward and visible signs of greatness such as inspire mankind, and connect the ambition of the age which is coming on with the example of that going off, and form the descent and concatenation of glory: no, you have not had any great act recorded among all your misfortunes, nor have you one public tomb to assemble the crowd, and speak to the living the language of integrity and freedom."

BRI-LETH.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

As the summer morn steals in across the fragrant fields of heather
lo!—the partridge shakes the silvern dew from off his nut-
brown crest.
Hark! his hoarse note in the upland. In the pleasant summer
weather,
in the dawn, beneath the eaves, the sparrow twitters in her
nest.
He who caters for the sparrow, for the partridge, for the bee,
(that will fare afield to labour 'gainst bleak winter's care and
cold),
He is surely lowly-minded, and He taketh thought for me,
who will sentinel the breaking of this dawn that is of gold.
For already 'tis upon us; long has been the solemn night.
Sweet our Rest! but day is sweeter. O my brother, 'tis the day,
seen afar off, and reflected in the long lagoons of Light,
and the planets cease the choiring, and the stars are crept
away.
They have fainted, they have faltered, they have languished,
they have sighed.
In the dawning forth of Love they all have melted in the beam.
Like the lilies of the valleys, in the summer's prime they've died,
and the fragrance of their memory still haunts us like a dream.
Let us speak now of the pleasures of the day. At night it grieves—
oh, how sweetly! when the poplar waves her plumes, and
when the cry
of some wind will creak and clatter in the soft enamelled leaves,
when the clouds, in humble grey, go down against the moonlit
sky.
In the night is neither colour, nor a pleasant sound to hear.
Oh! how different, dear brother, when the silvern Dawn
appears,
and the Rose displays her bosom, and the sunny pastures clear
make a moment spent in smiling compensate for many tears.

—PHILIP FRANCIS LITTLE.

THE OUTLOOK OF THE IRISH FARMER.

THE Irish farmer was for generations, owing to various reasons, which are now practically non-existent, accustomed to leave his land derelict. He sent his children abroad to produce foodstuffs for export to Ireland, and by their industry the foreign farmer was made prosperous, while he was driven out of the market at home. The farmer as a rule did not think about the vices of such a system, and dragged along (as his fathers had done before him) through a weary, humdrum existence.

That was the situation until the war broke out about seventeen months ago. Since then—at first in view of the threatened destruction of our mercantile marine by submarines, and now as a result of the fabulous prices that are asked for foreign foodstuffs, we find at every street corner the farmers thinking, and thinking deeply. As we enter upon the new year we must collect our thoughts and act with discretion, courage, and enthusiasm if we are going to pass successfully through the present crisis and lay a sure foundation for the future welfare of our agricultural industry.

The labour question has become very acute; and though hundreds of our best farm labourers and farmers' sons have joined the army, the cry is still for "men and more men," so that we may expect matters to get gradually worse until the end of the war.

The only alternative left, then, for the farmer is to make more use of machinery than he has hitherto been accustomed to. But here we are at once up against two great difficulties. In the first place, machinery at the moment can only be procured after a long delay and in limited quantities; and secondly, the cost of these machines makes them prohibitive to a very large proportion of the small Irish farmers. How can we best overcome the difficulties? For an answer to this question we must turn to the organised farmers in the co-operative societies and examine the co-operatively owned implement scheme which is now working so successfully throughout the country.

The society that intends to take up the work asks the I.A.O.S. to send one of their machinery experts to attend a meeting of the society which is arranged to suit both parties. There the position and needs of the members are fully discussed, and with the help and advice of the agricultural organisers they purchase implements that are likely to be most serviceable to the farmers in the district. Then, as they gain experience of the scheme and learn its advantages, they get other machines as occasion requires, until a full set of modern implements is in hand to help their members in all their agricultural operations.

The society purchases the machinery, paying net cash for it out of the reserve fund, or out of its overdraft in the bank, and hires the machine out to the members at a fixed sum per day or according to the amount of work done, as the Committee may decide. The more complicated machines, such as binders, threshing sets, etc., are put in charge of a man paid by the society and trained by the agricultural organisers to handle and look after these machines. The members pay for the use of the machine and the society keeps it in repair, unless wilful neglect or damage is proved against the member who is using it when any accident occurs.

The secretary of the society is responsible for the hiring out of the machinery, and the members obtain the use of the implements in the order of application. We are told it is astonishing to find how many members can be accommodated in this way; as soon as one machine is found insufficient to meet the needs of the society, others of a similar kind are purchased and placed at the disposal of the members in the same way.

That scheme must commend itself forcibly to all right-minded people at the present moment, because owing to the

great demand, and the limited supply of these implements, it is only by the societies owning them in common that the greatest possible use can be got out of them. Furthermore, it would not be practical or economical for the small farmer to lock up a large sum of money in machinery, when he can be as well served by hiring the implements for a trifling amount from his society, and he then has his capital left to spend on improvements, either on his farm or homestead.

Now that the farmer has been set thinking, we would like, in conclusion, to ask him to consider very seriously the pros and cons of this food question. We can by using modern implements more extensively get a greater return for our labour, increase our food supply, and at the same time decrease the cost of production. Surely a scheme which can attain this object should be taken up wholeheartedly by every society. By so doing they will help to retain in this country a large slice of the £20,000,000 which the Irish farmer exports annually to the foreign agriculturist for foodstuffs.

A FARMER.

"GOD SAVE THE KING."

EARLY in the war, in a fury of irritation at the extent to which "pro-German tosh" appeared to be gaining ground in Ireland, Bernard Shaw fulminated with conscientious gravity in a manifesto to the Irish Press. As a cosmopolitan, he was up in arms against the narrowness of mind that ranged many of the extreme Irish Nationalists automatically on the pro-German side because Germany was for the moment England's enemy; as an Irishman, he was roused to a frenzy of indignation by the stupidity with which the official recruiting authorities set about appealing to the "patriotism" and "loyalty" of Ireland. He pointed out with his unfailing clearness of vision that when Englishmen posted the Irish towns with urgent appeals to join the army in the name of "King and Country" they were inviting intelligent Irishmen to go and fight for "*their* country and the Kaiser's cousin." The Shavian presentation of the facts scarcely exaggerated the view of the ordinary Nationalist. Whatever grounds there might be for joining the army—and quite presentable reasons could easily have been brought forward, for Irishmen saw the position quite clearly themselves, although they exhibited no gush of sentimentality towards the cause of smaller nations and all the claptrap current at the time—Irishmen, even the hundreds of thousands in the army, are to-day no more "loyal" to any cause but what they conceive to be that of their own country than they were two years ago.

By nothing can the present state of Irish opinion be better gauged than the attitude of the ordinary nationalist to the symbols of the Empire. I hope that some patient chronicler will one day write a record of the many episodes that have centred round the singing of "God save the King." Every prominent Irish nationalist has at one time or other had his ingenuity taxed to its utmost in order to escape when that critical moment arises. One of our best-known public men has occasionally been obliged to remember suddenly that he left his cigar in the pocket of his overcoat. Others have in the last resort been ignominiously compelled to attend with a sublimely unconscious air to their bootlaces. Some, trapped incautiously, and failing in the resource that might find a way out of the desperate situation, have boldly stood up during the singing of the Anthem and explained their conduct subsequently as a necessary concession to the hospitality of their friends. The difficulties connected with the drinking of the King's health at public banquets have been equally numerous and entertaining. Nationalists in Ireland have been perpetually at a disadvantage in the fact that their politics clashed with a great deal of Irish social life. At any rate, their position has always been quite clear—until the passing of Home Rule—that so long as self-government was withheld from Ireland no symbol of English Government in Ireland must be honoured. And the foremost of those symbols has ever been the singing of "God Save the King." No one would pretend that the tune evokes among us any feelings of patriotic fervour—unless in a contrary direction. "God Save the King" is to the ordinary Irishman a business proposition. It is the outward visible—or rather, audible—sign of our acceptance of English Government in Ireland reduced to more or less harmless dimensions. We are prepared to concede that formal submission as a hard bargain when we have obtained the minimum of our demands.

In the sudden transformation that came over Irish politics after the final passing of Home Rule, all this was supposed to have been changed. The Irish Party was prominently represented on recruiting platforms, and it was urged by every orthodox politician that now that Home Rule was won and had received the King's assent, the old hostility to English Government must be considered to have ended. Logically we were absolutely exempted henceforward from the Parnellite pledge that raised so impenetrable a barrier between Irish nationalism and the Irish Government. We had won what we had asked for, and must now adapt ourselves as quickly as we could to the state of affairs that must immediately follow the operation of Home Rule. It was taken for granted that the King would in person open the first Home Rule Parliament, and as we would undoubtedly have to sing "God Save the King" then, we had better accustom ourselves to the new situation as best we could. Mr. Redmond went one step further, for the press announced with gusto that a large Union Jack now floated over the portals of Aughavanagh.

It would be interesting to know whether that Union Jack still flies over the residence of the leader of the Irish Party. It would indeed show a surprisingly consistent and unshaken faith if Mr. Redmond still demonstrates his "loyalty" in so striking a form. For the position to-day could scarcely be more different from that of fifteen months ago. In place of what at least resembled enthusiasm at the conclusion of the Home Rule struggle, now there is a general reaction that is determined to adopt a stern attitude of diffidence towards English promises. We have paid the price again and again without a return, and we still have no more than a paper promise of Home Rule. We have come to feel that until the goods are delivered it is the lowest depth of folly to give more without exacting a full and tangible return. Feeling in Ireland to-day is far closer to the attitude of the country towards the last Unionist and coercive Government than to the attitude of the country towards the late Liberal Government. To talk of the Union of Hearts when the country is being bled profusely in men and in money to pay the terms of a bargain which England has not yet fulfilled, and when part of the English press already utters scarcely veiled threats that Home Rule is endangered by any reluctance on the part of Ireland to face national bankruptcy, is simply balderdash.

The forming of the Coalition was the turning point at which the whole feeling of the country became estranged. If there was any logic in the position at the outset, Mr. Redmond was bound to enter the new Cabinet. But there was no logic in it at any time. For a year we have claimed to act as an independent nation, knowing well that our independence was not more than half won, and that our future must be moulded by the forces that alone have prevailed in the past. Mr. Redmond had no illusions with regard to the position, and wisely maintained his independence. The campaign to reorganise the United Irish League knocked the

bottom out of the last pretence that the days of Irish opposition were done. While the Liberals still held office we had sufficient security to allow us to sing "God Save the King" for the sake of form without feeling absolute fools. Since, our whole efforts have been to put the best face we could on a compromise which was the direct outcome of the undermining of Home Rule.

The tide of feeling has already set strongly away from England. The country nearly lost its legs in the early days of the war; we were rallied, everyone of us—from the corner-boys to the leaders of the Irish Party, by a few men whose following has slowly but steadily increased. Upon one thing the country has made up its mind, that loyalty-proving has gone much too far. From this out we must organise ourselves and prepare to meet with an invincible resistance any further demand upon the friendship which we offered as the price to be paid for Home Rule. It is in small everyday occurrences that our deep political feelings are most clearly and half-unconsciously shown. The happy days when the ordinary nationalist stood up cheerfully while the theatres struck up "God Save the King" are gone; and already the country has swung back to a phase of nationalism that is deeper and nearer to the authentic tradition than any we have known for many years.

BRICRIU.

MÁIRE ṀICIL.

Ní ḃíonn a roġa aṫar nó máṫar ag éinne. Sin mar 'duḃairt Cos Ṁór leis an iúistís lá na cúirte nuair a d'ḟiafruiġ sé dí cé'n fáṫ nár ṫug a tuismiṫeoirí taḃairt suas éigin duiṫe. Is ioṁḋa easnaṁ ṫar taḃairt suas a ḟágann aiṫreaċa agus máiṫreaċa ar a gclainn. Ní hé an taḃairt suas atá ag cur buairt ar Ṁáire Ṁicil anois aċ na cosa móra a ḋaor í agus a d'ḟág leas-ainm uirṫi le fada. Is mór an t-easnaṁ ar ṁnaoi gan cosa beaga stuamḋa a ḃeiṫ aici. Muna mbeaḋ le déanaṁ aici aċ siuḃlóid ba deas an rud sáilín deas caol i mbróig aici, agus muna mbíonn a sáilín socair bíonn an saoġal contaḃairteaċ i gcoṁnaiḋe do ṁnaoi na sáile raiṁre.

Spág a ḃí mar leas-ainm ag an gcóṁarsanaċt ar Ṁicil. Ḃí na cosa iongantaċ mór aige agus cé gurḃ ioṁḋa áit 'ar ḟág sé a lorg idir cóṫráṫ na hoiḋċe agus eirġe gréine ṫug sé leis i gcoṁnaiḋe iad. Ḃíoḋ na geaḃaí ⁊ na laċain go fairsing faoi Nodlaig aige, agus ní ḟaca coṁarsa gé ná laċa ar gor ariaṁ ina ṫeaċ. Le clisteaċt a ġeiḃeaḋ sé iad agus ní le dúṫraċt. D'ḟág sé cosa móra mar oiḋreaċt ag a inġin; d'ḟág sé aici freisin an dual sa ngadaiḋeaċt, aċ do ċlis sé uirṫi sa gclisteaċt. Níor ḟág sé blas dí aici, agus ní eiriġeann le gadaiḋeaċt a déantar gan clisteaċt. Tuigeann na piléaraí féin an méad soin.

Do ġoid Máire Ṁicil péire bróg. Ḃíodar ró-ḃeag duiṫe ⁊ níor ḟéad sí iad a ḋíol. Ní ċeannoċaḋ éinne uaiṫe iad. Ḃí na mná ar fad cáirdeaṁail léiṫe agus is minic a ċuirdís caint uirṫi, ⁊ d'innsiġidís sgéala beaga duiṫe le eolas éigin nac mbeaḋ aca féin a ḃaint aisti. Aċ b'eol dóiḃ ar fad an laige a ḃí uirṫi agus ḃí a ḟios ag Máire gurḃ eol dóiḃ é agus ċuirfeaḋ sí a láṁ sa teine sul dá d'iarrfaḋ sí ar ṁnaoi aca na bróga a ċeannaċ. Ḃí na bróga ag luiġe go trom uirṫi, aċ ní ar a cosaiḃ ná ar a coguas aċ ar a hinntinn. Ḃíodar greamuiġṫe duiṫe agus níor ḟéad sí iad a ċaiṫeaṁ. Cé'n ṁaiṫ bróga nac dtiocfaḋ léiṫe a ċaiṫeaṁ ar an Doṁnaċ féin? Agus ḃí contaḃairt ionnta. Ḃeaḋ droċ-aiṁreas ina dtaoḃ ag éinne a d'ḟeicfeaḋ 'sa teaċ iad. Ḃíodar dá dóġaḋ aċ ní ṫáinig sé ina ceann ariaṁ iad a ḋóġaḋ. B'ḟearr duiṫe dá ndéanaḋ sí sin, aċ ní leigfeaḋ an trainnt duiṫe a ḋéanaṁ. Ḃí bróga uaiṫe ⁊ ġeoḃfaḋ sí malairt orṫa dá mb'éidir é.

Ċuaiḋ sí go dtí an siopa arís. Níor casaḋ léiṫe an ġoid. Nuair nár casaḋ ṡíl sí nac raiḃ aon droċaiṁreas uirṫi féin. Ba dóiġ léiṫe nárḃ eol do ṁnaoi an tsiopa na bróga a ḃeiṫ imṫiġṫe.

Ṫáinig smaoineaḋ do Ṁáire Ṁicil. "Tá droċ-ċuiṁne aici," ar sí léiṫe féin, "agus ní heol duiṫe na bróga a ḃeiṫ ann nó as. Ní ḃeaḋ a ḟios aici nac a gceannaċt a rinne mé. Ḃéarfad ar ais ċuici iad ⁊ 'déarfad go ḃfuil siad ro-ḃeag dom agus go dteastuiġeann malairt péire uaim."

Rinne sí aṁlaiḋ.

"Annso a fuair tú iad?"

"'Seaḋ, ⁊ tá siad ro-ḃeag dom."

"Ná raiḃ droċ-raṫ ar do ċois moir! Ġoid tú iad coigcíos san lá indiu."

Ḃí Máire Ṁicil i sáinn. Cuireaḋ an dliġe uirṫi aċ ġlac an iúistís truaġ duiṫe ⁊ leig sé saor í.

D'imṫiġ Máire an geiṁreaḋ soin gan bróga nua. Ḃí bróg ḋeas aici agus clog clí.

D'eiriġ an Caiptín maidin. Ḃí an talaṁ ⁊ an doṁan mór faoi ṡneaċta a ṫuit go luaṫ san oiḋċe. Fear aonraic a ḃí sa gCaiptín agus ḃí cúram a raiḃ aige ar féin Ḃuail sé amaċ go ḃfeicfeaḋ sé na gaḋair. Ċonnaic sé trearsna na hioṫlainne lorg ḋá ċos. Ḃí bróg ar ċois aca ⁊ clog ar an gcois eile. Lean sé an lorg go doras cró na laċan. D'ḟosgail sé an doras. Ḃí sé barrdal imṫiġṫe—barrdail a ḃí aige le haġaiḋ na Nodlag. Léim an Caiptín ar a ċorp nac mór. Ċuir sé cainnt splanncaċ faoḃraċ as. Ḃéic sé agus ṁionnuiġ sé, aċ ní raiḃ maiṫ dó ann. Níor fuaraḋ air blas tar éis na cainnte a ċur ḋe. Ċuiṁniġ sé ar an dliġe agus ċuaiḋ sé ina ṫrosgaḋ caol díreaċ go dtí an bearic. Ḃí beirt de luċt cosanta an dliġe ann roiṁe, Cluas Ṁór ⁊ Srón Dearg.

'Seaḋ "ar seisean gan beannuġaḋ dóiḃ," tá goid ⁊ fuadaċ dá ndéanaṁ ar fud na tuaiṫe agus tá bolg le teine dá ḋéanaṁ annso agaiḃ-se," agus ċoṁ maiṫ leis sin do ráḋ do ċuir sé cainnt as do sgannruiġ Cluas Ṁór.

"Céard do ṫárla duit?" ar sa Srón Dearg.

D'innis sé dóiḃ. Ṫáinig Cluas leis go ḃfeicfeaḋ sé na lorga sa sneaċta, Connaic sé iad. "'Sí Cos Ṁór do ġoid na barrdail," ar sé.

Do ċaiṫ Cos Ṁór an Nodlaig i bpríosún

MIĊEÁL RUAḊ.

THE EMPIRE AND HOME RULE.

"Call an Imperial Council for the conduct of Imperial affairs, and call it at once. Bring Botha to it and Borden. Let Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, and the West Indies send each a man, and England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland each a man.

"Ten men. That Council will be the foundation-stone of the British Empire, and let it be permanent for all Imperial matters.

"Canada, hear me! Australia! New Zealand! Give us your spirit to save us from the decadence that is robbing us of life, the system that is crushing our souls."—H. de Vere Stacpoole in the *Weekly Despatch.*

THE *Weekly Despatch* is one of the Northcliffe papers, which to-day are the most powerful of the ruling forces in England. It is significant that in its last issue, from which the above extract is taken, there is a whole page devoted to an account of how the 10th Irish Division saved the British army in Servia.

Mr. Stackpoole's article is a triumph for Irish opinion, because the Northcliffe press were amongst the most vehement supporters of Carsonism. In the great initiative which Ireland must now enter upon in order to obtain Home Rule, it is right to keep in view the attitude of a British Imperialist who thinks of placing the units of the Empire on an equal basis. The Council of ten which he proposes, which is to include Ireland, is a new and strange suggestion to Irish Nationalists. Such a Council, from their point of view, is quite feasible, on one condition, and on one condition only—which is obviously the enforcement of Home Rule at once. It is idle to draw analogies to Scotland and Wales. The over-ruling and essential factor of an Imperial Council is the consent of the parties. Ireland cannot be a party to it without Home Rule in force.

"Canada, hear me! Australia! New Zealand! Give us your spirit to save us, etc." What is the spirit? Simply the spirit of self-government, self-reliance, and a sense of equality stirred to the fervour of generosity, because Canada, Australia and New Zealand have received full justice and England does not desire to set bounds to the march of their nationality.

Just for the moment Home Rule is not practical politics, because Irish opinion is not concentrated upon the "will to victory." Exasperated feelings there are in plenty, for many reasons. Let us enumerate some of them. There has been an immense loss of life amongst the Irishmen fighting for England, such a loss as could only be repaid by full Colonial Home Rule. But even the irreducible minimum of our national demand is still in jeopardy, and the Unionists are hostile as ever. Then that agent of the English Treasury, Sir Matthew Nathan, is robbing us of our most needed grants, grants which come from purely Irish sources. Again, the Government is penalising Irish civil servants for not joining the army, as in the case of the Ordnance Survey Department. There is a concerted attempt on the part of the Government to interfere with the cross-Channel trade in order to cause unemployment here and thus drive Irishmen into the trenches. Lastly, the cry of conscription has almost raised a rebellion among a very considerable class in the country. Canon Hannay has lately written in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*:—

> "The original Sinn Feiners, with their political idealism and their purity of purpose, might have been dangerous if there had been enough of them. Every Government finds men of principle difficult to reckon with, but it would be a poor Government, indeed, which could not find a way to deal with men who are using other people's principles as a cloak for their own want of conviction of any kind. A man with convictions who is prepared to be a martyr can, of course, defy a Government, which will find itself as helpless before him as Browning's 'Instans Tyrannus' was, but people who are chiefly anxious for their own comfort and convenience are open to various kinds of persuasion which a Government can quite well use without incurring the odium of persecuting patriots."

Does the distinguished author think that he is aiding the Empire by statements of this kind? To a mere Nationalist, it appears to be plain "felon setting," or at best very shallow and unreflecting "pot boiling," and at the worst, an invitation to the English Government to run amok in Ireland and incidentally to "disrupt the Empire." The *Morning Post* has already quoted his words for its own most sinister purposes and designs upon Irish Freedom.

If the spirit of a new Imperialism is to succeed, it must begin by Home Rule at once. In the interests of the war such a course would be advisable. For it would work upon the springs of generosity in Irishmen throughout the world, and make them forget what is possibly an illusion, but is to them at present a conviction, that England has a genius for hypocrisy when it comes to governing Ireland.

P. J. L.

Withdrawal of the Grants for Irish.

The monster public meeting of protest which the Gaelic League has decided to hold in connection with the withdrawal by the Department of the fees for the teaching of Irish has been definitely fixed, by permission of the Lord Mayor, to be held in the Round Room of the Mansion House on Monday, January 17th. Prominent speakers, representative of all shades of Irish national public opinion and of Irish education, are being invited. Already several important meetings have been held in different parts of the country. The Committee of Technical Instruction of County Carlow, presided over by his Lordship Bishop Foley, have passed a strong resolution of protest against the mean action of the Board. A deputation from the County Committee of the Gaelic League having waited upon the County Committee of Technical Instruction in County Kerry, this latter Committee unanimously joined in a resolution of protest, as did also the County Committee of Limerick. Numerous other public boards and educational bodies have protested, and it is certain that when the opportunity arises to put its views on record Irish public opinion will show itself as vehemently opposed to the renewed attempt of the British Government's representatives in Ireland to strangle Irish nationality through killing the Irish language.

Fleadh na nodlag.

The Gaels of Dublin will have a unique opportunity of spending many a happy hour together at the Mansion House next Saturday night. The Committee in charge have left nothing undone that might conduce to the success of the undertaking, and they confidently expect that Saturday will witness a brilliant gathering of the Gaels. A special prize of £1, or value, is offered to the wearer of the best lady's Irish costume.

The Abbey Theatre.

This week at the Abbey Theatre a new play entitled "Fraternity," by Mr. Bernard Duffy, will be performed for the first time. The author describes the piece as a satire, and the scene is laid in the Meeting Room of the "Modern Order of Milesians" during an election. The Ulster Players lately produced a play entitled "The Coiner," by Mr. Duffy, at the Grand Opera House, Belfast, where it was very successful. "Fraternity" will be followed by a revival of Mr. W. F. Casey's "mild satire" on Rathmines, "The Suburban Groove." This play is one of the most popular pieces in the Abbey repertoire, and our readers will be glad to renew their acquaintance with it.

LOVE POEMS FROM IRISH MSS.

(Continued from last week.)

XI.

("Love is a pleasant malady. Happy is he who loves and is loved.")

Aoibhinn an galar grádh mná,
ní dob' annamh dá rádh riamh;
grádh marbhthach don taobh istoigh,
beatha is aoibhne dár chruth Dia (?).

Bídh sé mar is aoibhne lais,
ní luigh orchra air nó aois;
cionnus do gheabha sé bás,
an tí do bheir grádh do mhnaoi?

Leór leis féin a mhéad do fhlaith,
beag a shuim i maith nó maoin,
an tí do bheir 's do gheibh grádh
do fhan sé go bráth fá aoibh.

[*bídh*, i. bíonn. *luigh*, .i luigheann. *orchra*, i. meathlú. *flaith*, i. réim, cómhacht, acfuinn. *do fhan sé*, i. fanann sé. *fá aoibh*, i. go soilbhir súgach.]

XII.

("Men are faithless and fickle. Never will I trust their love again!")

Cumann fallsa grádh na bhfear!
is mairg bean do ní a réir;
gidh milis a gcomhrádh ceart,
is fada isteach bhíos a méin.

Ná creid a gcogar 's a rún,
ná creid glaclúth (?) a lámh,
ná creid a bpóg ar a mbia blas,—
ó n-a searc ní bhfuilim slán.

Ná creid, is ní chreidfe mé,
fear ar domhan tar éis cháich;
do chuala mé sgéal ó 'né,
och, a Dhé! is géar rom chráid!.

Do bhéardaois airgead is ór,
do bhéardaois fós agus maoin,
do bhéardaois pósadh 'gus ceart
do mhnaoi, nó go teacht an laoi.

Ní mise amháin do mheall siad,
is iomdha bean riamh do chealg
grádh an fhir nach bia go buan,—
och, is mairg do chuaidh rem cheird.

[*do ní a réir*, i. a dhineann rud ortha. *is fada isteach* etc., i. ní thasbáineann siad a méin nú a n-aigne 'n-a gcuid chainte. *sgéal is géar rom chráidh*, i. sgéal do chráidh me go géar. *do bhéardaois fós agus maoin*, i. do thubharfaidís seóide chómh maith. *is mairg* etc., i. is mairg bean im chás-sa, do thug grádh d' fhear do thréig me.]

THOMAS F. O'RAHILLY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Fallacies of the Abstentionists.

To the Editor, NEW IRELAND.

Dear Sir—It has been my fortune, after spending a disagreeable Christmas in the trenches, to soothe my mind with the philosophic pages of NEW IRELAND. One escapes with relief from all that muddy, bloody business, for though there is little blood at present to dilute the other ingredients, the mud is bad enough by day in all conscience, and worse by night. Yet somehow the philosophic detachment is less soothing than it should be. If one really thought that the best way to do Ireland's work was to sit at home and philosophise, what a fool one would feel.

One reflection forces itself upon me. I read not long ago in the same pages that 250,000 men of Irish birth had either gone to the war or tried to go. If that be so, and I see no reason to doubt it, then debates upon abstention and the like are conducted under disability. The manhood of the country is abroad.

I learned also in NEW IRELAND that wherever a thousand Irish Nationalists assemble in Ireland the policy of the Irish Party is condemned. That may be. But what about the two hundred and fifty thousand? The two hundred and fifty whom I know best show no disposition to find fault with either John Redmond or his brother or his son; and I think they are typical of the rest—except for the Ulster Division and its affinities. What about them, again?

Here I can only report from hearsay so far as the Ulster Division is concerned. But I know personally several officers who before this war were pledged to fight against Home Rule, and who declare now very roundly that they will certainly never do so, nor wish to do so. Facts have been too strong for their prejudices. Is it to be supposed that the same lesson has not worked in the ranks?

I have never quite grasped the full philosophy of the "Abstentionists." In their view, was the Irish Nationalist who volunteered to fight helping Ireland or injuring Ireland? Was he wasting good Irish material? And to that extent criminal? I think not. Ireland, for Irish Nationalists, had two problems. One was to get Home Rule from Great Britain. The second was to conciliate Protestant Ulster.

Given the war, what was Nationalist Ireland to do? Were Irishmen more likely to get Home Rule by helping England or by hindering England? I see that many thinkers are concerned with our lack of robust hatred. John Mitchel, they say, was a robust hater, and we want more John Mitchels. Mitchel was so robust that when the issue of negro slavery was raised he defended negro slavery. It was his instinct to be against England, and England advocated emancipation. But I would venture to lay down as a proposition that it is more desirable to get Home Rule by benefiting England than by injuring England. It is a Christian proposition, and we have heard much about Ireland's exceptional genius for Christianity. It is also, I think, a sound business proposition, for we must have large dealings with England in the future, as in the past; and the Irishmen who were wading knee-deep in mud on Christmas night listening to shells go over were, as it seems to me, no bad agents for Irish manufactures. Then, as to Ulster. The "Abstentionist" is quite clear that we must hold Great Britain to her bargain about Home Rule. But, supposing that we had all abstained while Protestant Ulster sent its contingent, what earthly chance had Ireland, other than Ulster, of being heard when the matter was argued?

There is the further question of conscription. Suppose all Nationalists had abstained, would the Irish Volunteers have been a sufficiently secure defence against compulsion in Ireland? I doubt it. The real defence is the manhood of Ireland in the trenches; and I am inclined to believe that the Irish farmer behind his plough, who is no less a part of Ireland's manhood, fully realises this fact, and is grateful.

From him the Sixteenth Division and all other Irish troops may expect good will, if not reinforcement; and if he prospers, they will rejoice in his prosperity. But from the "Abstentionists"

they cannot with any logic claim sympathy, and they will be even a little inclined to resent the applause of those who say, "The Munsters, or the Inniskillings, or the rest have done bravely; be careful that you do not follow their example." But one thing they will assuredly resent—the pretension of those who at this time have stayed at home to speak with authority in the name of Irish Nationalism. That right belongs to those who have paid, and are paying, and will pay, the full price for it.

X ONE OF THE IRISH DIVISION.

[The main argument of the above is directed against our contributor "A.Z.," who will, we hope, reply on his own account. The statistics referred to are our own. The figures we published, after a close examination of all the available sources, showed that there were in Ireland, according to the 1911 census, 850,000 men between the ages of 18 and 45. Of these we showed that 170,000 were now in the army and navy, and a further 80,000 (the figure is Mr. Redmond's) had been rejected for medical reasons by the recruiting authorities. The figures scarcely justify the assertion that "the manhood of the country is abroad."—Ed. *N.I.*]

The Irish Intellectuals and the War.

To the Editor, NEW IRELAND.

Sir—John Eglinton objects to my "assumption" that the Powers are enjoying themselves hugely in this war. I made no assumption. I essayed a joke—a joke that failed. I meant to suggest that John Eglinton was inviting us to a very dreary pastime, and that we must think nicely before accepting his invitation.

John Eglinton speaks of "the British Empire being drawn together by the war in a way which," etc. He might develop this for us. Many have concluded, probably too hastily, that the British Empire has shown itself no Empire at all, its members in no notable degree suffering or acting with the head. Ireland has contributed heavily in men, and contributes every hour of every day in money; but do the contributions, all voluntary, of the oversea Dominions, represent one farthing per hundred citizens or one man per hundred thousand?

John Eglinton writes of "the British Empire fighting grimly, in some places even despairingly, out of a repugnance to being taken over by a foreign Power"; so Ireland might grimly, even despairingly, struggle out of a repugnance to being finally and for ever absorbed by a Power which, whatever its intent, has never been in fact friendly or helpful to her, and was never able to imagine, even dimly, that in this little island there has grown up something sacredly singular, something dear, incalculably, to the islanders themselves, and not without value to the large world beyond.

John Eglinton thinks it "probably suicidal for Denmark, Holland, etc., to break neutrality." Some of us think the same exactly of Ireland. The reasons were indicated in the article to which John Eglinton replies.

John Eglinton excuses Sweden and the U.S.A. from attendance at the sports on the singular ground that "no interest of theirs is immediately threatened." Our excuse might be that some great interests of ours are immediately threatened, to wit, our priceless young blood, our agricultural and industrial development, our quiet effort to promote civic and social betterment in a hundred directions—all this and much more is imperilled, or actually killed off, while we know that, though we fattened all the barrenness of all the Gallipolis with Irish blood and bones, our entire effort could hardly affect the issue by one inch of ground or one day of precious time.

John Eglinton raises the difficulty that a large part of the Irish nation has accepted intervention, and will have to be

reckoned with, lived with, after the war. If there is not something elusive in this point it may be answered that this is not the argument of the moralist or of the intellectual, but of the majority-man. It seems to counsel the abandonment of a deep principle on the sole ground that a certain course has been taken by others, many of whom have very possibly acted not by thought or principle at all. The argument would also imply that all Irishmen must at once become members of some one Church, some one political party, one school in matters of literature and art—unless, indeed, it is meant that these are trivial things, and that only relations with England are important enough to divide men's souls.

John Eglinton—though perhaps here with some hesitation?—encourages us to believe that Ireland, in return for her services, will have some voice in the after-war settlement—Mr. Redmond will likely be consulted! Ireland, as we are told, has sent out an army nearly as large as Servia's, and, it may be added, will have paid over a huge sum to the British Treasury before all is done. Servia will sit at the Treaty Table and fight its diplomatic battle with a certain degree of prestige, with helpful, shame-faced sympathy from its allies. Some Mr. Asquith or Mr. Bonar Law may perhaps (if he feels the need of Irish votes) consult Mr. Redmond. Can John Eglinton be serious on this point?

Finally John Eglinton seeks to inveigle us with the hope that "Ireland, in making common cause with England, might find a new and desirably larger soul in realising for the first time its own political unity." This mystic utterance invites whole volumes of questions. Life is short, however, and it must suffice to indicate merely the main doubts.

Why "for the first time"? Some of us have thought that under Grattan's Parliament, despite the constitutional ignoring of the mere Papist in a mainly Catholic country, Ireland began to realise her political unity in some very useful and hopeful sense. Some of us have more hopes from College Green than from Mesopotamia. How should "making common cause with England"—Ireland as "under-scrub" in the community—help us to realise anything except England? Were it not more reasonable, and at least feasible, to propose as the basis of Irish national unity just simply Irish nationality?

Lastly, mystery of all mysteries, there is this "new and desirably larger soul," which cometh in so questionable a shape we know not what, or whose, it is. Whatever it is, its inhalation is somehow not to prejudice our own undesirable smaller soul: we are to stuff two souls into our tormented bosoms. Will not one of them inevitably be, again, the under-dog? Would John Eglinton recommend all the little peoples, all the lambs of the fold, to choose a lion friend to trot after, or is Ireland the only smaller nationality that needs such elevating companionship? And is it not common knowledge that when the lion and the lamb consort, the lion 'tis and not the lamb that grows larger?

And this larger new soul, what is to be its function? Whither is it to drive us, on what new and fearsome quests? How will the average Irishman, after the saving inhalation, differ from his unregenerate self? What new things will he think, do, what leave undone? In what regions will his activities be newly felt? To some of us, after careful review of our Maker's grotesques, it seems that Irishmen, compared with other men, class by class and craft by craft, are not more narrow, not in need of taking more than they can give—except only in material development, wherein their best hope is, precisely, in fastening their eyes on their own umbilicus.

"Cultivons notre jardin," said Candide: in that clean and honest work we shall find our soul if we have ever lost it: It is not in Mesopotamia or even in Westminster, but here in Ireland, "nearer than the door."

A—Z.

TO OUR READERS.

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