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DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE:

Detective Department,

Dublin, 14th. January, 1916

Subject, MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 13th. inst., the undermentioned extremists were observed moving about and associating with each other as follows :-

With Thomas J. Clarke, 75, Parnell St.,
 John T. Kelly, T.C., from 12 noon to 12-15
 p. m. Victor Collins for a quarter of an
 hour from 12-30 p. m. C. Colbert for a
 few minutes at 1 p. m. John McDermott for
 a quarter of an hour between 8 & 9 p. m. B.
 Parsons for half an hour between 9 & 10 p.m.

Bulmer Hobson, M. O'Hanrahan, and M.J.
 O'Rahilly in 2, Dawson Street at 12-30 p. m.

J. J. Walsh, P. O'Keefe, G.P.O., and C.
Collins, G.P.O., in company at Abbey Street
 at

The Chief Commissioner.

The Under Secretary

Submitted.

W. L. Whelan

C. L. 14/1/16

Under Secretary

Submitted

W. L. 14/1

True

14/1

Chieflom

W. L. 15/1

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at 1-30 p. m.

J. J. O'Connell and Frank Fahy in

College Green together between 3 & 4 p.m.

Ed. De Valera, E. Kent and J. J.

O'Connell in 2, Dawson Street between 10

& 11 p. m.

Attached are Copies of this week's

issue of "New Ireland", and The Workers

Republic which, with the exceptions of a

few paragraphs in the latter, do not ap-

pear to contain anything of a serious

nature.

Owen'Brien

Superintendent.

5001501 2/185 (3)

NEW IRELAND

AN IRISH WEEKLY REVIEW.

VOL. II. No. 36 [Registered as
a Newspaper.]

SATURDAY, JAN. 15, 1916.

PRICE ONE PENNY

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	153	ACTION AND REACTION. Poem. By Edward E. Lysaght .	161
THE AMENDING BILL.—III. By J. Clerc Sheridan .	155	MR. CAMPBELL AND CONCILIATION. By P. J. L. .	161
THE NATIONAL SPIRIT AS A PRINCIPLE OF PROGRESS.—		<i>nan. le Miceál Ruad</i>	162
IV. By Bri-Leth	156	BOOK REVIEW :	
THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE PRESS. By James Creed		Transfiguration. By Crawford Neil	163
Meredith	158	LOVE POEMS FROM IRISH MSS. By T. F. O'Rahilly .	164
CASUAL COMMENTS. By Eyewitness	158	CORRESPONDENCE :	
SONNET. By E.	159	The St. John Ambulance Brigade (A. J. Connor);	
THE "GOOD PEOPLE." By Charlotte Dease	160	The New Plan of Campaign (A-Z)	165

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

The conscription debates of the last week have brought some order into the chaos of the political situation, upon the outcome of which all the hopes of us in Ireland must perforce depend. But the position is not even yet clearly defined. Lord Derby has issued the report on his canvassing campaign in Great Britain, which shows a total of 2,950,000 attested men, and still leaves a considerable but debatable number of eligible men who have not attested. The Government's Compulsory Service Bill was introduced on Wednesday, debated for two days, and passed its first reading on Thursday by a majority of 403 to 105. Of the minority opposing the Bill the Irish Nationalists constituted more than half. On the same day the specially summoned Labour Congress in London resolved by a majority of 1,398,000 to 783,000 to oppose the Bill. The immediate result was the resignation of the three Labour representatives in the Government—Mr. Henderson, the Minister of Education; Mr. Brace, Parliamentary Secretary to the Home Office, and Mr. Roberts, Junior Lord of the Treasury. The Coalition now represents only two of the Parliamentary parties.

PROBABLE DEVELOPMENTS.

The power of the English Labour organisations to defeat the Government's proposals is still uncertain. In Parliament the Labour Party is divided, and many of its leading members are strong in their support of the Bill. It is generally assumed that on the second reading the Irish Party will not continue their active opposition; and a number of the Liberals and Labour members who opposed the first reading are expected to retire from their first attitude when the second reading is reached. The Government has thrown open the enlisting scheme for another six weeks, with a view to collecting by voluntary means practically the entire outstanding residue of unattested men. The future alternatives are apparently only two—either the Bill will pass safely through Parliament; or, if it should encounter any serious resistance, the Government will have recourse to a General Election to secure a mandate in favour of the compulsory scheme. The prospects of an election are universally acknowledged to be more remote than they were in the middle of the week. With the exception of the

Nation, all the Liberal papers are opposed to the idea; and during the last few days an election has been talked of mainly by the stronger advocates of compulsion as a threat to overawe any resistance to the Bill. For the time being the House of Lords has the whip hand. If it does not pass the Parliament Bill, Parliament must end automatically on January 31st.

THE POSITION OF THE IRISH PARTY.

One thing at least is certain—that the position of the Irish Party has undergone a very remarkable change. They have succeeded beyond all question in their main duty—to prevent the enforcement of conscription upon Ireland by an Imperial Parliament; Ireland is excluded from the scope of the new Bill, and there is no longer the remotest possibility of its being included. Not content with that genuine achievement, the Irish Party have made themselves the main force that opposed the Compulsory Service Bill even in its application to Great Britain. For months the attitude of the Party on the question of conscription has been utterly incomprehensible to the ordinary Irishman; this latest manoeuvre is the most surprising act in a political game which we have all followed with bewilderment. Only the existence of some ulterior tactical object can explain the anomaly of their position. The country has known its own mind upon conscription without the smallest questioning since the beginning; it has been determined that, whatever Parliament might decide for Great Britain, we would resist to the uttermost any attempt by an English Government to compel us, without the free consent of an Irish Parliament, to take part in the fullest burdens of the war. The Irish Party have consistently opposed conscription, but on wholly different grounds. They have talked of democratic principles being at stake, of the need of adapting the military establishment to the industrial capacities of the nation, of the army being already over-filled with men; and only within the last month has Mr. Dillon—alone of the real leaders of the Irish Party—attempted to fight the issue on the purely national grounds which are at the root of the unanimous feeling of the country.

TACTICS AND THE BILL.

Mr. William O'Brien, in a brief speech on the Bill, stated plainly the attitude of practically every Irishman towards the present proposals in Parliament: "We claim that Ireland, as a separate entity, is entitled to entirely different treatment in reference to these colossal

Imperial wars. I cannot admit for one moment that there is the smallest approach to identity in the case of Great Britain and Ireland in this regard. . . . Our position, historically and economically, and in every other way, is absolutely different. We take our stand on the rights of Ireland as a distinct nation." Mr. Redmond's case contains, by his own admission, no principle of any sort. "If this Bill," he announces, "were in my sober judgment really calculated to promote the speedy and successful ending of this war, the position which I would take up would be entirely different from my attitude to-day. . . . With me it is a question of necessity, and not of principle. It is a question of degree." Mr. Dillon even, departing from the unanswerable nationalism of his recent speech in the House of Commons, approaches the proposal "from the point of view of necessity and expediency and the peculiar circumstances. I would not hesitate to support conscription to-morrow if I thought it were necessary to maintain liberty, and if there were not conscription we ran the risk of losing the war." We question whether even Mr. Redmond or Mr. Dillon would claim that these speeches represented any body of Irish opinion whatever on the conscription issue. They have decided, for reasons which are doubtless sufficient, to plunge violently into English politics even after they had secured that the Bill was not to apply to Ireland. We assume that they counted the cost, for already they have exasperated a great body of English opinion.

The Irish Party will scarcely venture to show any further opposition to the Bill. Henceforward they must, whether they will or no, stand aloof from the political life of Westminster. They have demanded and have been wisely permitted, in Mr. Dillon's earlier phrase, "to go on our own road." The fateful question is what policy the Irish Party henceforward proposes to adopt. They cannot, even should they wish it, rest in quiet obscurity. A storm of hostility has been slowly gathering which must drive them on to the defensive. The *Morning Post* announces that Mr. Redmond by his refusal to accept compulsion "may have lost Home Rule." The *Times* admits that "the exclusion of Nationalist Ireland is justified if the Nationalist members state, as we understand they do, that the whole community they represent is unalterably opposed to the Bill. We have none of us time to deal with an aggravated 'Irish question' just now. It is quite sufficient for the moment to keep a careful record of the contribution of Nationalist Ireland to the defence of the Empire, and to leave the problem of Irish Government, which is still in suspense, to be settled by the Empire at a more convenient season." Mr. Ronald MacNeill has written a characteristic philippic accusing Irish Nationalists of "throwing the full weight of their vote in favour of breaking faith with the recruits in Great Britain to whom the Prime Minister had pledged his word." The Protestant Primate of Ireland has given the lead to various Unionist bodies which have sought to make party capital against Home Rule out of the conscription issue.

We wish that the Irish Party would drive home the moral of their recent performance, that so long as they are forced to sit at Westminster they are fully entitled to vote as they think fit upon any measure that is brought forward; that in the interests of the harmony of Parliament their immediate withdrawal to an Irish Parliament is a necessity. It is very possible that they may find their wisest course in withdrawing entirely from Westminster almost at once. If the recent turn of events has thrown them aside from the main course of Parliamentary business, will they seize the opportunity of pressing for the immediate operation of Home Rule? We have pointed

out repeatedly that the Home Rule Act comes into operation automatically on the 17th of March unless it is further postponed. There will be no postponement if the people of this country resolve to prevent it. Will the Irish Party come back to Ireland and prepare the country for a great forward movement? Or will they leave the country to prepare itself? Let them show that they are alert and watchful, and that the present golden opportunity will not be allowed to pass.

During the week facts have come to light that make the case for Home Rule at once far stronger than we had ever suspected. Mr. Ginnell has wrung from the Chancellor of the Exchequer a detailed statement of the present overtaxation of Ireland. The official figures are more startling than the wildest rumours up to the present time. They will arouse a storm of fury in every corner of Ireland. Answering Mr. Ginnell, Mr. McKenna supplied the following provisional figures:—

ESTIMATED CONTRIBUTION OF IRELAND TO INLAND REVENUE.

	Estimated Total Yield in Last Pre-War Year (1913-14).	Estimated Total Yield in a "Full Year" under Two Finance Acts of 1914 and the Finance (No. 3) Bill, 1915.
Income Tax and Super-Tax ...	£ 1,480,000	£ 4,797,000
Excess Profits Duty ...	—	690,000
	1,480,000	5,487,000
Total Inland Revenue ...	2,942,000	6,822,000

ESTIMATED CONTRIBUTION OF IRELAND TO CUSTOMS AND EXCISE TAXATION.

	£	£
Spirits ...	2,338,000	2,160,000
Beer ...	1,041,000	2,350,000
Wine ...	81,000	60,000
Tea ...	606,000	1,340,000
Cocoa ...	32,000	70,000
Coffee and Chicory ...	13,000	22,000
Sugar, etc. ...	303,000	1,332,000
Dried Fruits ...	49,000	47,000
Tobacco ...	1,869,000	2,780,000
Motor Spirit ...	27,000	77,000
Licences and Club Duty ...	309,000	283,000
Patent Medicines and Playing Cards ...	10,000	16,000
Imported Motor Cars, etc., Cinema Films, Clocks, and Musical Instruments ...	—	90,000
Other Items ...	7,000	8,000
Total Customs and Excise	6,685,000	10,635,000
Aggregate Total ...	9,627,000	17,457,000

How often have we been told that Ireland was a bankrupt nation—that its income would never meet its expenditure, that it could not stand by itself? Within eighteen months its deficit has disappeared and it already pays an imperial contribution of over five millions a year. Look more closely at the figures. Income tax has more than trebled. The tea tax is more than doubled; the tobacco tax is almost doubled; the beer tax has more than doubled. The aggregate total has almost doubled within eighteen months. A second table is no less arresting. Again replying to Mr. Ginnell, Mr. McKenna gives the following comparative tables of the contributions from Great Britain and Ireland:—

TOTAL CONTRIBUTIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND
TO TAXATION.

1913-14.	Great Britain.	Ireland.
	£	£
Inland Revenue ...	83,986,000	2,942,000
Customs and Excise ...	68,542,000	6,685,000
	152,528,000	9,627,000
ESTIMATED REVENUE FROM TAXATION IN A FULL YEAR AFTER THE PASSING OF THE FINANCE (No. 3) BILL, 1915.		
	£	£
Inland Revenue ...	205,454,000	6,822,000
Customs and Excise ...	112,365,000	10,635,000
	317,819,000	17,457,000

The estimated annual income of Great Britain is £2,400,000,000; that of Ireland is roughly £100,000,000. By simple arithmetic the proportion of Irish taxes to those of Great Britain should be one-twenty-fourth, whereas Mr. McKenna's figures show it to be one-eighteenth. But even that comparison is wholly unfair to Ireland. Just as a poor man cannot pay the same proportion of his income in taxes as a rich man, so a poor nation cannot be taxed according to arithmetical rules of proportion. Not a single authority on financial matters would deny that the figures just revealed show that the Irish are now paying more than double their just share of taxes.

**THE PLUNDER
OF IRELAND.**

There is a less obvious purport in these tables, which lies in the huge discrepancy between the proportion of indirect to direct taxation in Ireland and in Great Britain. In Ireland even after the huge increase in income tax almost two-thirds of the total revenue is indirect: in England it is now only one-third; and indirect taxes mean taxes upon the poor while direct taxes fall chiefly upon the rich. Those simple figures tell at once how lightly in comparison Great Britain can bear its burdens; it has great reserves of wealth; and its rich men and women can take the whole weight upon their strong shoulders. If there be any justice in the Irish Government, some steps must be taken immediately to lessen this fearful weight. Was it no more than academic sophistry when the Childers Commission said that Ireland was being overtaxed by millions yearly—long before the advent of Lloyd George? And now, after Lloyd George finance has been superimposed to the Budgets that the Childers Commission knew, the Irish taxes are suddenly doubled within a year. How long is this policy of piling taxes upon taxes to be allowed to last? What chance have we of developing the Irish resources under Home Rule if we start ground down under taxes framed for stronger shoulders and applied without reflection or remorse to Ireland. There will be further taxation in the spring, and Ireland will be plundered still more largely. There is only one way of avoiding irreparable disaster—to force a conclusion of the Irish question at once, and obtain a clear financial settlement that will give full consideration to Irish needs and will set a definite limit to Irish taxation.

“Let there be an end of this blundering in relation to Ireland,” writes Mr. P. J. Meehan, M.P., in protesting against Sir Matthew Nathan's policy of retrenchment. “If English Ministers and officials cannot avoid it, the solution is obvious, i.e., the placing of the management of our own affairs in our own hands without further delay.” A few thousands must, seemingly, be saved, no matter from what vital Irish purpose, while millions are being drained from Ireland. We wish to draw special attention to the announcement elsewhere in these pages of a monster meeting in the Mansion House on Monday evening to protest against the withdrawal of the grants to the Irish Colleges. This must be made the first step forward in a great movement; and we hope that Irishmen of every shade of politics will rally to the meeting.

THE AMENDING BILL.III. WHAT A BILL FRAMED BY CONSENT COULD
DO. (PART I.)

MY paper last week was devoted to considering the financial problems which would present themselves to a conference of Irishmen engaged in debating and framing an Amending Bill, by consent. This week I propose to deal with the remaining faults in the Self-government Act which must be corrected by means of such an Amending Bill. The next fault to be considered is the evils of

DUAL ADMINISTRATION IN IRELAND.

which would be produced by the Act as it now stands.

It would really be more than dual administration, there would be a kind of multiple administration. It is clear from the terms of Section 4 of the Act, that the control of the Irish Parliament will in no way extend to the “reserved services” so long as they are reserved. Consequently you will have one set of departments of the Irish Executive Government, say, poor law, education, local government, public traffic, etc., within the province of the Irish Parliament and Ministers, and another set, say, the Constabulary, old age pension payments, etc., carried on independently of the Irish Parliament and Government by outside authorities located probably in London; and, in addition, the collection of taxes, even of any taxes that may be imposed by the Irish Parliament, and the handling of all fiscal business will be in the hands of the Imperial Treasury and its officers. Such a medley of administration must in the nature of things tend to produce constant friction, irritation, and confusion, for there is no natural line of distinction by which the working of these three spheres of government can be disconnected and kept separate; they are correlated and component parts of the great mechanism of government, the proper and efficient working of any one part depending on the corresponding reciprocal action of the other parts, and in order that all the parts may work harmoniously there must above all things else be unity of direction and control.

In such circumstances it is quite certain that unless harmony of working is provided for in the best way that is possible, there must be much clashing and jarring and obstruction or even collisions, while the one part of Irish government represented by the unreserved services will be under the direction of Irish Ministers, and will be through them responsible to the Irish Parliament, another part, consisting of the police and other “reserved services” will by virtue of reservation stand outside of control by, or responsibility towards, the Irish Parliament and Government. To whom, then, will they be subject and where will ministerial responsibility for them be fixed?

The Act makes no provision on this point except what may be implied by Sections 4 and 38, and from those sections it would appear that the “reserved services” will remain or pass under the control of some member of the Imperial Government to whose province may be allotted what remains of Irish affairs. If divided amongst several mem-

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bers, so much the worse for the conduct of business according to Irish local requirements. And at best the value of such distant and diluted responsibility can be of very little account. From any Irish point of view it must be more hindrance than help. At the same time the handling of all fiscal matters in Ireland, including Customs, Excise, and collection of taxes generally, will be under no ministerial responsibility except that of the Imperial Chancellor of the Exchequer, while in respect of the spending of Irish revenue in the maintenance of the "reserved services" no ministerial responsibility of any kind appears to be provided.

Probably it is assumed that the Imperial Treasury will exercise a neighbourly and benevolent watchfulness. Seeing that the Self-Government Act in effect relieves the Imperial Treasury from direct responsibility for Irish affairs, the practical worth of its watchfulness can be appreciated. Now, that state of things is entirely repugnant to the general principles of Parliamentary government, it is very unsatisfactory from the point of view of every resident in Ireland who desires good government, and it is a serious prejudice to the successful and sound working of the new system intended to be founded on self-government.

THE "RESERVED SERVICES" AND THE AUTHORITY OF AN IRISH PARLIAMENT.

What were the true motives for such extraordinary arrangements I cannot easily imagine, but if the intention was to defer to the feelings or wishes of any set of people in Ireland who dislike the proposed self-government, I would appeal to those people to consider quietly to themselves whether they are not unwisely and wrongfully behaving towards their country and also towards themselves by hindering the established form of government, whatever for the time being that form may be, in acquiring the degree of acceptance, deference, and authority, which is essential to the possibility of good government. I would also ask those people to reflect that while you may venture to attack or obstruct an ancient form of government without danger of lessening the long-inherited dignity and authority it holds in the minds of the masses, you may not without grave risk take the same liberties with a new system of government, which labours under serious disadvantage just because it is new, and has yet to win reverence and obedience from the masses. All citizens who have the intelligence to understand the need for law and authority in the State, should see, that notwithstanding the freeman's right of electing and criticising his government, it is necessary that the constitution must be framed so that the government can be inherently strong and wise instead of being inherently weak and irresponsible.

The disadvantages connected with the first stages of a new system of government are the origin of the internal troubles which at the moment disturb us here in South Africa, and arise out of the notions held by the older section of the Dutch population with regard to the Union Government. When the little boys you kindly took notice of in the days of your manhood, or the contemporary who lived side by side with you in former days, suddenly become members of the Cabinet and rulers of the country, it requires a certain mental effort and a degree of political understanding, of which many people are not capable, to realise that those Cabinet Ministers are national institutions and delegates of the nation's authority.

It is then all the more incumbent on every good citizen who desires public order and stability to rally to the support of a new system of government and to take his part in ensuring that it is equipped with every quality and means which are necessary for the authority of government, the more so if he feel misgiving as to its competence by reason of its personnel. You must trust your government with all the authority which is required for doing right and doing well, but hold in your own hands the power to replace it if it fail or do ill.

It should therefore be the object of all persons in Ireland, whatever their politics, who desire good government and efficient public administration, to join in securing that the Amending Bill shall provide for discontinuing the "reserved services," and shall make the Irish Parliament and Government at once responsible for all public administration in Ireland with the exception only of purely Imperial concerns, such as the army and navy, foreign relations, national currency, national defence, etc. It is an old and sound constitutional maxim that responsibility for government shall be so placed that it must be felt.

PROTECTION OF VESTED RIGHTS AND INTERESTS.

If the provisions of the Self-government Act relating to "reserved services" were intended by way of assurance to the members of those services, I would point to the wise and most ample protection for all their accrued or accruing rights, which is provided by sections 32 to 37 (and corresponding schedules) of the Act, and I venture to assert that it is unreasonable as well as unpatriotic to expect or ask for more.

In the several Constitutions by which responsible government has been established in the Dominions and Colonies, it has been usual to insert provisions for protection of the rights of the officials who are in service at the time the change takes place from Crown Colony Government to Responsible Government. I have examined the provisions contained in the other Constitutions for the purpose of comparison with those of the Irish Self-government Act, and I have to acknowledge that none of them afford such generous and specific protection to vested rights and interests as is given in the Act relating to Ireland. In that connection no good reason therefore can be found for either the establishment or the continuation of "reserved services."

J. CLERC SHERIDAN.

Pretoria.

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

THE men to whom Grattan spoke were descendants of English colonists, who were stirred to action in defence of their own interests in Ireland. They had no connection with the ancient traditions of the country, and any attempt to stir them by the memory of these traditions would have fallen on deaf ears. The real Irish nation was not represented in Grattan's Parliament, and it was a hundred years later, in the great movement for land reform and national self-government led by Parnell, that it first gained any large measure of expression. Though Irishmen had been deprived of any share in the public affairs of their country for seven centuries, they had clung to their national ideals with a constancy that can hardly be paralleled in history. They had been persecuted and opposed in every way, yet the national spirit had been preserved amongst them, and they had never been at any time wholly conquered. Indeed, in the truest sense of the term, they can claim that they were always victorious in the contest, for as it has been said:

"He that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord
Does conquer him, that did his master conquer."

Successive generations were ever ready to risk their all for what must often have appeared to be but a forlorn hope. They never entirely despaired in face of defeat, but struggled on, and were content, if they could do no more, to hand down their ideal to the men who came after them.

A people whose whole energies were engaged first in a

struggle for existence, and afterwards in a struggle for the right to own the land of their own country, had no opportunities for national development. Our own day, which has seen the settlement of many of the questions that agitated Ireland for so long a period marks, as M. Dubois tells us, a critical period in the national history. He considers that we are at the turning point of our career as a nation, and that the future of Ireland, her final decay or regeneration, must depend on the direction she now takes, and the efforts she puts forth. Either a new national Ireland will arise with her soul re-made, with revived strength and with faculties of action re-organised, and bring to the world her tribute of material wealth and spiritual wisdom; or else she will become a dead and empty land, a cattle ranch for the use of England. He warns us that Ireland if she wishes to become anything must develop from within on her own lines, as she did in the past. A people can only develop by developing its own national gifts and qualities. It cannot, by a sort of national metempsychosis, give itself one fine day the soul of another people. He saw the commencement of an effort in this direction in the splendid national work of the Gaelic League, and in the great and fruitful afflatus which the national mind received from the Gaelic revival. That effort showed that the nation was endeavouring to free itself from psychological dependence on England, and to reconstruct its moral individuality by a return to the national traditions and the language of the past.

M. Dubois points out, as must be apparent to every thinking Irishman, that the triumph of the idea of political independence will not alone make a nation. The essential mark of Nationhood is the intellectual, social, and moral patrimony which the past bequeathes to the present, and which, amplified or at least preserved, the present must bequeath to the future. It is this which makes the strength and individuality of a people. Ireland has tended to lose her intellectual vigour, and her suppleness of spirit, because she receives more ideas and creates less. She must cease to imitate and endeavour to originate something of herself. The anglicisation of Ireland has tended to lower the moral level of the nation, to deprive her of her energy, her spirit of initiative, her sense of responsibility and individual self-respect. By anglicising herself Ireland, from the moral point of view, loses what a race, which has remained always young at heart, and which has been kept pure by agricultural life and the influence of the Catholic Church, must inevitably lose, when brought in contact with the utilitarianism and materialism of a very advanced civilisation. We may indeed attempt to anglicise ourselves but we can never become wholly English. As is usual with people who weakly imitate others, we have not adopted the best side of the Anglo-Saxon character as our model for imitation. M. Dubois found, on going through the country, that the Irish peasant who came in contact with English influences was losing irrecoverably that native courtesy and self-respect which was his heritage from the ancient Gaelic civilisation of Ireland. Old Ireland, like Spain, had in its poorest country people a nation of gentlemen; but in parting with their own language and customs, the people had parted with the instinctive dignity and good manners which was so striking to the stranger who travelled amongst them. In the middle classes who had been educated in English schools, or in the highest institutions that are neither English nor Irish which we have in Ireland, the process of denationalisation was even more clearly traceable. He tells us that if the process of denationalisation goes on unchecked we will soon become the lost children of history, a people without a past and without a future.

There are two schools of thought (if we may dignify them by this name) that offer us conclusions differing from those of M. Dubois. To the first, the wish to foster and increase the spirit of nationality appears in the nature of an impure desire. They tell us that instead of turning to Ireland for inspiration, we should sit at the feet of Europe and America

and adopt everything that either of these continents can teach us. Instead of becoming good Irishmen, we must first become "good Europeans" in the hope that eventually, indeed, we may become of some service to our own country. This is, we think, a reversion of the proper order of things, and a commencement at the wrong end. Edmund Burke, a great political philosopher, whom we are proud to claim as our countryman, has said that to love the little platoon of society to which we belong, is the first principle, the germ as it were of public affections. It is the first link of a series by which we proceed towards a love of country and mankind.

Patriotism, wrote Thomas Davis, is human philanthropy. "The people among whom we were born, with whom we live, for whom, if our minds are in health, we have most sympathy, are those over whom we have power—power to make them wise, great, good. Reason points out our native land as the field of our exertions, and tells us that without patriotism, a profession of benevolence is the cloak of the selfish man; and does not sentiment confirm the decree of reason? The country of our birth, our education, of our recollections, ancestral, personal, national; the country of our loves, our friendships, our hopes; our country: the cosmopolite is unnatural, base—I would fain say impossible. To act on a world, is for those above it, not of it." Let us begin at the parish pump. Culture and the wider human affections will come in due course. Frederic Mistral, the leader of a great literary and artistic revival in Southern France, said at the outset of his career, "My village above your village, my town above your town, my province above your province, but France above all." Across the frontier there is re-echoed back the cry of "Deutschland über alles." Thus it would appear that the two great nations that have exerted the widest and most cosmopolitan influence on humanity during the last fifty years have not had any delusion as to the necessity of their first becoming "good Europeans" before they could achieve anything in art, literature, or science.

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THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE PRESS.

HAVE we any right, even in such a crisis as the present, to demand a sense of responsibility on the part of the Press? It seems a very foolish demand. The suggestion is that a newspaper is to have a deep sense of its own national importance, and is to regard it as a duty which it owes to the State not to abuse the extensive, though frequently undeserved influence, which it exerts on a stupid and indiscriminating public. The newspaper is to say to itself, "I am run by a company mainly controlled by that vainglorious adventurer and megalomaniac —; but, owing to the sound business methods of my manager and the daring journalism of my editor, I have a very large circulation, and I inevitably come into the hands of a number of readers who regard trust in what appears in their morning paper as the major premiss of social and political enlightenment. This is a grave responsibility. I must not allow any thought of my own financial or political interests to interfere with my national duty, which is that of being the intelligent guide of an unintelligent public."

Of course this is all absurd. But, if the newspaper cannot speak in this way to itself, who is to develop the desired sense of responsibility? The editor is responsible to the owner, or owners, of the paper, and though he may have, and no doubt often has, an overwhelming sense of his national importance and consequent public responsibility, yet, if he allows this sense of responsibility to stand in the way of his producing a paper which the class of readers to which he makes his appeal finds lively and entertaining, he runs the risk of being sent about his business. As to the owner or owners of the paper—he or they conduct the paper either mainly as a business concern, or mainly in the interests of some political party.

Generally speaking, the commercial interest and the political interest are both present. Where that is the case, the paper has three and only three senses: a sense of circulation, a sense of advertisement, and a sense of political effect. A sense of responsibility forms no part of its nervous economy. The sense of responsibility which a few leading and highly reputable journals are supposed to have is simply the sense of circulating chiefly among the limited class of readers who are more or less critical, more or less informed, and who can remember what their worthy journal said as far back as the day before yesterday.

But even the most reputable newspapers are beginning to realise more and more that not alone does it not pay to cater only for the limited class of intelligent readers, but it is unnecessary to consider them at all. For such readers are not deceived by the common tricks of sensational journalism. They are not carried away by a storm of headlines blowing, say, over a Russian and a German communique that read together fairly neutralise one another and show that no significant advantage has been gained on either side. They treat the leading article rather as showing the policy of the paper and as indicating the influences at work, than as an illuminating criticism of actual facts. They can discriminate between a report that comes from a reliable source and one that is merely inserted to give colour to and brighten up a particular issue. They do not imagine that the whole country is ablaze, and on the point of rising up in open revolt, because two or three indignant letters appear over fictitious names or over names of persons of no importance. They know that every editor, however dull, is gifted with the inspiration of selection. They are also able to inform themselves of the extent to which their paper is to be relied on in its reports of the speeches of political opponents. In short, they know where they are, and, whatever the paper says, they can read between the lines. So the intelligent may be safely allowed to look after themselves: it is to the stupid that the appeal of a successful journal must be made.

It is clear, therefore, that the interests of the Press and the State must continually clash. But it would be the height of folly for the State to embark on a policy of controlling or reforming the Press. It is simply the public that requires to be educated. We are at present in a transition period. The Press is, so to speak, living on its capital—its stock of good reputation—and it will soon be found out and completely discounted. In the United States the transition period may be said to have been passed, and no one pays over much heed to what is clearly only clever journalism. Even now those who are well informed read editorials mainly to find out what is the proper cast of countenance for the day. At the beginning of last year it was the fashion to be optimistic; later it became the fashion to be pessimistic; then an air of calm and dignified assurance came into vogue. Subsequently there have been many alterations of fashion. It is accordingly necessary to read the daily paper lest on a Monday morning one may address a friend with a cheery salutation when a tone of gravity is the order of the day.

By the time the war is over it may confidently be expected that the Press in the United Kingdom will have become utterly discredited, not merely as the supreme oracle of fate, but even as a reliable source of information on matters of fact. The public will then look to the Press for entertainment rather than instruction. The morning papers will tell people exactly what they would like to hear, so as to banish all gloom, and keep everyone in good humour, for the day. The evening papers will be still more romantic, and transport them into a purely imaginary world. Readers will require little discrimination in order to avoid being misled: experience will have taught even the most stupid.

Besides, it is only fair to say that the irresponsibility of the Press, so far as it has shown a rapid increase since the beginning of the war, is due rather to the incentive of the Government than to any spontaneous adoption of more business-like methods on the part of the Press. Before the war all efforts at really smart journalism were only tentative and hesitating. But when the war broke out the Government encouraged and supported the most daring journalistic interpretations of official communications. They allowed the publication of the most baseless rumours and ruthlessly censored plain fact. The Press took the hint. The approved style went down well with the public for a time, and the Press relied on the sanction of State policy and interests to shelter it in the event of protest. But no serious protests were made, the public liked being deceived, the most daring journals succeeded best, and the Press took courage. Then, when an altered tone became popular with a large body of the public, the section of the Press that appealed to that body changed round, pursued its own interest and let the interests of State look after themselves. Once the Government taught the Press to set the shifting interests of policy above the permanent interest of truth, the Press was not slow to prefer the interests of its own policy to the interests of the State policy, as soon as a conflict between the two interests arose. It is now too late for the State to mend its hand. The Press must be left to work out its own undoing.

JAMES CREED MEREDITH.

CASUAL COMMENTS.

THERE is a tavern in the town. Not to put too fine a point upon it, as Mr. Snagsby would say, there are quite a number of them. This notwithstanding, many folk complain of the want of a *Café* in Dublin. A Continental *Café*, be it understood. We possess numerous tea-shops rejoicing in this title. These, however, are decorous places which close religiously at 8 p.m., or

earlier, and offer no possibility of development to whatever streaks of Bohemianism there may be in the temperament of Dublin citizens. The suburban girl and her youthful admirer may, indeed, imagine that they are seeing life therein what time they are endangering it by the consumption of tepid tea and chilly crumpets, but our concern is not with such as these.

Those who have read Mr. George Moore's trifling trilogy, *Hail and Farewell*, will, no doubt, remember the passage in *Ave* where he records a conversation with Mr. T. P. Gill on the possibilities of establishing a *Café* in Dublin. Lesser intellects have been busy with the same theme. Mr. Moore has given us to understand that Mr. Gill sighed for some such haven in which to unburden his soul. Since those days the iron of officialism has, alas! entered his soul; he has substituted Bureaucracy for Bohemianism, and it is open to question whether he yearns still to hear the chimes at midnight as he sips his cup (or glass) in a *Café* on the Dublin boulevards.

But, as the popular phrase has it, there are others. Wherever one goes, be it among young men setting out on the voyage of life or older men satiated more or less with the riotous roistering of earlier days, one meets with persons who insist that what Dublin chiefly needs is a *Café* or, happily, a number of *Cafés*. Even the restoration of the "Old House" in College Green seems to them less essential than the establishment of a new place of assembly for congenial spirits wherever it might most fittingly be located. Mr. T. P. Gill inclined, if my memory serves, to the neighbourhood of O'Connell Bridge.

I have, I must admit, never quite gathered what are to be the peculiar properties of this *Café*. It is clear that its advocates desire something more inspiring than a mere Bar. It is equally clear—I have spoken with many of them—that they are in no way eager for a glorified Dairy. The first and cardinal point would appear to be the establishment of a haunt that need not close at midnight nor *a fortiori* at ten or eleven p.m. There are those among us who still cherish the tradition that the cult of conversation is carried to exalted extremes in Dublin, and who believe that the later the hour the better the talk. This is a nice point, too nice a one on which for me to pronounce an opinion. Nature designed me for a Trappist.

There are certain indications that the *Café* habit is springing up in Dublin. Curiously enough this would appear to be an outcome of the somewhat stringent licensing laws now in force. So far this movement, if it may be dignified with such a title, is confined to the back streets and to persons whose social degree is unrecorded in the College of Heralds. One finds in the thoroughfares leading from the theatres numbers of shops wherein tea, coffee, bovril, and so forth may be obtained filled with all sorts and conditions of customers eager for social intercourse and light refreshments.

Some time ago, impelled by a spirit of curiosity, I ventured into one of these establishments. A small room was crowded with a number of young lads. Cups filled with the various liquids I have mentioned, stood on one or two little tables. A boy was singing as I entered, and when he had finished another youth—after a short interval—called on someone else. Song followed song, and we had a choice variety ranging from "Bold Robert Emmet" to a pronounced pro-Ally parody of the "Little Grey Home in the West."

It was after ten, and "alcohol" was, of course, unobtainable. (I do not mean to convey that I tried to get it and

failed.) Some sailors were seated in an outer room consuming coffee with all the enthusiasm they are popularly supposed to display only for rum. Happy Hebes darted among the company attending to the petitions of patrons, and it struck me that here, in a humble way, the lofty aspirations of Mr. Gill and other intellectual persons were being realised. True, there were no poets, no "high-brows" among those present. If there had been, the proceedings might very possibly have been more prosaic. Anyhow, there was no posing.

It would be rather delightful if this habit were to work its way up in Dublin. A custom born of the people is really better calculated to take root among us (this, I fear, is a badly mixed metaphor) than one adopted from another land. If it be true, as the *Café* clamourers assert, that there is a Continental streak in the Irish character, then we should not wait for Britain to give us a lead in this matter. The London "Night-Club," adapted from that of Paris—and Berlin—has not as yet opened its pernicious portals in our city. There is no suggestion of a night-club in the class of place I have described. There is no reason, either, why such places might not be developed among us if it be true—as is so often alleged—that they are so singularly suited to the genius of the Dublin people.

EYEWITNESS.

SONNET.

We are the creatures of such Circumstance,
That all our plans, however deeply thought,
By some poor obstacle are set at naught,
Touched and dispelled by the mere breath of chance.
But, once a way, a giant will arise,
And, in the noble usage of his power,
Gathering fresh strength and will with each new hour,
Will all the force of Circumstance despise.
For such a one our peoples' eyes are strained,
Who, to the noble deeds of days gone past,
Will add fresh glories, laurels yet ungained,
And breaking through all trammels that constrained
His onward progress, reach the goal at last
To stand triumphant, Victory attained.

E.

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THE "GOOD PEOPLE."

FAIRIES are very susceptible and sensitive beings. In places where they are thought of, whether with affection, aversion, or fear, they remain. But if they are ignored or forgotten, they depart, for they will not live among the unbelieving Philistines. This does not perhaps show a very great and noble attitude of mind. But fairies do not profess to be great or noble. Their nature is filled with all things petty—petty spites, petty affections, petty amusements, petty desires, and they wreak their petty wrath on those who have angered them and they bestow their petty reward on the favoured few. Still as life is made up mostly of small and trifling things, those curious personages have an importance of their own.

The fairy hosts have not remained in sympathy with the modern world. There is too much of the commonplace, the obvious, too much scientific research and mechanical invention—things that they abhor. And as these things advance, so do the fairies withdraw themselves. Even out of children's books have they almost gone—that realm over which they for so long a time held undisputed sway.

But there remains a land where fairies still can hold their own. The good people have not even vanished out of Ireland, and in many places—in the ferts, around the trees, on mountain sides and dells, they have their dwellings. They live their old way of life and carry on their old curious practises, and if they are more subdued than in bygone days they can make their presence felt when they wish.

Several traditions exist in Ireland to explain the origin of fairies. One is that they are those of the fallen angels who were not good enough to be kept in heaven, yet not bad enough to be sent to hell; therefore a special state was given to them here. Another theory, that they were fallen angels, gives a different reason for their position. When the rebellious spirits were driven out of Heaven they went in such a great multitude that Paradise was almost emptied. God seeing this called on them to stop. Those that were midway between heaven and hell halted and afterwards took up their abode upon the earth. A third explanation says they are of the Tuatha de Danaan, members of that great race that used such mysterious powers when the Milesians came and conquered. Those of the Tuatha who were not slain hid themselves in the caverns of the earth and have remained to haunt the steps of man.

Any of these three theories merits for the fairy folk consideration, and this they have received, for the Irish peasants speak of them always with respect. They are known as *na daoine maithe*—"the good people," "the gentry," or sometimes just as "themselves." Care is usually taken not to speak of them directly. Such a mode of speech would be altogether too familiar and would be quickly resented by the fairies, who would not hesitate to show their displeasure in some disagreeable way.

The Irish Fairies are not all of one kind, but differ very much among themselves. The people have distinctive names for them and understand their several dispositions and are acquainted with their ways of life. A well known fairy is the Merrow. She is a sort of mermaid and very fair and beautiful. Sometimes she comes ashore and has often captivated the heart of a fisherman. Marriages are said to have taken place between these ladies of the deep and the toilers of the sea. All may go on well for a time, but the love of the ocean will always some day or another again take possession of the Merrow and she will find means of escaping back to her watery home. There is only one way by which she may be kept from going away, and that is by hiding her red cap, her *cochollan druit*, without which no Merrow can ever get back into the sea.

The Leprechaun is a better known fairy than the Merrow. He is the cobbler of "the good people" and is often called

fear leith brogáin—a man of one shoe. The suit he wears is green and his cap is red, and on his jacket there are seven rows of buttons with seven buttons in each row. He resides in a ditch or bank by the root of a tree and there he may be found sitting at work mending an old shoe. A merry, light-hearted little person is the Leprechaun and full of mischief that is free of all malice. His greatest delight is to surprise and perplex mortals, and this he often does, for of all the fairies he is the one who comes most frequently across the path of man. Constant and well paid work on the shoes of the fairy host has made him rich, and he carries with him a *sparán sgilling*—a purse of many shillings. He can be caught, but the person who catches him must keep on the little being an uninterrupted gaze or else he will escape. The Leprechaun is full of clever devices and generally manages to elude his captors without revealing the place where lies hid his fairy gold. But if he has been forced to point out this spot he is nevertheless not defeated. He suggests that the mortal should mark the exact spot with some handy object—a spansel, a cap, or a stick, and then go and fetch a spade. On his return, prepared to dig up the treasure, the poor mortal finds the ground covered with spansels, caps, or sticks, whichever it may be, and there is no means of knowing which was the original spansel, cap, or stick. Sometimes the Leprechaun has been known to do good turns to men. There is a place in Co. Mayo called Mullen Leprechaun, and it was the custom of the people to leave in it at nightfall a caskeen filled with corn. In the morning the corn was found all ground into meal. This was the work of a good-natured Leprechaun. Nowadays, however, they do not seem to be so kindly disposed and are more inclined to leave human beings to carry their business through alone.

A very unpleasant fairy is Leanan Sidhe—or Following Fairy. It is a woman fairy, and she has the nature of a vampire and lives on the vital power of men. The person who is "followed" loses all energy, spirit, cheerfulness, all joy in life, and unless some strong charm can be used to counteract the evil influences, at last dies.

The Banshee is the herald of misfortune and death, and attaches herself to some of the old Irish families. She comes at night and keens around the house and will perhaps go there during three nights in succession. Then the family knows that one of its members, whether present or absent, has not long to live. When two Banshees are heard keening together it foretells the death of some great or holy person. The cry of the Banshee is wild, mournful, piercing and eerie, and cannot be mistaken, for it is unlike any other cry.

Another forerunner of death is the Black Coach, *Cóisde an bháis*. It is drawn by four headless horses and its driver is the dullaghaun. When the wheels are heard outside no one should go and look; above all no one should open the door. Any person so foolish as to do this will have a basin of blood thrown in his or her face.

The Puca is a very powerful Fairy, and mortals will be wise to keep off his ways. He sometimes has the form of a black horse and he will take for a ride anyone who is brave enough to mount on his back. Then he starts off and goes very fast and the ground flies beneath his feet. The rider durst not even turn his head but is constrained to cling on as best he can. The Puca will sometimes gallop around the whole of the world before he stops.

The great days for the Fairy Host are May Eve, Midsummer Eve, and November Eve. They hold their revels at these times. They cast their spells, they ride over the hills to the sound of reed music. Any person who enters a Fairy Liss on the eve of November and eats the blackberries growing in it falls at once into the power of the Good People. At midnight when the moon shines the fairies dance on the green sward. Some of them are tiny beings, but others have been seen of tall stature. Two girls walking along a road one night saw on the bark of a Dullagh

Bush a group of white-dressed ladies with long yellow hair and no faces, dancing, hands linked, in a ring. A piper and fiddler of their own plays wonderful music for the dances—the *Ceol Sidhe*. It has happened sometimes, as a grateful return of some good deed, that a mortal musician has been taught this music by the Fairy folk. But as a rule they do not like their music to be profaned by other fingers than their own. It has been known that persons have accidentally overheard the music of a Fairy player, the beauty of which so overpowered them that never after were they the same, but pined away to hear those sounds again. Sometimes the revelry of the Fairies takes a warlike turn, for they are quarrelsome people. Then all through the night may be heard shrill sounds of fighting and in the morning are seen on the blades of grass tiny drops of blood.

Many of the peasants have stories of their personal experience with the Fairies. An old man in Donegal declared that a hillock near his house was haunted by them, and after nightfall he never liked to intrude upon it. Sometimes he had caught sight of the Fairies gathered there. Another man came upon a Fairy Blast—a band of the good people making their way from one place to another. He did not see anything, but apparently the horse did, for it stopped dead short and was petrified with fear. The rider urged the animal on against its will. In passing the place—through the Blast—the Fairies wreaked their vengeance on the man and hurt his back so that he was laid up for weeks. Fairies are great robbers, and have been known to steal the butter out of a churn. The owner, all unconscious, has churned and churned with no result.

There are some people who are able to combat the evil work of the Fairy Host; a mysterious power is theirs either inherited or acquired in some way from the Fairies themselves, and they are called Fairy Doctors. They are possessed of a number of *pisheogues*—charms—to counter-balance the different kinds of injuries the Fairies work. They are able even to restore a stolen child. The Fairies like to carry off a mortal child to which they take a fancy, a beautiful child it usually is, and in its place they leave a wizened little being. The charm in this case is to apply fire with these words: "If of evil burn; if of good be free from harm."

Such are the fairies and their ways. There are, no doubt, some people who scout the idea of their reality, and declare they must be only beings conjured up by lively imaginations. Who can tell? As the poet has written:

"There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

C. DEASE.

ACTION AND REACTION.

My corn was sown: I felt a savage joy
In making Nature grow me oats on fields
Where moss and furze and heather were the yields
They'd given before.

Yet when a band of crows with gappy wings
Came from their village, calling to the laggards,
Intent to rob the grain of autumn's haggards,
I felt no savage joy

In waiting with a gun to kill a crow—
For all my sordid agricultural fears
I felt I'd slain the wisdom of the years
When one lay stark.

Next year, perhaps, when juicy mangolds grow
On this same field, I'll shoot a quick-eared hind
Because she steals the roots a tamer kind
Should have for store.

Or when some rabbit, thinking he is safe,
Nibbles, mock lordly stamping on the ground,
Or the joy of 't races round and round,
I'll shoot him too.

What manner man am I who blithely sing
Beauties of Nature, while my picks and spades
Level old lichen walls and root up glades
Of golden furze?

Why do I like to kill each tender frond
Of peeping bracken bursting through the sod,
Making myself a sort of demi-god
For sake of grass?

Am I not vandal and iconoclast
As much as lords of commerce, thick of hide,
Who make some glen or quiet countryside
A Glasgow or Belfast?

EDWARD E. LYSAGHT.

MR. CAMPBELL AND CONCILIATION.

"He for one believed that when Irishmen who were fighting side by side in the trenches, and in many cases going down into the valley and shadow of death together, that after the war was over a new atmosphere would be created, and in that atmosphere he hoped there would be found a solution of those most acute domestic differences, a solution which would have been consistent with the loyalty and patriotism of the Irish people on the one hand, and their national aspirations on the other. That was a consummation devoutly to be wished for, and one for which he would have striven and would yet strive for with all his energy and force."

MR. CAMPBELL'S speech in the House of Commons last Thursday marks a definite change in the attitude of Irish Unionism. The words quoted above were deliberately spoken on behalf of the Irish Unionist Party. They were uttered, not by any free-lance without responsibility, but by a leader whose previous outspoken opposition to Home Rule now gives the words a significance which cannot be too forcibly emphasised. Some portion of that speech, too, was devoted to the praise of two Irish leaders—of Mr. O'Brien because "he had with great courage and great risk to himself taken upon himself the task of reconciling all classes of Irishmen." Praise was also offered to Mr. Redmond for having spared no effort and for having given, at considerable risk, his support to the Allies in the war. Irishmen of the most vigorous national sentiments may hold their own views on the questions of the war and on the reliability of English promises; yet they must not let this step towards the ending of the bitterest of quarrels amongst Irishmen escape their notice. Further, they will offer every courtesy to those who desire to find a solution of those acute domestic differences, "a solution which will be consistent with the loyalty and patriotism of Irishmen on the one hand, and their national aspirations on the other."

To the average Nationalist this signifies Colonial Home Rule for Ireland, and Ireland will rise to an overwhelming enthusiasm in support of England and the Allies if the bargain is clinched

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at once. Mr. Campbell as a patriotic Unionist must appreciate how the greatest safeguard not merely of Irish Progress, but also of that minority which he represents, lies in all Irishmen throwing in their lot together now that Home Rule is inevitable. No safeguard on paper could secure the universal goodwill of Ireland for the Unionists and Protestants in the same unique way as would their entrance into the national life with the object of establishing the best kind of self-government for Ireland. By such action the clouds of religious distrust which more than any other single difficulty have stood between Ireland and the great progress which should naturally be hers can be dissipated for ever.

Mr. Campbell, too, has the best interests of Belfast at heart. Belfast is the real source of distrust in Home Rule, and if Belfast is won over to co-operation with all Irishmen then a new era begins for Ireland. Mr. Campbell has certainly recognised the damage which Belfast may suffer if she were excluded and cut off from the rest of Ireland under Home Rule. To him Belfast appears, no doubt, as the industrial capital, as Dublin is the professional capital of Ireland, just as Glasgow is the industrial and Edinburgh the professional capital of Scotland. A very slight acquaintance with the methods of Belfast trade will show how, through the ceaseless efforts of that city, Belfast has carried its business enterprise throughout the whole of Ireland. It is inevitable that under a scheme of exclusion of Belfast the political separation from Ireland will be followed by commercial separation, and by a gradual process Belfast trade will dwindle, and Belfast ceasing to be in Ireland politically will also cease to be of Ireland commercially. Whether Dublin or any other city lose or gain by this process is a consideration which will attract no one who has a care for the future progress of Ireland as a whole. Another argument which would undoubtedly appeal to Mr. Campbell and those whom he represents is that the industrial and city influence in the Irish State would be greatly weakened in the whole of Ireland, and where the agricultural element is so predominant, one may not expect a strong forward movement towards the solution of the city problems which press for a solution. And with the growth of prosperity which must follow Home Rule, is it wise or fair to Belfast that she should be excluded from its benefits? It is clear upon the most superficial glance at Irish finance that the burdens of taxation must be lightened greatly by a Home Rule Parliament. Is Belfast going to forego her natural right to a portion of such relief? That is a question which will require the most careful attention of every interest of that city, whether labour, commercial, or industrial. The cry of "To hell with the Pope" is hardly worth the luxury of great financial sacrifices.

Those who would to-day exclude Ulster are setting bounds to the march of the nation in the worst possible sense. In the past Irish nationality, by its spirit of solidarity, has been able to assimilate all alien elements into its own individuality, not by force or violence, but to the benefit of Ireland as a whole and to every part. Who, then, to-day shall set bounds to the march of Irish nationality?

P. J. L.

nan.

Tuair ar an Árdán Ruad tógad nan. Nil fíor agam céir fúgadh i mar táinig a mátaí anoir irthead agus ceann fionn an leinb aniar ear a gualainn aici. Ni táinig an t-áitir; 'dubhad go raib ré cailte. Uair rin amac cónnaig an mátaí le Máire, a oiretíúir. Ir i oisig Máire a tógad nan.

Áit árdócra aereac 'read an tÁrdán Ruad. Nil fuarmanán ná anpáid gaoite dá réirdeann naé oteas an bealac, ac má teas féin teas an grian ann ina noiaid agus pógann leicne an Árdáin go oit 7 triomuiqeann na deora ear éir na rtoirime. Ni féadpá cónnaide ear áit san rpeir a éir ra ngréin agus ra ngaoit agus i ngac

oúil beo. Agus tá gac ruo ar an Árdán beo. Naé oteas árdpáid dáta ar an bpraoe ann agus ar an móinféir agus ar an rseic donnaic atá ar an mullac, le tear nó le fuact, go oipeac mar teagad ar ádair nan do réir mar bíod a cpoide go héatpcom nó tuitte rior bpaoidn beas eicint.

Bíod nan ar rsoit linn. Bí oúil ear déirgíl aici 7 ba minice linn-ne-na buacaili—i ná le na gipreaca. Cuair pí ruar ar ériann fuinnreoirge lá 7 bain dá uó ar neio ppeacáin 7 rin ruo naé noeáina don buacaili agáinn ariam. Bí nór agáinn 'ra bfozmar nuair a bíod na pátaí dá mbaint oúl irthead i ngort le hair an bótair agus cairt a pórtad oúinn féin. Nídead na gipreaca na pátaí agus déanad rínn-ne an teine. An fáir ir bíod na pátaí dá pórtad bíod "lúra bog lúra bog" dá déanam agáinn agus lá amáin 'dubairt nan amáin oúinn. Amáin i otaob cailin agus píobaire a bí ann, agus nuair a bí ré páirde ag nan dubairt Máiread bpeacnac: "Ir tá a pórtar an píobaire a nan." Coruig nan ag caoinead faoi rin 7 ní iorpad pí don páta an lá rom, 7 go deo arir ní abpócad pí amáin oúinn.

An bliadain ina oiaid rin o'fanar-ra ó'n rsoit agus ní féicinn nan ac go hannam. Connaicear i ar an marpad ra gceagán lá. Bí pí ag éirthead le amáinairde agus éus pí pinginn oó. Oiméig ceitre bliadna agus bí nan deapmaroia agam beagnac. Bí oamra le beir ar an Árdán Ruad agus éualar faoi. Bí na buacaili uile ag oúil ann agus éuair mire leobta. Dá i nan an céad oúine ar ar leas mé rúil. Bí pí ag oúil amac inr na oéagair an t-am rínn. Bí an ríadántar ar far eupta oí, ríltea, 7 i n-ionad a beir aéreac mar bíod pí bí pí ríadántar, cútait. Píobaire ós ó Céapac a tSeagail a bí ag déanam ceoil. O'éirig ré tuirthead noim meadon oirde, agus caitead tamall le hamáinairdeac. Gab nan "Cairleán Uí Néill" agus bí pí cón binn gup mol an píobaire i. Táinig náire uiréi faoi'n molaó agus o'éalag pí ríar ra réompa. Bí Máiread bpeacnac ina ríde le m'air. "Pórtar pí an píobaire go fóill," ar pí ór íreail liom, "an cuimneac leat an lá far o?"

Cuair nan go Meireaca noim lá Dealtaine a bí éugáinn. Bíor ag oúil ear an Árdán Ruad an lá ar iméig pí. Capad liom ar an mbócar i. Bí pí ag rpar-teoirthead léite féin agus ag bpeacnac uairte go huaisneac ríar ear an ngleann. "Táim ag tabairt lán mo rúil liom, a m'ideail," ar pí liom. Níor tuigear céapra a éialag "lán mo rúil" go oí go rabar féin ag imthead ear ráile rí bliadna níor oéadanaide. Ni raib nan iméigte ac ríadántar nuair éualamar go raib an píobaire iméigte ina oiaid.

* * * * *

'Sí nan féin a o'innir an éaoi ar capad an píobaire léite éall. Ni oamra a o'innir pí é ac dom' opeitíúir áine. Ear éir teact abairte oúite táinig pí ar cuairt éugáinn—bí an píobaire agus i féin ina gcomnaide i ngar oúinn. Bí nan 7 áine ag cónpáid le céile coir teine 7 bí an beirte aca ag meapugad na reanaimprie dá céile. Cuimnig nan ar na pátaib pórtar. "Agus naé cuimneac leat an t-amáin adubairt tú lá?" ar pí áine. "Ir maic ir cuimneac," ar nan, "agus an ruo adubairt Máiread bpeacnac—go bpoftáinn an píobaire."

Bí nan ag obair i oisig oúine móir éall. Bí pí ina cailin aimprie agus bí raogal bpeag 7 páige maic oúite, ac go raib an t-uaisneac dá marbúgadh. I gceann bliadna ear éir oúil go Meireaca oúite éuair pí éuig oamra le cailiní eile. Cé bead ag déanam ceoil ann ac an píobaire ós ó Céapac an tSeagail O'ibir an ceol an t-uaisneac an oirde rin 7 cuirig caintt an píobaire le n-a ceol ear obair. Capad le céile go minic iad ear éir rin. Bíod leigear uairte-re do'n uaisneac agus bí gíad gail ag ceartáil ó'n bpiobaire mar bíonn ó gac

ceoltóir. Bí neart ainsíro dá faotruaib aise agus bí
ré ina fear cineálta ciallmair an t-am roin. Noctuis pé
a cpoirde do nan 7 géill ri dá impiúe. Bí cpoirde aici
féin doubairt ri, agus bí pé bpipte le cuíra

"Cuairt mé amac faoi'n tuait leir lá. Tug pé na piobai
leir agus bí pé as reinm ar fear an lae dom. Ni raib
uaignear oim an lá úo ac bí puo eile oim—bí an oiaoió-
eact oim. Binn i gcomhairde as caoinead an ároáin
Ruair ac ó'n lá roin amac níor teapuis uaim ac an ceol.
Táinigeaman ipceac i scoill. Bí paocháin as fár go tiug
ann. Suidreamar rior 7 o'iteamar ar ráit. Síleap féin
sur i scoill an móta a bior agus bior com rápta, a áine,
sur shabar amhán i lári na coille. 'Deir m'fear uim sur
cuir an t-amhán úo oiaoióeact air féin. Cuir pé lám aniar
tarm agus bain geall oim go bpórpainn é. Agus pórap
é, noomnac. Ni raib don dochar ra ngráio agus níorb é a
cuir m'fear amú ac an comluadar a carad leir."

Nuair a pórap iao píl nan go mbead deiread leir an
uaignear fearpa. Bí teac beag clútmair doib féin aca.
Rugad mac agus ingean 7 bí an paochal go breag sur
toruis an piobaire ar an olaacán. 'Oól pé é féin ó teac
ir ó teine. "Go deimin tuir, a áine," ar ri, "o'ól pé
mo elóicín, mar doubairt an t-amhán." Nuair a bíodar
i n-amar na haimléire cpoéadair reolta 7 táinigeadar
abailé. "Molad dom rgarad leir," ar ri, "ac ní déan-
fainn rin."

* * * * *

Mairbuis an piobaire é féin leir an ól 7 leir a gcoitad
amúic 7 bí nan ina baintreabais pul má bí deic mbliadna
picead rgoitte aice. Bí teac beag aici 7 garrda, rin
a raib aici de maoin an traogail. Nan a bíor go
geal sháinead agus go ceolmar, do tpeis an sháine 7 an
ceol i. Ni táinig an paochal mar bí púil aici leir. Nuair
a póp ri an piobaire bí púil aici le paochal rocamail meir-
peac. Fuair ri an cruatan agus an brón. 'Do éimig an
cruatan 7 an brón a cpoirde ac níor mairbuisgeadar an dochar
innté. Bí a cpoirde ráitte ran mbeirt claimne agus táim a
ceapad nac raib lá ariam ó o'eas an piobaire nár tug
an beirt pólar oi. Níor iari ri deapc ariam duite féin
ná doóta. Cairtil ri na bóitpe as oíol éirg agus pólatair
ri mar a cáir go cneapta. Lean ri do'n obair rin ar
fear deic mbliadna go oíi go raib an mac ina rtoac
láirir. Toruis reirean as paochuagad páige, ac ní le
ceoltaib, cé go bfuil pé ina fíoiléar iongantac.
Seinneann pé coir teine dá mátar ac ní leigead ri oó
reinm as dampra ná bainfeir. Connac mé an triúr an
rampad ro caitte. Bí feilm de'n talam nua aca 7 rtoe
7 bapraí. Tá teac nua aca ar ároán, ac ní hé an tároán
Ruair é. 'O'páitig nan jómam go captanac. Tá ri
poinnt rgarómar i gcomhairde agus tá an brón 7 an
meirpeact meargta le céile ina púitib. Sílim go bfuil
an meirpeact as pagail tpeire ar an mbrón de réir a
céile.

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BOOK REVIEW.

Transfiguration.*

A drunken bard, Verlaine, hated a healthy man's laughter, but there is a laughter which holier and healthier men abominate. It is the perpetual fun-making and flippancy of those who become heretical to childhood or love, to whom beauty is a jibe and God an expletive. But who can help but join in silvery laughter at the pompous boredom of some worldling's game or loosen Chestertonian or George-Moorian thunder-and-lightnings upon those who pull long faces at the ideal that is only a compromise between their desires and their supposed deserts? Young poets deserve none of this laughter; they bring their songs from the fields, or insurrections, to you, and a sweet mood of childish glee draws a dewy veil of tears over the eyes.

Mr. Darrell Figgis demands a seriousness which is inhuman. He has written, amongst other things, a novel called "Broken Arcs" and a volume of verse called the "Crucibles of Time." His play, "Queen Tara," was produced by Mr. Frank Benson in Dublin; he has written an amusing book on "A.E.," and still was able to command the landing of the Volunteer rifles in Howth and successfully fool Mr. Harrel at the Howth Road. He lives, we believe, mainly at Achill for his poetry's sake, which adds one more peg to the ascent of our respect for him. A memoir of his (we can hardly believe it) upon Shakespeare may yet, we are honourably informed, jostle Dowden upon the barrows. Our readers will understand readily that it is a serious and important matter to review a new collection of verse from such a one.

In "Rencounter," visionary and half-prefatory to the other verses in his new volume, the difficult metric and thick, laboured thought of which might keep many from beholding its fineness, he sobs:—

"Dreams on dreams I know, yet having spun them,
Wrought them into musics overloudly,
Look, as now I shred them, all unrueing,
For I to myself am least indulgent,
See them, oh! the blemishes upon them."

*The Mount of Transfiguration. By Darrell Figgis. Maunsel and Co. 3s. 6d. net.

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clann na ngaeóeal guala le gualainn.

Then the muse and inspirer to whom this is solemnly addressed, upon "whose brave heart" the person of Darrell Figgis "is worn," answered,

"Courage then! for seeing's half of doing."
And that is what we also would fain say to this versatile poet, whose ideal is so high,

Song is the pure utterance of the godlike,
Song is purest joy in purest being. . . .

But our poet's songs of Acaill will reach bigger souls than his aesthetics, at all events. Many a memorable line stares from the blue eve of his visionary calm,

The solemn conclave of the hills
In an erect fraternity . . .
The quiet Earth was bent in prayer.
And I, as I stood there,
Scarce witting what my body knew,
Was hushed to adoration, too.

We wonder if Mr. Figgis had ever heard "A.E.'s" "Homeward: Songs by the Way," as keenly as he listened to the sage who bore them, when in meditation of the mother upon "Sliabh Mor," the music of life throbbed through him,

Booming above the ancient peace
Betwixt the ancient silences.

His extra-cosmical emotions are set down once or twice in grandiose fashion, with splendid, keen imagery, but imperfectly lyrical. Most of the poems are entitled with high-sounding Gaelic names, and, as in "Anach," they are used in beautiful taste.

There lies Caoróg the mute low lake,
And Bunnafreimhe lying aloft,
Peacefully sleeping, or even if they wake
Lapping low and soft.

The poems of Acaill, indeed, are full of rock-wandering, visionary emotions, and there is not one human note to vary their intensity, so that we turn with a feeling of relief from the vivid transfigurings to the warmth of the "Ballad of Dead Lovers." But he certainly has found ruddy wine and silver song in a fresh lore of earth and air through which to dream of new visions.

Though Mr. Figgis possesses gifts of rhythm, he finds himself involved in his periods; the last verse of "Inisgallun," p. 18, is a maze of connecting phrases and definite-articles which smother a rarely beautiful idea; the repetition of "it" in "Coim" ruins the final verse. Constant line repetition makes the book a couple of pages longer than it need have been, and unrhymed endings by way of burthens nearly slay "Mám," which has a glorious concluding stanza. There is far too much matter—we would commute the long plane of imagistic philosophisings called "The Shadow of Time" for sight of one peak of lyric rapture. Again, he is often striking at the expense of artistic restraint:—

And always like a nameless Name
The sound of silent singing came
Sweeping the mountain like the cool
Wash of a wave that passes so . . .

is an extravagance which slays the mystery he wishes to convey to us. This poetry does not sing, because the language has no singing quality, though the "Bacchanals," midmost of the volume, occasionally grow rapturous. In the last of these there are delightful lines,

Reining thy horses in the vaulted East,
With burning eyes and sinews standing taut
About the thews of thine arms, some winds have caught
The golden wonder of thy hair,
Flinging its tresses riotously athwart
The gusty stadium of the night . . .

which (shades and simulations of the "Orient Ode!") might well have come from Francis Thompson! "The Mount of Transfiguration," which in part challenges comparison with Mr. Stephens' "The Lonely God," concludes with a peasant play, in blank verse, like Lascelles Abercrombie's Cornish "Deborah"! The

characters, unlike the usual amateur play, do not show themselves self-consciously well-versed in their action and being, willing to talk and ponder what they should be doing. Neither is the action weighed down with imagery, and with some reconstruction, since the verse is virile and mobile, the play could be staged. The entry of a faëry mood makes it comparable to the "Land of Heart's Desire." Mr. Figgis has written a suggestive essay on "Vitality of Drama"; and for a stage he probably only required the soul of his reader on this occasion.

The volume is a piece of serious art, something to be pondered. And yet, since the Eternal nearly always uses human instruments to touch human hearts with his music, we regret that the poet but seldom leaves sky and hill and living sea to go down to bawn and byre and the meanest ways of men, which are worthy subjects of art even though they have made this earth a bloody ball rocking with shell-fire between the dawn and hindmost hell.

CRAWFORD NEIL.

LOVE POEMS FROM IRISH MSS.

XIII.

("Love is as changeable as the weather.")

Seachnaidh súil ní nach faiceann,
ní mhaireann grádh do bhunadh,
's go dtig toil agus neamhthoil
mar thig fearthain is turadh.

Do bhís-se againn iadhta
gur sgaoil ambliadhna ar gcumann;
is fearthain i ndiaidh thuraidh
mar taoi ó 'nuraidh umam.

Ag mnaoi ní bhfuil mo chuimhne,
sguirfead dom shuirghe feasta;
cár mhisde bean dom thréigean,
ach gach aon bhean dom sheachna!

[*seachnaidh* etc., i. seachnuightear an rud ná feictear, as radharc as chuimhne. *do bhunadh*, i. do réir nádúir, do ghnáth. *turadh*, i. triomacht. *do bhís-se* etc., i. do bhí ceangal grádh eadrainn. *ag mnaoi* etc., i. ní chuireann aon bhean spéis ionnam.]

XIV.

("I renounce love and its troubles henceforth; henceforth I will be in love with hatred.")

Thugas grádh don bhfuath,
cuirim suas don ghrádh,
ní fiú é bheith ris,
do chlis sé ar a lán.

Córaide fuath dhó
brón 'na dhiaidh do ghnáth;
do-ní fós, dar linn,
tinn an duine slán.

An fuath cé gur mór,
a chlódh ní budh cás;
féadfar sgaradh ris,—
ní mar sin don ghrádh.

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Ro-chóir grádh don bhfuath,
buan duine 'na dhiaidh;
dá raibh grádh dod ghuin,
ní fhóir luibh ná liaigh.

Do chonnarc-sa bean
is fear uirthi i ngioll:
nó go bhfuair sé bás,
ní bhfuair grádh dá chionn.

Mise gidhbé mé
béaraidh mé go buan;
gidh annamh a rádh,
thugas grádh don bhfuath!

[do chlis, i. do theip. brón 'na dhiaidh, i. tráth 's go dtagann
brón 'na dhiaidh. a chlódh ní budh cás, i. ní deacair é chlaoi.
buan duine 'na dhéidh, i. ní chiorruigheann sé saoghal éinne. dá
raibh, i. má bhíonn. ní fhóir, i. ní fhóireann, ní leigheasann.
uirthi i ngioll, i. i ngrádh lé. béaraidh mé, i. mairfead.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

The St. John Ambulance Brigade.

To the Editor, NEW IRELAND.

51 Dawson Street.

Sir—The article published in your issue of the 1st inst. headed "A War Charity" is so very unfair to the St. John Ambulance Brigade, and the statements made therein are so misleading, that I must, in justice to this organisation, ask you to permit me officially to correct them.

"S.J.A.B." has truly described the position of the Brigade for the first ten years of its struggle to establish itself in Ireland as "pulling the devil by the tail," for, although many earnest workers had during these years given a great portion of their time endeavouring to make themselves efficient to render first aid to the sick and injured on public occasions, and to maintain in readiness a body of trained men and women qualified so to act, very little encouragement was given to their efforts by the public. Notwithstanding this, on the first call to arms in August, 1914, our Dublin Divisions of the Brigade were in a position to send for service with the Royal Navy 70 fully-trained sick berth attendants within 48 hours, and since then close on 1,000 trained men and voluntary aid detachment nurses have been sent to the Army and Navy by the No. 12 (Irish) District. All this organisation and training could not have been achieved without expenditure of money, and it was, therefore, necessary that a fund should be established for the purpose, and thus it was that the Deputy Commissioner appealed for subscriptions and formed this fund, the disbursement of which was so unfairly criticised by "S.J.A.B." In peace times the money required for carrying on the work of our District is raised by levy from the different Divisions.

The fund raised in England by the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John, the administration of which is compared with ours, was not collected by the Brigade, and was not intended to be spent on organisation and training of recruits for the Army and Navy. It is not, therefore, comparable with our

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War Fund, and even if it were, the huge figure, £1,642,271, as compared with £887, would vitiate the comparison, as everyone recognises that the greater the turnover the less will be the administration expenses per £. The expenditure which "S.J.A.B." so unfairly commented upon could not in any sense be looked upon as administrative. The money was mainly expended on the production of efficiency, and anything over and above that necessary for this purpose was given to our Brigade Hospital and many other deserving objects.

It may be also noted, as showing the lack of judicial spirit in your correspondent's criticism, that to arrive at the figure £300 "S.J.A.B." includes as an administrative expense the cost of stores, badges, etc. (£55 odd), regardless of the fact that the other side of the account shows that £76 was received from the sale of these articles.

All work done for the Brigade by the District staff, corps, and divisional officers, and indeed by every individual member, is purely voluntary. It is quite true that the Lady District Secretary holds the position of clerk in our Headquarters Office, to which she devotes her full time, but her duties in that position are distinct from those of Lady District Secretary, for which she receives no remuneration whatever.

It will, I am sure, be admitted by even "S.J.A.B." that the amount of clerical work entailed by such an organisation as ours could not be carried out without office expenses.

In conclusion, I would invite the inspection of our books by any subscriber to the fund, and I feel sure that anyone taking the trouble to go into the matter will be astonished at the amount of work performed for the money expended.

A. J. CONNOR,
District Secretary.

The New Plan of Campaign.

To the Editor, NEW IRELAND.

Sir—It is flattering to be asked to reply to "One of the Irish Division." Most of the points, however, on which he writes have been covered during the past few weeks, from the abstentionists' point of view, in articles either professedly abstentionist or merely general, and in the editorial notes of NEW IRELAND. I touch, therefore, on only one or two matters.

Firstly, "O.I.D." seems to fall into some confusion of thought in telling us substantially that the best way to decide what is Ireland's interest in this war is to plunge at once for England. That at least is the only meaning I can extract from the words, "What a fool one would feel if one really thought that the best way to do Ireland's work was to sit at home and philosophise."

Secondly, "O.I.D." seems confused again when he at once implies that England will be obliged to give us Home Rule in return for our services, if we go on serving. When already "the manhood of the country" is in her service, do they want our women and our babies and every bit of bread on its way to our feminine and infantile mouths?

Let us, however, suppose that we have here merely a sample of incautious phrasing. We then come to this, that "O.I.D." thinks England's word on the little matter of Home Rule to be invalid. England, whether in her own or our interests or both, or from a sense of justice, has accorded Home Rule; but all this goes by the board in spite of the little nations' boom. We are still to get Home Rule; we are to get it by bargaining—"O.I.D.'s" word—all the treasure we pay over to the British Treasury, all the young life we give, all the dead-stop to our own home efforts towards a better and stabler national future, all is merely an entrance fee to a bargaining-room. It is not even that: it is an entrance fee paid down now to a bargaining-room which may not open on any knocking after the war. "O.I.D." himself lets us know that England does not care about Justice, for Home Rule was and remains Justice or it would not be "on the Statute Book." How do we know that England will be just this time only because we have trooped into this war for her? The bargaining-room may not be there. England may be too strong or too weak or too pre-occupied after the war to give Ireland Home Rule on any terms, or to refuse it on any past count. Perhaps she will give it merely from the desire to work out her own reconstructive processes without Irish interference; perhaps she will refuse it—since, again, "O.I.D."

bars the idea of simple justice—merely because in an England entirely united for reconstruction after the havoc of war the Irish vote would have no balancing power whatever. In fine, this "After the War" is a quite unknown and unknowable concern; yet on it "O.I.D." bids us invest here and now our concrete All. I venture to think that as "O.I.D." states his own doctrine, it is the most extraordinarily costly and risky plan of campaign ever proposed for any country.

And this amazing proposal is recommended to us in the amazing proposition that no one is entitled to write, or therefore to think, upon Ireland's interests unless one already wearing England's uniform—or, to do "O.I.D." more justice than he has done himself, one that is in some degree or way in England's war service.

Surely here we have militarism gone mad. What can it mean but the suspension of all thought for Ireland and the substitution of a perpetual, ubiquitous chorus of "God Save the King" and "Britannia Rules the Waves and the World"? All this may be very pretty Englishism, but it has nothing whatever to recommend it to Irish attention. Surely not even the most determined Unionism ever before went so far as this? If this represents fairly the Irishism of the trenches (as "O.I.D." implies), then it would appear that Ireland is not represented in the trenches at all; this is being far, very far, more English than the English themselves. I think that an Englishman having any natural respect for English national sentiment would feel chilly and queer over an "Irishism" so utterly thoughtless of Ireland.

A—Z.

Irish Education.

WITHDRAWAL OF IRISH EDUCATIONAL GRANTS BY DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

The country is at present seething with discontent at the grossly unfair treatment of Irish educational bodies by the British Treasury. It is amazing that the British Government should let loose their bigoted anti-Irish prejudices at a moment when, from hundreds of platforms all over the country, Irishmen are being appealed to by them to aid them in the fight to preserve small nationalities abroad. The Minister of Education in England, in answer to a question by Mr. Boland, M.P., has admitted that no purely educational grants have been withdrawn in England. The contrast between the treatment meted out to Ireland and England is instructive, and should be noted by Irishmen.

The Cork County Committee of Agriculture has denounced the action of the Department in a vigorous resolution which was proposed by the Most Rev. Dr. Brown, Bishop of Cloyne, and in the last few days the County Committees of Kilkenny, Queen's County, Wexford and Roscommon have endorsed the action of the other County Councils and County Committees whose resolutions of protest have already been published. The Dublin Municipal Council and a large number of public bodies and educational institutions and societies all over Ireland have also nominated representatives to attend the monster meeting of protest which is being held, under the auspices of the Gaelic League, in the Mansion House on Monday, 17th inst., at 8 o'clock.

The British Treasury and their willing agents in the Irish Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction can make up their minds that there is enough life and vigour left in the Irish people, who have fought to maintain their nationality for 700 years, to defeat the latest mean and underhand attempt of the English Government in Ireland to strangle that small nationality which, although close to their own doors, they seem so anxious to destroy, while at the same time seeking its help to preserve small nations abroad.

The following additional public bodies have also nominated delegates to the monster meeting of protest against the action of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction:—Queens-town Urban Council, Wexford County Committee of the Gaelic League, the Trim Rural Council, the County Kildare Committee of Technical Instruction, Queen's County County Council, resolutions of protest having also been passed by these bodies and by the Co. Mayo Technical Instruction Committee, the Co. Armagh Technical Instruction Committee, and Waterford County Council.

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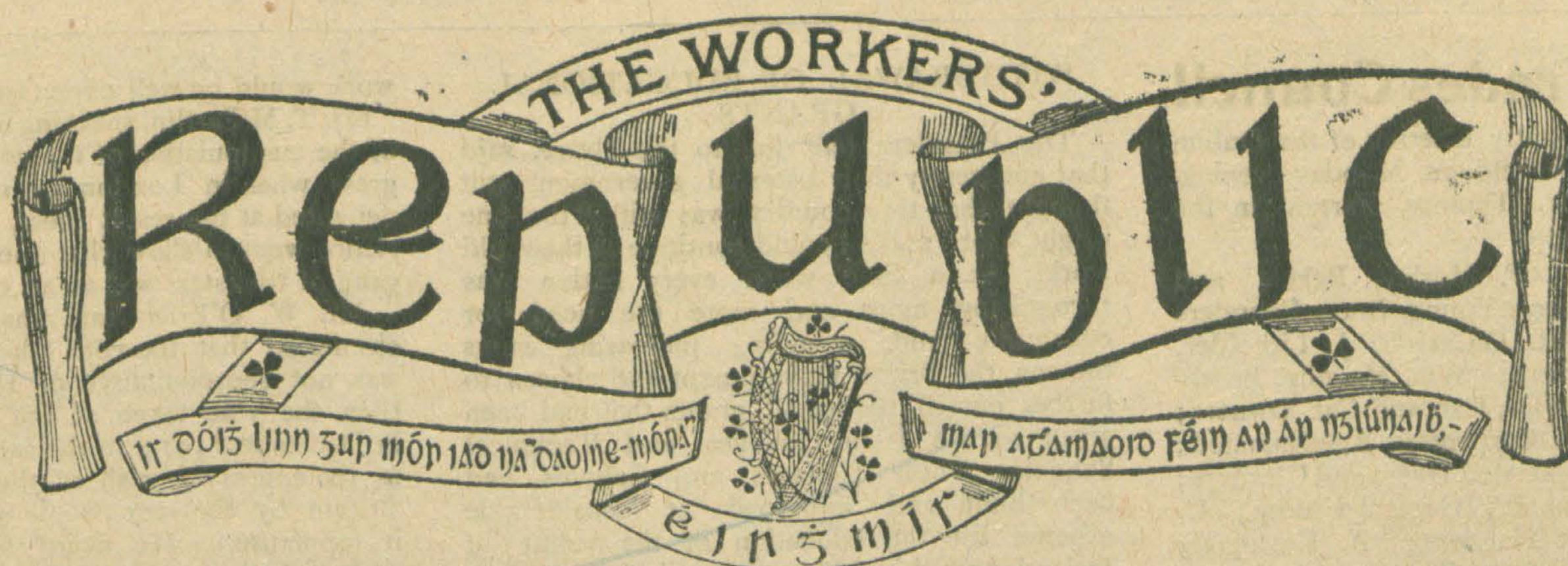
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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1916.

[Weekly.]

Notes on the Front

ECONOMIC CONSCRIPTION.

This is generally taken to mean the act of compelling workmen under stress of hunger to enlist in the British Army. In Canada it is called Hunger Scription.

But it has a meaning quite other than that given to it by the capitalist jingo press, and it is that other meaning we wish to deal with to-day.

Conscription means the enforced utilising of all the manhood of a country in order to fight its battles. Economic Conscription would mean the enforced use of all the economic powers of a country in order to fight its battles.

If it is right to take the manhood it is doubly right to take the necessary property in order to strengthen the manhood in its warfare. An army, according to Napoleon, travels on its stomach, and that being so all the things that are necessary for the stomach ought to be taken by a national government for the purpose of strengthening its army.

Free access to the railways are vital to the very existence of a modern army. For that reason the railways ought to be taken possession of by the Government on the same principle and by the same business method as it takes possession of a conscript.

The Government does not pay the mother of a conscript for the long and weary years she has spent in rearing the son of which it takes possession. No, it simply pays him a few pence per day, feeds him, clothes him, and sends him out to be shot. If he is shot she gets nothing for the loss of her son, as she got nothing for all the love and care and anxiety she spent in giving him life, and rearing him to manhood.

The same principle, the same business method, ought to apply to the railway. All the railways ought at once to be confiscated and made public property, no compensation being given to the shareholders any more than is to be given to the fathers and mothers of conscripts.

All ships come under the same general law. The Empire cannot live as an Empire without ships; the troops cannot be transported, provisioned and kept supplied with the materials of war without ships, therefore all necessary vessels ought at once to be taken from their owners as sons are to be taken from their mothers, without compensation and without apology.

No matter how much the ships cost. They did not cost their owners as much as the bearing of sons cost the mothers. Take the ships!

Factories also for the production of clothes for the army. The Government should take them for of course you cannot expect soldiers to fight unless they are properly clothed, and you cannot clothe them without factories to make the clothing. So factories are as

important as soldiers. Government is going to take the soldiers from their homes, therefore let it take the factories from the manufacturers. Let it be conscription all round.

There is a grave danger of a famine in this country as the food is limited in quantity owing to the export of so much food to feed the armies abroad. At the same time there is an enormous quantity of splendid land lying idle in demesnes, and private estates of the nobility and gentry. This land produces no crops, feeds nobody, and serves no useful purpose whatever.

By the same law of necessity upon which the Government stands when it proposes conscription of men it ought also to immediately confiscate all this idle land, and put labourers upon it to grow crops to feed the multitude now in danger of starvation during the coming year.

Will the Government do these things? Will it take the land, will it take the factories, will it take the ships, will it take the railways—as it proposes to take the manhood? It will not. Should it need those things, as it does and will, it will hire them at an exorbitant rate of interest, paying their owners so much for the use of them that those owners will pray for the war to continue—for ever and ever, amen.

But the human bodies, earthly tenements of human souls, it will take as ruthlessly and hold as cheaply as possible. For that is the way of governments. Flesh and blood are ever the cheapest things in their eyes.

While we are establishing the Irish Republic we shall need to reverse that process of valuing things. We must imitate those who have so long been our masters, but with a difference.

We also must conscript. We shall not need to conscript our soldiers—enough have already volunteered to carry out the job, and tens of thousands more but await the word. But we shall need to conscript the material, and as the propertied classes have so shamelessly sold themselves to the enemy the economic conscription of their property will cause few qualms to whosoever shall administer the Irish Government in the first days of freedom.

All the material of distribution—the railways, the canals, and all their equipment will at once become the national property of the Irish state.

All the land stolen from the Irish people in the past, and not since restored in some manner to the actual tillers of the soil ought at once to be confiscated, and made the property of the Irish state. Taken in hand energetically and cultivated under scientific methods such land would go far to make this country independent of the ocean-borne commerce of Great Britain. All factories and workshops owned by people who do not yield allegiance to the Irish Government immediately upon its proclamation should at once be confiscated, and their productive powers applied to the service of the community loyal to Ireland, and to the army in its service.

The conscription of the natural powers of the land, and the conscription of the mechanical forces, having been accomplished, the question of the conscription of the men to defend their new won property and national rights may follow should it be necessary. But as the Irish state will then be in a position to guarantee economic security and individual freedom to its citizens there will be no lack of recruits to take up arms to safeguard that national independence which they will see to be necessary for the perpetuation of both.

England calls upon its citizens to surrender their manhood to fight for an empire that cares nothing for their rights as toilers. Ireland should commence by guaranteeing the rights of its workers to life and liberty, and having guaranteed those rights should then call upon her manhood to protect them with arms in their hands.

Whoever in future speaks for Ireland, calls Irishmen to arm, should remember that the first duty of Irishmen is to re-conquer their country—to take it back from those whose sole right to its ownership is based upon conquest.

If the arms of the Irish Volunteers and Citizen Army is the military weapon of, the economic conscription of its land and wealth is the material basis for, that reconquest.

Meanwhile the following Manifesto, issued by the Liberty Press, Oxford, seems to indicate that the British workers are determined to resist Conscription of men by a property owners' government:—

DOWN WITH CONSCRIPTION! RESIST PRUSSIANISM!

The Government are conspiring to rob you of what little Freedom you have left. The Defence of the Realm Act deprived you of freedom of speech, and the Munitions Act deprived you of the legal right to get better wages or even to leave your employer for a better job.

Your brothers, your husbands, your sweethearts, have shed their blood, as they supposed, to protect our liberties and crush Prussian militarism. Your rulers are now trying to crush you with British militarism.

In South Wales, on the Clyde, and in many other places discontent is rampant among your fellow workers, but the Government will not allow the Press to give you the facts.

Now they are demanding Conscription, so as to put the chains more firmly on your necks. They do not want Conscription so much to end the war as to make workshop slaves of you by putting you under military control.

This will rob you of your last remnant of freedom. To prevent this, you must act at once. Be fearless in opposing it, you will not stand alone, as the great mass of workers are ready to resist.

DOWN WITH CONSCRIPTION!
If the Compulsory Service Bill becomes law,
DOWN TOOLS.

Dublin Trades Council

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

Messrs. J. Barry, F. Mosley, Bakers and Confectioners; Francis Young, Brass Founders and Gasfitters; R. O'Carroll, J. Litholder, Brick and Stone Layers; Wm. Murphy, Brush-makers; John Lawlor, Cab and Car Owners; Thomas MacPartlin, Carpenters Amalgamated; R. J. Butler, Amalgamated Dyers and Cleaners; M. Culliton, Carpenters (General Union); C. O'Loughlin, Carpet Planners; A. Kavanagh, R. Tynan, J. Bermingham, R. Farrell, P. Bowes, Corporation Labourers; J. J. Collins, Electricians; B. Drumm, Farriers; P. T. Daly, T.C., Fire Brigade; H. Rochford, Hairdressers; Ed. Hayes, C. F. McLoone, Irish Drapers' Assistants; J. Metcalfe, J. Connolly, Thomas Foran, P.L.G., W. P. Partridge, T.C., Irish Transport Workers; W. Baxter, Ironfounders; John McManus, Litho. Artists and Engravers; C. Halligan, Mineral Water Operatives; J. Byrne, National Union Assurance Agents; J. Farrell, P.L.G., and M. Smith, Painters, (Amal.); P. Macken, Thos. Bermingham, Painters (Metro); Edward Harte, Paviers; Thomas Irwin, Plasterers; Peter Bermingham, Plumbers; M. A. Brady, Printers (Typographical); G. Paisley, Sawyers; John Kelly, Shop Assistants; Jerh. Kennedy, Smiths (United); J. O'Flanagan, R. Carey, Stationary Engine Drivers; Thomas Farren, Stonecutters; Wm. O'Brien, Tailors; John Kane, Shirt and Collar Cutters; H. Brady, Brady, Irish Grocers, Purveyors and Clerks; W. J. Murphy, Whitesmiths;

The minutes of last Council meeting were read and signed.

Minutes of Executive Committee meeting read.

CORRESPONDENCE.

L. E. O'Carroll, Secretary Technical Education Committee, forwarding attendances of Labour members for the past twelve months; Irish Stationary Engine Drivers Trade Union, thanking the Council for its recent successful efforts on behalf of their members, and forwarding a special grant of £4 4s. as testimony of their appreciation; Purveyors and Family Grocers' Assistants' Association inviting representatives of the Council to attend a special meeting of their Committee; Grocers and Vintners' Assistants' Association re recent Conference; Paving Committee, agreeing to receive deputation re Grievances of Paving; Catholic Working Boys' Technical Aid Association re work of that body; R. O'Carroll, T.C., re Engine Drivers' deputation; Licensed Grocers' and Vintners' Protection Association re Closing of Licensed Houses on St. Stephen's Day; Mineral Water Operatives appointing Mr. C. Halligan delegate to the Council, and asking support for the Raffle in aid of the Widow and Orphans of the late James Keogh, late Secretary of their Society; Mr. Edward M. Stephens re Conference to consider the question of immorality in the streets of the city; H. G. Hodgkins, Shrewsbury, re Dispute in Early and Co's. Art Works.

Arising out of Executive minutes, Mr. Barry, Bakers, referred to the proposal re Sick Pay to tradesmen in the employment of public Boards and stated he was strongly opposed to the action of the Executive. He moved that the paragraph be referred back for further consideration. Mr. Carey seconded. Mr. Collins supported. Messrs. Joseph Farrell, P.L.G., Thos. Foran, P.L.G., R. O'Carroll T.C., John Farren, Thos. MacPartlin, and W. J. Murphy having spoken, the motion to refer back was carried on a division.

Messrs. John Lawlor, Vice President, and Mr. John McManus were appointed to attend at the committee of the Purveyors' and Family Grocers' Assistants.

WITHDRAWAL OF EDUCATIONAL GRANTS.

The President referring to the above, said that apparently their paternal government still thought that this country was still "the one bright spot" and so could continue at their old work. At a time when every nation was recognising more and more the need for education, and spending increasing sums thereon, the British Government had chosen to further curtail the small grants that had been given to the Irish Colleges and Technical Schools. These Colleges and Schools had been built and equipped at considerable expense for the education of the youth of Ireland, and this latest proposal if allowed to be carried into effect would seriously cripple them. It was all the more outrageous and indefensible when they understood that no curtailment of similar grants was to be made in Great Britain. It was their solemn duty to enter their emphatic protest against this conduct. Mr. W. J. Murphy, seconded. Mr. Macken supported the resolution which was carried unanimously and copies ordered to be sent to the Gaelic League, the Department of Agriculture and Mr. L. Ginnell, M.P.

CITY OF DUBLIN COMPANY STRIKE.

Mr. Connolly said that he wished principally to convey the thanks of his Union to the Trades Council for the excellent effort they had made to raise financial help to the men on strike, and also to the Unions and individuals who had responded. There was not much change in the situation since last it was dealt with by this Council, except that he would like to record that the members of the National Seamen and Firemen's Union, when ordered to take the boats to sea after they had been loaded by clerks and other scabs, had heroically refused to blackleg upon the Transport Union (applause). They were proud of these men. The Seamen's Union had refused to pay them strike pay, but had voted instead £11,000 as a war loan to the Government. The Transport Union now paid strike pay to these men as well as to their own (applause).

The Chairman said the Transport Union had always carried on their fight. The Sailors' and Firemen's members was a case in point. Their own Union had refused them any support, and the Transport Union had, as was usual with them, come to their assistance (hear, hear). They should come to the assistance of the Transport Union (hear, hear).

CONSCRIPTION.

Mr. P. P. Macken moved—

"That we congratulate the members of the Trades Unions in Great Britain on the manly stand taken up by the rank and file at the recent Congress held to consider the question of Compulsory Military Service."

He felt that they had shown the men in Ireland that in compelling the men in Great Britain to fight for a land one inch of which they did not control was not worth the candle (applause). It was a great thing to see that the workers there were beginning to realise the position (applause). The workers—not the Hendersons and Wards and the other people who had been using them as pawns—would have to decide the issue (hear, hear). He did not believe that Henderson had retired from the Cabinet—he was still fooling the workers (applause).

Mr. J. W. McManus seconded. He had been reading the views put forward in *The Daily Mail*. The views put forward in that paper showed that under the name of National Service the ruling classes wanted to control the working classes in the manufacture of munitions and the transport trade (hear, hear). The recent meeting reported in *Forward* showed that (hear, hear). It was Conscription of Industries they were trying on. He had long felt the necessity of smashing the Empire of England. The bosses were doing it themselves now without any assistance, and he hoped that that portion of their

work would be well done (applause).

Mr. T. M'Partlin, speaking from his experience of the manipulation of the vote at Trades Congress when in London in 1913, said he was delighted at the result (hear, hear). His experience went to show that the influence of the gang of tricksters was at an end (hear, hear).

Mr. W. O'Brien said that the report was circulated that the vote taken at the Congress was not representative of the workers. But then the vote taken at the Special Congress in December, 1913, in the same way was hailed as the expressed wish of the workers of Great Britain by the very people who now condemn it (applause). He heard Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., asked by one of the tellers "How many Jimmy?" "One hundred and thirty seven," said Mr. Thomas. That meant 137,000 votes against the Transport Union, and cast by a man who was not even a delegate ("shame.") The gentleman who is now styled Lieut.-Col. John Ward was on the platform and cheered vociferously. It was magnificent. But now his soldierly spirits, his military choler rises and he repudiates the child he pampered and reviles the tricks he taught or at any rate approved (cheers.) War has brought many evils and it has brought Lieut.-Col. John Ward (laughter).

Mr. W. J. Murphy, said they should be glad that this question had arisen. It showed that what Larkin said that if they offered him a job the men should get rid of him. Larkin had faults but that night his words rung true (hear, hear). When jobs were secured by the English labour leaders the rank and file were in danger, but he was glad to note that it had counted for nothing. He felt they should call a huge congress to take action—a congress to take action to protect the interests of their small nationality (hear, hear). He was delighted at the result of the vote and congratulated the workers of Great Britain (applause).

Mr. J. Connolly was opposed to conscription to fight for the British Empire. If Ireland was free then he believed that this was a country worth fighting for (applause). Lieut.-Col. Ward had spoken of the duty of the navy fighting for the British Empire. Why, speaking as a man who had wrought as a navy the only portion of the Empire which they had was the portion that clung to the soles of their boots on a wet day (cheers.)

Mr. Farrell spoke in support of the motion. He felt that the "volunteer" system in Great Britain was worked in a way that it was the worst form of conscription. If this country was free every son of the nation would fight to retain their freedom as their fathers did in days of Hugh O'Neill (applause). Freedom is the dearest thing in the world, and this country of theirs was the dearest place in the world and the man who felt he could not die fighting for her was not a worthy son of Cathleen Ni hUallachain (cheers.)

The motion was put and carried with loud acclamation.

Messrs. John Farren, John McManus and Henry Rochford were selected for nomination on the Dublin Technical Education Committee.

PUBLIC LECTURE BY

FATHER LAURENCE, O.S.F.C.

Mr. O'Brien announced that the Rev. Father Laurence, O.S.F.C., had consented to deliver a Lecture on "Ireland's opportunities" in the Hall, on 25th January, 1916.

CITY OF DUBLIN CHRISTMAS FUND.

ERROR—Donation of 1/- credited to Wm. O'Brien in last week's issue should have been 10/-

CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GARRITTEER.—Two pages of introduction you have given us, and not one line of the facts of the case. Anyway we are at present practising the most rigid economy.

WAR AND DEMOCRACY.

By MEYRICK CRAMB.

CHAPTER I.

PEOPLES AND STATES.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST OF JANUARY ISSUE.)

The modern revival of war-like thought and feeling (or *Krieg's Kultur* as the Germans call it) has produced an evil and noxious literature of its own which seeks to find something good in wholesale murder and to justify war on its own merits (*sic*) apart altogether from the cause for which it is waged.

In Germany a whole crop of pro-war professors has sprung up, apparently at the bidding of the militarist party and its allied commercial interests, disgracing by their utterances the very name of professor, which means (or should mean) a man too engrossed in classic literature and art, and the learning and wisdom of all the ages, to have anything but indifferent contempt for so primitive and brutal a thing as mere physical force. In England the "war for war's sake" school of writers may be said to have begun with Tennyson and passed by successive stages of degeneration through Rudyard Kipling and W. E. Henley to the glorified office boys who contribute to the *Daily Mail*.

The arguments used invariably make their appeal to the lower side of human nature, to sentiment, and emotion, and stupidity rather than to intellect, refinement or common sense. Most of the things said in favour of war might have been said equally well in defence of slavery or the inquisition. They are all based on the fallacy that the race does not change—that man to-day is the same as man a thousand years ago and must always be the same in the future.

The truth really being that war is out of date and has no *legitimate* part in our present civilization. It ceased to be either necessary or excusable many centuries ago, and has only been kept in existence by those who profit through it,—just as the fires of Smithfield and the religious intolerance of the Middle Ages might have been kept alive until now if there had been sufficiently powerful syndicates to back them, and to manipulate public opinion in their favour, as long as the average rate of profit per Martyr justified the outlay on ballad-mongers and tame professors who would have extolled the stake and the torture-chamber as the noblest and most heroic death which a man could die.

The pseudo-philosophic arguments in defence of war are, generally speaking, unworthy of serious refutation. The one most frequently used, *i.e.*, that war is part of nature's scheme for the "survival of the fittest," is typically fallacious. In war the fittest males of the races engaged kill one another in battle while the unfit remain to breed offspring. The result biologically, is self-evident.

States are not peoples, although it is impossible for a State to exist without a people behind it to bear the burden of its greed.

When England declared war upon France in the days of Bonaparte it was not because the farm labourers of the South and the Midlands, or the spinners and the weavers of the North, were suddenly seized with a desire to set out and kill the peasants of France. Seeing that very few of them could read (at that period) or possessed any knowledge of foreign politics or, indeed, of the names or geographical position of foreign countries at all, except by hearsay, such an idea is absurd on the face of it.

But the ruling class in the nation, which then—as now—was the commercial class, was concerned about its interests in India and elsewhere, which were seriously threatened by the growing power of a rival state, and the people were dragged unwillingly to the shambles either by the direct, rough-and-ready method of the press-gang (characteristic of English navalism)

or by the more subtle one of depicting the horrors of a French invasion, crudely exaggerated and painted in most lurid colours, and by describing Napoleon as an ogre who did not stop at cannibalism.*

The great German philosopher, Friedrich Nietzsche, whose writings surpassed in originality and daring those of any other thinker in the nineteenth century, spoke thus of the distinction between peoples and states:

"Somewhere there are still peoples and herds, but not with us, my brethren; here there are states."

"A state? What is that? Well, open now your ears unto me, for now will I say unto you my word concerning the death of peoples."

"A state is called the coldest of all cold monsters. Coldly lieth it also; and this lie creepeth from its mouth: '*I, the state, am the people.*' "A lie it is! Creators were they who created peoples and hung a faith and a love over them; thus they served them."

"Destroyers are they who lay snares for many and call it the state; they *hang a sword* and a hundred cravings over them."

"Where there is still a people, there the state is not understood, but hated as the evil eye and as sin against laws and customs."

"This sign I give unto you: every people speaketh its language of good and evil; this its neighbour understandeth not. Its language hath it devised for itself in laws and customs."

"But the state lieth in all languages of good and evil; and whatever it saith it lieth; and whatever it hath, it hath stolen."

"False is everything in it; with stolen teeth it biteth, the biting one. False are even its bowels."

"Confusion of language of good and evil: this sign I give unto you as the sign of the state. Verily, the will-to-death indicateth this sign. Verily it becometh to the preachers of death!"*

* The immense progress made by the spirit of truth and veracity during the last 100 years is shown by the fact that no English journal has so far accused the Kaiser of eating babies for breakfast. Such reports about Napoleon were diligently circulated amongst the ignorant between the years of Trafalgar and Waterloo.

* "Thus spake Zarathustra," part I, — II.

It is true that Nietzsche also wrote in praise of war and warriors, and reversed the conventional sophistry that a good cause justifies even war by declaring that "it is the good war which sanctifieth every cause."

* *Ibid*, part I, — 10.

Some infer from this that he was a militarist; but I prefer to think that Nietzsche meant not so much the hateful, meaningless war of one state against another as the inner strife, the ceaseless spiritual conflict of truth and right against falsehood and wrong.

IRISH WOMEN'S FRANCHISE LEAGUE

Professor Houston will deliver an Address on Tuesday, January 18th, to the above at 8 p.m., on "How Women can Aid in Increasing the Food Supply."

The Lecture will be Delivered in the League Rooms, 34 Westmoreland Street, and will be open to the Public.

The Subject is one of special interest to Irish women and to Workers.

IRISH WOMEN WORKERS' UNION

On Monday evening there will be a General Meeting of Members of above Union. All Members are particularly requested to Attend Meeting at 8.30 sharp. HELENA MOLONY, Secretary.

DO WE WANT PEACE NOW?

TO EDITOR WORKERS' REPUBLIC.

11 Grosvenor Place, Rathmines,
10/1/1916.

DEAR SIR,—

In the course of my address on "Impressions of America," in the Foresters' Hall on January 4th, I praised the Ford Peace Crusade, and spoke of Ireland's interest in its success in bringing about an early peace. This was received with applause, and my announcement that I would cable an expression of their sympathy to the Ford Mission was endorsed by further applause.

Later on, Countess Markievicz, in the course of her speech, said she disagreed with me on this point; that she did not want peace until the British Empire was smashed. This sentiment was received with applause from some of the same people who had applauded my previous utterance.

These facts show, I think, a certain vagueness in the public mind as to what they really want which it is desirable to clear up. To facilitate such clearing up I desire hereby, through your columns, to challenge Madame Markievicz to a public debate on the question—"Do We Want Peace Now?"—in which I would maintain the affirmative and she the negative side.

F. SHEEHY-SKEFFINGTON.

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.

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

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1916.

LABOUR IN DUBLIN CORPORATION.**COUNCILLOR P. T. DALY RUBS IT IN.**

[Instead of an editorial this week we present to our readers the speech of Councillor Daly on Conscription.]

The subject of compulsory military service was discussed by the Dublin Corporation at their meeting on Monday, when Councillor P. T. Daly moved:—

"That this Council endorses the declaration of the Irish Party, viz.:—

'We declare that any attempt to bring into force a system of compulsory military service will meet with our vigorous resistance.'

"That we believe that any attempt to enforce conscription by any means is a violation of the present law, and is contrary to the above declaration of the political leaders of the majority of the people in this country."

Since this motion was written, Councillor Daly mentioned, Ireland had been excluded from a measure of Conscription recently presented before Parliament. How long it would continue to be excluded—in other words, when an attempt would be made to "influence" people—was a matter for consideration. When they reflected upon the position of this country, with its population of eligible men, as shown by the figures taken at the last census, down to three-quarters of a million, they would begin to realise that Great Britain had already obtained in this way enough of the Irish blood and bone. An examination of the lists of men who were returned as members of English regiments, and finding O'Shaughnessys returned as Gordon Highlanders, O'Sheas as Warwicks, and O'Sullivans in the Liverpools, made him believe what a man recently home from the front—and not from the back of the front either, which some other folk had come from—namely, that if the whole of the men of purely English blood

fighting at Flanders and Gallipoli were summed up the total would not be more than 50,000. Everywhere you went this man said you met those who were the sons of Irishmen that had to emigrate, or who went into the service as volunteers. He had noticed that, prior to the Conscription Bill being introduced at all, an attempt was made in Dublin to apply conscription of the meanest possible character. Under Conscription as it is operated in Continental countries, rich and poor alike had got to pay tribute to the matter of personal service in the army; but here an attempt was made to force men out of the labour market, and starve them into submission—to put them into the position that they had either to enlist in the British army or starve, men of military age not being admitted to workhouses after they were "released" from their employment. He thought that an attempt of this kind was distinctly opposed to the law; and he regretted to find in the list of men who attended a meeting to promote conscription on those lines the man that occupied the position of High Sheriff of the City, who proposed a resolution which he believed, the members of the Corporation did not desire him to propose or support (hear, hear.) Going through the list, one found a number of men who at a certain period dispensed with their men, and then pledged themselves that no man of military age should be employed in the place of a man so dispensed with. The whole thing reminded him of a cartoon that he had seen, depicting men assembled at a "patriotic meeting," where one employer said to another—I, at any rate pledge myself to resist the invader. "And so do I," protested the other. "So long as an employe of mine has one drop of blood to shed in a battle, the invader shall be kept out" (laughter). Not one of those gallant employers in Dublin suggested that any of themselves should go to the front. With those who were consistent and sincere in this matter of supporting Great Britain in the war, and who had suffered loss and borne sorrows and trials for their convictions he had a certain amount of sympathy; but the men who were paraded through the streets, and exhibited on the high ways and in the bye-ways, the non-militant military gentlemen who were alleged to have enlisted, but who took jolly good care not to do any fighting, were, in his opinion, beneath contempt. Some Irishmen who would like to be regarded as belonging to "the bull-dog breed" told you that if they were of military age they would go to the front. One of their own members, not now present, said that quite recently. He (Councillor Daly) had a message for that loyal gentleman which should cause him to keep up his heart, and be of good cheer. Being on a visit to the town of Sligo recently, a case came under his notice where a man, a member of the Borough Council, offered his services at the age of 61. Yes, and was accepted! The gentleman to whom he alluded was not that age at all. Therefore a place was open for him in the ranks of those who were now struggling so valiantly to ensure that Britain should continue to hold "dominion over palm and pine" (laughter.) Just one more suggestion he had to make before concluding, and it was this: he noticed from the discussion of the Compulsory Service Bill that their fellow-countrymen from the north protested against being excluded from the operation of that measure. These people also felt sorely aggrieved over the passing of the Home Rule Bill, and were desperately anxious to be afforded an opportunity of voting themselves out; and if they were equally keen and sincere in their present protestations regarding the Compulsory Service Bill, his suggestion to them was that they should demand from Parliament, which would, no doubt, be good enough to oblige them, the right to vote themselves in (applause.)

Councillor Brohoon seconded the motion.

THE IRISH WORKERS' CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY

The Irish Workers' Co-operative Society has been founded in Dublin as an effort in Productive Co-operation. The Co-operative Movement, which has proved of the greatest service to the people wherever it has been established, is still weak in Dublin.

Knowledge of the movement has, however, grown in the last few years, and progress is being made. It is the desire and hope of its promoters that the new Co-operative venture should work in harmony with the distributive Societies already in existence in Dublin, and so be a source of strength and support to the movement as a whole in Ireland.

For the present it is proposed to devote its productive activities to the Manufacture of Shirts, and later on, as the demand grows, to produce such other articles as experience shows are called for in sufficient quantities to warrant their Manufacture. Work has been already commenced, a Workroom having been opened where the making of Shirts under expert advice is proceeding. A Shop has also been opened, and considering the very limited appeal for support which has been made its success is very gratifying.

It is now desired to place the Enterprise on a wider and firmer basis, and to appeal for more Capital and Customers. The SHARES are ONE POUND EACH, and may be paid in one sum, or in Convenient Instalments as preferred.

A Dividend on Members' Purchases will be paid each Quarter out of the Surplus which remains when all Expenses have been met. The payment of a Living Wage to all Employees will be a first charge upon the Industry.

The Business in which the Society is embarking should attract the interest and support of all who are opposed to the Sweating which prevails in all branches of Industry, but particularly in those where women are employed. In all branches of the Manufacture of Clothing the Sweating System is rampant, and articles produced under the worst possible conditions of labour are offered for sale in establishments commanding the highest prices. No matter how high a price is paid the purchaser has no guarantee that the article bought has been made under conditions which give the producer a living wage.

To grapple with this evil is one of the objects of this Society. All articles manufactured will bear a Trade Union Label, which will be at once a warrant of good workmanship and material, and that it is produced under the best possible conditions of labour.

Co-operation offers to the people an opportunity of doing their own business themselves. It does not require a very profound knowledge of its principles to realise the many advantages which would result to the people by its adoption. We have only to look at what has been accomplished elsewhere through its agency to obtain an idea of what could be done here if given the same support. In every country in Europe examples are to be seen of prosperous Co-operative Societies engaged in the manufacture or distribution of almost every commodity required by the people.

In Ireland the movement in the towns, though growing, is still weak. In the country, on the other hand, Agricultural Co-operation is strong and powerful. Founded some twenty-five years ago, the agricultural movement now numbers over 1,000 Societies, representing upwards of 100,000 members! If the Irish farmers, believed to be extremely conservative, can see the benefits of Co-operation and make such a success of it, how much more ought it to appeal to the people in the cities and towns? Since the outbreak of the war we have seen how the price of food and other necessities has risen,

and huge fortunes made by manufacturers and traders by exploiting the needs of the people. It is only the Co-operative Societies which have been able to meet this attack. Where the movement is strong and well organised prices are lowest. The price of bread in Dublin has remained one penny per four pound loaf below what it rose to in most towns since the outbreak of the war, because we had a Co-operative Bakery in the city. The lesson should not be lost on us. This is a people's movement. It is run on democratic lines. It is owned and controlled by its members. Every member has one vote, and no member has more than one, no matter how many shares the members may have.

Co-operation can be applied to almost every branch of human activity. It will become powerful, and its influence for good will spread in Dublin just in proportion as it is supported.

Applications for SHARES should be made to

THE SECRETARY,

29 EDEN QUAY, DUBLIN.

AN APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE OF THE BELLIGERENT POWERS OF EUROPE.

[Drafted and signed by Ivan Tregubof, a close friend of Tolstoy; Valentine Bulgakof, Tolstoy's ex-secretary and author of the book "During Two Years with Tolstoy," and by about one hundred followers of Tolstoy in Russia. The signatories were arrested and tried by courtmartial. Although the appeal was signed on October 10th, 1914, it did not reach this country before owing to the conditions of censorship in the belligerent countries.]

BETHINK YOURSELVES, MEN, BROTHERS!

A terrible thing is taking place. Hundreds of thousands, millions of men, forgetting that they are made in the image of God, are throwing themselves one upon the other like wild beasts.

Instigated by their leaders and in compliance with their orders, over nearly the whole of Europe they stab, slay, shoot, maim, and give the finishing stroke to their brothers who, like themselves, are gifted with the capacity of love, reason and kindness.

The whole educated world—in the person of the representatives of all the intellectual currents and of all political parties, from the extreme right to the extreme left, down to Socialists and Anarchists—has been struck by such extraordinary blindness that it calls this terrible human slaughter a "sacred" war of "liberation," and calls upon men to lay down their life . . . for what? For some phantom ideal of "liberation," forgetting that inner freedom is the sole true freedom, and that, finally, no one prevented the governments from giving, to the oppressed nations—before the war and without the war—at least that external freedom which is now, presumably, being secured, at the price of the criminal shedding of a sea of blood.

People dream of disarmament which the war is supposed to bring. Brothers, do not believe it. For the governments of to-day to disarm the nations is tantamount to destroying themselves, because these governments are upheld solely by state violence and do not enjoy the free confidence of their peoples. How can they afford to cast aside their sole prop—the soldier's bayonet?

There can be no disarmament and wars will not cease till man changes his inner self and drives out of his heart the animal striving to render stable his external position in the world by violence, snatching from his neighbours their bread, their property, their labour.

The Germans are not our enemies, and the Russians and the French are not the enemies

of the Germans. The common enemy of us all, to whatever nationality we may belong, is the brute in ourselves.

This truth has never been so clearly confirmed as now, when the men of the twentieth century, intoxicated with their false science, extremely proud of it, of their external culture and their machine civilisation, have suddenly discovered the true plane of their development; this plane has turned out to be no higher than that on which our ancestors stood in the time of Attila and Genghis-Khan. It makes one extremely sad to know that 2,000 years of Christianity have passed, scarcely leaving a trace on men. But this is intelligible, because the very heart of Christianity has been perverted, brought down from its sublimity and deprived of its great vital force which softens the soul, by the pastors of all churches who, to-day, blasphemously bless men to kill, making over them the sign of the Cross upon which is the image of the Christ crucified.

Bethink yourselves, brothers, men! Bethink yourselves, sons of God!

From the depth of our hearts we who are suffering and have been stunned by the horror of the nightmare which is taking place, we appeal to you: remember that you are brothers! Reach out a hand to one another—there is room for all on God's earth to live a peaceful, brotherly life and develop peacefully in love.

Remember the holy and divine commandment of Christ, addressed to us—to the Russians, the French, the Germans, the English, the Serbs and the Japanese, and to all who keep his image in their heart: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another . . . Ye have heard that it was said Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy; but I say unto you, Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you."

We declare, in signing our appeal, that our hearts are not on the side of war, killing, nor any kind of violence, but on the side of eternal Truth which lies in keeping Christ's commandment of love towards all men and remaining true to the divine commandment: "Thou shalt not kill."

A TRIBUTE.

Dublin, 9/1/16.

A CHARA,—

Although many of us are sick of recitations, poems, processions, etc., which have so often in the past signified nothing, an exception is to be made in the case of the fine poem by Maeve Cavanagh in your current issue. The Irishman who can read that poem unmoved at this juncture is only fit to remain a British subject.

Yours truly,

A MAC AODHA.

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THE FIGHT ON THE CLYDE.

The following extract from *Forward* is an account of a meeting in a Glasgow engineering shop between the workers and Mr. Lloyd George. The meeting was opened by the workers insisting that all the politicians and "gentlemen" leave the room except Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Henderson, M.P. The chair was then taken by a worker, Mr. Kirkwood.

The Chairman said—"This is Mr. Lloyd George. He has come specially to speak to you, and no doubt you will give him a patient hearing. I assure him that every word he says will be carefully weighed. We regard him with suspicion, because every Act with which his name is associated has the taint of slavery about it, and he would find that they, as Scotchmen, resented this, and that if he desired to get the best out of them, he must treat them with justice and respect."

This reception seemed to flabbergast the Minister of Munitions. He spoke about our brothers in the trenches, of the number of new factories, of big guns to blow the Germans out of France and across the Rhine, and of the need for unskilled labour being used for work on which skilled labour is now employed.

When he finished, Kirkwood asked if he was prepared to give the workers a share in the management of the works. *They, as Socialists, welcomed dilution of labour, which they regarded as the natural development in industrial conditions.* They were not like the Luddites of another generation, who smashed the new machinery. But this scheme of dilution must be carried out under the control of the workers. They recognised that if they had not control cheap labour would be introduced, and unless their demand was granted they would fight the scheme to the death.

Mr. Lloyd George here interjected some remarks to the effect that the workers were not capable of managing workshops, to which Kirkwood hotly retorted—"These men for whom I ask a say in the management, carry the confidence of the workers, and have confidence in themselves. They brought out the men of the Clyde in February in defiance of you, in defiance of the Government, in defiance of the Army, and in defiance of the Trade Union leaders. They not only led them out, but they led them back victorious. They let it be known that if their demands were not granted, masters might force them to the workshops, but could not make them work. Who ran the workshops now? Men drawn from the ranks of the working class. The only change would be responsibility to the workers, instead of to the present employers. If production was to be improved, the benefit must go to the workers."

Mr. Lloyd George stated that this was a revolutionary proposal, and the present was not a time for revolutions, when the country was engaged in a life-and-death struggle with a foreign foe.

"Ah," said Kirkwood, "You are thinking as a lawyer. It takes engineers to reason out an industrial situation like the present one. The settlement of it would affect engineers, not lawyers. This war has proved conclusively to the workers that one engineer is worth a hundred lawyers, even of your kind."

A number of questions on the Munitions Act were afterwards put by various members of the audience, one speaker pointing out that he was prevented by Lloyd George's Act from taking another job in which the wages would be increased by 8/- a week.

Kirkwood added that this Munitions Act bound the workers to Beardmore as effectively as if they had branded a capital B on their brows.

Mr. Lloyd George said that he was not responsible for the Munitions Act. It emanated from their leaders, men like Mr. Brownlie and Mr. Arthur Henderson, who was present.

Kirkwood turned dramatically towards Mr.

Henderson, and declared, while waving his hand, "We repudiate this man. He is no leader of ours. Brownlie has been told the same to his face. And if you, Mr. Lloyd George, want to know the mind of the workers, don't go to these men. If you wish to do away with the discontent in the workshops, do away with the cause."

Mr. Lloyd George and his party then left the meeting.

TO HELL WITH CONTRACTS

We reprint the following item from the *Meath Chronicle* of January 1:—

"The Diamor labourers have passed a resolution of protest against the action of some of the Meath farmers in not carrying out the arrangement arrived at between the delegates of the Meath Labour Union and the farmers at a public meeting held some time last year. It is regrettable to see the poor labourers driven to the necessity of complaining against a breach of a compact arrived at at a public meeting, and it is to be hoped their claims will be immediately and ungrudgingly conceded. As far as my recollection goes, the agreement arrived at was that the wages of all farm labourers was to be raised to fourteen shillings per week, and if this has not since been done it is difficult to see how the poor labourer can live at all. Since the understanding has been arrived at the terrible war broke out, and the price of everything is nearly double what it was before the war, so that if there was dissatisfaction with the wages prevailing two years ago, and no increase made since, things must be in a very bad way now. There seems to be no doubt, at all events, that in this matter there is a very genuine grievance, and if the labourers do not combine and solidly stand up for their just rights it is useless to be asking the paid politicians to intercede for them. Money talks, they say; but so also does union and determination. If the breach of the covenant had been on the labour side there is not a public board in the county but would have been utilised to denounce the men for a public breach of faith. When the farmers themselves refuse to stand by their own agreement, however, the poor, helpless workers are expected to sing dumb and submit. We all know the use that was made of the "to h— with contracts" cry a year or so ago, but, of course, breaches of obligations are claimed as a public privilege by the monied classes. The proletariat element are useful sometimes when meetings are being got up for the division of ranches, and when fighting of any description has to be done. However, labourers, keep your hearts up. According to a correspondent, whose news appears to be older than his ale, all is well—at Salonika, 2,000 miles away!"

NATIONAL UNION OF CLERKS AND CITY OF DUBLIN COMPANY.

TO EDITOR IRISH WORKERS' REPUBLIC.

Irish Office, 18 Dame St., Dublin, Jan. 11/16
DEAR SIR,—I am instructed by my Branch Executive to forward you copy of the following resolution. Yours,

P. and J. ROBINSON Branch Sec.

Resolved—"That the Dublin Branch of the National Union of Clerks has learned with extreme regret that some of the clerks employed by the City of Dublin Steam Packet Co. have obeyed instructions to load and discharge the Company's vessels, and have therefore actively sided with their employers against the Transport Workers' Union. Recognising, however, that individual clerks, dependent on their salaries alone, dare not, for fear of victimation, refuse to obey such orders from their employers, we urge the City of Dublin Co's. clerks to combine with their fellow-clerks in order that they may be able, with the support of their Union, to avoid the indignity of blacklegging, and to work effectively to promote their own and their fellow-workers' interests."

THE GRAND OUL' DAME BRITANNIA.

Air:—"Leather away with the Wattle O!"

Och! Ireland, sure I'm proud of you—
Ses the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia.
To poor little Belgium tried and true,
Ses the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia.
Ye've closed your ear to the Sinn Fein lies,
For you know each Gael that for England dies
Will enjoy Home Rule in the clear blue skies,
Ses the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia.

Ah! Casement! Damn that Irish Pig,
Ses the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia.
We'll make him dance an English jig
Ses the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia.
But Redmond's here—the good and great—
A Pillar of the English State—
Who fears to speak of "Ninety-eight."—
Ses the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia.

The Castle's now an altered place,
Ses the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia.
It's the Drawin' Room of the Irish Race,
Ses the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia.
John Redmond to the Throne is bowed,
'Mid a frantic cheerin' Irish crowd—
Sure its' like the days of Shane the Proud,
Ses the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia.

For Redmond now Home Rule has won,
Ses the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia.
An' he's finish'd what Wolfe Tone begun,
Ses the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia.
Yet rebels thro' the country stalk,
Shoutin' "67" and "Bachelor's Walk,"—
Did ye ever hear such foolish talk?
Ses the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia.

Ye want a pound or two from me!
Ses the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia.
For your oul' Hibernian Academy!
Ses the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia.
Don't ye know we've got the Huns to quell,
And we want the cash for shot and shell;
Your Artists!—Let them go to Hell!
Ses the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia.

Oh! Scholars, Hurlers, Saints an' Bards!
Ses the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia.
Come along an' list in the Irish Guards,
Ses the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia.
Each man that treads on a German's feet
'Ill be given a parcel—tied up neat—
Of a Tombstone Cross an' a Windin' sheet.
Ses the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia.

Be jabbers! Redmond your the Bhoys!
Ses the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia.
Shure you'r Ireland's pride and England's joy,
Ses the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia.
Like a true born Gael he faced the Hun,
Then he jumped around an' he fired a gun—
Faix, you should have seen the Germans run!
Ses the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia.

Sure I spoke to-day with Inspector Quinn,
Ses the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia.
An' he told me straight we were bound to win!
Ses the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia.
What mean these deafenin' newsboys' yells—
What tale is this the Paper tells—
A British Retreat from the Dardanelles!
Ses the Grand Oul' Dame Britannia.
AN GALL FADA.

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

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CORK NOTES.

We would like to direct the attention of the Corporation officials to the condition of house property in various parts of the city. Owing to the recent bad weather some people might as well be living in the Park. With the strength of the house-owning classes in the Council and in the law courts the task seems a hopeless one.

Irish education seems to be in for a bad time. As a reward for services—past, present and future—the English Government appears to be determined to fall back on the old system of keeping the Irish in Subjection, Drink and Ignorance. How well they have succeeded is plain to be seen. First it was the Irish language, but now it is going to be every form of education. The system of anglicising is not yet complete, and whilst the grants for English Education is double Ireland's, no attempt has so far been made to interfere with the English schools. Perhaps we may see a return of the hedge school days and the poor scholar, that may account for teachers becoming J.P.'s. and recruiting sergeants.

The Censor and his gang have taken their departure, and we can all breathe freely. But why the hurried departure? Everybody is asking the reason. Some would not bear repeating.

Last week we called attention to our railways. Consideration for the company's property, if not for the human machine, ought induce the officials of one railway company to erect some kind of shelter where the engines could be cleaned and properly looked after.

We would like to know are the men in charge of engines interfered with and prevented reporting necessary repairs. Is the repairs book kept in an office where men are subjected to abusive and threatening language for daring to do their duty? And worse, there is one official in particular who uses the vilest language imaginable towards those under him. Exposure to all kinds of weather, bad material, neglect, may save a few pounds a year to the company, but the public should not be satisfied with that. Many accidents are caused and lives sacrificed to the making of dividends and big salaries. It is impossible to elicit the truth when a disaster occurs, as no man wishes to lose his job, and if laws regulating railways are not complied with it is alright provided no one accuses the officials of a guilty knowledge. If something is not done to remedy the present state of affairs we shall not hesitate to give names.

At a meeting of the Distress Committee it was stated one of the Government Inspectors who paid us a flying visit recently was so impressed with our apparent signs of prosperity that we are to get no more grants. What next! Serves us right. If this is not an indication of what we are to get, we must be very dull-witted, and that for the "Island of Saints and Soldiers." The island of fools and traitors.

TRALEE NOTES.

Much disappointment was felt in many quarters here when it was known Ireland would not be included in the Conscription Bill. Lip-loyalists, whose one desire is to see the "Sinn Feiners" made fight for justice, Christianity, religion, small nationalities, etc., in Flanders, are sore aggrieved and so are some of the "Sinn Feiners" themselves whose hope of an early scrap with the enemies at home looks all up. So rumour goes anyway. "I don't know how true that may be, I only tell the tale as 'twas told to me." In the discussion on the Bill in the House, Mr. John Redmond said he was not opposed to Conscription on principle. But what about the long, strongly-worded resolution passed by him and his Party some time since? John can talk all he likes; the country is fast waking up and has recognised ere now that were it not for the Irish Volunteers and the consequent fear of our rulers, conscription for Ireland would be an accomplished fact long ago.

John E. also said the members of the Irish Party were prepared to make any sacrifice to win the war. We would suggest that he get our own Tom O'Donnell and others physically fit like him to make a small sacrifice—don khaki for the Empire which they are beseeching others to fight for. Example is a very good thing and they might then, having shown that they were in earnest, get some recruits instead of holding, at great expense, Recruiting or War Meetings which result in "Nothing Doing." One of these meetings was held at Caherciveen last week. Mr. James Shuel, Solicitor, Caherciveen, presided and was surrounded by a bevy of imported job-hunters. Mr. F. H. Downing, the "victimizer" orated and spoke ill of the Germans, though he aped the Germans and had German governesses for his children some years ago. "If the Germans," quoth he, "were victorious, the people would neither have Caherciveen nor its waterworks, but if the Germans are beaten the Caherciveen waterworks will flow again." Surely the Caherciveen young men must be a sordid lot when they would not join to see such a wonder as the Caherciveen waterworks flowing! Lieut. M. O'Leary, V.C., also "spoke" as did "Mr. Savage, Secretary Kerry Press," a fine stalwart who prefers to ask others to fight for his king and country, while he sticks to his job at home. The Recruiters were out in Ardferf on Sunday, explaining who was responsible for the ruins of Ardferf Abbey. Of course it was not the Kaiser, it was the dead and gone relatives of his cousin King George. Mr. Downing and those associated with him are very anxious to get young Irishmen to join the Irish regiments, but Mr. Downing took care that his own son joined an English regiment. They are much safer, you know, than Irish regiments which have to brave all the danger and are in the front line.

NORTHERN NOTES.

In Home Rule circles there is more and more uneasiness. It is now regarded here as a certainty not only that a General Election is coming, but that unless all English history and English characters are to take an abnormal turn, the General Election during the course of the war will result in the absolute rout of the broken Liberal Party. Then heigh-ho for the wilderness and a peerage for the incomparable leader of the Party. Belfast Home Rulers live in daily dread of the catastrophe.

Ireland is welcoming home many of her sons from across the seas. And young Belfast who have been living in the enemy's country are coming back. This is like the return of exiles of military age to a country about to go to war. Speed the day.

At the North I.L.P. on Sunday, Mrs. MacCoubrey was the speaker. The meeting carried a resolution of protest against the withdrawal of any portion of the grants for educational purposes in Ireland.

The newspaper reports of the trouble at Carrickmore between Irish Volunteers and Home Rulers have not only been exaggerated. They were faked and telegraphed to England for the English Press. Home Rule papers attributed the aggression to the Irish Volunteers, and the Unionist papers went nearer the truth in laying the origin of the trouble at the door of the Hibernians. None of the reports appeared until the news was stale, four or five days late, and then all appeared simultaneously. The whole is this:—A concert in aid of the local church funds had been organised. The clergy are nationalist, and the Irish Volunteers of the parish went to the concert. The A.O.H., exasperated at the landslide in favour of the Volunteers, decided to wreck the concert. Alone they were neither big enough nor brave enough for the job, and actually brought the large force of imported police to the scene to help them. In the hall Volunteers and Hibernians made a mixed company and the Hibs. outside, when the

police were refused admission, led the attack on the hall. The Volunteers had little difficulty in licking their opponents. Ultimately, after a sharp, short scrap, the Hibs. were routed and retired *under the protection of the police whose welcome aid they cheered.* A solitary revolver shot was fired inside the hall, and the much-mentioned pitchfork was merely part of the equipment of one of the characters in the play at the concert.

This is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It comes to the *Republic* through a Tyrone priest whose veracity and honour his hundreds of friends in Ulster will back against the whole press fakers of Belfast, Dublin, and London—including the expert R.I.C. journalist, who sent out the first story with a good clap on the back for themselves. The incident is far from edifying, but since it happened it is at least well that the true version should be told. To parody Bottomley: when you see it in the *Republic* it is so.

WEXFORD NOTES.

On Sunday morning week last, we understand, some of the boys placarded the boards on the Church railings with copies of the Bishop of Limerick's letter. Crowds of people who had not seen it before were reading it and expressed themselves as being pleased with the sentiments expressed therein. This was too much for the military authorities who had them taken down as soon as possible after they heard of their presence. Poor fellows, they are not used to seeing the truth put into print these times.

The Municipal dummy (Bob Coffey) has had a falling out with his head clerk Mr. O'Flynn, which ended up by his being sacked. We are told that the row was pretty hot while it lasted, and ended up by O'Flynn having to clear out. There will not be many sorry about this as he was one of the biggest pups that was imported into the town. He was always to the fore when a workman had to be crushed; he was a fierce Molly McGuire, and helped Coffey to defeat on the two occasions he met Corish.

The Post Office employee referred to in these notes last week was annoyed that we should have showed him up, but he should hold his tongue while he is in public houses, and Englishman as he is, when he sees his country in danger, as she is at present, he should go while he is in another man's job, who, although he is older than him, is doing his proverbial *bit*.

CUMANN NA mBAN (Central Branch) CONCERT

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On TUESDAY, JANUARY 18th.

Doors open at 7.30 p.m.; commencing at 8.

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

THE IRON CHANCELLOR.

(Bismark, the Iron Chancellor, the creator of modern Germany, comes from his grave to visit the scenes of battle.)

(By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.)

Above the grave where Bismark sleeps
The raven screeched with strange alarms,
The Saxon forest in its deeps
Shook with the distant clash of arms.
The Iron Chancellor stirred. "Tis war!
Give me my sword to lay them low
Who touch my work. Unbar the door
I passed an hundred years ago."

The angel guardian of the tomb
Spoke of the law that binds all day.
That neither rose nor oak may bloom
Betwixt the night and judgment day.
"For no man twice may pass this gate,"
He said. But Bismark flashed his eyes;
"Nay at the trumpet call of fate,
Like Barbarossa, I shall rise.
In sight of all God's seraphim
I'll place this helmet on my brow.
For lo! We Germans fear but Him,
And He, I know, is with us now."

The dead man stood up in his might,
The startled angel said no word.
Through endless spheres of day and night,
God in His Seventh Heaven heard,
And answered thus: "Shall man forget
My laws? They were not lightly made,
Nor writ for thee to break. And yet
I love thee, Thou art not afraid.
Bismark, from now till morrow's sun
Walk as a wraith amid the strife,
And if thou find thy work undone
Come back, and I shall give thee—life."

With grim salute the spectre strode
Out of the dark into the dawn.
From Hamburg to the Caspian road
He saw a wall of iron drawn.
He saw young men go forth to die,
Singing the martial songs of yore.
Boldly athwart the Flemish sky
He marked the German airmen soar.
A thousand spears in battle-line
Had pierced the wayward heart of France,
But still above the German Rhine
The Walkyrs held their august dance.

He saw the sliding submarine
Wrest the green trident from the hold
Of her whose craven tradesmen lean
On yellow men and yellow gold.

In labyrinths of blood and sand
He watched ten Russian legions drown.
Unseen he shook the doughty hand
Of Hindenburg near Warsaw town.
The living felt his presence when,
Paternal, blessing, he drew nigh,
And all the dead and dying men
Saluted him as he passed by.
But he rode back in silent thought,
And from his great heart burst a sigh
Of thanks. "The Master Craftsman wrought
This mighty edifice, not I.
"No hostile hoof shall ever fall
Upon my country's sacred sod;
The seven whirlwinds lash its wall,
It stands erect, a rock of God.
"I shall return unto my bed,
Nor ask of life a second lease
My spirit lives though I be dead.

My aching bones may rest in peace."
Up to the chin he drew the shroud,
To wait God's judgment patiently,
While high above a blood-red cloud
Two eagles screamed of victory.

WILL HISTORY REPEAT ITSELF?

By "J. J. B."

At the conclusion of the War for Small Nationalities in South Africa, Lord Rosebery or some one else of the Bulldog breed, proved to the entire satisfaction of Britishers that the people of Ireland, *because they did not declare their Independence while the Empire was in danger, did not want to govern themselves! His contention was that as the Irish people, while England had her hands full in South Africa, did not avail of the opportunity to assert their Rights, they had no right to talk about their Rights much less ask for them from England—after the War!* And he added with a demonical sneer something to the effect that there was nothing to prevent the people of Ireland getting their own back at that time as the Garrison was being wiped out by the Boers! Think over the foregoing.

Lord Rosebery was a perfect Englishman, and the secret of Empire is contained in his statement as set forth above. Empire gives nothing willingly—but takes everything it can. The moral for Irishmen is: *If you want anything take it while you have the chance!* The British Empire is too proud of what it has plundered to give Ireland back to the Irish people. The British Empire loves Ireland—at least it is greatly attached to us and vampire-like is sucking the life-blood out of the country. *If the people of Ireland want Ireland they must take it by force! They must take it now—tomorrow may be too late! The end of this war will mean the end of Ireland as a Nation, if Ireland again misses the opportunity to save her soul!*

It is all very well to say that a Nation cannot die, but there is something worse than death—National prostitution. At the beginning of the present war Ireland was lifted by John Bull out of the gutter into which he had previously cast her, and you have only to look into the English papers to see that John Bull having completed her degradation as much as he could at the moment, is once more about to fling her back into the gutter till the war is over when he hopes to be able to end her miserable existence—if he wins. Whether he wins or loses, however, we are lost if we are content to lie in the gutter till it is convenient for John Bull to turn his unwelcome attention on us again, and trample us down deeper in the muck of Empire. And we will deserve our ignominious fate. We will have missed the tide!

Ireland, the land of Emmet and Tone and thousands of others who have taught the world what Irish Patriotism is, will have gone down, without a struggle, never to rise again!

"Ireland passed peacefully away in the arms of the British Empire." Is that going to be the epitaph we and our fathers before us pledged to write for Emmet?

Imagine the ironical smile of Sir Edward Carson, or whoever happens to be Prime Minister after the war, if we requested him in our best Parliamentary style to pay the Home Rule Bill! "You do not want Home Rule, my dear friends; if you did you could have taken it any time you liked during the war. But perhaps you are joking; if you are it is a good joke. Ha, ha! My honourable friend and gallant gunner, Redmond, has proved to you the advantages of Empire." Should the Irish people grumble at the English Prime Minister's words, and cry out in anger: "We have sent our children to fight for your Empire on the understanding that Home Rule for Ireland was

passed. We demand Home Rule." A grim grin would surely cross Sir Edward's face as he replied, something like this: "I do not know anything about the Home Rule Bill being passed, but I know your chance for getting it has passed for ever. *The Empire is now safe.* I know that a lot of your people were killed covering our successful retreats and equally successful advances. That was all for the good of trade. Come in to your heritage in our glorious Empire—and come quietly, or we will send over a few hundred thousand of our gallant troops to teach you Imperialism! My illustrious ancestor, Cromwell, after his tour in Ireland, remarked that all he was sorry for was that he had not killed the nits as well as the lice! If you are not careful I will take the matter up and finish his good work."

Some people will tell you that things have changed since the Boer War. Things have changed—in our favour. The British were then only fighting for one Small Nationality, whereas they are now fighting for all Small Nationalities! Ireland is a Small Nationality, and her birth certificate (?) signed by King George of England is somewhere in London, so that whatever may be said after the war about our Rights, I feel sure that the wily John Bull would not just now question our right to Self-Government or the validity of his promises.

He gave us Home Rule, and is fighting for Freedom, and could hardly object to us helping him to carry out his good intentions, particularly as he is up to his eyes in trouble all over the world. The moral as well as the material effect of such action on our part would be felt in every part of the globe.

If we wait till the war is over—till Germany or England is crushed, or till they both declare off—we are doomed.

In the Council of Nations after the war we will have no voice, unless

IRISH TRANSPORT WORKERS' UNION

No. 1 BRANCH.

ELECTION OF COMMITTEE AND OFFICERS.

General Secretary—J. Larkin. General President—Thomas Foran. Treasurer—Joseph Kelly. Secretary—John O'Neill. Assistant Secretary—Joseph Metcalfe.

COMMITTEE.

Coal Section—P. Maguire, John Dillon, John Farrell, Thomas Fitzsimons, and P. Mathews. Cross Channel Men—M. Byrne, Thomas Duff, A. Early, and J. Cooling. General Carters—Thomas O'Brien and M. McCarthy. Grain Carters—Simon Kelsb and W. Fairtlough. Casual Grain—B. Conway and James Gannon. Bushellers—Thomas Mills. Chemical Workers—William O'Toole and John Gannon. Deep Water Casuals—P. Murtagh. Gas Workers—James Cunningham, William Darby. Fish Markets—Joseph O'Neill. Corporation—James Nolan.

RED HAND SHIRTS.

At the Annual General Meeting of No. 1 Branch on Sunday January 9 Miss Molony, Secretary of the Irish Women Workers' Union, was given permission to speak to the meeting on behalf of the Co-operative Society. She explained the effort that was being made to furnish employment in the workroom, and said that they were now making a speciality of working shirts, and had a particular class and make of same to which they had given the name—Red Hand Shirts.

On the motion of the Acting General Secretary the meeting unanimously resolved to adopt the Red Hand Shirt, and to make it a point of honour to wear the same.

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