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

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

S.
2350
D.M.P.

Detective Department,

Dublin, 27th. January, 1916

Subject, MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 26th. Inst.,
the undermentioned extremists were observed
moving about and associating with each other
as follows :-

With Thomas J. Clarke, 75, Parnell St.,
John McGarry for twenty minutes between 12
& 1 p. m. C. Colbert for a few minutes at
12-45 p. m. Pierce Beasley, who arrived at
Kingstown from Holyhead at 5 p. m. was in con-
versation with Clarke for a quarter of an
hour between 8 & 9 p. m., Joseph McGuinness
being there at the time. J. R. Reynolds and
B. Parsons from 8-40 to 9 p. m.

Joseph Murray left Amiens Street by 9
a. m. train en route to Ardee. R. I. C.
informed.

The Chief Commissioner.

The Under Secretary
Submitted

Mr. Whitmore

C.C. 27/1/16

Under Secretary
Submitted

WML
27/1

Ch. Sec.

To see papers

Wm.

M. Jan. 25/16

27/1

Chief Com
WML
31

informed.

John McNeill, James Connolly, L. Raul,

M. J. O'Rahilly, J. Plunkett, H. Mellows,

and E. O'Duffy in 2, Dawson Street from 12

noon to 2 p. m.

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

tom Street between 8 & 9 p. m.

Fenton Lynch, Gerald Griffin, F. Fahy,

Pierce Beasley, L. Raul, Thomas McDonagh, E.

Kent, P. H. Pearse, Joseph McGuinness, Thos.

Hunter, M. J. O'Rahilly, W. Sheehan, E. Daly,

and J. Plunkett together in 2, Dawson Street

between 9 & 10 p. m.

Attached are copies of this week's is-

sue of The Irish Volunteer, Nationality,

Honesty and New Ireland some of which con-

tain notes of an anti-British character.

Owen'Brien

Superintendent.



THE IRISH VOLUNTEER

EDITED BY EOIN MAC NEILL.

Vol. 2. No. 60 (New Series).

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29th, 1916.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

NOTES

As I anticipated, it has turned out that the "riot" near Carrickmore, Co. Tyrone, was a bit of mischief organised under the auspices of Dublin Castle, which sent a force of forty police, fully armed, to see its programme through. The accounts of the affair published in the daily papers were, like the "riot" itself, an elaborate concoction. The hesitating instruments of the plot made a slight disturbance at the singing of "A Nation once again." A window was broken, there was a trifling scuffle, and some ladies became alarmed. All was over before the part arranged for the small army of police could be brought off. The conduct of the police was publicly condemned by Father Short, C.C., speaking at Mass on the following Sunday. It is part of Mr. Birrell's "delicate and difficult" programme to get Irishmen to murder each other in the interest of "a real Empire patriotism." If that sort of thing succeeded, Mr. Birrell would be the murderer. It is not likely to succeed, for the Irish Volunteers in Tyrone and elsewhere are not a faction. Those of the police who are imitating Crossmaglen methods should remember the fate of Gartland, who was struck down instantaneously by the hand of God in the street in open daylight and went without a moment's warning before a tribunal where perjury and all the other tricks of Dublin Castle are of no avail.

I have just received the first number of "The Irishman," a new monthly, price one penny, edited by A. Newman (Dublin office: 17 Upper Ormond Quay). The editor is well known to readers of the IRISH VOLUNTEER, and the new periodical bears the distinct impress of his vigorous personality. I wish "The Irishman" a successful and useful career.

I have to acknowledge on behalf of the Irish Volunteers the receipt of £40 from an Irishwoman; £318 from the Ancient Order of Hibernians in the United States of America, sent by the principal officers of the Order; and £18 18s., balance of the original fund

collected for the Irish Volunteers by the editor of the "Irish World," New York. The British Government honours the United States by maintaining there a well-organised system of secret intelligence. Any statements that have been made to the effect that the body of Irish-American opinion, or any considerable part of it, not to say "ninety-five per cent.," is in favour of Mr. T. P. O'Connor's Sharp Curve policy, cannot deceive the British Government. We can therefore form our own conclusions as to who these statements are intended to persuade, and the amount of respect they earn for those who make them from the members of the British Government, which, from such and similar performances, will be able to estimate the moral strength of certain forces in exacting the fulfilment of a treaty which has been signed by King George and enrolled in the Statute Book of the Imperial Parliament. The British Government will also be able to judge how much nearer its Irish policy has brought it to the desired consummation of an "Anglo-American Alliance."

There were still quite lately in Ireland a set of people who could believe or pretend to believe that Ireland is a poor country that could not pay her own way without the help of England; and unfortunately there were many people who did not even know enough to laugh at that sort of nonsense. Worse still, men who claim to be followed blindly as political guides and think that patriotism consists in passing votes of confidence, such men, to their own discomfiture, have contented themselves with political machine work and have neglected to fortify their position by instructing the public on vital matters of the national economy. Having neglected this themselves, they have been quick to resent and denounce any effort to bring free discussion to bear on the question of national finance. If in the whole Irish parliamentary representation there is a single man except Mr. Ginnell who has any sense of the effect of present and proposed taxation on Irish prosperity, the knowledge is kept wonderfully dark. It is thought good enough for the common sort of Irishman to feed them up with phrases about a constitution "better than Grattan's"—when we get it!

We are expected to play a game of political blind man's buff, a game in which the whole public is to wear a bag over its head and try to find its way out of the Union poorhouse by listening to the voices of two or three "leaders." Thanks to Mr. Ginnell, the bag is off, and the Irish public now knows that it is subjected to fresh and additional taxes, amounting to nearly forty shillings from every man, woman and child, and that this has been done without a word from the "leaders" about it. Why should the "leaders" trouble themselves telling you and me and the like of us about the taxes we are to pay? You may trust Mr. Redmond, and he will trust the British Democracy, and it will be all right. Your business is to vote at conventions and elections as you are told, and to vote votes of confidence at all times, and to pay up your taxes and look pleasant.

The "leaders" would not venture to take up this attitude of silence, servile and obsequious silence, on the subject of this intolerable and ruinous burden of fresh taxation, if they did not count on the ignorance of the Irish public and the lack of public spirit among those who, in every locality throughout Ireland, ought to be foremost in asserting the rights and defending the interests of the people.

From 1756 to 1763 England was at war with France, fighting, as she is fighting now, for empire. Four years later, in 1767, the English Ministry decided to impose an Imperial taxation on the English colonies in America. The colonists had helped England to fight France in the recent war, and George Washington had fought with distinction on the English side. It was suggested that England, instead of taxing the American colonies, should save expense by withdrawing her army from them. "I will hear nothing on the subject," said the English Chancellor of the Exchequer; "it is absolutely necessary to keep an army there." The colonists, who were recently so loyal, now began to boycott English imports. They had the same sort of governors then in America as we have now. One of these royal governors wrote to the Ministry: "Send over an army and a fleet and reduce the dogs to reason." The colonists stiffened up. The English Government

did likewise. In 1772 the men of Boston threw the tea that was taxed by England into Boston Harbour. In 1774 the colonists appointed a Congress, which claimed for them, as British subjects, a share in the power of legislation and taxation over themselves, and protested against a British army being kept in the country to rule them. The people then formed Volunteer forces and armed themselves. "Every village and district had its company of **minute-men**—men pledged to each other to be ready for action at a minute's warning." Before that year was out the Colonists, who had helped England against France a few years before, were at open war with England. In 1776 the American Congress formed an alliance with France against England, and after five years of war, the United States, with the help of France, achieved final and complete independence of England.

All the world now says that the Americans did well and rightly, but at the time there were plenty of Birrells and, among the Americans themselves, plenty of "Loyalists" to lecture them about loyalty and the Wider Patriotism, and their place in the British Empire, and the dangers from France. There was not one thing against which the Americans protested and revolted that is not now imposed on us in a far greater degree by the English Government. The taxes they were required to pay to support the Empire in its wars were trifling in comparison with the taxes now demanded from us. They were only half-grown colonies with a small and scattered population, not an ancient nation. They had always been subject to English legislation, they had never suffered the loss of legislative and financial independence. The rights which they established by revolts were rights they had never before enjoyed, not rights that had been filched from them by perfidy and violence. If it is right to impoverish and depopulate this nation by Imperial war taxes, surely the English Government had a much better right to impose a moderate taxation on colonists who a few years before had been aided by the English Government to resist the French upon their borders. Every public representative who consents to Ireland's treatment in a way that those English colonies refused to bear is false to his trust.

Last week I attended a meeting in the Dublin Mansion House to protest against the Government for taking from us a sum of money which is just about the thousandth part of the new war taxes that are to be taken from us. On the following day the Committee of the Catholic Bishops also protested. Were it not that a principle of administration was involved, as well as the principle of taxation, these protests would appear to be the height of folly—crying out about the disposal of £8,000 a year and allowing £8,000,000 a year to be taken without

protest. And now I am informed that Mr. Dillon and Mr. Redmond have made "a satisfactory settlement" with the Treasury about the £8,000! What about the £8,000,000? We may expect an early pronouncement in the "Freeman's Journal" about the £8,000. What about the £8,000,000? Is the public entitled to any statement from its elected representatives about this £8,000,000 of additional taxation? Will they condescend to give the miserable commonalty of Ireland their exalted opinion about how this unprecedented taxation is likely to affect our future prosperity?

Their friend the Chief Secretary for England in Ireland has claimed their assent to his delicate and difficult operation of watering and watering Irish Nationality to death without tearing it up by the roots. The Irish police are under Mr. Birrell's control. The week before last he had them at work in Tyrone, in the interests of the Home Rule Act, superintending an abortive attempt to set Irishmen at each other's throats. Last week, the delicate and difficult operation took the form of police raids, under Mr. Birrell's management, for the purpose of disarming Irish Nationalists. Mr. Dillon has publicly pledged himself against the disarmament of Nationalists, and his pledge was recorded by me in this paper at the time. Is Mr. Dillon now an acquiescent party to Mr. Birrell's disarmament campaign? There are, at all events, other pledges against disarmament, and they will be kept. If any attempt is made to force us back again into the house of bondage, those who make the attempt will be responsible for the consequences. That our liberty should be dependent on the good will of others—that, as Grattan said, is the definition of tyranny. Perhaps Mr. Birrell is experimenting. If so, it is a criminal sort of experiment.

Maunsel & Co., Dublin, have published two new books by Darrell Figgis. One is in prose. It is a book on "Æ (George W. Russell)" in the series of "Irishmen of To-day." The other is a collection of poems and a drama under the title of "The Mount of Transfiguration." Darrell Figgis can say what he means to say in verse or prose. Being a confirmed anti-critic, I should not like at any time to pronounce judgment for the public guidance on the value of an artist's work, and at this particular time I dislike that office more than ever.

Now that the days are lengthening, it would be well for Volunteer officers all over the country to pay special attention to their own training in the work of officers. The Companies also should interest themselves in a practical way in facilitating the training of their officers, and the numerous friends of the Volunteers could not show their friendship in any better way than by co-operating in providing whatever facilities are needed to enable officers to become capable and

proficient. If we are to be ready, like the American Minute-men, at a moment's notice, that means that our officers must know their whole business and know it thoroughly. This requires many things to be well learned and well practised. The training of a Volunteer officer is an educative process of the highest value not only to the man himself but to the whole community. It comprises the awakening and perfecting of every faculty, of intelligence, observation, memory, mental alertness and readiness, clear expression and communication of ideas, resourcefulness, decision, precaution—just the sort of development that is not provided for and is often hindered and hampered by official systems of education. A certain proportion of our officers have made admirable progress, but the best of them know that they have still more progress to make, and the rest must be aware that they have a lot to learn and to master. Many are as yet only at the beginning. A man in any occupation will be a far better man in that occupation if he gets the training required for an officer of Volunteers. With the same sense of duty and discipline, he will be something different from and superior to the machine-made militarist. When the standard reached already in a number of centres becomes general, there will be a new life in Ireland.

EON MAC NEILL

3rd FEBRUARY.

Card players who are complaining that there are so few Whist Drives this winter should not miss the Drive which the Cumann na mBan Executive have arranged for Thursday, February 3rd, in the D.B.C., O'Connell Street, at 7.30.

A number of valuable and charming prizes have been presented. Amongst these are a drawing by Mr. Jack Yeates, presented by the artist; a black and white portrait of prizewinner by Sadhbh Trir-seach; a pair of old Spanish ear-rings, gold and cornelian, presented by Maire ní Buitléir; a silver-backed brush and comb, and a travelling rug and several other prizes. Keen competition is expected for their possession.

Tickets may be had at 2 Dawson St., 2s. 6d. each.

NEW STORIES BY P. H. PEARSE.

Mr. Wm. Tempest, of the Dundalgan Press, Dundalk, has just published a new book of short stories in Irish by P. H. Pearse. They are described as "Studies of Iar-Connacht Interiors," and include all the short stories written by Mr. Pearse since the publication of his "Iosagán" in 1907. The new volume, which takes its title of "An Mháthair" from the opening story, is published at a shilling nett; postage twopence.

na fianna éireann—an áro slua

DUBLIN BATTALION.

Result of Howth Baton Drawing:—Winning number, 5. Prize will be forwarded immediately.

The Victories of Peace

II.

While over a hundred Irish towns were reduced to villages by the English peace within a century after the Union, it is right to say that during the same century eighteen towns grew out of villages. The chief of these is the Pembroke Township, which is a partly urban and partly suburban district of the city of Dublin, and has a population of 30,000. In 1831 the population was about 10,000. The increase represents overflow from Dublin. The same cause accounts for the growth of Terenure, Dalkey and Howth from villages to towns. The only other village in Leinster that has become a town since the Union is Newbridge, whose growth, quadrupled since 1831, is one of the paradoxes of the Peace, being due to the proximity of the Curragh Camp. In all Munster only one village has become a town since 1831. Here again Peace is put to the blush, for what the British Army has done for Newbridge, the British Navy has done for Castletownberehaven. In all Connacht, too, one village has become a town, namely, Ballyhaunis. In Ulster ten villages have become towns. Four of these owe their increase to the industrial and residential expansion of Belfast: they are Ballyclare, Dunmurry, Whiteabbey and Whitehouse. Glenarm rose to a population of 1,300 some thirty years ago, but has once more succumbed to the Peace, which has in that time exterminated 350 of the inhabitants. Portrush has thriven on sand and salt water. Bessbrook, which has also risen to the rank of town, long boasted its exemption from the guardians of the Peace. Ballinahinch, before the Union, was the most rebellious bit of Ireland outside of Co. Wexford, and has increased its population by 600. Merville, in Co. Donegal, owes its growth to its having become a gateway through which myriads of Ulster people have made good their escape from Peace and Prosperity.

After thirty years of the Union, the following Irish towns had a declining population:—

	Population in		
	1831.	1841.	1901.
IN ULSTER—			
Antrim	2,655	2,393	1,826
Ardglass	1,162	1,066	501
Aughnacloy	1,742	1,841	974
Bailieborough	1,085	1,203	1,004
Ballybay	1,947	1,768	1,208
Ballycastle	1,683	1,697	1,431
Ballyjamesduff	863	1,071	650
Ballyshannon	3,775	4,307	2,359
Belturbet	2,026	2,070	1,587
Buncrana	1,059	961	1,316
Caledon	1,079	1,046	614
Carrickmacross	2,979	1,997	1,874
Castleblayney	1,828	2,134	1,576
Cavan	2,931	3,749	2,822
Clones	2,381	2,811	2,068
Cootehill	2,239	2,425	1,509
Donaghadee	2,986	3,151	2,073
Donegal	830	1,366	1,214
Downpatrick	4,784	4,651	2,993
Dungannon	3,515	3,801	3,694
Dungiven	1,163	1,016	638

	Population in		
	1831.	1841.	1901.
Enniskillen	6,056	5,686	5,412
Fintona	1,714	1,327	1,107
Hamiltonsbawn	1,014	217	70
Hillsborough	1,453	1,338	617
Irvinestown	1,047	1,388	789
Killeshandra	1,137	1,085	559
Killough	1,162	1,146	499
Kilrea	1,215	1,191	787
Kingscourt	1,616	1,614	842
Maghera	1,154	1,123	879
Magherafelt	1,436	1,560	1,328
Markethill	1,043	1,424	750
Monaghan	3,848	4,130	2,932
Money more	1,025	942	515
Newry	13,065	11,972	12,884
Newtownhamilton	1,020	1,231	687
Newtownlimavady	2,428	3,101	2,692
Newtownstewart	1,737	1,405	1,062
Portaferry	2,203	2,107	1,514
Rathfriland	2,001	2,183	1,294
Saintfield	1,053	909	554
Ramelton	1,783	1,428	1,162
Stewartstown	1,010	1,082	669
Tanderagee	1,559	1,562	1,427
Warrenpoint	1,856	1,540	1,817

IN LEINSTER—

Ardee	3,975	3,679	1,883
Athboy	1,959	1,826	610
Athlone	10,972	6,393	6,617
Athy	4,494	4,698	3,599
Bagenalstown	1,315	2,225	1,882
Balbriggan	3,016	2,959	2,236
Baldoyle	1,009	835	586
Ballinakill	1,927	1,540	441
Ballymahon	1,081	1,229	711
Ballymore Eustace	2,085	2,129	511
Ballyraggett	1,629	1,577	499
Baltinglass	1,670	1,928	941
Banagher	2,636	2,827	1,114
Birr	6,594	6,336	4,438
Callan	?	3,111	1,840
Carlingford	1,319	1,110	606
Carlow	9,114	8,734	6,513
Castlecomer	2,436	1,765	958
Castledermot	1,385	1,416	536
Castlepollard	1,618	1,310	707
Celbridge	1,647	1,289	915
Chapelizod	1,632	1,515	?
Clane	1,216	335	182
Clara	1,149	1,165	1,111
Clontarf	3,323	2,664	?
Collon	1,153	936	under 500
Drogheda	17,002	18,980	12,760
Duleek	1,217	1,158	331
Dunlavin	1,068	990	479
Durrow	1,298	1,318	559
Edenderry	1,283	1,850	1,611
Edgeworthstown	1,001	864	578
Enniscorthy	5,955	7,016	5,458
Frankford or Kilcormas	1,112	1,345	574
Freshford	2,175	2,075	551
Galway	?	17,275	13,426
Gorey	3,044	3,365	2,178
Gowran	1,009	1,169	453
Graigneanamanagh	2,639	2,248	1,000
Granard	2,069	2,408	1,662
Kells	4,326	4,205	2,428
Kilbeggan	1,895	1,910	901
Kilcock	1,730	1,537	662
Kilcullen	699	1,056	619
Kildare	1,753	1,629	1,576
Kilkenny	23,741	23,625	13,242
Killothegrange	1,305	1,912	213
Leighlinbridge	1,090	918	646
Leixlip	1,159	1,086	691
Longford	4,516	4,966	3,747
Lucan	1,229	563	872
Maryborough	3,223	3,633	2,957
Maynooth	2,053	2,129	948
Moate	1,785	2,095	1,284
Monasterevan	1,111	1,097	762
Mountmellick	4,577	4,755	2,407
Mountrath	2,593	3,000	1,304
Mullingar	4,295	4,569	4,500
Navan	4,416	4,981	3,839

	Population in		
	1831.	1841.	1901.
Newtownbarry	1,430	1,437	890
Oldcastle	1,531	1,508	745
Philipstown	1,454	1,489	778
Portarlinton	3,091	3,106	1,943
Prosperous	1,038	526	84
Rathangan	1,165	1,033	619
Rathdowney	1,214	1,414	1,048
Rathdrum	1,054	1,232	647
Rathfarnham	1,572	644	437
Ross, New	5,001	7,133	5,847
Rush	2,144	1,603	1,304
Shinrone	1,287	1,054	358
Skerries	2,556	2,417	1,421
Stradbally	1,799	1,682	937
Swords	2,537	1,788	944
Taghmon	1,109	1,303	555
Thomastown	2,871	2,348	909
Trim	3,282	2,269	1,513
Tullamore	6,342	6,342	4,059
Tullow	1,929	3,097	1,725
Urlingford	1,366	1,742	666
Wexford	10,673	11,252	11,116

EOIN MAC NEILL

(To be continued.)

THE QUESTION OF THE CAMPS

In the course of some recent conversations with officers of some of the country corps the question of local training camps for the coming summer was discussed. As a result these officers were directed to make inquiries locally as to suitable sites, equipment facilities, number of men to attend training, etc. There is, of course, no immediate need to make preparations for the camps, because the weather will not be suitable for another couple of months or so. All the same, if proper measures are taken thus far in advance the working of the camps will be smooth-running from the start, and no time will be lost in getting into stride.

This year every Volunteer should spend some time in camp. The proportion of our men who have slept under canvas is very small and this means that the number of them who are capable of looking after themselves is also small. The percentage who could help to straighten out things for the others on service is, of course, only the same.

Now it is not necessary for a man to spend very long in camp in order to feel at home. A few days will suffice to break him in. He can learn in a week-end in camp what will be enough to make things much easier for him. There is, in consequence, no need for a man to stay away from camp because he can't manage to spend a week there. It is in the direction of meeting the requirements of such men as these that important preparations should be considered this coming summer.

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MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, Etc.

HEADQUARTERS BULLETIN

Tionól do bí ag Comairle Coitcinn Féinne fáil ina n'Ónnpórt D. Domhnaí an 16 ad lá de'n mí ro, agus an tOide Eóin Mac Neill, Uachtarán, ina caitaioirleac oiréa.

Do bí teactairí i láthair ó fupmóir na sConnrae, agus do bí luét na Comairle Snóda ina bfoctair.

Do rinnoad a lán snóda.

Do haontuigead an rún úo do cuiread i gcló ceana i ntaoib san cur ruar le fóiréigin luét Riagaltair Sapan ran áit a bfuilro ag breic ar óglácaib agus oga sconnrae i ngeibeann san tnuail nó san coir do cur ina leic.

Tionól do bí ag an sComairle Snóda D. Céadaoin an 19 ad lá agus an tUachtarán ina caitaioirleac.

Do fúiof rgeal so nactar tar éir Coirce Connrae do cur ar bun i sCo. an Cláir.

Do rinnead beirt timitre ra mbreac o'ainmniug o.

Ónnpórt na Féinne,

Át Cliaí, 19 Ean., 1916.

The General Council of the Irish Volunteers met at Headquarters on Sunday the 16th inst., Professor Eoin Mac Neill, President, in the chair.

Delegates were present from the majority of the counties, in addition to the members of the Central Executive.

A large amount of business was transacted.

The meeting unanimously adopted the resolution already published declaring the intention of the Irish Volunteers not to submit to the infringement of the elementary rights of Irishmen involved in the present policy of the British Government in arresting and imprisoning Irish Volunteers without trial and, in some cases, without charge preferred.

The Central Executive met on Wednesday the 19th inst., the President in the chair.

The formation of a County Board for Clare was announced.

Two additional organisers were appointed.

Headquarters, 2 Dawson St.,
Dublin, 19th Jan., 1916.

Notes from Headquarters

RESISTANCE.

The resolution published last week was adopted by the General Council after mature deliberation and in full cognisance of the consequences which it may entail. It has been unanimously decided by their governing body that Irish Volunteers cannot submit to the denial of their personal rights and freedom involved in the new practice of the British Government of arresting and detaining men without trial and, in some instances, without any charge preferred. The Volunteers have already made it impossible for the Government to continue its deportation campaign. The present campaign will be made just as impossible, though it may require sturdier action than simply refusing to be deported. Let the consequences of such action be on the head of the British Government.

MOBILISATION SCHEMES.

Are the Companies and Battalions perfecting their mobilisation schemes? We ask every officer and sub-officer to put the following questions to himself, to answer them truthfully, and then to say whether he is satisfied with his answer:—(1) In what time can I reach all my men and have them assembled with all their equipment at a given point in their district? (2) Is that the minimum time in which, humanly speaking, it is possible for the thing to be done? (3) Is it quite certain that the scheme is such as to work smoothly in the absence of particular men

and even in my own absence? (4) Have I provided for all the contingencies that seem—again humanly speaking—possible? If the answers which he can truthfully give to the questions are not absolutely satisfactory, it is obvious that the unit commander must get to work again on his mobilisation scheme.

ARMING.

Many of our Companies are amazingly fastidious in the matter of arms. Weapons which have been found serviceable in the present European war are, in some cases, not good enough for Volunteer Companies. One finds it difficult to have patience with such an outlook. We put it to the men and officers of the Companies concerned that in refusing to arm themselves with the weapons that are available they are possibly neglecting the only chance they will have of arming themselves until the war is over. It is the business and duty of every Volunteer Company to arm itself **here and now** with such arms as it can get.

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A MILITARY CAUSERIE

More Talk to Section Commanders— Advice from a Prince.

The Dublin Section Commanders are beginning to show the effects of the special training they have been undergoing, and it is to be hoped that in other parts of the country these—the most important of the Volunteer officers—are receiving the attention they deserve. In Dublin about sixty men attend the course, which gives an average of three per company. This is not sufficient, especially when we consider that some Companies send eight or ten men to the class. If the Brigade is to be efficiently officered in this respect the present average should be at least doubled.

A number of the smaller Companies are inclined to content themselves with appointing a couple of section commanders and sending them to the class. This is a very short-sighted policy. It is impossible to say when we may have a large accession of strength, and require all the highly-trained men we can get to lick the recruits speedily into shape. Every Company should therefore appoint a Company Adjutant and four section commanders, no matter how small it may be, and Companies of any size should have squad leaders as well. All these men are obliged to attend the classes at Camden Row. It may be noted in passing that, judging from the attendance at these classes, very few companies have Company Adjutants. This is a very important position, with definite duties which cannot be overlooked.

We have said a good deal at different times about the importance of section commanders, and have gone into their duties in action very fully. But it is in the maintenance of discipline and in training men that the section commander is seen to be indispensable. At the classes, therefore, he should pay special attention to the methods used in teaching himself, and so fit himself to transmit what he has learnt to others, and at all times, on parade and in the field, should enforce rigid discipline among his men. He should remember that three-quarters of the value of drill is its disciplinary effect, and should, therefore, allow no slackness. On this question of discipline Prince Oscar, fifth son of the German Emperor, says:

“What moral is pointed by Hill 196, whose every inch of ground was ploughed by bullets and soaked our dearest blood? What were the underlying causes that contributed to our victory? What was it that made every beardless boy a hero, made the oldest man in the Landwehr forget his age and the privations he was enduring? Let us briefly review the principal factors that made for success.

“The value of iron discipline was overwhelmingly demonstrated. It is safe to assert that the most highly-disciplined regiment will be the most successful in action. Youthful enthusiasm may be undermined, patriotism may be forced into abeyance by hours of continual shell-ing; worse than that, the very power to think becomes inhibited in the witches’ cauldron of ‘drumfire.’ It is then that discipline asserts itself. Nothing else gives the same moral stamina, and in difficult positions discipline is bound to be the determining factor. Before the war began the voices of many people were raised who, from false sentimentality, from undue softness, from ill-will, or from sheer stupidity, were eager to have an end put for all time to the unconditional obedience and rigid drill of our army; in brief, to our entire military training, the value of which has been tested and proved through centuries. I think the battle of Champagne must have taught them to amend this view.”

Prince Oscar goes on to say that the excellence of the German Army is entirely due to the precision and order learned on parade. “The standing-at-attention, the manual of arms, the goose step—to all these we owe the efficiency displayed by our troops in withstanding with iron might the French alertness, in circumventing French enthusiasm and gallantry.” Later on his Royal Highness tells us that one crack regiment of Guards, when ordered to the rear for a much-needed rest after months of fighting, continued to practise its exercises and drills from the first day of their holiday, lest their discipline should become impaired.

Therefore let our hard-bitten section commanders take up their task. The discipline of the Volunteers is first and foremost in their hands. Let them, therefore, insist on clockwork precision on parade, and they will save themselves the trouble at some distant date of preventing their men running away in action. We said before that the best drilled army would be the best fighting army, and here we have given proof positive. You section commanders who exist are good and getting better. Let us have more of you.

E. O'D.

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1st DUBLIN BATT. AT FINGLAS

On Sunday, January 16th, the 1st Batt. Dublin Brigade had a very useful morning's work at Little Finglas. The battalion was divided into two equal portions, and the scheme was intended to bring about an encounter battle—an interesting variation from former field-days. One half-battalion got a twenty-minute start and followed the Glasnevin tram line: the other marched past the Cemetery. The instructions to each were identical: to seize the cross-roads at Little Finglas. The opposing commanders were allowed the fullest liberty of action.

The second column, by reason of going at the double for part of the time, reached the objective first. Everything turned on this, because it was thus possible to occupy the high ground which commands all the approaches. If this column had been forestalled it could never have attacked at all: it would have had to debouch from a single bridge and scale a very steep height in face of equal numbers. Some thirty men fell out on the way: this should not be, as the road was good and the fall of it favoured the doubling. The men want some more practice in moving at the double with their rifles. A few short bursts every time they are out would soon tune them up.

This second column sent on an advance party to proceed beyond the cross, make the enemy deploy, and delay his advance. This detachment mistook the route and marched away towards Finglas proper. This should not have happened: the order should have been explained with reference to the map or a sketch, and all doubt about it removed. A subordinate should always be made to repeat such an order, to be sure it is properly understood. Later this body was recalled by cyclist and formed into a reserve, which was subsequently used to ward off an attack against the left flank.

The country near Little Finglas is very broken and intersected, and is, in addition, very lumpy and hilly. Special care must be taken in such country, where the fields look into one another—much more than in level country where the hedges form better cover. There are always a number of little sky-lines in hilly country, and the danger of showing up on these is considerable. Thus the defenders' reserves were lying down on a flat-topped hillock and were, in that position, hidden from view from some angles, but from others could be fired into. This might have been remedied by greater care in moving into position.

The attackers advanced once with practically no precaution, and were retired some distance along the road. Their second advance was delivered across country in an attempt to move round the defenders' left. Even then proper advantage was not taken of existing cover.

There were many large drains 7 feet deep or so, which gave perfect lines of approach. These were not used, apparently, because there were a few inches of water in them. This was the fault of the commanders of sections. Any N.C.O. who jumps down first himself in such circumstances will usually find his men behind him. The Volunteers might with great advantage adopt the French and American command, "**Follow me,**" for extended order drill and manoeuvres.

The outflanking movement was met and checked by the advance party—now a reserve—which was strongly posted in some outbuildings, the situation of which commanded practically all the approaches. When the exercise was called off there was no doubt in the minds of any of the umpires that the attack had definitely broken down.

A fair grasp of the tactical possibilities of the ground was shown by the officers; but the rank and file did not seem to realise the ease with which they could be seen on account of the hilly country. Further practice is necessary in this respect. The senior officers who have acted as umpires are getting a good deal of useful instruction by doing so. It is an excellent means of getting a sound idea of a situation.

Judging by the good turn-out, these Sunday-morning manoeuvres are very popular with the men. The exercises are short, and the men's interest is kept up all the time if suitable schemes are arranged. Even the men who dine very early are able to be back in good time for dinner; and they have the remainder of the day to themselves.

We desire to draw the attention of our readers to the newly-established Irish Employment Bureau. As this is a purely Irish organisation, started with a view of checking the evils of emigration, the supplying to employers of men best fitted for any positions they may have vacant, and obtaining for employees positions for which they are suited, we respectfully solicit their mutual support. All communications to be addressed to the Secretary, Irish Employment Bureau, Head Office, 2 Dawson Street, Dublin.

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Cumann na mBan

The meeting of the Executive Council will be at 3.30 p.m. on Tuesdays, at 2 Dawson Street, in future, instead of at 4 o'clock, as there is a steady increase of business to be done with the growth of Branches through the country. Again we call the attention of our readers to the Whist Drive which is being organised by the Executive for February 3rd at the D.B.C., O'Connell Street. Tickets can be had from the Secretary at 2 Dawson Street. The prizes offered are most uncommon and include productions of some of our best artists. Cards will begin at 7.30 p.m. Tickets 2s. 6d. each. We report with pleasure the inception of two more new Branches, one at Carrickmacross and another at Castlegregory. The Secretary of the Belfast Branch has just sent in a good account of the persistent energy of the Cumann na mBan in the northern capital.

NOTES ON TRAINING.

DUTIES OF SENDING STATIONS.

- The caller spelling out the word to the sender so that there will be no delay in his sending it on directly "Answered" has been given by the answer reader.
- The sender hearing the word "Answered" from the answer reader and beginning to send the next word.
- The answer reader seeing the answer given by the distant station and saying "Answered" to the sender.

At the receiving station:

- The reader seeing the flag lowered at the distant station at the completion of word or group, and saying "Group."
- The writer hearing the word "Group" given by the reader and saying "Yes" if it is correct.
- The answerer hearing the order "Yes" given by the writer and complying with it.

The writer who is responsible for the correct receipt of the message should exercise the necessary supervision and orders to ensure this.

The Dublin Brigade

ORDERS FOR WEEK ENDING 30th JANUARY, 1916.

- All Classes as usual.
- Instruction for Sub-Officers at Camden Row on Wednesday and Saturday at 4 p.m.
- Examination for Officers will begin on February 7th.
- On Sunday the 30th, the Officers' Section and Squad Commanders of the 3rd Batt. will assemble at Camden Row at 10.45 a.m. and the Officers' Section and Squad Commanders of the 4th Batt. at First Lock, Grand Canal, at 11.30 a.m.

to visit the scene of recent night operations.

TIME TABLE OF CLASSES.

First Aid, etc.—Monday, 8 p.m.
Stretcher Drill, Camden Row, Friday, 8 p.m.
Engineering—Friday, 9 p.m.
Field Work, Father Mathew Park, Saturday, 4 p.m.
Musketry—Friday, 8 p.m.
Armourers—Wednesday, 8 p.m.
Signalling—Monday, 8.15 p.m.
Lecture for Junior Officers—Tuesday and Saturday at 8 p.m.
Training for Sub-Officers—Wednesday and Saturday at Camden Row, 4 p.m.

E. DE VALERA,
Brigade Adjutant.

TACTICAL PROBLEMS

I.—FOR ALL OFFICERS.

GENERAL IDEA.

The Dublin Brigade—5 infantry battalions and 5 cyclist companies, with staff and transport—is in billets in and around Finglas. The enemy is known to be in the general direction of north-west. Night fine, without moon.

- Assign troops for outpost duty, giving units, strength, etc.; and give reasons for your decisions.
- Write out orders of officer commanding the outposts for employment of his own command.

(References to Ordnance Survey Sheet 112—1 inch to a mile, coloured.)

All officers of the Dublin Brigade are required to send in solutions. The aid of text-books is not forbidden, but they should be used only sparingly. Forethought in details is to be aimed at.

II.—FOR ALL N.C.O.'s.

You are sent with 6 cyclists and a full section of infantry to reconnoitre for news of the enemy along the main road towards Santry, including the neighbourhood of that village.

- Describe how you would carry out this duty.

- Supposing you find the enemy in the village, describe your action.

The points to note in detail are:—

Formation of your command and mode of advance.

What information you would look for. The manner of your report.

It will be advisable to go over the ground. Allowance will be made only in the case of N.C.O.'s, of the 3rd and 4th Batts., if at all.

All solutions for both problems should reach Headquarters by February 5th.

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

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COMARCTUGAÓ.

AN AIBGÍTIR SEMAPÓREAC NÓ AIBGÍTIR AN DÁ BRAT.

Deuntar an comarctugaó le dá brat, beas nó móir. Bíonn na brat beas dá tpois ceapnaí ar méir. Bíonn na cinn móra trí tpois ceapnaí ar méir. Bíonn crann an brat trí tpois go leir ar fairs 7 bíonn ré 3 ceapnaí d'órlac tpearna as á bun asur leat-órlac tpearna as á bárr.

Roinnteas an aibgíoir ina reat sciortail 1.

Ciorcal A 1-6 A go S.

" A 2-6 H go N (at J do leigint ar lár).

" A 3-6 O go S.

" A 4-T, U, V, 7 "Scior amaí"

" A 5-"An Comarctá Uimheac" 7 J (nó an Comarctá Aibgíoir-eac) asur V.

" A 6-W asur X.

" A 7-Z.

Deuntar A, B, C, leir an lár deir at ir féoir D do deunam le lár ar bit. Deuntar E, F, G, leir an lár clé amáin. Deuntar na litreacha go cruinn beac i scionnide asur cuiread an comarctoir crot air féir tpeac mar a cíear inr na picitúir.

Cum h do deunam, cuir an lár deir as A asur le linn na lárme clé do cur anonn go dtí B carcar an corp ar na cromáin.

COM-LITREACÁ NÓ COMMBRÁITRE.

A asur S, B asur F, C asur E, H asur Z, I asur X, K asur V, L asur "reir amaí," M asur S, N asur U, O asur W, P asur J (nó, an "comarctá aibgíreac), Q asur Y, T asur an "comarctá uimheac."

Nuair a beirde as comarctugaó teac-taireac i nscionnide ir annam bád gábad an comarctá réimíste do deunam. Ir uimre, cuir i scór, an focal "cuir congnam eugam" do cuirint bíod ná fuil don d'aradain inr na háitib 'nar gnat dóir beir.

GÖRGEI & THE HUNGARIAN ARMY

Irish Volunteer officers can obtain much useful insight into the question of disciplining raw troops and making them efficient by studying the work of Görgei, the great general of the Hungarian Insurrection in 1848-9. We intend to publish a series of short articles—mainly in the general's own words—describing his experiences and methods. Görgei met with much interference, abuse and misrepresentation from his colleagues; and these circumstances eventually proved fatal to the Hungarian cause. But our main concern is to observe how he managed to form his raw and poorly-equipped levies into a formidable army with a view towards doing the same. The first selection we publish gives a description of the state of his forces when he first assumed command.

1.—Görgei on the Danube.

In Ezolnok I obtained my first insight into the state of affairs in Hungary, and was, alas, undeceived. I had supposed that all my countrymen were animated, like myself, with a determination to sacrifice everything for the salvation of the fatherland. I confidently expected that the whole Magyar population of Hungary would rise as one man in defence of our native soil and all that ren-

ders it dear to us. But, to leave their own hearths, that they might defend those of their fellow-citizens, which were nearer the danger, seemed to fathers of families and proprietors among the National Guard a matter demanding most mature deliberation.

Ezolnok is situated on this side the Theiss. The estimated number of mobile National Guards to be furnished by this district was about 5,000 men who, as it was said, were already eager for combat, and needed only to be put into ranks, to be a little drilled, and then led against the enemy. But of the 5,000 men thus officially calculated upon, in the course of a month with great difficulty I got together scarcely 700, and of these hardly 100 real volunteers. I was ordered to occupy Csepel, an island on the Danube below Pesth, and to frustrate at any cost attempts to cross the Danube by Field-Marshal Lieutenant Ban Jellachich, or his auxiliaries under Generals Roth and Philippovitch. I had to endeavour, if possible, to increase my numbers there, and also to obtain powers which might enable me successfully to resist far more dangerous enemies—the indolence, cowardice, and treason of the inhabitants of the district. I received command as reinforcements of the local militia of the Lower Danube.

As commander-in-chief of the southern militia, I was never in a condition to know, even approximately, what num-

bers I should have at my disposal at any given time, or in any appointed place. The militia came, and the militia went just as it felt inclined. Generally, however, it came when the enemy was far off; when the enemy approached, the militia departed. In a word, it liked to avoid seeing the enemy. When by accident, however, and in spite of every precaution, it had the misfortune to come so near the enemy as to hear his shots, it shouted "Treachery!" and ran away as fast as it could.

The militiamen had a particular predilection for cannons. These they drew after them with enthusiasm, even without orders. Their first question to the person who presented himself as their leader always was, whether he had cannons. If his answer was in the affirmative, they joyfully prepared to march; if not, he could scarcely reckon on any considerable number of adherents. The attachment of the militia to heavy guns (naturally to friendly ones) was severed in the first moment of danger from the enemy. It might be calculated with certainty, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, that from a zealous expedition of militia with artillery, in a very short time all the men would return, somewhat exhausted indeed, yet otherwise unhurt, but without the cannons. The resolute leader of a well-disciplined corps of from 8,000 to 10,000 men could, therefore, hardly be effectually misled, in his operations, as to the hostilities practicable with such a militia.

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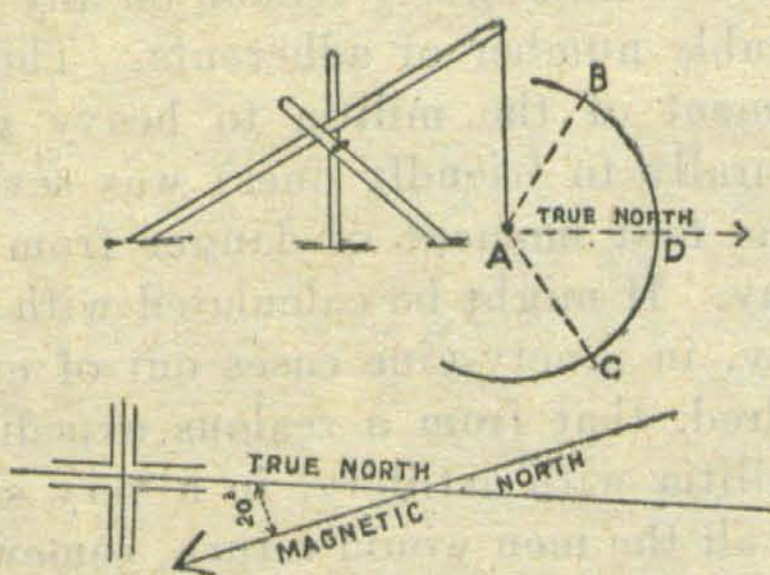
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MAP READING (continued).

The needle of the compass points to the magnetic north. The magnetic north seldom coincides with the true north. The difference between the magnetic north, towards which the needle of the compass points, and the true north is called the magnetic variation. The variation is different in every part of the world. In Ireland the magnetic north lies about 20 degrees (20° W.) west of the true north meridian; in England it is only 15 degrees west (15° W.); and in the north of India the variation is 2 degrees east. Both the true north and magnetic north are shown on a field sketch by a conventional sign thus:



On ordnance survey maps the sheet line margins are rectangular and are drawn parallel to the true north and south line. This is not the case with field sketches, for it often is more convenient to sketch a route as it would appear to those marching along it. Thus a sketch of a route to be traversed by a force would be drawn so that the road took up the length of the sheet of paper, even though the bearing of that road was south-west. The conventional sign pointing in the direction of the north must always be shown on field sketches.

Finding the True North.

At noon the sun is practically due south. An easy way of finding the true north is to place two crossed sticks, lashed together, on level ground, and fix a pole leaning between them pointing towards the north. Attach a plumb-line to the end of the pole so that the weight just touches the ground as at A in Fig. 2. About half-an-hour before 12 o'clock the end of the shadow made by the pole should be marked, point B. With A as centre and B a radius, describe a semi-circle. The circle will gradually become shorter and shorter till noon; after this it will lengthen again and eventually touch the semi-circle; mark this point C, bisect the arc between B and C, as at D. A line drawn from the centre of the circle A through the point of bisection D, gives the direction of the true north.

The variation of your compass may be ascertained by taking the bearing of the line AD.

You can also find the direction of the north by holding a watch, on the palm of

the hand, so that its hour hand points to the sun. In the middle between the time shown by the hour hand and the figure XII. on the dial lies the south. A line drawn between this middle point and the centre of the dial gives the true north and south line, the northern point being at the end running away from the direction of the sun.

To find the direction of the north at night is a very easy matter if the stars are visible. The Pole Star is the nearest star to the North Pole, being at an angular distance of about 1° from that point. The Pole Star can be found by the constellations known as the Plough (Ursa major) and Orion. Its position can best be shown by a diagram which will appear in these columns next week.

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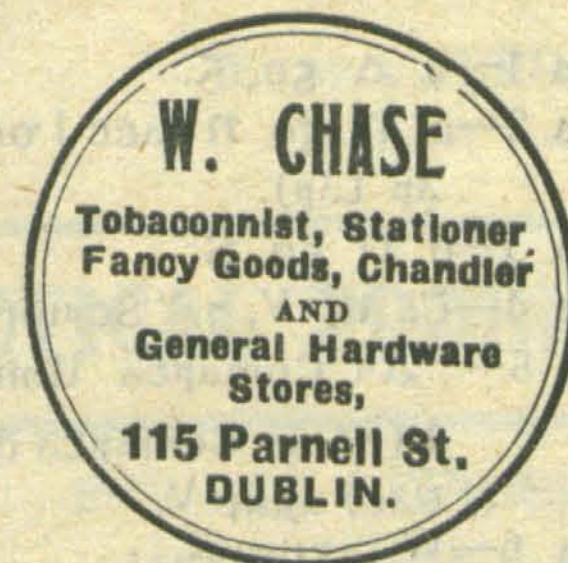
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FIRST AID CLASSES
For Members of Cumann na mBan, Thursday afternoon 4 to 5.30, beginning October 29th. Those wishing to attend should apply by letter to Hon. Secs., Cumann na mBan Executive, 2 Dawson Street.

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

NATIONALITY

Vol. 1. No. 33.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1916.

One Penny.

Notes.

The Fleecing of Ireland.

In dealing with the correspondent who signed himself "a Sane Irishman," last week we quoted the figures of the National Debts of Ireland and of Great Britain in the year the Union was forced upon this country—1801. It has been suggested to us we should supplement them with other statistical information of the same period as contrasted with the present. We do so, for it may help those who have been bred up to believe that Ireland is dependent financially or economically on England—almost the Antipodes of the fact—to a measure of sanity.

	Population, 1801.
England and Wales	8,892,536
Scotland	1,608,420
Total Great Britain	10,500,937
Ireland	5,395,456
National Debt, 1801 (Jan. 5):	
Great Britain	£450,504,984
Ireland	28,238,416
Indebtedness per head.	
People of Great Britain	£42 18 0
People of Ireland	5 7 0

In 1816 England, having with the assistance of practically all Europe overcome France and imprisoned Napoleon, seized the Irish Exchequer and emptied it into her own—she euphoniously termed the process "Amalgamation." By this "Amalgamation" she imposed responsibility on Ireland for her pre-Union National Debt. Eighteen hundred and sixteen—exactly a century ago—is the starting-point of the 19th and 20th Century Financial Plunder of Ireland under the guise of equal Taxation.

The taxation of the people of Ireland in the year of the Union was 6s. 2d. per head; by 1819 England had increased it nearly twice and a half; by 1914 she had increased it 600 per cent. The taxation of the people of Great Britain in the year of the Union was £2 17s. 4d. per head. By 1819 it had increased less than 25 per cent., while the taxes on the Irish had been increased 240 per cent. By 1914 the taxation per head in Great Britain had been decreased Three Shillings per head under the taxation of 1819, while the taxation in Ireland had been increased One Pound Nine Shillings per head. In rough percentages Great Britain had been relieved some five per cent., while Ireland had been burdened 200 per cent.

Ireland's National Debt.

The National Debt of Ireland at the time of the Union was under thirty million pounds—an insignificant sum as National Debts go.

Yet insignificant as it was, it was only made so large by the Irish Parliament's contribution to England's wars against France, and by charging to Ireland the cost of blood and the cost of the corruption by which the Irish Parliament was destroyed. However, with the Irish National Debt as it stood on the 1st of January, 1801, when the present Union Jack was for the first time hoisted in Ireland, the annual charge for the debt made on the people was 4s. 8d. per head. At the same period the National Debt charge per head of the people of Great Britain was £1 13s. 9d. Since that time England has made the debt charge equal. In 1914 it stood at 10s. 5d. all round. That is, the Englishman has been relieved of £1 3s. 4d. annually in his National debt charge, while the Irishman has had 5s. 9d. added on to him. His debt-charge has been increased considerably over a hundred per cent. The Englishman's has been decreased more than 200 per cent. This is what England calls "Equalising Taxation."

Firgues are not loved by the average man, but the average Irishman can and ought to grasp and retain the fact that England—not to-day, for it is far greater to-day, but in 1914—was making him pay in taxation every year more than *three* times as much as his grandfather paid, while her own people were paying *less* than their grandfathers paid. And while she was doing this, she was depicting him to the world as a bankrupt—a pauper dependent on her generosity, and her dupes and sycophants in Ireland were asking loudly, "What could Ireland do without England—how could Ireland exist without England?"

In 1914 British taxation in Ireland stood at £2 3s. 4d. per head of the population. Ireland was then declared to the British Parliament, the British Press, and on the British platform to be bankrupt. Those who advocated, or pretended to advocate, Home Rule and those who opposed it all agreed that Ireland was bankrupt. Sir Edward Carson and John Redmond embraced—here Asquith and Law clasped hands—"Ireland is Bankrupt—therefore we must give her Home Rule to save her." "Ireland is bankrupt—therefore the Union must be maintained for her sake." Arcades ambo—friends of Ireland both.

War came, and what was the first financial act of the English Government, the English Parliamentary Unionists, and the Irish Parliamentary Home Rulers—all of whom had agreed that Ireland was bankrupt and could not pay its way? Their first financial act was to vote the increase of the taxation of the "bankrupt" country to nearly double what it was. In 1914 Messrs. Asquith, Bonar Law, Carson, and Redmond declared Ireland bank-

rupt on a taxation per head of less than £2 4s. In 1915 they voted to raise the taxation per head of the bankrupt Irish to £4 4s.

Carson and Redmond in 1896.

In 1896 a Commission appointed by the English Government, and composed of a majority of Britishers and a minority of Irishmen—Unionists and Home Rulers—reported that Ireland was, and had been for many years, overtaxed to an amount variously estimated at from 2½ to 3 millions sterling annually, the consensus of the estimate being 2½ millions. The Government in power was a Unionist Government, and it was ignoring the report when an agitation initiated and led by Irish Unionists began. They demanded the future remission of this overtaxation and the refund of the millions due to Ireland. Belfast and Dublin, Cork and Derry joined hands. Colonel Saunderson, the Irish Unionist Parliamentary leader, was not less emphatic than Mr. Dillon or Mr. Redmond. Irish Unionist Peers and Irish Protestant Archbishops took the platform side by side with Nationalists of all sections. The only Irish M.P. who deserted was the present Sir Edward Carson. He backed the English Treasury against Ireland, and was vehemently condemned by the then chief Unionist newspaper of Ireland—the *Daily Express*. We had the pleasure of listening in the Dublin Mansion House to the present Judge Dodd declaring that England's claim to rule in Ireland would be judged by him solely on the ground whether she made restitution of the Irish finances she had plundered. Mr. A. W. Samuels on a dozen platforms denounced English fraud on Ireland, and demanded redress or else—. The so-called representatives of Ireland in the British Parliament—Unionist and Home Rulers—raised motions and carried on debates to that end. But the Unionist Government sat tight, and gradually bought off or frightened off the Irish Unionist leaders. When the Liberal Government which had appointed the Commission returned to power, and it also refused to honour the report of its own Commission, the Irish Home Rule Party acquiesced. To the slogan of "Do not embarrass the Government," it finally betrayed the Financial Relations agitation.

Mr. Dodd, who was to judge England by her refusal to honour the report of her own Commission, is now pointing out Germany as Ireland's enemy, and sending men to jail who think the Irish ought to rule Ireland and hold its purse. The English Government made him a judge at £3,500 year. Mr. A. W. Samuels and the noble lords and clerics are exhorting Ireland to the aid of the country whose fraud on their country they used to denounce. On

this country, admittedly overtaxed by some three millions annually, England last year imposed an additional eight millions of taxation, and neither from the Unionist Financial Relations agitators nor from the "Irish" Parliamentary Party was there a voice of protest. The "bankrupt" Ireland of the Home Rule Bill of 1914 has had its taxation for British Imperial purposes increased by 80 per cent., and all is eloquent silence.

Sweden and Ireland.

Since 1896, when the British Commission reported that Ireland was being overtaxed annually by some £3,000,000, the taxation of Ireland per head has been increased until before the war it approximated to £2 4s. On this taxation Ireland was stated to be bankrupt. Since then it has been increased to £4 4s., or about £20 per family. Each family pays it in the increased prices being charged to them for tea and coffee and cocoa and sugar and dried fruits and stout and spirits and tobacco, as well as in direct taxation. In one of the reports of the Financial Relations Commission, signed by four Unionists and one Home Ruler, they said:—

"We believe that a large proportion of the so-called local expenditure is due to her [Ireland's] connection with Great Britain, and if the latter country ceased to exist, we see no reason for supposing that the revenue for carrying on the government of Ireland need exceed that, for instance, required in Sweden where the population is about the same and where the annual expenditure for all purposes is less than the local expenditure in Ireland."

Since that date Sweden has risen from the status of a third-rate Power to that of a second-rate Power, her industry, trade and commerce have greatly expanded, and her population has grown largely. Her total revenue last year was £21,192,000 against Ireland's £17,457,000, but her total tax revenue was less than Ireland's. On that revenue Sweden maintained a splendidly equipped Army, which in time of war would count some three-quarters of a million of men, an efficient coastal Navy, Ministries of Justice, Foreign Affairs, War, Marine, Interior, Finance, Agriculture, and Education. On it she supported a National Court, a Diplomatic and Consular Service throughout the world, and ran her own railways; on it she administered good government to nearly 6,000,000 people and a territory more than five times the area of Ireland. Her flag floated above 1,100,000 tons of shipping, and her commerce totalled nearly a hundred million pounds. Ireland's £17,500,000 revenue went to keep Ireland from possessing that independence in which Sweden multiplies and prospers.

Poland's National University Reopened.

At the moment the English Government in Ireland is depriving Ireland of funds hitherto expended on education—at the moment it is seeking, as one of the ends, to complete the destruction of the Irish language—the following paragraph which appears in the American papers will be read with additional interest:—

"Warsaw was recently en fête in honour of the reopening of the university, which was

founded as a Polish institution at the beginning of the nineteenth century, but was afterwards completely Russianized. The German authorities have now consented to its reconstitution on western lines, and to the use of Polish in its lecture rooms, while a new Polish polytechnic has also been inaugurated. The opening ceremony was performed by the German Governor-General, von Beseler, who rode through the crowded streets attended by a squadron of Brandenburg cuirassiers, and was received by Dr. von Brudzinski, the rector of the university. In the course of the speeches that followed, the rector acknowledged the personal share the Governor had taken in the revival of the university, and General von Beseler observed in reply that it was to be the mission of both institutions 'to lead the youth of the land out of the unrest and enforced idleness of the difficult times through which they had passed into the paths of peaceful and fruitful intellectual activity.' May your institutions, he added, regardless of the conflict of the times, ever strive after the spirit of true learning which leads towards the goal of a noble humanity."

A Belgian on Dunshaughlin.

We print the following letter as we receive it from M. Schepers, a Belgian Refugee:—

Dunshaughlin, the 19th January, 1916,

Co. Meath.

To the Editor, NATIONALITY.

My previous letter (October, 1915) to the Chairman of Dunshaughlin Board has been a bitter pill, which acted at the Board Meeting of the 11th January, 1916. On that day the Chairman started a vehement second attack on the idle Belgians, calling them cowards, swankers, stupid, etc. (see "Drogheda Independent" of last Saturday).

In answer to this, I send him following letter:

Dear Mister Chairman,

In reply to the allegations made against the Belgians and me personally, allow me to give some explanations to the readers of this paper, to show them what brought you, at your meeting of the 12th inst., in such a hot temper, that you made a storm in a glass of water wherein you are unable to drown me.

What happened was this: The Chairman was intending to dismiss an Irish wardsman, J. Quin, engaged at £3 2s. a month, if a hard-working Belgian would take up to do some work in the hospital, but *pro Deo*—for nothing.

Consulted about the matter, I answered: Tell the Chairman that I always will be glad to give the loan of a Belgian for help when there is necessity and that no Irishman can be got, but that I never shall lend a Belgian *pro Deo*, nor even at 10/- a day, to put an Irishman out his employment, and that it would be a shame for a Belgian who gets hospitality here to take the place of a native. This harmless answer was the reason of the Chairman's second attack.

I want to remind the readers that last week I supplied with pleasure (*pro Deo*), for three long journeys, a Belgian vandrider during the illness of the other man. Never I got thanks for it.

Now, Dear Mister Chairman, I am glad that you come so well out of your box at the previous meeting, it gives me the opportunity to take up my self-defence; so I will try to be clever enough to analyse your allegations and to explain to you my reasons to be in Ireland.

Dear Mister Chairman, are you aware that I have been in the Belgian Army from the first day of the war till I was discharged in London by the military authority; the reasons why you can have *pro Deo* in the next letter. Are you aware that some five months ago I wrote to the Belgian Minister in France, telling him that I was ready at any time to accept *pro Deo* any service useful to my country; the proofs which you can have *pro Deo* in France.

Do you know, Dear Mister Chairman, that the British Government does not allow me to go back to Belgium, nor even to Holland, where a good position is offered to me. The reason why you can have *pro Deo* in London. Do you know that the Belgian Refugees' Committee of Dublin invited me to come over as a guest (perhaps it did wrong in your mind), and once here I offered *pro Deo* my services to the Committee, which sent me off to Dunshaughlin, where you would try to make a prisoner of me.

Are you convinced now that my patriotism is not yet adulterated? So, I present you my anticipated thanks, if you will do something to help me back to the army.

Do not talk about "swankers." Before the war broke out there was nearly so much Irish people in Belgium as there are now Belgian refugees in Ireland. I often saw the British and Irish subjects of both sexes in great "swank," smoking cigars and cigarettes. What harm at that? But never a Belgian was so naive to pass a public remark at that.

Your sorrow about the purse of my supporters is useless; I can earn enough for my self-support. You also may know that there is not a single man of military age fit for the army at the Dunshaughlin Colony.

In answer to your industry question, I must say that I, coming from a free country, feel better than you do the acute position wherein you are—I sympathize completely with the Irish Nation; but you may know too that Belgium during 1830 years suffered under the most tyrannic dominations of other mighty peoples, though once fought free, it took, not by idleness, in 75 years the leading of all the lands on the map. Do not believe my statement, but consult the historic and geographic institutions of Dublin, London or Paris, and you may inform you there, that lazy Belgium since the 15 last years had, proportionally its size, the biggest population, the longest railway net and waterways, the largest import and exports, and the most industrial centres of the world.

Belgian industry often did out English products and sent off its rails, on which you travel to Dublin.

Coming nearer to you, My Dear Mister Chairman, I am nearly sure that you wear boots with iron nails of Belgian make. Did the shop-keeper of the General Leather Store not tell me some time ago that some nails only could be got in Belgium, and that once the supply gone he did not know where to get the same other ones.

Is it not a pity for me that, wearing Belgium at your feet, you do not like to meet a Belgian? Oh! I am sorry for that, because I am that kind of fellow who likes to see his antagonist straight at the face, and who likes to do all

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kinds of works, even that of a penny boy, who pumps water to cool off men in hot temper.

Now, Dear Mister Chairman, after that you have insulted twice the Belgian Nation in your attacks, and my own person only in the second one, I have not the slightest notion to blame a single Irishman. Thankfulness suits me better than that, and I want to locate the fight between the two of us. But if after what you have done you get some time a small touch, do not cry: Oi! I am hurted.

Yours respectfully,

MICH. SCHEPERS.

THE CONSTABULARY RIOT AT CARRICKMORE.

Tyrone seems to be the spot selected for another Crossmaglen conspiracy, and the police are more than active in creating conditions that would result in an apparently just excuse for taking action against the Irish Volunteers. It is perhaps the most likely county in Ireland where strife could be created, for it was the stronghold of Hibernianism, and naturally the leaders of that organisation would not object to any voluntary assistance from any quarter in the hope of holding the allegiance of their members. They dread allowing their members to get mixed up with any other organisation, but especially the Irish Volunteers. But the rank and file cannot clearly see why volunteering was right and proper in the beginning of 1914 and wrong to-day. For a time they hung on to their old leaders in the hope of getting rifles, but though they had money on hands and the demand was maintained, the rifles never arrived, with the exception of those secured in the early days before Redmond's nominees were ejected from the original Committee.

Though they hoped against hope, there were no signs of earnestness with regard to the Volunteer movement, and the individuals began gradually to turn a friendly face to the few who were in earnest, with the result that one of the leaders in the county complained the other night to a friend of mine that some of the best men were not only Volunteers but had become out and out Sinn Feiners—The distinction is his own. As the leaders of Hibernianism were not able to hold the Imperial fort, the Castle people, having learned a lesson from the disaster following delay in sending help to Belgium and Serbia, at once set to work to lend a hand. As stated by Professor Mac Neill, the first attempt was made at Cappagh and the next at Carrickmore last summer, but without result. However, they have missed no chance since of doing their bit.

A member of the Carrickmore Company accidentally put a bullet from a revolver through the calf of a girl's leg on the public road, and there were the usual police inquiries and summonses. One of the local magistrates, Stephen McCrory, is president of a local

division of the Hibernians, and lest he would be friendly to his next door neighbour on the bench, and to drive a wedge between the two organisations, he got an anonymous letter one morning accusing him of giving all the necessary information to the police and much other abuse. He fell into the trap, and blamed some of the Volunteers for the letter; but unfortunately he destroyed it, or it might have been able to give the name of the writer. At any rate, after investigation it was certain no member of the Irish Volunteers wrote it.

A commercial traveller told me the other day that a police sergeant showed a leader of the Ulster Volunteers in a town in Tyrone a letter he had from Dublin Castle, stating the Irish Volunteers were going to seize their rifles within the next ten days. The Unionist swallowed the police yarn, and had the rifles distributed among the members. I asked a prominent Ulster Volunteer the other day about the matter, and he assured me the same information was given all through the county, and with similar results. Of course the plan was to create hostility among the Ulster Volunteers against the Irish Volunteers, but just the same the boot would be on the other foot if any attempt were made to force Conscription on Ireland. The rank and file of the Ulster Volunteers might and would make different use of the rifles from that intended. From the Irish point of view they are safer in their hands than in those of their patrons.

The most successful move yet, however, was at Mullaslin, where a concert was organised by the priests of the parish for one of the chapels. There is a new division of the A.O.H., and new divisions are always enthusiastic. This fact was known to the local police, and hence the Sinn Feiners must be taught a lesson that would convince them that Hibernians would have none of their Sinn Fein songs—all Davis' songs and Brian O'Higgins' come into that list, and in fact anything National. A local policeman was able to tell his sweetheart three days previously that there would be bad work at Mullaslin, and on Thursday, the day of the concert, there seemed to be more known of the riot in Dungannon than there was in Carrickmore. The District Inspector and the County President of the Hibernians both live there. Even the local Hibernians seemed to get the word only that day, as they spent the most of the afternoon going round the district on their bicycles to gather up their forces. When Father Short and those who were taking part in the concert and play arrived they were amazed to see about forty police with their rifles and fixed bayonets. Their business there can be best understood by the following conversation which took place subsequently between my brother and a servant boy named Carr who is hired with Patrick McCartan, Drumlester. My brother asked in a joking manner: "Were you not a Mullaslin?" "By G—, I was," he said. "What were you doing?" "I was helping to smash the windows." "Were you not afraid of the police?" "Oh, they told us

to smash away at them." "Where were you when the shots were fired?" "I was just outside the window at which they were fired." "What did the police say then?" "They told us to stoop and keep close to the walls and run." The District Inspector and Sergeant English came through one of these windows immediately afterwards, but it would not be fair to conclude that they were the police who gave orders to Carr and his brother Hibernians.

Evidently it was hoped the Volunteers present would have been smashed as well as the windows, or else that they would have been provoked to shoot some of their opponents, who were five to one. But as it was evident the fight was going the other way, the police interfered to preserve the peace. Having failed in their immediate object, every effort was made to make the best of it, as can be seen by the report in the local organ of Hibernianism. The Volunteers are reported to have said, "Go on the Germans," and to cheer for the Kaiser. Both are false. They neither cheered nor shouted. But the cheers from the Hibernians for the police showed that they realised where the guardians of the law stood.

This incident, which was a mere trifling affair, has been made an excuse for putting three extra police in Carrickmore. So it is evident that the Castle regards it as one of the bright spots, if not the bright spot, in the county. They will have to try again, however, and their policy of creating hostility between Hibernians and Irish Volunteers and Ulster Volunteers will not be very fruitful, even though the leaders are ready and willing to accept assistance from the Castle to prevent their members from joining the Irish Volunteers.

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payable to the Manager, Nationality.**IRELAND'S MONEY AND
ENGLAND'S POLICY.**

The moral of the Irish monies, yclept "Grants," which the British Government proposed, with the connivance of the Irish Parliamentary Party, to seize, has been obscured. At the Mansion House meeting Fr. Fullerton pointed out the futility of Irishmen agitating or denouncing this or that "Department" which appears immediately responsible. All Departments are Departments of English Government in Ireland, and act as they are directed by that Government. To blame the "Department" instead of the Brain that directs it in a general scheme of policy is to blame the hand of the thief instead of the thief himself.

Let us therefore, in future, hear less of the thief's hands and more of the thief. But let us not make the mistake of thinking that England's new raid on our pockets was suggested or impelled by desire to provide for her war against German Trade. England has seized or proposes to seize the monies or portion of the monies now devoted to educational purposes and the improvement of agriculture, horse-breeding, fisheries, &c., in Ireland. She has also refused to allow the Irish money in her treasury to be lent on Irish security for Irish housing schemes. At the same time she has increased, or proposes to increase, the education expenditure in England by four and

a half times the amount she decreases the expenditure on education in Ireland. She proposes to increase expenditure on the improvement of her agriculture by a sum of £20,000, and although her sea-fisheries are largely out of action through the war, she proposes to reduce her fishery development grant by but £1,200, while she proposes to reduce the Irish fisheries by £16,000. In horse-breeding she increases her own grant 800 per cent., while she proposes to take away the Irish grants altogether. Finally, while Ireland will not be lent its own money for Irish Local Government purposes, England has been lent money for these purposes amounting to nearly thirteen million pounds since the outbreak of the war.

Obviously, therefore, England is not plundering us in this matter to aid her in the war. She has not reduced or wholly seized the funds of the National Library in Dublin and of the Irish Academy of Music, of science teaching and of agriculture experiment, of fishery development and of forestry, of horse-breeding and of house-building, to enable her to sustain her attempt to destroy by war the great competitor she had failed to defeat in economic competition. Her expenditure on the present war is over £200,000 per hour. The total of the "grants" she has seized, or proposes to seize, annually from Ireland would not finance her war for fifteen minutes, but it would in twelve months throw Ireland back five years.

In a few words, England hopes to repair some of her shattered economic fortunes after the war, by further depressing Ireland and by transferring profitable agricultural industries such as horse-breeding to her own shores, and by further extending her capture of the Irish fisheries. She is looking forward. Her action towards Sweden, which has impelled that country to threaten an embargo on wood-pulp, which would mean a paper famine in England, is an illustration. Sweden has taken advantage of the war to establish a direct passenger steamship service with America. This is a blow at England's shipping interest, the most powerful of all her great Capitalist interest. The English fleet has therefore held up the first Swedish liner, and the Swedish newspapers are writing bitterly on the matter. "Our first regular passenger liner to America on her maiden voyage," says the *Tidningen*, "is treated in such a way as to threaten the enterprise with extinction at its birth." The simplicity which imagined that an England in command of the seas would permit serious competition with her own shipping to develop is akin to the simplicity which believes that England will ever willingly permit Ireland to develop herself.

In striking at education and industry in Ireland, this time, England struck at the Irish Language. Thus she counted on killing two birds with one stone. Her statesmen, however, were unfortunate. Again they thought when they had squared the Redmonds, Devlins, and Dillons that they had silenced and drugged Ireland. We have little doubt that, intimidated by the angry resentment they have roused in all quarters, they will for the present suspend their policy. But that policy remains unaltered as the fundamental of English con-

nection with Ireland—that policy demands that Ireland shall be nationally obliterated, educationally atrophied, and economically castrated. In time of Peace English statesmen, from Mountjoy, Strafford and Cox to D'Israeli, Macaulay and Salisbury, has admitted this. It is only in time of war England in words professes otherwise, while in acts she pursues her Irish Nation-killing policy "as usual."

Craobh Chu Uladh, Belfast.

The first ceilidh of the Cu Uladh branch of the Gaelic League, Belfast, is announced for February 11, in the X.L. Restaurant. Leading vocalists, including Cahal O'Byrne, will sing in Irish and English. Instrumental music will include selections on piano, harp, violin, 'cello, pipes, etc. Most of the tickets have been sold, and as accommodation is limited, readers of NATIONALITY who desire to spend an enjoyable evening should secure their tickets without delay. The wearing of the national costume will be appreciated. After a successful half-session, class work has now been resumed under An tAthair Fullerton, Una Ui Riain, M.A., Seosamh Mac Alain, and Sean Dubbin.

Arto Craobh—Sinn Féin.

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Obey that Impulse NOW!

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.

To the "Irishman"—the new monthly edited by A. Newman—Mr. George Russell (Æ) contributes a letter stating he is only interested in the Truth, and that he can find no paper in Ireland, Nationalist or Unionist, with any interest in telling the truth. So much is pose. What follows is confession and recantation—"As I grow older I have lost interest in sentimental causes."

It would be inaccurate to bracket Æ with Rolleston and Yeats, or even with Hannay and Lynd, in his attornment to English Imperialism and his foreswearing of the Irish Nationalism he feebly sneers at as a sentimental cause. Rolleston and Yeats were poseurs in patriotism precisely as Chesterton is a poseur in Catholicism. In Hannay there was a difference. Materialism and idealism struggled long for the mastery of the poor Rector of Westport, and there was a time when it seemed the nobler part of the man would conquer, but he fell to the golden bait Imperial London has always on offer to the Irishman of genius to forsake the cause of Ireland. The poor author of "Hyacinth" and the "Seething Pot" and the "Northern Iron" became the rich Charlie Chaplin of the English novel-realing world—the obscure country rector was raised to the social eminence of a Canon of St. Patrick's. Poverty he could have stood—prosperity killed the struggling soul within him. Yet there are those who knowing that Hannay did sincerely strive against his temptations, and who realising how hard the struggle has been with themselves, will each only murmur as he flashes by in his motor-car, "There but for the grace of God go I."

Lynd, a much smaller literary man than Yeats and a less brilliant one than Hannay, was inevitable. He never realised Irish Nationality or Irish Nationalism—though he believed he apprehended both. He was in essence an English philosophic radical, and his long employment in English political journalism whittled him into a London "Daily News" Liberal—which is Pecksniff in all but Pecksniff's understanding of himself. It is a mistake to think that because Lynd declaimed against Russia as the monstrous persecutor of Georgia and Finland, and against Sir Edward Grey as the assassin of Denshaw and the ruthless despoiler of Persia, that he is consciously hypocritical when he upholds both to-day as defenders and champions of Freedom and Civilisation. Lynd is incapable of deliberate dishonesty of thought. He can only think in terms of England. In peace he will criticise, condemn, and even denounce England. But when England's life is in danger he will rush to her aid, for to Lynd Civilisation and Culture mean ultimately English Civilisation and English Culture. There are spots on the sun, but if the sun be quenched darkness and death overspread the earth. This infirmity of Lynd's mind is reflected even in the minds of some amiable men born and resident in Ireland, like John Eglinton, for instance, who pass through life as a consequence in a continual intellectual journey from Nothing to Nowhere.

Russell was distinct, in many ways, from

these types which an enslaved nation develops. He was quite liable to think wrongly, for although a man of fine literary mind, he was as destitute of scholarship as Yeats, and almost as limited in general knowledge, and his prejudices and prepossessions were frequently liable to influence his thought. But he had the capacity of honest thinking, and when he thought honestly the beauty of his thought was very wonderful. Unlike Yeats, he was essentially a modest and unselfish man, and did not seek the incense. It came to him, however, and slowly, but very slowly, grew to smell sweet in his nostrils, until he could not live without it. A moderate Mr. Hyde replaced the gentle Dr. Jekyll. Where there had been thought—sometimes balanced—sometimes ill-balanced—there came emotion, where there had been principles there came bigotries, where there had been judgment there came prejudices, where there had been clarity there came obscurity, where there had been intellectual modesty there came intellectual arrogance. No man can cut himself off from the pure air of the mountain and sea and fill his lungs with incense without deterioration. Russell was only a man, although his sycophants half persuaded him he was more.

Thus his foibles in metaphysics and economics and art—the splendid humbugs of a man of genius, which he never took so seriously that he could not join in the laughter when they were good-naturedly bantered by his friends—became transfigured in the smoke of the censor into Immutable Truths, and his impatience of contradiction grew until none were welcome to him but those who, like Polonius, could see when they were bid, if not a whale, something very like a whale. When an intellectual man declines to this stage he must have a devil to hate—some being on whom his mind may relieve itself by discharging periodically its ill-humours. Æ has had several such necessary and useful devils in the past few years. At present it is the Kaiser, whose dominions in the months immediately following the war he partitioned every Sunday night before his rapt and admiring circle until all Germany and Austro-Hungary had been cleared off the map of Europe.

Yet though it is impossible not to smile, it is a sad smile. For there was true gold in this man's soul—much that Ireland would be the better for had it not been drossed. It would be roughly true to apply to Rolleston or to Yeats or to Hannay, Browning's jingle—"Just for a handful of silver he left us, Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat." It would be untrue to apply it to Russell. When he held his principles there was no silver nor ribbons in the world to buy them from him. When he lost them they were not bartered. He lost them when he lost his mental grip upon himself, and succumbed as his years advanced to the soothing voices of admiration and sycophancy. No man can do this and still be his own man. War-weary Alexander was drunk with wine when he thought himself a God, but how many men, a little mind-weary, since Alexander's day have fancied themselves true Arbiters when they were merely intellectually intoxicated?

In the health of Æ's mind there were few men who thought more clearly on Irish Nationalism and who feared less to give expression to their thought. Thus, when Edward VII. of England visited Ireland in 1903, and the "United Irishman" incensed the whole realm of West Britain by its bitter and successful fight to prevent the Corporation of Dublin officially receiving the monarch as King of Ireland, Æ publicly associated himself with the "United Irishman" by publishing in its columns, 48 hours before the monarch landed, the following fine poem:—

IRELAND.

(21st July, 1903.)

Ah! let them shout: the Blast is crowned
Within their hearts. What matters, then
The clatter of their tongues around
Its symbol throned among men.

The men of old sought in a King
Some likeness to the Lord of Hosts.
What shadow is there in this thing,
King of the Empire of their boasts?

Oh, in this deadly commonplace,
This absence of the kingly mien,
In all the gestures of his race,
The Lord of Shadows may be seen.

We worship whereso'er we praise—
A shout within the street may swell
The triumph of angelic lays
Or the dark ritual of Hell.

We suffered for a thousand years,
But kept the uncorrupted will,
And paid the sacrifice of tears
To keep the spirit with us still.

And will you for a hollow smile,
A little gold, a little praise,
Fail from their life of noble toil,
And move in more ignoble days?

The subtle and the lying tongue
Would fain persuade you peace is best:
But were the unwilling welcome wrung,
How would it be within your breast—

To see the outlawed majesty
Of the Forsaken Cause arise
And gaze on you reproachfully
From myriads of sad dead eyes?

Five years later, when Yeats definitely went over to the enemy, Russell with fine humour wrote and published in "Sinn Fein" a parody on Yeats' "Kathleen-ni-Houlihan," which is so appropriate to-day that NATIONALITY must reprint it. As most people know—or ought to know—the scene of "Kathleen-ni-Houlihan" is laid in a Connacht Cottage at the period of Humbert's landing in Killala in 1798. The son of the house is to be wedded next day, and the lovers and the family are arranging for the event, when an aged and poor woman enters. She is Kathleen-ni-Houlihan, the genius of Ireland, with nothing to offer those who strive to make her free but danger and obloquy and death, but the young bridegroom leaves love and comfort to follow her, and she passes out transformed in the radiance of youth and queenhood—

Think her not a hideous hag, too ugly to be seen,

Call her not unseemly names, our matchless
Kathleen;

Young is she and fair is she, and she shall be
a queen!

When Yeats deserted Caitilin ni h-Uallachain, of whom he truly wrote, we "must give all"—Russell wrote his epitaph in "Britannia-Rule-the-Wave." This is it—delightful humour and barbed satire:—

BRITANNIA RULE-THE-WAVES:

A COMEDY.

(In One Act and in Prose.)

Chief Poet of Ireland—What is that sound of booing that I hear?

Chief Actor of Ireland (going to the window and looking out)—I see nothing.

Chief Poet of Ireland—I must have been dreaming. We have had nothing but booing for the past week, and it has got on my nerves. I hear a hissing sound in my ears all the time. I think if we hired a policeman by the day to stand here, it would give a sense of security.

Chief Actor of Ireland. It's very expensive. I could borrow the uniform from the Castle and put one of the company in it. Would that do?

Chief Poet of Ireland—There it is again!

Chief Actor of Ireland—It's a long way off. It can't have anything to say to us. Maybe it's the Viceroy, and the boys may be giving him a welcome of that kind.

Chief Poet of Ireland—It's scandalous that he can't have a fair hearing. I would fire every man that hissed until the Viceroy had been at least a year in office. There is no fair play in Ireland. The Viceroy is a most distinguished man, and if he is not treated with the consideration due to his rank, it will go out of Ireland that there is no true courtesy in our life. This sort of thing is killing the soul of the nation.

Chief Actor of Ireland—It's nearer now.

Chief Poet of Ireland—Send someone out to see what it is. They may be coming to attack the theatre. Ring up the police at the exchange.

Chief Actor of Ireland—I'd better look out first. No, there's nobody! There's only a stout old lady. She couldn't make all that noise. By the holy, she's coming here. She's knocking at the door. I never saw anybody like her before. Wanting to be charwoman, maybe.

Chief Poet of Ireland—Go out and find what the hissing is about.

(Chief Actor goes out.)

Chief Poet of Ireland (murmuring to himself)—"New commonness upon the throne." I must re-write that. It was an appeal to the gallery. It was bad art.

(Old lady, very stout, enters. She has got a brilliant shawl round her shoulders of red and white and blue striped and crossed. She wears an antique bonnet of Grecian helmet shape, with horsehair on the crest, and she carries a three-pronged fork.)

Old Lady—You've a good job here.

Chief Poet of Ireland—What do you want? Where do you come from?

Old Lady—Oh, I'm very sick. I came a long way. I crossed the channel this morning. Oh, I'm very sick.

(Chief Actor returns.)

Chief Poet of Ireland—Who is she, do you think?

Chief Actor of Ireland—I don't know. She's very well got up. Maybe she's a comedy character wanting an engagement.

Chief Poet of Ireland—Do you want an engagement here?

Old Lady—Oh, I have had a hard time of it. They have hissed me through the streets. I have had a very hard time of it.

Chief Poet of Ireland—And what did they hiss you for, ma'am? Was it the play or the acting?

Old Lady—Oh, it was my beautiful play. There were miles and miles of soldiers in my play, and miles and miles of policemen, but it never got a fair hearing.

Chief Actor of Ireland—Would you like a job here, ma'am?

Old Lady—Yes, I would like to come here. I would like to put a lion-and-unicorn over the door. I would like to make it into a Royal House.

Chief Poet of Ireland—A Royal House! What a splendid idea. Tell me more.

Old Lady—I have many Royal Houses in my own country. There were many songs made about me. Many men were Knighted for love of me.

Chief Actor of Ireland—I think she's off her head.

Chief Poet of Ireland—Hush! she talks like a poet. Let us listen to her.

Old Lady—He thinks I'm off my head, but I am not. It is only the hissing that has made me sore. They will never be quiet here. They will never give me a chance here. And I am worshipped in my own country.

Chief Poet of Ireland—Who sang songs about you?

Old Lady—There was an Alfred of the Austins and a Rudyard of the Kiplings and an Albert of the Quills. There are many hundreds of them. They will all be forgotten to-morrow, but to-morrow there will be hundreds more, and they will all sing songs for my sake. They were Knighted for love of me: some of them were knighted yesterday and some will be Knighted to-morrow.

Chief Poet of Ireland (eagerly)—Is it in Ireland they will be Knighted to-morrow?

Old Lady—Come closer to me. Let me put my shawl round you. You are like some that sang about me and were Knighted long ago.

Chief Actor of Ireland—Don't listen to her. We have wasted time long enough. I don't think she would be any use to us here. They don't like her style in the theatre.

Chief Poet of Ireland—Oh, I want to listen to her. Tell me about the songs that were made about you.

Old Lady—I heard one this morning as I came over. Listen (chants):—

"They will be respectable for ever,
There shall be money in their pockets for ever,
They shall go to the Castle for ever,
The police shall protect them for ever."

Chief Poet of Ireland—Who will the police protect?

Old Lady—Those who enter my service. Those who are pale-cheeked, they will be red-cheeked. Those who were thin, they will have

fat paunches. Those who walked before or went in trams will drive in carriages. Those who took off their hats will have hats taken off to them. Those who have no balance in the bank will have big balances in the bank. They will all be well paid.

Chief Poet of Ireland—What is your name, ma'am?

Old Lady—There are some that call me Sean Buidhe and there are some that call me Britannia that Rules-the-Waves.

Chief Poet of Ireland—I think I have heard that name in a song.

Old Lady (going to the door)—I must be going now. I must be going to the Levee. All the titled doctors in Dublin are gathering to greet me. All the Heads of Departments. They are the Upper Classes to-day, and they will be the Upper Classes to-morrow. They will have no need to work—they will have no need to work. (Goes out chanting):—

"They will be respectable for ever,

The police will protect them for ever."

Chief Poet of Ireland (going after her)—Wait a minute. I will go with you, ma'am.

Chief Actor of Ireland—Where are you going? You forget about the rehearsal here. You are forgetting you are building up a Theatre for the Nation.

Chief Poet of Ireland (in a dream)—What Nation are you talking about? What Nationality are you going to build up? Oh, I forgot!

(Scene Shifter rushes in.)

Scene Shifter—There's a yacht in the harbour. King Edward has landed in Kings-town. The police are all going down to meet the King.

(Chief Poet of Ireland goes to the door.)

Chief Actor (detaining him)—You are not going with the police. You are not going to meet the King.

(Voice is heard chanting down the stairs:—)

"They will be respectable for ever,

The police will protect them for ever."

(Chief Poet of Ireland breaks away.)

Chief Actor and Scene Shifter look at each other.)

Chief Actor of Ireland—Here's a holy sell. Did you see a fat old lady going down the stairs?

Scene Shifter—Faith, I did. She was the very spit of the image on the new penny. And there was a mangy old lion from the Zoo walking by her side.

(Curtain.)

And now to view George Russell solemnly propounding schemes for teaching the children of Caitilin ni h-Uallachain to "think imperially"—speaking of the "miles of soldiers" as "our" soldiers, and following the old Siren for love of whom many men have been Knighted, and who promises him Respectability for ever. It is not tragic—it is ludicrous and impossible. This is not the real Russell. The real Russell—though all the trumpets of English Hypocrisy blazed appeal to Ireland to surrender the Cause which the blood of martyrs has preserved for seven centuries—though the British Devil took her to the pinnacle and pointing out the riches of the world said to her—"All these will I give unto you if you worship and serve me"—the real

Russell would have bade Ireland close her ears to the trumpet and scorn the devil. The outlawed majesty of the Forsaken Cause would rise between him and base counsel, and the myriads of sad dead eyes would gaze up to him. This is not the man—it is a changeling. Rolleston and Yeats, Hannay and Lynd—these are the real men. It was not in them in the ultimate to become other than they have become, but it was in the man Russell. For the souls of the others few Irishmen will ever breathe a prayer hereafter; but for the dead soul of Russell we can all pray a resurrection.

CUGUAN.

1 OTAOB NA GEARMÁINE.

(Aitheas do Léig Liam Ó Dhráin ór comair
Craob an Céitinnig.)

Tánnro anoir eallte, búrte, buairte, aoiré, pé, agus má tá ní h-aon iongnad é. Ní féadfaid an rgeal san beir amháir agus an cuma 'na pabamair le bliantaib fada. Níor bfuláir go mburpíde oppainn agus ní ón taob amuis a táinig an bupreab ac ón taob ipitig. Bí píot an uile ionnainn féin. Bí an tigráid marb i dtír na Gearmáine. Ní raib don cuimne aca go raib tuitéar agus atáiréa fé leir aca, go raib V a t e r l a n d aca féin doib féin. Luét ríurta na tíre, bíodair go las meadta, ní pabadar macánta féin, níor fearuigeadar amac in-agaib námao mar ní raib don cuimne aca piam ar a noutéar féin ná ar maite na tíre i gcoiténne. Le paimnt, le h-olc ar daoinib eile, mar maite leó féin nó ar nór dála cuma, liom do deineadar gac don pur, mar ní raib don maéctnam níor doirde ná rin aca piam. Do maéluigead an tír go h-olc, púgín, pacuair. Nuair do bagair náimhe oppa, ir le h-umluigead, le h-irle-bris, le mlaodair do tugadar agáir oppa. Cao fé nveara é reo go léir? Mar ná raib meap ceart aca oppa féin coirg an Gearmáine-eacair a bí tráigte. Do tuiteamair poim an námao, oppainn féin amáin atá an loct. Sinn féin amáin a deapair ar leigear. Ní mór dúinn go léir é rin a tuisirint go cuimn. Dá déine dá tceig-míro irtead ar an gceirt reo, dá feadair ir dá cuimne a cuirpimíro eolair uirre, ir amháir ir fearpí agus ir veimnigte a tuispimíro cá bpuil rúge ar leara le págáil. Ir ceart brón agus ceannpé agus cacugad beir oppainn i nriaró ar bain de cor ar bolg agus de céim píor dúinn le deirdeanaghe. Mapa mbead a leitéro oppainn ba eallte na daoine rinn gan agó, acé ní h-é brón agus ceann pé agus fearg na leand ná veineann don pur ac caoine agus olagón ba ceart a beir oppainn ac an brón a bíonn ar fearaib—brón le mírnead, brón le pún oioagatair, brón a tuisgeann píor fáca a rgeit féin, agus ná rtaonann ón milléan do cup air féin ná ón obair ir gáó a deanam cun an rgeit a leigear. Tuisirint cuimn beact inr na purdaib ba éionntac le n'ar mbupreab—ir mar a céite é agus tuisirint cuimn beact do cup inr na purdaib a deapair ar plánugad. Mapa mbead poim, do tiocpad éadócáir oppainn. Mar gheall air rin, an

té ir mó eolair ir é ir mó pótáir. An té ir mó milléan oppainn féin, ir é ir fearpí a tuisgeann gur uainn féin amac a tiocpáir an fearpí agus an neart. Tá roir lámáir an pobail Gearmáinig féin an uirpí a eallteir an daor-bpíro agus an laige díob—rí uirpí i rin ná an Gearmáineacair.

Sin é ruim an teagairg a tug fichte do muinntir Beirlín sa mbliain 1807-8. Ir teacair dúinne inoiú a meap i gceart cao é an iongnad a cuir pé ar a luét éirteadta teagairg nua mar rin nar aipugeadar a leitéro piam ceana, do éloirint ón bpeap ro. An cuir ir mó de na daoinib ní géillpíroir do i n-aon cor i tiorac, acé ba gearpí go pabadar go léir ar don aigne leir, ba maite leó a mírnead, leir, mar cuimnig-mír go raib tráipeanna na bpuannacé timceall Beirlín agus an púir uile fé rmaet aca an uair rin agus bíod luét éirteadta fichte go ppuacac gac don lá ar eagla go tairpáingeadair amac é agus go lámpáirde é cun an Ream a a depeadail. Níor bac na puannacáir leir, am.

(Tuitéad le teadé.)

ENEMY ACTIVITIES.

A fortnight ago the enemy's R.I.C. arrested Captain Terence MacSwiney, the able organiser of the Co. Cork Volunteers, and Thomas Kent of the Castlelyons Company. Both have been lodged in Cork Jail. Up to the time of writing no charge has been made against them.

Last week Captain Joseph Robinson, 1st Glasgow Co. was arrested at his home in Glasgow. The operation was carried out by six Glasgow detectives in charge of ex-R.I.C. man Harrington. Captain Robinson's house was searched at midnight, every picture was pulled off the walls, and the backs torn off in the search, and cupboards and corners were ransacked, but nothing except a revolver was discovered. Subsequently the houses of other Volunteers in Glasgow were visited and searched, and Captain Seamus Reader of the Fianna was arrested. Up to the time of going to press we have no information as to whether any charge is to be made against the Glasgow prisoners.

On Saturday night, Surrey House, the residence of Countess de Markievicz, of the Citizen Army, was visited by a body of the D.M.P., including men of the G. Division, and in the absence of the owner was searched. The only booty discovered was a small hand printing press, and this was taken to the Castle. Two or three other houses were visited and two rifles seized, also in the absence of the owners. The police report as supplied to the newspapers is altogether inaccurate and misleading.

We understand that the Irish Volunteers were informed of the raid as soon as Surrey House was reached by the enemy. Within half an hour two battalions of the Volunteers had been mobilised in anticipation of a general raid for arms. The men meant business, and had their services been required would have given a very good account of themselves.

CAVAN'S WELCOME.

On Tuesday of last week Alf Ua Muineachain was warmly welcomed in Ballinagh, County Cavan, after his three months' imprisonment.

He arrived in Cavan during the day, and was met by Captain O'Sullivan, the present organiser for Cavan County, and Mr. Thomas Fitzpatrick, who represented the Ballinagh Corps.

In the evening the party drove to Ballinagh, and were met at Cashel crossroads by a huge gathering of Irish Volunteers, all armed with rifles. The procession moved off, headed by a band of torch-bearers; then followed the car containing Ua Muineachain and party, after which came the Drumcrow Pipers' Band, followed by the Mullaghoran, Bruskey, and Drumcrow Corps I.V.; then more torches, and the Ballinagh Brass and Reed Band headed its own Corps, after which came the men of Crosserlough.

The procession proceeded to the head of the main street, where Alf, who was received with great enthusiasm, addressed them briefly. His opening remarks were in Irish. He said he was not gifted with oratorical powers. Whilst organising the Volunteers he never once raised a cheer, and thank God no one ever accused him of being a good speaker. But he told the truth and got the men. (Cheers.) He was delighted to be back amongst the people of Cavan, and was more than pleased to see that every man had something on his shoulder. He would be ashamed to take any credit for what he had done; for these men suffered, but he did not suffer. It was a heartening sight coming along the road to see the moonlight glint on the barrels of the rifles. (Applause.)

The procession then reformed, and Alf was escorted by armed Volunteers to the house of Mrs. Dillon, where he had previously stayed.

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C5015012/195 (19)

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Edited by GILBERT GALBRAITH.

Vol. I. No. 16

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1916

ONE HALFPENNY

"HONESTY."

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY.

All communications and remittances to GILBERT GALBRAITH, c/o. Gaelic Press, 30 Upper Liffey Street, Dublin.

Terms of Subscription—13 weeks, 1/1; 26 weeks, 2/2; 52 weeks, 4/4.

REMEMBER MONTENEGRO

It would not be a sign of incipient insanity to expect that the reward of the Small Nationalities who took up the cudgels of war on behalf of the Big Nationalities would be, at least, an expression of gratitude from the Big Nations for the benefit conferred. It does not, therefore, seem to be in keeping with the merits of the situation to find the Allied Powers hurling every imaginable description of opprobrious epithet at the King of Montenegro, whose heinous crime consisted in that he thought of surrendering to Austria as the only alternative to causing his country to undergo the same national destruction as was caused in Belgium and Servia through the mulishness of the ruling authorities there. King Nicholas, today, is damned in all the moods and tenses as a double-dyed traitor, as an unprincipled intriguer, and a renegade amongst the Allies. Yesterday, he was very different person—the valiant leader of a glorious race, the unconquered ruler of an unconquerable Kingdom. The change was rapid, but some rapid and vital change of attitude was essential when the Allies were confronted with the unhappy task of explaining away the reproach to their military capacity which the Austrian conquest of Montenegro involved.

Italy, who, after England, has proved the most faithless, and the most unscrupulous amongst the Allies; Italy, who did not know upon which side she should come in in the great war, and who eventually auctioned herself to the highest bidder (England)—Italy is the prime author of the libels now printed against Montenegro. Could any charge of treachery—whether true or false—come with a worse grace from any other quarter? Italy undertook to land troops in Albania to aid the sorely pressed Servians and Montenegrins. She accordingly despatched an expedition to Valona, her troops sat down at that seaport, made themselves thoroughly at home, and took a prolonged rest after their prodigious exertions. Servia and Montenegro were left to fend for themselves with results which were inevitable.

Italy had not counted, however, on Montenegro capitulating or allowing the almost impregnable height of Mount Lovtchen—the Gibraltar of the Adriatic—to fall into the hands of Austria. She counted upon Montenegro being sufficiently dull of understanding to fail to find any moral in the precedents of Belgium and Servia, and trusted in the ability of the Mountain Kingdom to keep a firm grip on this important and strategic point whatever else was lost. This explains her rage at the new development which has arisen, and which gives her Adriatic rival, Austria, a complete dominance over that area. A few weeks ago France and England were whispering some gently worded reproaches to Italy for having abandoned Montenegro to its fate. Italy now whimpers in reply, "It is not Italy's fault. It is Montenegro that has sold the pass."

The English Press took up the parrot-cry with avidity—it afforded a convenient excuse to explain what was undoubtedly a notable triumph for the Central Empires. All the sufferings, all

the privations, all the devastation caused to the Montenegrin forces since they took the field in August, 1914, are now to be forgotten by the fatuous, ungrateful English, and the name of Montenegro dragged through the slime. Oh! ye small nationalities, what an example! Oh! Ireland, what a moral is here!

Before the Italian lie had been systematically spread through the English Press and adopted as gospel to serve the desired end, the military expert attached to the London "Morning Post" brought his overpowering analytical faculties to bear upon the situation in Montenegro. "It is impossible," he said, "for the Allies to blame King Nicholas for surrendering to Austria, for the enveloping attack was overwhelming, and there was no hope of assistance from outside. Like Serbia, Montenegro was fighting for her own independence, and, incidentally, for the independence of the Balkans from Teutonic domination; but, unlike Serbia, there was little prospect, in face of the situation which has developed during the past week, of the Army being saved from total destruction by retreat into Albania. Further resistance could not have altered the ultimate result of the campaign, and would only have led to useless slaughter and to the total devastation of the country. Whatever may be the terms now imposed by Austria they cannot be more harsh than those which would have been exacted after the final destruction of the Montenegrin Army."

This military scribe, notwithstanding, the "impossible" has been realised. The Allies do blame King Nicholas for his surrender. As to the reason why—well he will have to write another article to explain that.

Irishmen should ponder over this Montenegrin question. If anyone asks them to make sacrifices, to undergo hardships, to risk their lives in any form of military activity, they might find profitable guidance in considering the obvious morals in the two mottoes, "Remember Limerick" and "Remember Montenegro."

TEACHING PATRIOTISM.

While the attempt is being made to strangle Irish national education, through the starvation of teachers in Ireland, the tendency is in quite the opposite direction across the English Channel. British taxpayers are still continuing to derive the normal educational benefits from the proceeds of taxation; it is only their Irish confreres who are being defrauded by Act of Parliament. In fact, British educational authorities are being enabled to extend the curriculum, and initiate reforms in the whole scheme of elementary education hitherto acted upon.

For example, the Welsh Board of Education have now issued a pamphlet which embodies a new departure in education and the scope of which is sufficiently indicated in its title. The title is "Patriotism. Suggestions to local education authorities and teachers in Wales regarding the teaching of patriotism. 1916. Issued in connection with the observance of the National Anniversary of St. David's Day."

The pamphlet proposes that the anniversary of St. David's Day is to be devoted to the teaching of patriotism, also the next succeeding days in the first and second weeks in March, and the first Monday in every month during the rest of the year. The suggestions thrown out to the teachers are in the form of condensed lectures, to be expanded and enlarged upon by the teachers.

We make no apology for describing this pamphlet at some length, because here, in Ireland, some profitable use might be made of the elementary principle it expounds. Patriotism is a derivative from the cardinal virtues, and there can be nothing but praise for a conscientious attempt to inculcate it into the mind of young and old. The pamphlet consists, mainly, of brief essays on—

What is meant by our Country.

What our country has done for us.

How we can serve our country.

Why our country needs our services.

True Patriotism and False Patriotism.

The teachers are forbidden to argue from the home to the village, from the village to the town and county, from the county to the Principality, and from Wales to the British Empire. They are warned, however, that patriotism, unlike reading, writing and arithmetic, cannot be put in from outside; and that the appeal must be to something already there. It is the meaning of that something and its implications which are to be taught. For this reason, the addition to the curriculum of patriotism, as a special subject, is a delicate experiment. It is too easy to produce in the minds of the pupils an effect quite contrary to the impression it is desired to give. The case is analogous to the teaching of religion; whose success depends, not upon a certain number of lessons calendared as religious instruction, but upon what is usually described as atmosphere, something omnipresent yet impalpable.

We wonder would an Irish Board of Education dare to follow the precedent of the Welsh Board and instruct its teachers to teach the young Irish boys and girls (arguing the theme from the country to the British Empire) what the Empire has done for Ireland. We wonder would their

pamphleteer find himself suddenly up against some new quality in patriotism which makes it altogether opposed to any tinge of imperialism and which restricts its scope within the boundaries of nationhood. The home has nothing to do with the Empire, because an Empire, in its common acceptation, is a federation or coalition of different nationalities under a single Government for strengthening purposes. This embodies the whole difference between the respective points of view of British Imperialism and Irish Nationalism in regard to this present war. We say that England's war is not our war, because England and Ireland are different nations, inhabited by different races, and united only by forced, or artificial ties; they say, in effect, that as they have conquered us we are part of the Empire and must fight the Empire's battles. The same point of view is to be forced on the future men and women of Wales, but it is the business of Wales whether it is acceptable or not, and nobody else has a right to intervene. In the parallel discussion, however, Ireland has emphatically outlined her position, and it is not in favour of the Empire's point of view either.

It is difficult to say what the future of Irish education will be—so much depends upon the future position of the country in its relation to the Empire which it is "in" but not "of." The teaching of patriotism, however, would be one of the most profitable to the nation, which could possibly be included in the educational programme. The taste for the learning of the national tongue and the national history would follow as a corollary. Then "the Empire" would be put in its proper perspective.

SAVING THE REALM.

The defence of the Realm goes merrily onward here in Ireland, and the administration of the Act is becoming more riotously illogical and unjust every day. The lack of decision in dealing with alleged offenders against this liberal-minded Act is not the least surprising feature of its administration and we have already had this evidenced in cases to which we have referred as occurring in Galway and Kerry. A Southern correspondent now draws our attention to an incident which occurred at Charleville, County Cork, and which illustrates the sage manner in which alleged offences against the Realm Act are being dealt with. An industrious effort to obtain recruits for the British Army was proceeding

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apace on and around Sunday, 9th January, and with this object in view many posters were placarded round the town from the Army "art gallery." On this Sunday, however, the amazed population of the town found that those posters had given place to others with "Up with the Germans," etc., which were very quickly removed by the police. Subsequently, investigations were set on foot which culminated in the arrest of three respectable young teachers who were employed in teaching at the Christian Brothers Schools.

Later, the three teachers were allowed out on bail, but were very soon afterwards re-arrested. But public opinion in Charleville had now become articulate and it soon became clear that this shifting policy was strongly objected to. The teachers were again released on bail and remanded for eight days.

What in the world is the motive underlying these strange proceedings at Charleville and elsewhere, which are so startlingly uniform and such a travesty of justice. Charges against the Realm Act are kept hanging over the heads of individuals for prolonged periods; when they are brought to trial the weight of evidence in favour of the prisoners seems never to be given any serious consideration; when sentences are passed, they are usually quashed and orders given for the whole farce to be re-enacted. There is possibly some measure of sagacity and system in the proceedings at some stage or other, but we confess to being blind to it. It is, however, very English.

We understand recruiting is now very slack in Charleville. We wonder why.

We also learn that after the above proceedings, the recruiting sergeant left the town by the mid-light train. Again we wonder why.

THE BLASPHEMOUS BERNHARDT

Madame Sarah Bernhardt, as an actress, has the world at her feet. As a Christian, however, she stands on an entirely different footing. In her new play, produced in London ("Les Cathedrales") which relates to the present war, the *motiv* and drift of the drama is illustrated in the repetitions of the travestied Scriptural phrase, "Father, forgive them not, for they know what they do." "Them," of course, refers to the German enemies of France. This blasphemous utterance is, perhaps, what one might expect from a Frenchwoman in France—but what is the English Dramatic Censor doing to permit it in England?

"OUR" JAPANESE ALLIES AND WOMANHOOD

The virtues of "our" Japanese Allies have been so frequently praised, of late, that I set myself the task recently of reading reliable books on Japan with a view to seeing how these people comport themselves in their own land. To that task I devoted several entertaining hours, but the net impression left on my mind was in no degree creditable to the Japanese. They are really a race slowly emerging from barbarism, and whose only hope of salvation appears to be in aping the manners of European nations, even in their most vicious aspects. The Chinese have deftly summed up the character of the Japanese by the designation by which they describe that race—"lie-Europeans." This is in scornful allusion to their shoddy imitations of foreigners.

It is only a barbarous race who could treat womanhood as the Japanese do their women. In that country a woman's lot in life is summed up in what are called "the three obediences"—obedience, while unmarried, to a father; obedience, when married, to a husband and that husband's parents; obedience, when, widowed, to a son. Now this obedience is in no way comparable to filial or marital obedience as understood in European countries—it is really a perpetual state of abject slavery. At present the greatest duchess or marchioness in the land is her husband's drudge. She fetches and carries for him, she must bow down humbly to him, must wait upon him at meals, and may be divorced at his good pleasure. Two grotesquely different influences are now at work to undermine this state of slavery—one, European theories concerning the relation of the sexes; the other, European clothes. The same fellow who struts into a room before his wife when she is dressed à la Japonaise, lets her go in first when she is dressed à l'Européenne. Probably such acts of courtesy do not extend to the home, where there is no one by to see, for most Japanese men make no secret of their disdain for the female sex. Kaibara, a famous Japanese moralist, in the preamble to his tract "The Whole Duty of Woman," illustrates what male opinion in Japan thinks of the duty and destiny of womanhood. "Seeing that it is the girl's destiny," he says, "on reaching womanhood, to go to a new home and live in submission to her father-in-law and mother-in-law, it is incumbent on her to receive with all reverence her parents' instructions. Should her parents, through excess of tenderness, allow her to grow up self-willed, she will infallibly show herself capricious, and if her father-in-law be a man of correct principle she will find the yoke of these principles intolerable. She will hate and decry her father-in-law, and the end of these dissensions

will be her dismissal from her husband's house and the covering of herself with ignominy."

The father-in-law and his principles are, apparently, important considerations in domestic life in Japan.

Marriage must seem a hazardous experiment to the Japanese lady. If her husband turns out to be an adventurer she mustn't utter a word of complaint, but put it down to the credit of Heaven; and if she is divorced "shame shall cover her till her latest hour"—a little hard considering the very elastic character of the Seven Reasons for Divorce, which include such natural little outbreaks on the female part as (1) disobedience to her father-in-law and mother-in-law, (4) jealousy, and (6) disturbing the harmony of kinsmen, and bringing trouble on her household by talking over much and prattling disrespectfully; as well as such more ordinary casus belli as (2) barrenness, (3) lewdness, (5) leprosy, and (7) stealing.

Very enlightened indeed, these Allies of "ours."

Oriel.

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