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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."  
Telephone No. 22.

DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE:

Detective Department,

Dublin, 17th. February, 1916

*Crime Special*

Subject, MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 16th. Inst.,  
the undermentioned extremists were observed  
moving about and associating with each other  
as follows:-

Thomas J. Clarke did not visit his shop,  
75, Parnell St. yesterday. Those seen to vis-  
it the place during the day included J. J.  
O'Connell, C. Colbert, E. Daly, Pierce Beasley,  
D. Lynch, J. J. Buggy and Thomas Byrne.

Joseph Murray left Amiens Street by 9  
a. m. train for Dundalk. R.I.C. informed.

M. O'Hanrahan and W. T. Cosgrave in 2,  
Dawson Street at 11 a. m.

Bulmer Hobson, John McDermott, M. J.  
O'Rahilly and John McGarry in 2, Dawson St.

between

The Chief Commissioner.

*The Under Secretary*

*Submitted*

*WJL*

*Comm 12/2*

*Under Secretary*

*Submitted*

*WJL  
18/2*

*Chief Secy*

*To see the papers.  
"The Irishman" printing  
not badly & is at  
present in good condition.  
The "murder machine"  
is interesting.*

*Chapman*

*sent by C. Secy. who  
has kept the two papers*

*28/2/16*

*to which you refer a pm 10/2*

*WJL*

1088

between 1 & 2 p. m.

James Sullivan arrived at Broadstone  
from Crossdoney at 7-12 p. m.

Bulmer Hobson, E. Kent, P. H. Pearse,  
E. De Valera, J. O'Connor, M. J. O'Rahilly,  
John Fitzgibbon, D. Lynch, L. Raul, John  
McDermott and John E. Lyons in 2, Dawson  
Street from 7-30 p. m. to 9 p. m. Lyons is  
a Printer who resides at 14, Portland Place,  
N. C. Road.

Attached are Copies of this week's is-  
sue of The Irish Volunteer, The Hibernian,  
Nationality, The Irishman, The Gael, Honesty,  
and No 3 of the Bodenstown Series of Pamph-  
lets.

Owen'Brien  
Superintendent.

250/50/2/210(3)



# THE IRISH VOLUNTEER

EDITED BY EOIN MAC NEILL.

Vol. 2. No. 63 (New Series).

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19th, 1916.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

## NOTES

In Great Britain the Defence of the Realm Act is a military precaution. In Ireland it is a political engine used by politicians for the persecution of those who are not their obsequious and humble servants. When I say that it is used for this purpose by politicians, I do not mean that the politicians who so use it are only the traditional enemies of our national rights and liberties. It is, of course, the Government and its subordinates who have the administration of the Act, but in their administration of it they have the full and active support of Mr. Redmond. Every Nationalist who suffers under the Act for his fidelity to Nationalist principle is persecuted by Mr. Redmond just as truly as if Mr. Redmond, having found Ireland "unworthy of Home Rule," was already Unionist Chief Secretary for the British Government in Ireland.

\* \* \*

We may be told, we have been told, that the Irish Parliamentary Party, with Mr. Redmond in the chair, passed a resolution many months ago against the Government use of the Realm Act in Ireland. That resolution was never communicated to the Irish public. Was it communicated privately to the Government? If not, then it was communicated to nobody, and the passing of it was a hypocritical sham, with no more serious purpose than perhaps to quiet the uneasy minds of some members of the Party. If it was communicated to the Government, then the Government has treated the Irish Party and their resolution with supreme contempt. Why not? The Government has been taught by Mr. Redmond and are still being taught by him to hold himself in contempt. When he stands on a Government platform and expresses, or pretends to express, his contempt for Irish Nationalists, the Whigs and the Smugs are set chuckling in their dark corners. We can imagine what respect English statesmen must have for an Irish political leader who one day sends them a private resolution of remonstrance against "senseless prosecutions," and next day gives his name to a published statement declaring that there has been

no interference with liberty, and that "only three or four" insignificant persons have been victimised, and that these persons were lucky not to have been shot. Mr. Redmond, in fact, has not been content with giving a general support to the Government's administration of the Realm Act. His published utterances have been so worded as to justify all that the Government has done, and to encourage it to go on doing more of the same, even though many of his supporters in Irish public bodies have condemned the action of the Government. It is clear, then, that Mr. Redmond is personally responsible for every act of political persecution committed by the "authorities" in Ireland under the pretence of the Realm Act. Every man imprisoned by the Government in this way is put in prison and kept in prison by Mr. John Redmond. Never before in Irish history was an Irish political leader intimidated and manœuvred into such a position. And this, we are expected to believe, is the wisdom and the grit which, when the fitting time arrives, will insist on the fulfilment of a treaty made by a Ministry which no longer exists to fulfil anything. We were solemnly assured in the early days of the war that the Government's policy was only suspended. There was to be a political truce just for a few months until the Allies got time to occupy Berlin. After that the Government would resume where it had left off, and all would be well. This was the great expectation held out to induce Mr. Redmond's followers to submit to the Sharp Curve. Do they still believe in this sort of farseeing statemanship?

\* \* \*

We know, on evidence that has not been questioned, that at the beginning of the war British statesmen believed or professed to believe that the war would end in a few months with the rapid and complete triumph of the Allies. This was the last argument that compelled Mr. Redmond to subordinate Ireland's national rights and interests to the international aims of British statesmen, and to throw away the greatest and justest opportunity for the assertion and establishment of Ireland's national position that has come to any Irish leader since the days of Grattan. Mr. Redmond was

deceived. That is the most that can be said for him. But gullibility is not a virtue in a political leader. Having been cornered into one mistake and having shown a facility for surrendering, he has been kept "moving on" ever since, until the other day he was compelled to stand beside the English governor of Ireland and declare that unless Ireland satisfies fresh and indefinite demands she will forfeit her right to national self-government—a declaration which is in itself treason to Ireland in the last degree, a declaration which no Irishman under any circumstances has the right to make.

\* \* \*

Let us see what Lord Wimborne and Mr. Birrell are doing with the Realm Act, supported and encouraged by Mr. Redmond. Mr. MacSwiney, of Cork, Irish Volunteer officer and organiser, has been arrested without any charge and kept in gaol for weeks without any charge. (I here correct the statement that he was taken from his bed by the police in the dark hours of early morning. His house was surrounded by police about breakfast time.) While he lies in gaol without any sort of charge proffered against him, Mr. Redmond, in more bitter and pitiful durance, stands before the Viceroy in the presence of an Irish audience, and with a halter round his neck declares that Mr. MacSwiney is "contemptible," and that a nation of men like Mr. MacSwiney is unworthy of selfgovernment. Mr. MacSwiney is a man without fear and without reproach, a man of cultivated talent, honourable and upright, modest and unassuming. As gentle as a child, he has thrown himself into the Volunteer movement at his country's call and has made himself a thoroughly capable and efficient officer. When the Government attempted to banish the Volunteer organisers from Ireland and imprisoned them for standing against the Government's pretension, the Volunteers answered by calling for double the number of organisers, and Mr. MacSwiney was among the first to come forward and offer his services. Now he lies in gaol until Mr. Redmond's masters can fake up some sort of presentable accusation against him and find some worthy tribunal to pronounce the predetermined sentence. At the same time and under similar circumstances, Mr. Thomas Kent, of Castle-

lyons, has been arrested and held a prisoner in the new Bastille.

\* \* \*

Mr. Alastair MacCabe, of Tubbercurry, Co. Sligo, National Teacher and member of the Coisde Gnotha of the Gaelic League, was arrested, held for weeks without trial, then tried and acquitted by a Dublin jury, the charge against him being the "crime" of being in possession of warlike material—a "crime" of which no Irishman of any party is ashamed. Having failed to secure a conviction for this "crime," the Government puts Mr. MacCabe back to be tried at some future date for some other "crime," so that without proving anything against him they can keep him in jail for an indefinite period. Quite right, says the leader with the halter round his neck, Mr. MacCabe is only another Contemptible.

\* \* \*

Mr. Claud Chevasse, a well-known Gaelic Leaguer, was arrested in Ballingearry. Nothing was alleged against him. He was questioned by a policeman. He answered in Irish. That was all. For this crime against the safety of the Realm, the obedient tribunal in Macroom ordered Mr. Chevasse to pay a fine and, since he refused to admit the right or justice of the proceedings by paying the fine, he was sent to gaol, and is now one of Mr. Redmond's contemptible prisoners.

\* \* \*

Mr. John Galey, of Tralee, builders' clerk, an Irish Volunteer, was arrested some months ago on the charge of having used words prejudicial to recruitment. He was convicted and sentenced by the summary tribunal. He appealed, and his appeal was heard the other day by County Court Judge Drumgoole. There was only one witness to the words alleged to have been spoken by Mr. Galey, though the words, according to that witness, were spoken in the midst of a large crowd. This witness, a recruiting officer named Wilkinson, was a complete stranger to the country. When he heard the words to which he swore, he testified, he did not know who spoke them, but he afterwards heard and saw Mr. Galey speaking other words and **was able to identify his voice.** As an Irishman, I am of opinion that this outlander Wilkinson is far too smart to be a recruiting officer. A complete stranger who can hear two sentences uttered at two different times in the Kerry brogue in the middle of a Kerry crowd and can afterwards swear that the two were spoken by one and the same person is a swearer of no mean capacity. It so happened, however, that notwithstanding this solitary witness's powers of identification, the police first arrested the wrong man. But Mr. Birrell was just then busily engaged in collecting Voluminous Evidence for the purpose of showing the truth of what he had already said and instructed Dr. Starkie to say, and the police quite understood that evidence about language prejudicial to recruitment was not entitled to high marks un-

less the person accused was an Irish Volunteer. Accordingly, when Mr. Galey came along, the police let go the other man and arrested Mr. Galey, Irish Volunteer, and Recruiting Officer Wilkinson duly identified Mr. Galey as the man whose voice he knew so well, having never heard it until that day, if then. The entire case for Mr. Birrell and the True Empire Patriotism depended on the unsupported testimony of a stranger, a paid servant of the Government, as to the identification of a voice in a crowd. For the defence it was proved by several witnesses that on Wilkinson's complaint a man named Hanafin was first arrested, but that when Galey came along Hanafin was released and Galey was arrested instead—on the complaint of the same sure-swearing recruiting officer. Another witness for the defence was Sergeant Richard Dowling, of the Munster Fusiliers, at home from the war, where he had served for thirteen months, fighting in the battles of Mons, Ypres, and La Basse and gaining promotion for good conduct and gallantry. Sergeant Wilkinson, the Crown witness, is one of the gap-fillers in the same regiment, but it did not appear from the evidence that his valour had ever been tested except in the witness-box. Wilkinson admitted that there were other soldiers near him at the time of the alleged offence, that he had asked him if they had heard the words, and that they said no. Sergeant Dowling testified that he was along with McGaley at the time the words were alleged to have been spoken, and that the charge was unfounded. Judge Dromgoole and two magistrates confirmed the conviction. A third magistrate dissented. The sentence was three months' imprisonment. I repeat that the man is a fool who will compete with the Government, its haltered supporters, its tribunals, and its recruiting agents, in the business of making Recruitment unpopular in Ireland. The Crown Prosecutor in this case was Mr. D. M. Moriarty, who is also a Commissioner of National Education.

\* \* \*

The part taken by Judge Dromgoole and the Commissioner of National Education in the great victory of Sergeant Wilkinson will add effect to the recruiting meeting at which, about the same time, the Judge and the Commissioner were the principal speakers, and Mr. Tom O'Donnell, representing Mr. Redmond, once more held up the banner of faction, and, under Government protection, denounced his fellow-countrymen. Mr. O'Donnell was applauded by some of the people present at this Meeting in Killarney, when he repeated the Galway gospel of his leader, and declared that, unless Irishmen adopted the new and true Empire patriotism, "Ireland would not get Home Rule and would not be worthy of Home Rule." No wonder the small boys in Killarney celebrated the occasion by singing "John Redmond's Party is mouldering to decay." The conditions under which Ireland is now entitled to

Home Rule, according to Mr. Redmond and his lieutenants, are conditions which have been crammed down their throats by the recent Whigs. They are conditions which were never heard of until, after March, 1914, the Whigs discovered Mr. Redmond's capacity for surrender.

\* \* \*

Mr. Coltsman, an old and tired Nationalist and Deputy Lieutenant, presided, and announced that "after 114 years of weary waiting (and some other experiences which he did not mention), Ireland has sprung into existence as a nation once more." The spasm of joy which followed this assurance took away the breath of the Killarney audience, and thus rendered them incapable of cheering. The chairman ended with an appeal to "the glorious memory of Fontenoy." Judge Dromgoole said that, "when a dog tasted blood, it could not be kept from killing again." That had no reference to Irish history. The Judge suggested that what the Germans were out for was farms in Kerry, and said that "if the British Empire went down," Lord Lansdowne's Kerry tenants would find "their titles to their lands would not be worth the paper they were written on." Strange to say, this remark was greeted with applause. "He supposed that in the old days, when Cromwell was coming to Ireland, some people said, Cromwell is a nice fellow, he wont touch us." Cromwell was a pioneer and is still a hero of pious English Liberalism. The Judge who sent an Irish Volunteer to gaol for three months on the unsupported and marvellous testimony of a paid recruiting agent, said "let them stick to what had been won and not let any one take it from them."

\* \* \*

The Crown Solicitor and Commissioner of National Education said: "After a fight through the long ages, you have got your own Parliament, a free Parliament." No cheers. Mr. O'Donnell, M.P., afterwards contradicted the Commissioner of National Education, and said Ireland would not get Home Rule unless she fulfilled the new conditions. The contradiction is of no importance, for the Commissioner of National Education and the ex-National Teacher were able to draw exactly the same conclusion from the opposite statements. Sergeant-Major O'Rahilly, who was at the meeting, "took suddenly ill" at its close, in the Graham Hotel, Killarney, but recovered sufficiently to be able to reach the Imperial Hotel, Tralee, next day, and to write from that address on that day a long announcement of his illness for publication in the Kerry newspapers, at the same time thanking "the people of Killarney and district" for their hospitality.

\* \* \*

Following up the Galway meeting, which was public, the Viceroy and Mr. Redmond attended a conference which, though held in the capital of Ireland, was not public. The representative character of the conference may be judged by reference to the list of names pub-

lished in the "Irish Times." Mr. Redmond, in his address, claimed the support of the people of Ireland and of the great majority of the Irish in America. As the people of Ireland and the Irish in America know how they stand, Mr. Redmond's information must be intended to strengthen his position with the Government by supplementing the notoriously unreliable intelligence which the Government obtains through official sources in Ireland and through the Foreign Office agents in America. Mr. Redmond also alluded, for the first time, to the burden of fresh taxation imposed on Ireland. He did not state, however, that the present taxation of Ireland amounts to more than one half of the entire value of the crops produced by Irish land; nor did he express any intention of demanding relief for Ireland from this intolerable and ruinous burden.

Among other gems of the new factionist oratory, Mr. Tom O'Donnell, M.P., is reported as having asked on more than one occasion at recruiting meetings if the Irish Volunteers were going to keep out the Germans with cabbage stalks. Mr. O'Donnell was elected to represent the demand of Kerry electors for the abolition of the Dublin Castle system of government in Ireland. The Irish Volunteers organised themselves for that purpose, and not for any imaginary campaign with cabbage stalks. Mr. O'Donnell is now a renegade from the cause which he was elected to represent, and he now represents the British Government in Ireland at a salary of £400, and in that capacity he now tells the electors of Kerry that "Ireland will not get Home Rule and will not be worthy of Home Rule" unless Ireland satisfies new and indefinite demands which were not heard of or dreamt of by the Kerry electors when they elected Mr. O'Donnell. The Irish Volunteers, on the other hand, remain true in every particular to the objects that were originally set before them and adopted by them, and it is because they have remained true and because Mr. O'Donnell has shifted his ground, not for the first time, that they are subjected to the continual insults of a person who, under the pretence and protection of Recruitment, goes around preaching faction.

I may, perhaps, have said too much about the conduct of Mr. Redmond and Mr. O'Donnell and the rest of the Wont-be-worthy-of-Home-Rule Party—too much in this sense, that whatever such men may do or say, or whatever Irish Unionists may do or say, we are not to be drawn into a faction fight among Irish people. Our national cause, like its adversary, is a continuity. Some of Mr. Redmond's political allies would not be sorry to see the policy they have forced on him leading to a general faction fight throughout Ireland. To waste indignation on Mr. Redmond would be to play their game. Therefore, without disclaiming the right of every Irish citizen to

hold Irish-elected representatives to account for their stewardship, we must always remember that the main issue is not between us and them, but is between Ireland and those who are engaged in the attempt to withhold from Ireland her national rights and to swamp and drown, with their "watering and watering," the unconquered spirit of Irish nationality. Once more, and as often again as the need arises, let us be warned not to mistake the tools for the burglar.

EOIN MAC NEILL.

#### MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR A VOLUNTEER.

On Sunday, 6th inst., there was a memorial service for the late Volunteer T. W. Fagan, "E" Coy., 4th Batt., in the Church of the Annunciation, Rathfarnham. Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. Canon O'Keeffe, P.P. The whole of the 4th Batt. was present in the Church, with full equipment, and the singing of hymns by the men during Mass was very impressive. Two members of "E" Coy. served the Mass in Volunteer uniform.

After the Mass the whole Battalion took part in a forced march to Clondalkin via Tallaght, returning via Terenure. The march was done at the rate of over 4½ miles an hour, which was extraordinary going for men with full equipment.

#### AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Dear Sir,—On behalf of my family and self I desire, through the columns of your Journal, to thank the officers and men of the 4th Batt., I. V., and particularly those of "E" Coy., who generously placed a wreath on the last resting-place of my departed son, for the extraordinary tribute of respect as shown on last Sunday by their attendance at the Requiem Mass in Rathfarnham; it is, indeed, consolation in a trying affliction to know that his memory is held in such high esteem by his late comrades. The sight of that vast concourse of armed Volunteers kneeling in prayer and their singing of the many hymns must have sent a thrill of joy through the heart of our kindly and esteemed Soggarth. May God reward the efforts of our boys in the cause of Faith and Fatherland, which to-day, as in the ages past, are inseparable in the humble prayer of a heart-broken but grateful father.—Sincerely yours,

FRANK FAGAN.

Main St., Rathfarnham.

#### DUALLA.

At a specially convened committee meeting of the Dualla Irish Volunteers, held on Monday evening, 8th inst., on the proposition of Mr. P. McCan, seconded by Mr. Owen Kevin and passed unanimously, all members standing—"That we hereby tender to our esteemed fellow-member, Mr. Patrick Mulcahy, our deepest sympathy on the death of his mother." Copies to be sent to bereaved family and Press.

T. WALSHE, Hon. Sec.

## Cumann na mBan

A new Branch has been started at Dundalk, and is already organised, to throw itself into all the specified activities.

We have received several reports this week of work in various parts of the country. The Branch which was started in Craughwell, Co. Galway, some short time ago, reports that all the members attend meetings regularly and everything is in very good order. Tullamore, also a very young Branch, is fulfilling the promise it showed in the beginning. There are now about 50 members in the Branch, and they are actively at work at First Aid, Drill, Signalling, etc. The Branch at Castlebar is enthusiastically carrying out the specific objects of the Cumann na mBan, and in addition they are applying themselves assiduously (like many other Branches) to the learning of the Irish language and Irish dancing. A report from Limerick gives us the gratifying intelligence that the membership of the Branch is ever increasing. With regard to the activities the Secretary writes:—"The First Aid Classes have been restarted, and for convenience of practising it has been divided into squads of six. A number of instructive lectures have been given by members of Cumann na mBan and Irish Volunteers, and as a result very many recruits have joined the Irish Volunteers. A successful dance was held on New Year's Day, in which the Irish-Ireland spirit was prominent. Irish songs, Irish dances, and Irish costumes were a leading feature of the night. The proceeds, £7 13s., have been handed over to the Irish Volunteers.

Séan Ó Muirthille and Rev. Fr. Wall have kindly promised to lecture in the near future.

#### THE LATE C. M. TOBIN.

The relatives of the late Christopher M. Tobin (Kit) beg to thank their friends and colleagues for the splendid token of sympathy in their recent sad bereavement, and trust they will accept this acknowledgment as their only possible expression of thanks.

#### THE MURDER MACHINE.

Mr. P. H. Pearse has added a third pamphlet to the Bodenstown Series. It is entitled "The Murder Machine." In a preface Mr. Pearse explains that the pamphlet is not a penny dreadful (at least in the ordinary sense), as the title might seem to import, but merely a study of the English education system in Ireland. The pamphlet is published at a penny by Whelan & Son, 17 Upper Ormond Quay, and can be had post free in quantities of a dozen or upwards.

#### AN CUMANN COSANTA.

At a meeting of collectors held on Friday, 11th inst., it was decided that money will be collected from collectors at headquarters on Fridays, between 8 and 9 p.m. in future. Collectors please note.



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# HEADQUARTERS BULLETIN

Τιονόλ το βί ας Κομάρλε Ξνότα Féinne  
Fáil ina n'Óimhóirt trádhnóna D. Céadaoin  
an 9ú lá de'n mí ro asur an Ceann Cata  
Comár Mac Donnáda ina cátaoirleac  
oirta.

Do haontuigeat a lán neite nac gábat  
a luat anro.

Óimhóirt na Féinne,  
Át Cluat, 9 Feab., 1916.

The Central Executive of the Irish Volunteers met at Headquarters on Wednesday evening, 9th inst., Commandant Thomas MacDonagh in the chair.

A large amount of routine and other business was transacted.

Headquarters, 2 Dawson Street,  
Dublin, 9th Feb., 1916.

### THE AUXILIARY.

Forms of Enrolment for the Irish Volunteers' Auxiliary and special forms for use by Organisers of the Auxiliary and containing spaces for ten names can be had from the General Secretary.

Every sympathiser with the Irish Volunteers who is unable to drill with a Company is asked to join the Auxiliary.

### THE GENERAL COUNCIL.

The General Council of the Irish Volunteers will meet at Headquarters on Sunday, the 20th inst., at 12 noon.

**DEFENCE OF THE REALM ACT in IRELAND**

The aim of this Pamphlet is to show that the REALM ACT is the LATEST and WORST FORM OF ENGLISH COERCION ACTS.

All cases of terrorism, persecution, bullying and deportations in Ireland are fully revealed and explained. It is a most valuable publication and

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An Ceann Roinne Orgar Mac Treinriar cum beit ina leat-Capraon uac.

AN COMARLE COITCEANN.  
Τιονότταρ Κομάρλε Κοιττσεανν Féinne  
Fáil i n'Óimhóirt na Féinne D. Donnáig an  
20ú lá de'n mí ro um meadon lae.

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## Notes from Headquarters

### EQUIPMENT.

Recent inquiries go to show that the personal equipment of numbers of Volunteers, even in well-organised Companies and Battalions, is still far from complete. It is very necessary that every Volunteer should immediately supply himself with the articles laid down by Headquarters as indispensable, or at any rate desirable. These articles were specified in an Order of 3rd February, 1915. They may be summarised as follows:—

#### FOR ALL VOLUNTEERS.

- (a.) As to clothes: uniform or other clothes as preferred; if uniform not worn clothes to be of neutral colour; nothing white or shiny; soft **broad-brimmed felt hat** (in lieu of or in addition to cap).
- (b.) As to arms: rifle, with sling and cleaning outfit; 100 rounds of ammunition, with bandolier or ammunition pouches to hold same; bayonet, with scabbard and frog; strong knife.
- (c.) As to provision for rations: haversack, water-bottle, mess-tin (or billy can), with knife, fork, spoon, tin cup.
- (d.) In the knapsack: spare shirt, pair of socks, towel, soap, clothes-brush, comb, tooth-brush; **First-Aid Packet**: scissors, needle, thread, safety-pins.
- (e.) In the pocket: clasp-knife, note-book and pencil, matches, boot-laces.

#### FOR OFFICERS.

In addition to the foregoing Officers will require:—  
Pistol or revolver with a hundred rounds; whistle on cord; despatch book; fountain pen or copying pencil; watch; field-glasses; map of district; pocket

compass; range-finder. Sub-officers and scouts should aim at having as many as possible of the articles specified for officers.

#### FOR COMPANIES.

So much for individuals. An Order of 17th February, 1915, specified the items which each **Company** should collect by way of Field Equipment. They are, in brief, a suitable number (dependent on the size of the Company) of the following articles: picks, shovels, entrenching tools, hammers, chisels, saws, small axes, crowbars, spanners, wire-cutters; rope and cord; signalling flags and lamps; stretchers, first-aid appliances (including splints, bandages, etc.); provision for sleeping and cooking; provision for transport; bicycles, motor-bicycle or motor-car; with, of course, as large a reserve of arms and ammunition as possible. Companies should, as far as practicable, carry their full equipment with them on field-days; not necessarily on every field-day, but at any rate on certain field-days which would be set apart for testing the organisation and mobilisation powers of the Company. Remember that mobilisation implies making all your equipment available as well as making all your men available.

### IRISH VOLUNTEERS' RELEASE.

Mr. T. McSwiney, Volunteer Organiser, and Mr. Thomas Kent, of Castlelyons, have been released from Cork Gaol after five weeks' imprisonment. No charge has been brought against them, and the authorities have evidently concluded that discretion is the better part of valour.

**GAELS**—Where to get your News, Stationery, Cigarettes, General Fancy Goods, etc., etc.

**O Faolain**  
35 LOWER DORSET STREET.

## A MILITARY CAUSERIE

### LA DEBACLE.

This is the sad story of Cornelius Cannon, I. V., a tale of disastrous ambition which many a Volunteer should take to heart as a warning.

Why precisely Cornelius Cannon joined the Volunteers is not very well known. It may have been the martial sound of his own name that put the idea into his head; or, on the other hand, it may not. At any rate he enlisted in "Z" Company of the "Y" Battalion, Dublin Brigade, and worked right willingly and so enthusiastically that the Captain of the Company, who was no easy taskmaster—in fact, our hero's section commander described him as "a nifty hard-chaw"—seriously thought of making him a squad leader at no far distant date. Such a step would have been very welcome to Cornelius, for although he was comforted by the thought that Epaminondas, Massina, Murat, and many other famous generals had risen from the ranks, yet he felt that the position of an Eoin Roe O'Neill would suit him better than that of a mere grain of cannon-fodder. His chance came soon. A casualty occurred owing to an engagement (matrimonial, of course) in the ranks of the lieutenants. The happy man's place had to be filled, and in the general re-shuffling of ranks Cornelius emerged as a section commander.

Vaulting ambition! When will you learn restraint? Scarcely had our hero become used to his new position than he began to look higher. With a view to improving his mind he read many exhaustive and exhausting military treatises. A glance at his library would have convinced anyone of his earnestness. Field-Marshal Von Kanonenfutter's enormous volume, "The Movement of Massed Armies to a Flank," was bound to catch the visitor's eye at once, while side by side with "Revolutionary Enthusiasm as a Military Asset," by General Sansculotte, were Colonel Moujik's "Major Siege Operations," Von Hunn's "Use and Abuse of Massed Machine Guns in the Assault," and such minor works as "The Mechanism of the Howitzer," and "How Armies Eat." Cornelius read these with avidity, and could quote from some of them, which he often did, to the great admiration of his younger brother, who confidently expected to see him on the Headquarter's Staff after the next Convention.

His rise to higher rank was, however, not to be by the easy way of election, but by the thorny path of examination. When he heard this he worked with redoubled intensity. By prodigious labour he learned Kanonenfutter's gigantic volume by heart and acquired a working knowledge of the other books. He became pale and worn. He slept little, and when he

did sleep fragments of military orders dropped confusedly from his fevered lips. It would be, "General X, bring the 131st Army Corps up the valley of the Liffey," or, "General Y, telegraph over to Marshal Z and recall the fourth Army Group from over the Shannon," until his family seriously thought of calling in the doctor. When that functionary was consulted he thought for a moment and then gave his diagnosis. "You never know what to expect from these Sinn Feiners."

The other three section commanders of "Z" Company were hard-chaws. Cornelius, comparing their robust appearance with his own, was in no way perturbed. He had no desire to be a hard-chaw; he was to be a General. He disdained the use of the rifle butt, and could scarcely conceal the scorn he felt for the simple words of command appertaining to his rank.

The great day arrived, the day of the examination. With "Massed Armies" propped up against the sugar-bowl, he ate a meagre breakfast, and with a parting glance at "Siege Operations" he hurried to the field. Things there seemed rather flat. The examiner, although a Commandant, wore a private's uniform. Cornelius, who had been expecting wheeled crosses, was disappointed to see not even a Sam Brown belt. Evidently, he thought, this must be another hard-chaw. Cornelius waited impatiently for his turn, which came early. Conscious of his tremendous knowledge, he came forward smiling. The Commandant, pointing to a hedge, asked him how he would improve it for use by a defensive line. Cornelius quoted extensively from "Siege Operations." The Commandant was astonished. Indicating, from the mound on which they stood, a small area of country, he asked him what would be the best position for a picquet and two groups of sentries. Cornelius replied that he had omitted to study such minor details. The Commandant then asked him some small question about counter-attacks, and Cornelius recited verbatim Chapter 239 of "Massed Armies." Thereupon the Commandant turned on him with a look of wonder and said, "Who the hell has been handing you out that dope?"

There is an excellent and well-preserved copy of Von Kanonenfutter's "Movement of Massed Armies to a Flank," with some other and minor military works, to be seen any day at Webb's on the Quay. And when any ambitious youngster asks Cornelius, who is still a section commander (and developing into a hard-chaw), what he ought to read, Cornelius hands him THE IRISH VOLUNTEER.

E. O'D.

## NIGHT OPERATIONS

### 3.—NIGHT MARCHES (continued).

**THE STARTING POINT**, which the head of the column is to pass at a given time, is fixed, and indicated by lamps or fires. This will be mentioned in Orders. Care must be taken that each unit reaches this point by marching **forward** in the direction of the march.

**BRANCH ROADS.** To prevent troops in rear from straying these will be blocked by men from the advanced guard. These men will be afterwards withdrawn by the rear guard.

**GUIDING COLUMNS** by night in **open country**—

1. A luminous compass is required. Points where change of direction is required should be noted.
2. The general direction can be kept by the Stars. (See "Na Fianna Eireann," p. 8, IRISH VOLUNTEER, Feb. 12.)
3. Distances from front to rear may be kept by means of knotted ropes.

### 4.—NIGHT ADVANCES.

**THE OBJECT.** To gain ground from which further progress can be made by day, not to deliver an assault. An attack may, however, be delivered at or after dawn. Volunteers will find it necessary to employ night advances only on a small scale.

**RECONNAISSANCE.** Must be thorough. Ascertain—

- (i.) Position of enemy outposts and forces.
- (ii.) Nature of entrenchments.
- (iii.) Obstacles in the way.
- (iv.) Landmarks likely to be of assistance.

It may be necessary to fight, by daylight, to get this information. But it must be got. The scouts who reconnoitred the ground should be selected to guide units.

**GROUND GAINED** should be entrenched, or the troops should carry empty sand-bags, which can be quickly filled and placed in position.

**REMARKS.** All that has been said relative to discipline, etc., on the subject of night marches holds true in night advances also.

To Officers: Know where you're going; know what you're going to do; and do it.  
(To be continued.)

### "B" COY., LIVERPOOL.

#### Draw for .45 calibre Revolver.

Persons holding blocks and cash in connection with above are requested to forward same to Mr. M. Gleeson, Coy. Secretary, 2 Dawson Street, Dublin.

THOS. CRAVEN, Capt.

Officers of the 2nd Batt. will attend at Battalion Headquarters at 7.45 a.m., on Sunday, 20th.

## NOTES ON FOOD

### MUTTON—BEEF.

**Home-bred oxen** in good condition ought to yield not less than 600 lbs. of meat. Some very fat beasts will yield as much as 1,200 lbs. Cows and heifers should yield from 400 to 600 lbs. Sheep should yield from 50 to 80 lbs.

### BREAD—BISCUIT.

**Rye bread** is very largely used on the Continent and in parts of America. It makes a dark-coloured loaf, slightly heavy and sourish in taste. However, the palate soon accustoms itself to its use. It keeps well and is not much injured by rough handling. Its comparatively small bulk is also a consideration which might recommend its use as a military food. In the English Army it is not used, but forms the staple food of the German.

It is made in an exactly similar way to wheaten bread. If so desired, rye-flour might be mixed with wheaten flour in the proportion of about one-third wheat to two-thirds rye. The wheaten flour makes the bread something lighter and more digestible.

Army biscuits consist of only meal, salt and water kneaded into a thick paste, cut into the proper shape, pricked with holes and baked in the oven. Biscuits will keep for a long time, but bread baked with yeast, etc., soon becomes musty. The reason for making them in the form of flat cakes is to ensure that all moisture has been extracted. They are usually made of the meal of wheat from which only the coarsest bran has been separated.

Biscuits are a convenient and compact form of food. They are compact and keep a long time when properly packed in casks or tins. Should they get damp, however, they become mouldy. They contain more nutriment than the same bulk or weight of bread,  $\frac{3}{4}$ -lb. biscuit being equal to 1 lb. bread. This is the ration in the English Army on peace service, but 1 lb. biscuit is issued in place of  $1\frac{1}{4}$  lb. bread on active service.

Biscuits should be of a light yellow colour, highly dried and crisp, but not burnt. They should float in water, and when struck give out a ringing sound. A piece put in the mouth should be allowed to soften down thoroughly.

The army biscuit must be hard enough to allow of its being carried in a haversack without receiving appreciable damage from the numerous articles carried therein. For field service they are packed in tin-lined cases. The present biscuit weighs 2 ozs.

### UNFERMENTED CAKES.

The chuppaty of India is simply made from flour, water and salt. It is agreeable to the taste and nutritious.

The mixture of flour and water with a little salt is made into a stiff dough, which is rolled out to a thickness of

about one inch on any round tin that might be available. It is then cooked over the cinders.

The Australian damper is made by digging a hole in the ground, filling it with a wood fire, and when the fire has thoroughly burnt up, removing it, laying the dough on a large stone, covering it with a tin plate and heaping the hot ashes round and over it.

In a campaign every soldier, if he could get flour, baking powder and wood, would soon learn to bake a cake for himself. The only point which requires manipulation is not to have the heat too great; if it be above 212° F. too much of the starch is turned into dextrine and the cake is tough. Exposed to greater heat and well dried the unfermented cake becomes biscuit.

If the chuppaty or damper be spoiled in the cooking, soak it in water, or milk if available, and bake it again in any improvised oven. A fairly palatable form of biscuit will thus be obtained.

## Hedge-Fighting for Small Units

### CHAPTER V.

#### COMBAT RECONNAISSANCE.

In intersected country the need for thorough reconnaissance when in the neighbourhood of the enemy is doubly imperative. If it is neglected the mortality among scouts and advance parties will be very great. Sudden and needless casualties will speedily discourage the rank and file of a force not specially trained for such warfare. A system of thorough training in this outpost and patrol fighting is necessary if enclosures are to be tither held or cleared without hopeless loss and confusion. So numerous and so varied would be the opportunities for surprise that in practice it will probably be impossible to escape being surprised all the time. But with proper care and proper methods of instruction it will be possible to greatly reduce the risks.

It will easily be understood that proper training in reconnaissance is essential in the attack. A little thought will convince anyone that it is equally essential for a successful defence. Without it it will be impossible to adequately safeguard the flanks, to carry out any counter-attacks that entail sending a party to a flank, etc. The following extract from the "Eye-Witness" will illustrate the importance of combat reconnaissance by the

#### EXAMPLE OF NEUVE CHAPELLE.

"In advancing over the intricate country, intersected with hedges and ditches, the platoon commanders had to go forward to discover the best way round or across these obstacles. They were forced to risk their own lives in order to save their men from the danger of being crowded together in narrow places, such as bridges or gaps in hedgerows."

But, manifestly, if the rank and file had been properly grounded in combat

reconnaissance the officers would not have been thus obliged to risk their own valuable lives. And not only that, but better tactical results would have been obtained.

#### RECONNAISSANCE AND FIGHTING.

In the closely intersected Irish terrain combat reconnaissance and fighting go hand-in-hand. In fact, the two operations practically become one. The combat patrols on each side will always seek to overthrow and demoralise the combat patrols of the other. If one force's patrols are so well trained and energetically handled that they regularly defeat the opposing parties: then, evidently they succeed in blinding the enemy. The latter can no longer hope for profit from his scouting detachments—if they are always beaten, and is hopelessly in the dark. On the other hand, bold and successful patrolling provides continuous and accurate information and leaves the hands of the commanders entirely free. Hence the outpost troops even of a defending force should be aggressively handled. It is the surest way to secure information and time.

#### SCOUTING BEFORE AN ADVANCE.

The only safe method for advancing the main body is by previously clearing all enclosures in front by small patrols pushed ahead. In this way the commander of a force lining a hedge at one side of a field will satisfy himself that the opposite side is not held in strength, and that no small parties are lying in ambush on the flanks. For this purpose he must send forward a few men along the side hedges parallel to his line of advance. A couple of men—who should use all possible cover—would suffice for each line of hedge.

Scouts moving forward to reconnoitre a hedge should avoid the more obvious gaps and breaks. These are very ilikely marked down as targets. A less noticeable opening will usually be the best. Frequently chances of enflade fire on a small scale will present themselves.

#### FLANK PROTECTION.

The officers commanding sections of a line are each of them responsible for the protection of the flanks of their own units. And they are responsible for this all the time. One or two good men will suffice for this service if the unit is a centrally-situated one: there is no need for any complicated action. The only needful precaution is to be sure that small enemy bodies do not penetrate between sections of the line—and to punish them heavily if they do. On an extreme flank a small detachment under a capable N.C.O. will perhaps be the most satisfactory solution. The question cannot be decided off-hand. Circumstances of ground, etc., will alter it indefinitely.

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

# LEABAR DRILLE DOZLACAIÐ NA HEIREANN

(Ar Leanmáint).

## TEOIRICEAÐT LÁMAIÐ.

### míniúcte.

1. meádon-líne an bairille.—Sin líne ramlaiúcte tré ceapclár an taoib irciú den bairille ó orcailt an gunna go tci beul an gunna.

2. an líne díreac.—Siné meádon-líne an bairille aét fáio a cúir ar. Terpeánann ré an bótar a geobad an pileur dámap ná bead don neart eile cum oibruúcte ar an bpileur taréir é caiteam.

3. líne an radóairc.—Siné an líne céirdeann lom díreac ó fáil an gunnadóra trearna dá radóairc an gunna go tci an curpóir.

4. beul-luas an píleir.—Siné luas imteadta an píleir díreac taréir teadct ar beul an gunna óó. 2,000 troiú fá trecurio ir beul-luas óó píleir an gunna a bíonn ag an raúúóir nshalloa anoir (fa bliadain 1907).

5. neart carraic.—Siné an neart náúúrcá carraingean i ótreo meadóin na talman hac don ní ná bíonn don ruo cum é coimead in áirúe agur bíonn ag

meúúúad i gcomnuúde ar luas an ní rin ag teadct anuar óó. Oibruúean an neart ran ar an bpileur an túirce ina bráúann ré beul an gunna (taréir a teitúcte amac le neart an pleurcá). Oibruúean dáingneadct an áeir ar an bpileur, leir, i ótreo, dá fáio a céirdeann an pileur, gurp' ead ir mó baintear óna luas. Óe úarr an dá neart ran óó beit ag oibruúúad ar an bpileur ní hé an líne díreac a hacann ré aét líne cam.

CÚRSA AN PÍLEIR AN AINM A TUGTAR AR AN SCAM-LÍNE RIN. Mullac líne an píleir (nó, an mullac) a tabarfaimio ar an mball ir áoirúe ra líne rin. Taréir óó píleir gunna an áirim hálloa an ceuo rlat éoraiú óó cúir óe bíonn ré tuicte ré órlaiú fé bun an líne díriúú 7 taréir ceuo rlat eile óó cúir óe bíonn ré tuicte dá ériúú fé bun an líne díriúú. Mar rin óe dá fáio a hacann an pileur íreao ir mó a tuicteann. Ní móir, dá úriúú rin, beul an gunna ó'áirúúúad i ótreo go mbeit an líne díreac cóm móir of cionn an curpóira agur tuictead an pileur fé bun an curpóira dá mbead an líne díreac ar don leibeul leir an gcurpóir.

## "When We Fight We Fight for—"

Speaking at the concert held for the benefit of the Equipment Fund of "G" Coy., 2nd Batt., Dublin Brigade, at 41 Parnell Square, on Sunday evening, 6th inst., Commandant P. H. Pearse said that the Irish Volunteers had stated their objects in their original manifesto. People had professed to find that statement vague and unsatisfactory. If they had mistaken the sense of the statement the mistake was their own, and not that of the Volunteers. The statement itself was perfectly plain, and meant exactly what it said. It had put it that the primary object of the Irish Volunteers was to secure and maintain the rights and liberties common to all the people of Ireland. The first right common to all the people of Ireland was the right to national freedom. When he had said at Glasnevin a few months ago that the Irish Volunteers and those who were associated with them in that day's duty must stand together henceforth for the achievement of Irish freedom, and had added that they knew only one definition of freedom, people, he was told, had thrown up their hands in mock horror and said "Pearse has let the cat out of the bag. He admits that the Irish Volunteers are out for Separation." As far as he was concerned, the cat had never been in a bag. He and the majority of them had been Separatists before they were Volunteers. Was it to be pretended that in becoming Volunteers they had become something less than Separatists? Personally, he had avowed his object at and ever since the very first

meeting. True, he had been willing to co-operate with those who did not go as far as he, hoping that the Separatists and the others might travel the same road as far as the others could go. He now feared that this had been a vain hope, that the roads had been divergent from the beginning. There is nothing in common between those who hold the sovereignty of the Irish nation as the first article of their political creed and those who accept as "a final settlement" an act which expressly denies that sovereignty. If ever the Irish Volunteers went into action they would go into action for Irish freedom. It would be wrong for him to say that they might soon be called into action; it would be still more wrong to say that they would never be called into action. They had contemplated the possibility of action from the first day. One thing that he could and would say was that a Volunteer should always be prepared for action. The need for the completion of their equipment was obvious. The time had come when every Irish Volunteer and every friend of the Irish Volunteers should place everything that they could spare from the needs of those dependent upon them at the disposal of the Irish Volunteers.

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# The Dublin Brigade

## ORDERS FOR WEEK ENDING 20th FEBRUARY, 1916.

1. All Classes as usual.
2. Junior Officers' lecture on Saturday. No Lectures on Tuesday.
3. Officers of 2nd Batt. will attend at Battalion Headquarters at 7.45 a.m., Sunday, 20th.
4. The 3rd Batt. will assemble at Dартry Road Tram Terminus at 5 a.m., Sunday, 20th, for day in camp.

E. DE VALERA, Brigade Adjt.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

IRISH HISTORY LECTURES. 20th Feb., 1916.—Celtic and Irish Law and Its Administration. Eóin Mac Néill, B.A. ADMISSION THREEPENICE.

CONNRAÐ NA SAEOILÚE.

## A CONCERT, DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT, AND CEILIDH

Will be held in ST. MARGARET'S ON SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 20th.

"IRELAND FIRST," by P. Kehoe, and "SPREADING THE NEWS," by Lady Gregory, Will be produced by the local players.

CONCERT starts at 7.30— ADMISSION - 2s. and 1s. CEILIDH immediately afterwards— ADMISSION - - - 1s.

## GRAND CONCERT AND DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE.

"THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER," BY F. SHEEHY-SKEFFINGTON, In Foresters' Hall, 41 Parnell Square, On SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 20th, at 8 p.m.

Artistes include:—Mrs. Fay Sargent, Mrs. Salkeld, Miss Marie Nic Shiubhlaigh, Miss Molly O'Byrne, Miss Cathleen Coughlan, Mr. Gerard Crofts, Mr. Brian O'Higgins, Mr. Sean Connolly, Mr. Thomas O'Shea, Mr. Thomas Malone. Violin—Mr. Thomas Page. Piano—Mr. French Mullen.

Proceeds to the "Irish Citizen" Fund. Tickets, 2s. and 1s. Admission 6d.

## "DO WE WANT PEACE NOW?" A PUBLIC DEBATE

On the above subject, between COUNTESS DE MARKIEVICZ and FRANCIS SHEEHY-SKEFFINGTON, will be held on FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18th, at 8 o'clock, in the FORESTERS' HALL, 41 PARNELL SQ. ADMISSION THREEPENICE.

## CELTIC AND IRISH LAW (And Its Administration).

On next Sunday night Eoin Mac Neill will deliver his third Lecture at 8 p.m., in the Hall, 25 Parnell Square, when he will deal with the above subject in all its phases. In these days when Irishmen are so closely brought into touch with the peculiar administration of foreign laws, this Lecture should have a very great attraction for our readers. Admission as usual, 3d., payable at door.

PIANNA FÁIL—SLUAG CORCAIÚE (Irish Volunteers—Cork Corps).

## GRAND ANNUAL DANCE Will be held in CITY HALL, CORK, ON FEBRUARY 26th,

Applications for Tickets should be made immediately. Double tickets 10/-. Gent's 6/-; Ladies' 4/-.

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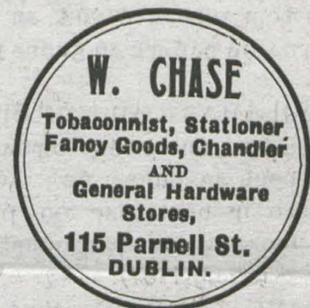
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# NATIONALITY

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One Penny.

## Notes.

### The Redmond Apparitions.

One day last week Mr. John Redmond crept into Dublin and spoke at an afternoon "recruiting conference" held behind police-guarded doors, after which he vanished from the capital of Ireland, whose people he dare not face in free assembly. As at the Galway fiasco, not a single Catholic clergyman attended the "conference," which was almost wholly composed of Unionists, English Government officials, and local place-hunters. As there is a curious story of job-seeking connected with his performances at Galway and Dublin, we direct attention to some of his statements. Attempting to bully the farmers of Ireland, on whom he raised the purchase-price of their farms from 18 to 24½ years' purchase in 1904 by demanding that price for the property left him by a relative in Wexford, and thus setting a headline for all the Irish landlords, Mr. Redmond said:—

"Let these men remember the treatment of Poland by Prussia, not, mind you, centuries or generations ago, but the other day, in our own lifetimes—in the lifetime of the youngest man listening to me in this room. Why, it was only the other day, in the year 1908—just think of it, four years after the great Land Act of 1903, giving the ownership of the land back to the Irish tenants—in the year 1908, Prussia passed an Act of Parliament to confiscate the lands of Poland and to confer these lands upon Prussian planters.

"The Polish tenant proprietors were ruthlessly thrown out of their houses and their homes, and Prussian planters were put in possession of their farms. Do the farmers of Ireland really think that they would fare better than the Poles, or let us say, than the Belgians if the defences of the Empire were broken down and Germany won this war? The first thing that would undoubtedly happen would be that their farms would be seized upon.

"I saw a most significant and it seemed to me a truthful statement on the face of it, published not long ago from the front, about a document found on a Prussian officer. There were a series of maps and amongst them was a map of Ireland, so minute that not only every parish, but practically every farm in every parish was marked upon it. If the Germans came here they would do as they have done in Belgium. They would seize the banks, and they would immediately confiscate the credit balances, the deposits in these banks. I hope the farmers will think of that."

We know that story of the Prussian officer with the map of the Irish farms. It was invented and patented by Neutral Gill of the Department of Agriculture. The Germans in Belgium have not confiscated the deposits and credit-balances of the Belgian farmers, and the Belgian farmers are as much in possession of their farms now as ever they were. However, what interests us in the

prevaricator's statement is his account of what happened in West Prussia and Posen in 1908. In that year, according to him, the "lands of Poland" were confiscated and given to Germans, the Poles were ruthlessly thrown out and the Germans installed.

Now for the truth. In the provinces of West Prussia and Posen a movement existed to refuse to let or sell land to any but a person of Polish descent. The people of German descent were therefore being squeezed out, since no farmer of German race could, whatever his need, extend his farm. In 1907 a Bill was introduced into the Prussian Diet—not the German Parliament, which has no concern with local matters—to legalise the compulsory purchase of land by German farmers in these provinces up to a maximum of 173,000 acres. The entire acreage of the provinces is thirteen and a half million, and the powers of compulsory purchase thus applied to one-eightieth part of the surface. The Compulsory Purchase Bill was opposed in the Prussian Diet, and eventually only passed into law by 143 votes to 111. It has practically never come into operation, for one effect of its passage was to raise the embargo against permitting German farmers to buy further land where it was necessary for them.

And this is the measure the shameless politician who so long imposed himself upon the Irish farmers as their leader, and fattened on their annual subscriptions, describes to them as Confiscation and Plantation. Five years before the Prussian Diet made it legal to compulsorily purchase one-eightieth of the soil of a district, an Act was passed in the English Parliament making it legal to compulsorily purchase the whole soil of Ireland. That Act, Mr. Redmond said, was a great Act—but he did his best to nullify it at the time. Its chief greatness, however, is that it applied to an extent of area just a hundred times greater than the 1908 Act of the Prussian Diet.

### Redmond on Germany.

Three years after the passage of the Prussian Act,—with a false account of which he now seeks to dupe again the Irish farmers to his English masters' purposes,—Mr. Redmond published a glowing eulogium upon "the Prussians," contrasting the freedom the peoples of the German Empire enjoyed with the tyranny suffered by the Irish under England. The article was published in "Reynold's Newspaper" of November 19, 1911, and afterwards printed by his own direction in the Home Rule Handbook. In concluding it, he wrote:—

"When Bismarck was framing his Constitution he declared:—[I was anxious that these

people should go away heartily satisfied. What are treaties worth which people are forced to sign? Bismarck was no believer in paper Unions. A Union to be effective for good, must be based upon mutual interest.

"This great Home Rule Constitution has lasted now since 1871, and has led to freedom, contentment, and prosperity. The problem of combining national freedom with Imperial unity and strength has been completely solved by the magic of Home Rule.

"And now, after forty years of subjection as conquered provinces, Alsace and Lorraine are about to be presented with a representative Constitution.

"One would fancy that any fair-minded man would admit that the difficulties and dangers surrounding the concession of Home Rule to Alsace-Lorraine were quite as great, if not, indeed, far greater than those which surround the Home Rule problem in Ireland, while the necessity for the granting of Home Rule to Alsace-Lorraine might easily be held not to be as urgent as is the case in Ireland, by reason of the fact that Alsace-Lorraine have shared in the general prosperity of the German Empire, whereas Ireland, for the last one hundred years, under the operation of the Union, has lost half her population, and has fallen back in every walk of industrial endeavour."

This was Mr. John Redmond on "Prussianism" four years ago—when it paid him to speak the truth.

### Alsace-Lorraine.

As Alsace-Lorraine has been alluded to, and the Humbugs and Hypocrites who mouth about "Small Nationalities" while they carry on a reign of terror against the Small Nationality of Ireland pretend that that territory holds "a nationality" oppressed by Germany, let us here briefly say that Alsace-Lorraine is nationally, racially, geographically, and linguistically a part of Germany which Louis XIV. seized by force of arms and annexed to France, which was compelled to retrocede it in 1870, when Germany turned the tables. Of the present population of Alsace-Lorraine, 1,650,000 are German in language and race, and 200,000 are French. In 1911 Mr. Redmond, contrasting the treatment of Alsace-Lorraine, which has grown fat in population and riches since 1870, described its Home Rule Constitution—Alsace-Lorraine has its own Parliament. Listen to him—in 1911:—

"One man, one vote, has taken the place of a loaded plural voting system; the Reichsland, moreover, is given three votes in the Bundesrath, which is rather the Imperial Cabinet than an Upper House. *This latter is an epoch-making concession, as Prussia thereby endangers her whole hegemony in the Confederation of States which form the German Empire.*

"Subject to the control of the Imperial Government, the French language will be taught in the schools, and used in official documents in all districts where it is spoken by the preponderating majority of the population.

"Shall England be less courageous and less liberal in her dealing with Ireland than Germany in her treatment of Alsace-Lorraine?"

Whether was Mr. Redmond, when he extolled Germany in 1911, and held up its treatment of Alsace-Lorraine as a shining model for England, or whether is he now a shameless liar? The Irish farmer will answer that question.

Mr. Redmond reached his climax with a story of a body of German soldiers who broke into a convent, stripped the nuns, and drove them naked through the streets. This infamous lie is one of the type which Cardinal Hartmann and the Catholic Bishops of Germany have solemnly denounced as the horrible "inventions of degenerate and evil men." But it is not with this vile falsehood of prurient groundlings we are now concerned. It is with Mr. Redmond's immediate object. In his speech inside a hall in Galway, while a patriotic priest addressed the people outside the hall and warned them against those who would betray them to their death, Mr. Redmond said:—

"I suggest, with great respect, to his Excellency and the Department of Recruiting that there should be a wider circulation of war literature. When I was engaged, for the last few years, in conducting in Great Britain a great Home Rule propaganda, one of my most valuable weapons was what I called an Irish Press Agency. That Agency flooded every hostile constituency in England with literature on the Irish question. We inundated Great Britain with millions and millions of leaflets and pamphlets and documents of all sorts and kinds. I say a similar agency ought to be at work in connection with recruiting, and wherever you hear of a locality that is lukewarm, or which, perhaps, to some extent is hostile, the artillery of this literary bureau ought to be directed upon it, and it ought to be shelled with innumerable leaflets, pamphlets, and documents of all sorts. The real fact of the matter is that these people, who are apathetic, do not know the plain facts of the case. How many people know the horrors—almost too horrible to print or read—inflicted by the brutal Huns upon the priests, the bishops, and saintly nuns of the religion of the majority of the Irish people? Why does not the Recruiting Committee make these facts known to every man, woman and child in Ireland? The farmers do not understand—the great majority of them—the real facts. Why are they not bombarded with literature of this kind? I would flood the whole country—the expense would not be great—with literature of every sort and kind dealing with every aspect of this war, and I would appeal to all local newspapers to give space to literature of this kind, which should be freely supplied to them. I am convinced, if that is done, you will have created a desirable weapon to forward the recruiting which is and will be necessary."

**Redmond's Proposal.**

Now we lift the veil. Mr. Redmond's press-agency is defunct. There are a number of persons on his hands without jobs. To provide for them he has asked the English Government authorities to set up a recruiting-literature bureau in Dublin and pay the employees from Government funds, he to appoint the employees. Up to the present the English Government authorities have hesitated. If they are to pay they desire to appoint. So the matter stands. We have no doubt that Redmond's nominees will do all he promises—that they will make imaginary German hordes

imprison more Archbishops, murder more priests and ravish more nuns than Belgium has housed in a hundred years. They will earn their Castle pay in the sweat of their foul imaginations. Still the Castle hesitates to agree to terms.

Here we leave this dastard. Great-grandson of a "loyal" Catholic tailor of Wexford who sided with England against the men of '98, he has been but true to his blood. The words he spoke at Kilborry in Tipperary on the 27th of January, 1887, enshrine his own epitaph in their truth to-day:—"English domination, it is true," he said, "has its supporters. It has its corrupt supporters on the Bench and at the Bar. It has its supporters amongst the professionals. It has its supporters among the landlords, but I assert that not one single man is on the side of England to-day unless a man who in some form or shape is bribed to betray his country."

**An Irish Race Convention.**

A despatch in the American newspapers dated from Philadelphia states that a Convention of the Irish races in America has been called by the Irish Associations, headed by the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The Convention is fixed for March 4 and 5 in New York, and it will pronounce upon the international status of Ireland.

**The "Representatives" of Leinster!**

The following is a complete analysis of the names published in the "Freeman's Journal" of Friday as being present at the "Recruiting Conference" which "represented" the counties of Dublin, Longford, Meath, Westmeath, King's Co., Queen's Co., and Louth. The people of these counties will be interested in their "representatives":—

Protestant Bishops	...	...	3
Unionist Peers	...	...	2
Castle Judges and Magistrates	...	...	13
English Army Officers	...	...	14
Bogus Officer	...	...	1
Unionist Lawyers and Public Men	...	...	15
Son of Co. Court Judge	...	...	1
Son of Unionist Peer	...	...	1
Paid and "Expenses" Recruiting Committee-men	...	...	8
Castle Knights	...	...	5
Applicant for Vacant Castle Job	...	...	1
Crown Prosecutors and Crown Solicitors	...	...	5
Members of the English Executive in Ireland	...	...	2
Redmondite M.P.'s	...	...	4
Redmondite Journalist	...	...	1
"Home Rule" Members of Public Authorities	...	...	5
Doctors	...	...	3
Unknown Quantities	...	...	5

This is the lot. The doctors probably all hold positions which make them amenable to the L.G.B.—which is Dublin Castle. Behold the "representatives" of "Dublin, Longford, King's Co., Queen's Co., Meath, Westmeath and Louth."

**A Reminder to Hotpot.**

Since the incidents of the *Saxonia* and

*Baralong* nothing seems to have appealed more to the English nation than the quiet heroism of the skipper of the *King Stephen* in refusing succour to drowning men. The English illustrated papers publish portraits of the British hero, the Bishop of London has invoked a blessing on his head, and the "Daily Mail" has received subscriptions for his benefit. Up to the present, however, the name of Charles Hotpot Marchant, of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, does not appear in the subscription list. That the Englishman resident in Dublin who raised a subscription to reward his countrymen of the *Saxonia* for their treatment of Irish emigrants at Liverpool should not have yet put up his bit for his worthy compatriot who has won applause for leaving drowning men to drown disappoints us. Surely Mr. Hotpot Marchant will spare a sovereign for the latest hero of his race and nation?

**The Irish Animals.**

Mr. Acland, one of the "Liberal" Members of the English Government, recently described the Irish people to an appreciative and highly amused English audience at Chester. Irishmen, said Mr. Acland, are "curious animals." If he were an English farmer, said this English Government Minister, he would employ women in preference to Irishmen, for women could be depended upon but Irishmen could not. This frank statement of the English mind from a member of the present Government is to his credit, as, for the duration of the war, it was tacitly arranged that the Irish were to be lauded. But Mr. Acland's free soul revolted at the restrictions placed upon him, and he boldly spoke out the feelings of his and every real Englishman's heart.

**Mr. Dillon and the Redmondite Volunteers.**

For some time past Mr. John Dillon has lain low, and his agents have been circulating in Dublin and elsewhere the story that the Melancholy Humbug wholly disapproves of "Redmond's policy," and that "Mr. Dillon has never asked any Irishman to join the English army." These whispered confidences from the remnant of the A.O.H. and U.I.L. wirepullers are moves in the game to fire Redmond at an early opportunity and elect Dillon in his stead, and in their objective we have no interest. As statements of "facts" they are, however, false.

A letter has been received by the English Governmental authorities in the last few days, which has a pregnant interest for the attenuated Redmondite Volunteers. The letter urges on the English Government to convert those Volunteers into a territorial military force—that is to bring them under the British War Office and British military control. The writer of the letter is a member of the Redmondite Committee of the Volunteers, and he states he has been asked to urge the matter on the English Government by—Mr. John Dillon.

Mr. John Dillon does good for England by stealth, and may blush to find it fame. However, we can say that the rank-and-file of the Redmondite Volunteers such as they are—

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MARY STREET PICTURE HOUSE.

PHIBSBORO'.—The House at Blauquiere Bridge.

THE VOLTA, MARY STREET.

know nothing of this letter, and gave no authority for it to be written, and that the majority of the Committee are, we believe, in ignorance of the Dillon intrigue to bring them under English military law. Let us advise any Redmondite Volunteer who is not filled with desire to wake up one morning and find himself a British soldier to keep his eyes wide open and his hands free from signing anything he does not clearly understand.

### English War Loan Finance.

Writing in "Forward," Mr. Temple, the Managing Director of the Scottish National Co-operative Bank, Limited, gives some curious details of how the English War Loans were provided by the English Banks. On the issue of the first loan for 350 millions the Bank of England sent him and other business men an offer that if they filled in an application it enclosed for War Loan, the Bank would lend the whole of the money to pay for it. Now the Bank of England nor all the banks of England together has not got 350 millions to lend. How was it done? Mr. Temple explains thus:—

"Had I applied, say, for £20,000 of War Loan Stock, I should have had to put up no margin, no money, and no securities. It would cost me a penny stamp for the covering envelope, and no more. Those who availed themselves of this offer were charged 3 per cent. for the accommodation. The State will ultimately pay them 4 per cent., and the taxpayer is to pay them 4 per cent. to the State—this being the only real part of the transaction.

"What, then, actually happened? Nothing but bookkeeping. The bank would debit me in the books with £20,000. On the other side I should be credited with War Loan Stock to that amount. Then the Treasury would have the right to draw cheques against the value of the War Loan Stock supplied to the bank. These cheques would be paid away to munition makers, contractors, and others, and in due course, passing through various banks, would reach the Bankers' Clearing House."

Since money was not employed in this transaction, credit was necessarily employed. Whose credit? The credit of the taxpayer. The taxpayer, by this piece of ingenious bookkeeping, is made to pay fourteen millions a year for the use of *his* own credit. A second War Loan of 600 millions was later floated, and, writes Mr. Temple—

"Again it became evident that the public were not 'coming in.' So this time, instead of issuing circulars offering 'a little bit for you,' a block of £200,000,000 was applied for by the London Banks. It is impossible to discover from the recently issued balance sheets of these banks that they put up either money or securities. Why should they? Bookkeeping alone would suffice, and there would be no risk. So on that little transaction the taxpayer—all of whose wealth comes from labour—will have the privilege

of paying the bookkeepers £9,000,000 a year by way of interest for the pledging of *his own credit.*"

The ingenuity of the English financial system is remarkable, but if the taxpayer hereafter repudiated payment of interest on the loan of his own credit—as he thought of doing after the Napoleonic wars, there would be Capitalist wigs on the green, and gentlemen who, by merely giving their names for £20,000 War Loan, without paying one penny are now receiving £200 a year might be reluctantly obliged to work.

### North Louth.

In North Louth, where the Hazleton family are running another of their members for a £400 a year job, one of the corrupt journals states that a speaker at a Sinn Fein meeting in Dublin boasted that funds were ready to start candidates everywhere in opposition to the Orthodox £400-ers. The statement of the corrupt journal is a lie. For our part, we think the election of honest or half-honest Irishmen to the English Parliament is a mistake. Therefore we are for Hazleton's nephew.

### The Little Homes of Connacht.

Recently Katherine Tynan succeeded in securing a job in the West from Dublin Castle at £800 a year for her husband, and then published in verse an address to the boys of Connacht exhorting them to die—that her husband might continue to draw his salary as a Removable in safety. Last week, we learn from the "Western People," a young Connachtman named Scolly was prosecuted at Claremorris for travelling without a ticket. A person rejoicing in the stirring name of Moles, who prosecuted, demanded a "heavy fine," and denounced Scolly for having "run home through fear of Conscription"—Martial Moles. The defence—admitted to be true—was that a ticket was taken as far as Castlerea, and that at Swinford, to which the defendant went, he paid the excess fare, which was accepted. It was afterwards returned to him with a summons. "I think," said the lady's husband, "we are only wasting time. I have no doubt myself about the case, because it is quite clear, and this is the usual kind of explanation that is given; but the other magistrates think differently." They did. They dismissed the case with costs against the company, which, as Dr. Maguire, one of them, said, was a rotten case for it to have brought forward. But it was not Katherine Tynan's husband's fault that a poor man was not punished where a rich company should have been mulcted. If the English Government desires to provide jobs for other husbands of Castle poetasters, perhaps it will refrain from inflicting them on the Little Homes of Connacht.

### High Jinks in Galway.

Hostilities have opened between the Sligo and Galway Recruiting Committees. It appears that Jinks, described as the "only

Mayor in Connacht," and therefore High Jinks, was treated with so much indignity by the Galway Catch'em-Alive-ohs that even the heart of A. Jackson, J.P., was smitten. High Jinks was allowed, said A. Jackson, J.P., "to walk through Galway like a parish beadle." How a parish beadle walks—whether it be on his head, on his hands, or merely ziz-zag we do not know, but we can feel for poor Jinks, who was allowed to walk in such a fashion that A. Jackson, J.P., was outraged. Major O'Hara, we are relieved to find, has written to the Viceregal Lodge to complain of how the Galway Recruiting Committee forced unhappy Jinks to walk like a Beadle, and he hopes for a letter from the English Lord Lieutenant which will "mitigate in some way their feelings against the treatment received in Galway." Perhaps with memories of M'Donagh's Luncheon still vivid in Castle circles, the hopes of O'Hara will not be dashed—Jinks and he will be mitigated.

From the local Sligo Recruiting Press explosives are being discharged against the Galway Recruiting Committee. It has, we learn, No Finish, Not the Commonest Courtesy, it treats the Braves of Sligo as Strangers in a Strange Land. Even the French language is writhed into a missile to hit the Enemy with, and the O'Donoghues and M'Donaghs are poison-gassed with the announcement that the so-called conference there was "no semblance of a conference"—an imposture on the public, in fact. Whether there is any fight left in the Galway Recruiting Committee—whether it will fearlessly face Non-Beadle Jinks and Feeling Jackson, and fill the Cup of O'Hara with gall, or whether it will submit—we must wait and see. But if the war continues, we can safely back Sir James O'Donoghue as intellectually and morally an equal match for the Unmitigated Jinks.

### Interned Priests.

We have received the following letter:—

"Dear Sir—Your article on interned priests in your issue of February 5th shows a sad state of affairs in India and Australia. In both countries a number of priests are shut up in the ordinary internment camps by the Defenders of the Realm. This is a most disgraceful and shocking state of affairs. Is it possible that the agents of the English Government in Australia and India do not know of any more effective way of dealing with these men than this? It proves that the machinery at the disposal of the Empire is not developed in the same elaborate way that it is here in Ireland.

"What a crude thing it is to intern a priest in the name of the security of the State! Far better to compel him to intern himself in the name of religion. The Government makes a great mistake when it deals directly with a priest. It should deal with him only through his bishop. The Government could go to Archbishop Kelly of Sydney or to Archbishop Kenealy of Simla and say to him, 'We want

(Continued on page 8.)

"An Scait a Céile 'Sea Maínto na Daoine," a ζαεθεαλα:—  
 ΠΑΤΡΑΙΣ Ο ΒΟΙΣΛΕΙΡ,  
**LADIES' AND GENT'S TAILORS,**  
 Lower Ormond Quay, DUBLIN  
 (One door from Grattan Bridge).

### Irish Lessons.

Readers desirous of securing Private Irish Lessons for their children at their own homes should write to "Gael," c/o this paper.

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### Irish History Lectures,

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### Grand Concert & Dramatic Performance

THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER, by F. Sheehy Skeffington, in FORESTERS' HALL, 41 Parnell Square, on SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 20th, at 8 p.m.

Artistes include—Mrs. Fay Sargent, Mrs. Salkeld, Miss Marie Nic Shiubhlaigh, Miss Molly O'Byrne, Miss Cathleen Coughlan, Mr. Gerard Crofts, Mr. Brian O'Higgins, Mr. Sean Connolly, Mr. Thomas O'Shea, Mr. Thomas Malone. Violin—Mr. Thomas Page. Piano—Mr. French Mullen.

Proceeds to the "Irish Citizen" Fund.

**Tickets, 2/- and 1/-.** **Admission, 6d.**

### Do we want Peace NOW?

A PUBLIC DEBATE on the above subject, between COUNTESS DE MARKIEVICZ and FRANCIS SHEEHY SKEFFINGTON, will be held on FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18th, at 8 o'clock, in the FORESTERS' HALL, 41 Parnell Square.

**ADMISSION, THREEPENCE.**

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### NATIONALITY.

Saturday, Feb. 19, 1916.

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All business communications to the Manager,  
 12 D'OLIER STREET, DUBLIN.

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### TEACHING THE TOADS TO BE TOADS.

Bealanageary is inhabited by a population of 719 persons, 618 of whom use the Irish language. All the enactments of England against that language, from the Statute of Kilkenny and the Head Act of Trim—which provided that any person cutting off the head of an Irishman or an Irishwoman, i.e., a speaker of the Irish language, should receive from the Treasury in Dublin Castle so much sterling coin—have not yet prevailed in Bealanageary. There the people still speak the tongue that 600 years of English statesmanship has essayed to destroy; there exists one of the un-snapped links in the chain that binds Ireland enfeebled and enslaved with Ireland strong and free—there the Englishman of 1916 is as the Englishman of 1169—there the continuity of the Irish Nation persists.

Into Bealanageary the other day entered Mr. Claude Chevasse, a gentleman of English birth and of French-Irish blood, who for some years has resided in Ireland, an enthusiastic student of the Irish Language. To him appeared Joseph Appleby, august representative of the English Government in Irish Bealanageary. Joseph Appleby interrogated Mr. Chevasse under his Master's Act for the Defence of Ireland against all but Englishmen. Mr. Chevasse replied to the questions in the language of Bealanageary and the language of Ireland, whereby Sergeant Appleby arrested him in the name of King George V., for "trying to make a laughing-stock of me and the Defence of the Realm Act." To speak Irish to anything vested in foreign authority in an Irish-speaking district is certainly no joke.

Mr. Chevasse, having been arrested, was brought to the barrack and searched; having been searched, he was carried fourteen miles away and put into a lock-up, where he was kept for two days. During the two days his cell was frequently entered by the Tribe of Appleby, and he was ill-treated. Later he was brought before a bench of magistrates in a town where half the people speak Irish, and indicted under that palladium of English Rule in Ireland, the Defence of the Realm Act. The magistrates chosen to despatch him were—let their names be cherished in Irish memory—James Fitzgerald, Denis Buckley, T. J. Twomay, John Pearson, and R. C. Williams. They convicted him of replying in the Irish language in an Irish-speaking village situated

in Ireland to the questions of Joseph Appleby, official representative of the Champion of the Small Nationalities, and ordered him to pay £5 to the offended English Nation or go to prison for one month.

Mr. Chevasse has appealed. Personally we should have let the matter rest where it is. It is satisfactory and logical as it stands. If the English are entitled to rule Ireland and make our laws, they are undoubtedly entitled to send us to prison for addressing the meanest of them or their servants in our own language. Granted that they have the right to rule in Ireland, then we have not a leg to stand on when we object to anything they choose to do—whether it be to cut off our heads or to send us to prison. In fact it is to their credit as humanitarians that, instead of enforcing the Act of Trim and beheading Mr. Claude Chevasse, they merely ordered him a month's imprisonment. We detest an illogical people. People who are opposed to what they term the misgovernment of Ireland by England are illogical. If England has the right to govern us, she has the right to govern us how she pleases, not how we please. If she has not the right to govern us—only the power—then those who protest against her misgovernment are foolish people who should on no account be considered by her or by us. She has pursued a steady and consistent policy in Ireland since she established her power here. That policy—a logical one—is based on the destruction of the Irish Name and Nation, and the conversion of the geographical entity known as Ireland into English shire-land. Irish dupes and Irish knaves have tried and try to disguise this policy, but there are always, even at such an inconvenient moment as this, Applebys to proclaim the spirit and object of England in Ireland. Let us add that the miracle of Ananias has not been repeated, for the Dublin daily newspaper editors, who falsified the news report of Mr. Chevasse's conviction, and represented him as being convicted for having refused to answer the questions he answered, one and all still festoon this planet and lie day by day, rejoicing that the Age of Miracles is past.

### AN FAÍNNE.

A meeting of Dublin Gaedhilgeoiri was held at 18 North Frederick Street on Thursday, February 10th, for the purpose of establishing an Irish-speaking League. "An Fáinne" was the title decided on for the new organisation, and all members will be required to wear a badge. Those present at the meeting took a solemn declaration, signed by them and attested by two witnesses, to speak only Irish to each other "except in case of some special necessity." All new members, whose names must first be submitted to the committee, will be required to make a similar declaration. The following were elected provisionally, to make further arrangements:—Uachtaran, Piaras Beaslai; Leas-Uachtaran, Peadar Mac Fhionnlaioich ("Cu Uladh"); Committee, Maire Ni Roghallaigh, Maire Nic Aodha, Eibhlis Nic an Bhaird, Criostoir O Monachain, Tadhg O Sganail, Liam O Briain and Tomas O Donnchadha. Applications for admission

to membership should be addressed to the Secretary, Liam O Rinn, 25 Parnell Square, Dublin.

Arto Craobh Sinn Fein.

On Wednesday next a paper will be read by Dubhglar O Maolain on "Music, its Evolution." This promises to be a very important treatise, as the young lecturer is a musician of great promise, his knowledge and acquaintance of Continental music being surprising. Apart from the many examples to be given, this night ensures an educational treat too seldom afforded to Irish Nationalists.

CENTRAL BRANCH, SINN FEIN. 6 HARCOURT STREET.

A general meeting of the members of the above was held on last Tuesday night, Seán Mac Giobuin presiding. A discussion took place on the necessity of extending the work of the branch, and the following were appointed as a Committee to carry the matter through:—Messrs. Arthur Griffith, James Whelan, Sean Mac Giobuin, Sean P. Campbell, M. Ryan, Walter L. Cole, Padraig O Glasain, P. Morgan, Sean Doyle, R. Doyle, M. Malone, and Major John M'Bride and Alderman Thomas Kelly.

"IRISH CITIZEN" CONCERT.

The artistes who will take part in next Sunday's Concert, in the Foresters' Hall, in aid of the "Irish Citizen" Fund, include Mrs. Fay Sargent, Mr. Gerard Crofts, Mrs. Salkeld, Mr. Brian O'Higgins, Miss Maire nic Shiubhlaigh, and Mr. Sean Connolly. In addition to the musical programme, contributed to by these and other popular artistes, a performance will be given of Mr. F. Sheehy Skeffington's play, "The Prodigal Daughter," in which members of both the Abbey and the Hardwicke St. Companies will take part. Tickets are 2/- and 1/-, and admission 6d.

CELTIC AND IRISH LAW AND ITS ADMINISTRATION.

On next Sunday night Eoin Mac Neill will deliver his third lecture at 8 p.m., in the Hall, 25 Parnell Square, when he will deal with the above subject in all its phases. In these days when Irishmen are so closely brought into touch with the peculiar administration of foreign laws. This lecture should have a very great attraction for our readers. Admission, as usual, 3d., payable at door.

CUMANN NA MBAN, AN ARD CRAOBH.

RESULT OF FIRST AID EXAMINATIONS.

The following have received certificates:—Kathleen Barton, May Carron, Mrs. Conlon, M. Day, B. Dixon, G. Dixon, L. Elliott, E. Elliott, E. Ennis, N. Foley, K. Hambre, C. Hayes, E. Harnett, M. Harnett, Mrs. Heron, Miss Irvine, M. Kirwan, Mrs. Kissane, K. Kenny, M. Lawless, S. MacMahon, M. M'Elroy, Mrs. M'Guinness, M. Mapother, Una Moran, J. Neary, S. Neary, L. O'Brennan, M. O'Callaghan, K. O'Grady, S. O'Keefe, L. O'Sullivan, L. Price, E. Ryan, C. Stafford, L. Smith, A. Tighe, M. Walker, M. Walsh, K. Walsh.

THE APPLICANT.

He touched me on the shoulder, and when I turned to him, said—"I'm done."

I shook my head, but he urged that I knew him—that he was a journalist—that he had met me in London, and gradually there came a misty recollection of this man as one of a group of free-lance newspaper men whom I once casually encountered. Out of that recollection half-a-crown materialised and passed into his eager hand. I asked him why he had come to Ireland. He said he had hopes of employment. For four months he had had a hard time in England, but it was all his own fault, he admitted—for the first year of the war he had averaged £10 a week, and spent it as he earned it. Then the slump came. In September and October, 1914, he said, he earned £20 to £25 a week, and in one week £32. He supplied German Atrocities and Soldiers' Letters from the Front to the English Editors. His workshop was the British Museum, and his chief tools the memoirs of the English Buccaneers, and histories of the English in Ireland; and the proceedings of the English Committee on the Belgian Atrocities in the Congo. He claimed to have been the original inventor of the Belgian child with his hands cut off, but I knew there were a dozen of his colleagues in London who made the same claim.

"Nothing in my time," he said, "paid so well as German Atrocities. I lived for three months like a prince. The Public clamoured for them, and the Editors paid up for them like bricks." He chuckled as he told me the story of the editor who wanted them with superior local colour, and sent out a stupid fellow to Flanders as war correspondent. Day by day the poor devil wrote back as much as he was permitted about the war, and day by day the circulation dwindled, for there were no German Atrocities. The editor wrote to his war correspondent to send him live matter, but still the dreary letters came, until the angered and suffering editor told him to wake up and describe the German Atrocities he saw. "But," wrote the stupid journalist, "I have never seen any German Atrocities." He got his dismissal by return, with a note that a man who couldn't see German Atrocities for his paper when he was told to see them ought to go into the mug market. I had heard the story, and did not laugh as much as my acquaintance expected. This disappointed him. He felt he owed me a few pleasant moments for that half-crown.

I gleaned from him that nine-tenths of the German Atrocities were manufactured in the area between Fleet Street and the British Museum, and that the payment to the free-lances for Atrocities ranged from half-a-crown to a guinea—although he had got as much as two guineas for a single one which he copied and elaborated from the account of Sir Henry Morgan, the English Buccaneer's treatment of some Spanish nuns who fell into his hands. Shortly after the Christmas of 1914 the Atrocity market fell. There were hundreds employed in the manufacture, and the newspapers became overstocked. For several months, however, he made a good living by supplying letters from soldiers at the front, but for some months past there had been a

slump in the demand, and it was as much as he could do for weeks past in London to knock out enough in this way to keep the Home Fires Burning. He was, in fact, reduced to his last couple of pounds when he read Mr. Redmond's speech at Galway about having Ireland "inundated" with "war literature" about the "horrors almost impossible to print" "inflicted by the brutal Huns" "upon bishops, priests, and nuns in Belgium." He came over to Ireland to ask Mr. Redmond for the job of composing it. "I never met him," he remarked, "but he can't but know me. It was I who wrote the story of the murder of the Redemptorist Fathers at Mulhausen. I composed it in twenty minutes from Wood's account of Cromwell in Drogheda, and it was cabled all over the world."

But since he came to Dublin, he said, he could not find anybody who knew where Mr. Redmond was to be found, although everybody seemed to know where he ought to be found. Did I know where Mr. Redmond could be viewed?

I told him I did not. Mr. Redmond only recurred at intervals in Ireland from behind an armed guard and flanked by Martial Law. The best advice I could give him was to spend the half-crown on whiskey, and drug his conscience for a few hours. It would give him relief. He said Irish humour always appealed to him, but it was never his conscience but his stomach that pained him. As he went off he muttered that a policeman had told him that Mr. Redmond's son-in-law was the Head Jailer in Ireland, and he would go up to Mountjoy Prison and see if he was to be found there.

M. J. I.

LEABAR AN NAISIUM POLANNAIS. O TORAC AN DOMAIN SO OI MARTAIREACD AN NAISIUM POLANNAIS.

Reunfocal.

An eigin anuair do torraig an t-atair Clement o Daite Loc Riadae ar fhaeilt do cup ar leabar an nairium polannaig agus na noitiread bpolannaic. O'airig re gur romian uimra an ni ceunta do deanam agus do reirid re eugam i ttaob an reit i tteio go rocracaimir eatorainn ar cabruad le n-a ceite ran obair i n-ionad beit ag obair i scoinnib a ceite. Bi giotai beaga ar an leabar cupra i nfaeilt agampa. Biotar i scio ra "hibernian" agam. Do cuprae ag triall ar an t-atair Clement iad agus do cup reirid ag triall ompra an ceud leat den obair a bi deunta aise agus tudaire uim mo roga cor do tabairt don obair agus mo roga iud do deunam leir. O tarla gan puinn francire do beit agampa agus gan an fhaeilt do beit com maic ag an t-atair Clement agus ta re agampa (ce go bfuil re go n-anamait aise) do meapag ghib e iud do bfeairi dom a deunam na airtrugad nua do deunam agus obair an t-atair Clement do beit mar bun leir an airtrugad agam agus ar an gcuma ran rlaet do cup ar an obair nair bfeirid a beit air o'd mb'ar doinne amain againn do bead e deunam

Τάιν βυρθεάδ δ έρωθε τον Δέαιρ Clement  
 ι οταοδ α φεαδάρ α θειν πέ "min den  
 ζαρδ" οομ. Τάιν βυρθεάδ δε λιαν ό  
 θριαν, λειρ, ι οταοδ να η-οιδρε το  
 λείζεαη οομ αζυρ το έυρ ι ζοομπράτο  
 λειρ αν θφραινειρ έ, όηρ ιρ όη θφραινειρ  
 ατά αν τ-αιρτιυζαδ αζαινη δά θευναη.  
 ηι ρα θφραινειρ, αητάδ, το ρερίοβοδ αν  
 λεαδάρ αρ οτούρ αέτ ι οτεανζαιη να  
 θπολανναδ. Δοαμ Mickiewicz α υζοαρ.  
 ηιλ ριζε αζαμ ανηρο έυμ ευνταιρ το  
 έαδαιρτ αρ αν υζοαρ να αρ αν ζούρ το θί  
 αιζε λειρ αν λεαδάρ το ρεριοβαο να αρ αν  
 ζούρ ατά αζαινηε λε η-α έυρ ι ηζαεθίλς.  
 ΛΙΑΜ Ο RINN.

(Cuirpimfo an céad éirio den leabhar i  
 scéid an treacéimain reo éuzann.)

### THE ARRIVAL; OR, WHAT THE BELGIAN REFUGEES SAW IN IRELAND.

#### SCENE I.

Scene—A country road. A Fiddler with  
 one eye covered leads in a goat. He sits down  
 by the roadside.

Fiddler—This fiddle seen more ankles than  
 its master ever saw. I have seen a lot with  
 half an eye; God knows what this seen, it  
 hasn't an eye at all; whenever it speaks it  
 plays the jigs.

(Enter R.I.C. Man.)

R.I.C. Man—What are you doin' here, Pat?  
 (The Fiddler signs to him to be silent)—  
 Whisht!

R.I.C. Man—Haven't you seen the Procla-  
 mation?

Fiddler—No. Did you lose one?

R.I.C. Man—Now none of your nonsense,  
 Pat. Don't you know very well that you  
 shouldn't be near the coast with your cattle,  
 hay or live stock? What are you doin' here?

Fiddler—I'm conducting a strategic retreat.  
 I came out of Bundowlish this mornin' without  
 losing anything—except a little time. I got  
 out at Clifden at half-past three.

R.I.C. Man—How did you leave Clifden?

Fiddler—In single file.

R.I.C. Man—Get on out of this now or I'll  
 force you mighty quick.

Fiddler—So it's taking the initiative you  
 are. If you're not very careful, it's I that  
 will force you.

R.I.C. Man—You'll what?

Fiddler—I'll force you. (R.I.C. Man  
 makes for him.)

Fiddler (quickly)—Force you to acknow-  
 ledge that I was retreatin' in good order.

R.I.C. Man—Well you were always a joker,  
 Pat. You haven't a half pint about you by  
 any chance?

Fiddler—Well, since I haven't got to Russia  
 yet, I have conserved a half pint—but God  
 knows where it came from.

R.I.C. Man—The kind of a drop you'd find  
 in a bog? (They drink together.)

Fiddler—You must be half killed with work  
 in these disturbed times?

R.I.C. Man—They'd kill you quick enough  
 with work if you let them.

Fiddler—Ah! you can bring a horse to the  
 water, but you cannot—(handing the flask).

R.I.C. Man (looks up suddenly, hearing a  
 noise)—I will have to arrest you, I'm afraid,  
 Pat, to account for my presence here.

Fiddler—In the name of God, why should  
 you arrest me? Is it for drunk or disorderly  
 or anti-treatin'?

R.I.C. Man—I arrest you for loitering, to  
 start with.

Fiddler—Well I like that: after asking me  
 to move on!

R.I.C. Man (the policeman looks up)—It  
 doesn't look like the Inspector after all, but I  
 think I'd better be goin' meself too. (Exit left.)  
 (Enter stranger, dressed in dark blue military  
 uniform.)

Stranger—Could you direct me the way, if  
 you please, to Killala?

Fiddler—Tare-an-ouns, not a word out of  
 you, sure you're miles away from Killala; but  
 I can put you on the road to it. Go straight  
 along down there till you meet a policeman,  
 an' if you make him keep a civil tongue in his  
 head, he will lead you to it. That's their  
 business—keepin' people from goin' astray.

Stranger—I have already been dispatched  
 by the policeman, but my Company are no  
 nearer to the station.

Fiddler (aside)—Glory be to God, there'll  
 be fine fun in the barracks to-night!

Stranger—Could I see a member of the  
 Government?

Fiddler—There's no Government here at all.

Stranger—That is extraordinarily strange.

Fiddler—There's only the Local Govern-  
 ment.

Stranger—Could you conduct me to the  
 local Governor?

Fiddler—Aw, they're not here at present.  
 Two young lads does come down here an odd  
 day in the week, but they rarely get further  
 than the Hotel.

Stranger—But we are desperate. What are  
 we to do?

Fiddler—Well, there's a Magistrate here  
 who keep a public-house. If you go up to it  
 you can settle your difference with him. The  
 best way for you to go would be up the boren  
 there till you come to the whitewashed house.  
 You will see a turn on the right; yes, and a  
 turn on the left; yes, and another turn on  
 the right further on. Well, take neither of  
 them, but keep straight on, close to the left a  
 bit, and you'll see the house forninst you on  
 the hill.

(Stranger gives him a tip.)

Fiddler—Thank you, Sir.

#### SCENE 2.

A country public-house in Co. Galway. The  
 publican; two or three loafers.

(Enter Fiddler.)

Fiddler—God save all here, and give us a  
 pint.

Publican (producing pint)—Threepence,  
 please.

Fiddler—Threepence! Is it extra in the  
 smoke room?

Publican—No; but its the new war tax on  
 porter. (Fiddler puts down the money.)

Publican (examining it)—In the name of  
 Heaven, Paddy Doyle, where did you get  
 this?

Fiddler—I got it from a gentleman down

the road that was lookin' for Killala with his  
 Company.

Publican—What was he like?

Fiddler—Aw, that'll do you; I'm goin' to  
 carry no information.

Publican—Was he in uniform?

Fiddler—He was.

Publican—Were there many with him?

Fiddler—A Company.

Together—The Germans!

Fiddler—Well, mind you, I'm not sayin'  
 that they wor the Germans; there's not men  
 like them about these parts.

Publican—Well if they come itself, what  
 harm would they do to us?

Fiddler—What harm? Well, they'd take  
 your house and farm and all belonging to you.

Publican—They can't take my farm, for I  
 bought it from the Government.

Fiddler—Oh, that reminds me—the gentle-  
 man I was talking to was lookin' for the  
 Government.

Publican—Was he? And what did you  
 say?

Fiddler—I directed him here. (Conster-  
 nation.)

Fiddler—You needn't take it badly. Didn't  
 you say the Germans could do nothin' to you?

Publican—Maybe that's true.

Fiddler—But maybe it's not true, for  
 accordin' to you they can blow a quart of  
 porter out of every shilling in me pocket.

(Enter Stranger.)

Stranger—Ah, here is Monsieur the  
 musician. We meet again! (Pointing at  
 publican)—Is this, then, the Governor of this  
 locality?

Fiddler—Well, he rules the roost, but he is  
 not the Governor.

Publican—No, indeed, sir—not the  
 Governor.

Stranger—Ah, how it would be excellent,  
 that roast. We have travelled very far; the  
 country is very fatigued; probably we may  
 have to rest here for the night.

(Enter Sergeant with Proclamation.)

Stranger—Ah, here is a soldier! Can you  
 guide me, soldier; my company and I have  
 arrived two hours, and there is no house visible,  
 and I cannot find the Governor. My company  
 and I are growing desperate. We must make  
 some encampment for the night.

Sergeant (putting the Proclamation surrep-  
 titiously into his pocket)—I am not a soldier;  
 I am a civil officer (Stranger bows), and I deal  
 only with civilians.

Stranger—That is excellent.

Sergeant—I have no orders.

Stranger—But surely you can obtain some  
 supplies for us somewhere. I fear we will  
 perish! Have you, then, no military supplies.

Sergeant—Not at all, not at all (tapping his  
 bayonet); this is only for use in time of peace.

Stranger—But what is your rifle for?

Sergeant—Discipline.

Stranger—*Mais non valour?*

1st Lounger—Spraying potatoes for the  
 Department.

2nd Lounger—And the bayonet is for mixing  
 sheep-dip.

3rd Lounger—The reason there's a saw on  
 the back of it is for cutting hedges.

Fiddler—Don't be hard on the Sergeant,

Captain; this is a peaceful country, and there's no crime.

Sergeant—I assure you, sir, there's no *depôt* about here.

Stranger (advancing to window and looking out)—Ah, but that chateau with the sun-blinds, cannot I bring my company to that?

Fiddler—Ah, but, sir, that's only the barracks.

Stranger—But that great house of many windows; how desirable it would be to be taken there!

Fiddler—What house with the many windows?

1st Lounger—That's only the asylum, sir.

Stranger—In some of those cottages still standing with the thatched roofs on—surely that would be shelter—beyond the bombarded portion?

Publican—Bombarded portion?

1st Lounger—It's the village street he means.

Stranger—I see no street, but the roofless houses.

Fiddler—Ah, you could not get one of them houses for love or money. The owners of them are all in America, and you'd never know the day they'll come back millionaires to put a roof on the ould house.

Stranger—But there must have been ruinous bombardment; behold the trenches on the hill!

Publican—Trenches?

1st Loafer—I'll tell you what he's looking at; he sees the foundations for the new Tuberculosis Hospital.

Stranger—Well, if you have not been devastated by a campaign, do people still remain in that fortified chateau with the fortillage at either end?

1st Loafer—Sure that's the Union.

Stranger—Ah, the Union! (Taking off his hat and cheering.) Vive L'Entente!

Sergeant—So you're not a German at all, Mister. (Gathering courage.) I am afraid you will have to be arrested for false pretences.

Stranger—Ah, no, soldier, I pretend nothing. My company waits since morning at the station to be conducted to the place of entertainment, but the escort has not arrived.

### SCENE 3.

Stranger explaining to companions. The Palace d'Union.

(Enter, right, Stranger followed by a company of well-dressed Belgian ladies and gentlemen.)

(Enter, left, two Local Government Board Inspectors with a little dog.)

L.G.B. Man—My dear sir, we really must apologise. The fact is it was so late we had to stop a moment at the Hotel just to jump into a pair of dinner jackets. You will, of course, understand and excuse us—we knew there would be ladies with you. We could show you to the Workhouse now.

Stranger—It is very good of you gentlemen. For myself, I do not very much mind; but could not the work for the ladies be deferred till to-morrow, for they have travelled very far and are very fatigued?

L.G.B. Man—Oh, but there's no work in the Workhouse. It's the Union. The master will meet us, and there will be a banquet very shortly now.

Stranger—What a wonderful place is Ireland! I thought at first that they were a

supine people, suffering oppressions and injustices and having their whole country devastated where there was not any crime. But now I see they are philosophers. Their resignation is triumphant! In the Workhouse they banquet; they are so harmonious there that you call the place the "Union," is it not so?

L.G.B. Man—Excuse me, sir, but politics, invidious in Ireland at all times, are doubly so now. Out of regard and admiration for what your gallant Nation has done, suffering in the cause of Humanity, Freedom and Progress, I am directed to put at your disposal a most capacious dwelling, and to offer you the hospitality that England provides for the oldest dwellers in this land.

(Curtain.)

JEAN DE LOUVAIN.

### ENGLISH CURRENCY IN IRELAND.

There has been a good deal of indignation, one might say surprised indignation, at the preferential treatment lately shown to England as against Ireland in the matter of grants. The *Independent* has been particularly shocked by this proceeding at a time it has opened its columns to well-paid recruiting advertisements, unless, indeed, it has carried its love of Empire to the extent of admitting them gratis. It has apparently yet to learn that this has been the British Government's steady policy from time out of mind. Lest it should not take our word for it we shall quote an authority it is far too loyal not to believe.

Writing to Sir George Carew, President of Munster, on the 16th May, 1601, Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth says: "The matter that now we think meet to acquaint you with is that having found by long experience that the using of sterling moneys in the payment of our army there (Ireland) and for our other services doth bring marvellous inconveniences both to that realm and this (England); and that the wisdom of all our progenitors (for the most part) did maintain a difference between the coins of both realms (that in Ireland being ever inferior in goodness to that of this realm); howsoever, by error of late crept in it hath been otherwise tolerated to the infinite loss of this kingdom, our moneys being out of that realm transported into foreign countries for lack of merchandise, we have thought it reason to revive the ancient course of our progenitors in that matter of moneys, and have caused a coin proper for that our realm of Ireland to be stamped here of such a standard as we find to have been in use for the same, and do now send a great quantity thereof thither by our treasurer at wars to be employed for the payment of our army, and for other uses, and the same do authorize by our proclamation, and decry all other moneys. In the establishment of which course, as we doubt not but our deputy (Mountjoy) and council there will, as they are by us commanded, proceed according to such directions as we have given them; so because the province whereof you have charge is a place of most traffic of any other of that kingdom, and, therefore in it, it is most likely that merchants at the first show of such innovation will for private respects be

most opposite; we have thought it fit to give you particular notice of this our purpose, and to require you to use all your authority and your judgment likewise towards our people there, as well of the towns as others, to make this new course pleasing and well liking to them, upon such reasons as are contained in our proclamation, publishing the same, and as you may gather touching the same out of such other matters as have passed from us to our deputy and council there, or between us and our treasurer for Ireland concerning this matter, whereof we have given order that herewith copies shall be sent unto you by which you will be sufficiently instructed by apparent reasons to lead us to do it, although it be a matter which we need not make gracious with any reason at all, being merely dependent of our prerogative to alter the standard of our moneys at our pleasure. Wherefore, though we nothing doubt of your forwardness to further whatsoever we find reason to command, yet we require you in this thing, as a matter which we would have well founded in the first establishing, to give all attention of it as well by your own actions as by assisting our treasurer and his deputies in uttering these new moneys and bringing in all others according to the course of our exchange, which, by our proclamation, you may perceive that we have instituted to make the matter better accepted by our people."

In great Eliza's spacious days, as it will be seen, the Irish currency was debased. Nowadays the Irish are paid in paper money, while we read that the Bank of *England* is obliged to pay gold on demand. C.

### SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

Rev. P. S. Dinneen, M.A., presided at the annual general meeting of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language at the Society's Offices, 13 Westmoreland Street, Dublin.

Important communications in reference to the teaching of Irish were submitted from the Queen's University, Belfast; University College, Cork; the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, and the Intermediate Education Board. These will be duly embodied in the Council's Report.

The Secretary announced that the first volume of the new series of historical texts on which the Society has embarked, namely, "The Life and Voyages of St. Brendan," has met with a very warm welcome from Irish readers everywhere, and is in steady demand. The second volume, "The Poems of Padraigin Hackett," edited, with an introduction, a biographical sketch, copious notes and a vocabulary, by Tadhg O'Donoghue, is now ready. The author of these stirring poems, the Rev. Patrick Hackett, was educated at Louvain, for the Dominican Convent, Cashel, of which he became Prior. During the Cromwellian persecutions he escaped overseas, and died at Louvain in November, 1654. A third volume is in preparation by the Rev. Fr. Dinneen. This is a curious and interesting chapter on Irish clan history, being an account of the lives and transactions of two of the MacGuire's, chieftains of Fermanagh. These

chieftains were brothers, and lived and ruled over their beautiful territory at a period subsequent to, but not very far distant from, the Anglo-Norman invasion. In this tract we have Irish clan government in its purity. We see it as it appeared to the native seanchaidhe, and not through the distorted medium of English chronicles and State papers. The tract will also throw light on the history of Fermanagh and Monaghan. The text is simple and most readable, altogether a very fascinating narrative, reflecting the language of two centuries ago, at which date it was written and modernised from an ancient historical tract. It will be welcomed by all readers of Irish, and more especially, perhaps, by Ulster readers.

The publication of our national records, under competent editorship, being an undertaking of the highest importance and urgency, the Council renews its appeal for the public support and co-operation to which it feels it has a title. The annual subscription is only five shillings.

The following officers were elected: President, Count Plunkett; Vice-Presidents, Rev. P. S. Dinneen, Dohmhall O'Connor, Timothy Ward; Treasurers, Matthew Fitzpatrick, James Hilligan; Council, Miss Margaret Dobbs, Seamus O'Caseide, Charles Dawson, Henry Dixon, T. J. Keohane, J. MacCarthy, J. J. MacSweeney, P. J. Murray, Paul O'Byrne, J. J. O'Kelly, and J. F. Weldrick.

The Council heartily associated itself in the national protest against the attempted withdrawal of the Irish Education Grants.

### NOTES.

(Continued from page 3).

you to intern the following priests in their own homes. You must not allow them to go outside their own parishes or to preach or lecture anywhere. The Archbishop would naturally feel complimented, because, after all, even Archbishops have a little human nature left, and we all like to have our authority recognised. The Archbishop would then sit down and write a letter to each of the priests, whose mouth it was desirable to shut, in something like the following terms:—"My Dear Father Schneider—It grieves me to the heart to tell you that I consider it necessary in the interest of Religion, and for the security of Society, to forbid you until further notice from leaving the confines of the parish of Smalltown, as well as from preaching or making any public address of any kind anywhere, or of publishing anything in any pamphlet, book, magazine or newspaper. Hoping that God will give you the grace to repent sincerely from the wicked conduct of your past life, and that you may never lose

sight of the perversity which came to you with your German blood. Your sad but merciful Archbishop, Dr. Kelly.

"If the priest objected to this course, the Archbishop would, of course, suspend him. After he had been suspended nobody would pay any attention to what he said. After all, he would be only a suspended priest. And everybody knows that the best way in the world to kill any movement is to get a suspended priest into it. After the priest had been suspended, the Government could then intern him with a light heart. The Archbishop instead of protesting would probably feel relieved that a source of trouble and irritation had been taken off his hands.

"Why doesn't the English Government insist that all important officials sent out to take part in ruling the Empire should first spend a year or two in Dublin Castle learning how to do things? It may be that plans that work smoothly among the domesticated Irish at home in Ireland might miscarry in some way under the free skies of Australia or India. Ireland is unique in so many things that perhaps it is unique in this thing also.—Yours gaily,

"C. BLACK."

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IRISH-AMERICAN ALLIANCE.

# THE HIBERNIAN

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE PARENT BODY OF  
ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS IN IRELAND.

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[ONE PENNY.]

## The HIBERNIAN

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### Redmond's Raucous Ranting.

BY JOHN J. SCOLLAN

Has John E. Redmond gone stark mad—or is it that senility is doing its work so well that the ordinary common-sense and acumen with which some years ago he was gifted in a marked degree have completely left him? In August, 1914, Mr Redmond, without a mandate from the people of this country and with tears in his eyes, threw himself and his Party into the arms of the only enemy that Ireland has had since the Danes were driven from the land at Clontarf. At that time Home Rule was not on the Statute Book—nor is it now, Mr Redmond was careful the other day to call it the "Government of Ireland Act," as if we have not had enough and to spare of British Government of Ireland Acts during the past seven centuries. The Act the English King signed with a mental reservation to revoke it when circumstances allow—only applies to three fourths of the country—and Mr Redmond again in his madness agreed to Ulster being placed outside the measure. However, all this is well within the knowledge of all my readers.

Mr Redmond, at the Dublin Mansion House Recruiting Conference the other day, at which not a Catholic Bishop, Priest, or Nationalist M.P. was present, his audience and associates on the platform being composed of Freemasons, Orangemen and Jews, endeavoured to terrify Irish farmers into enlisting in Eng-

land's army by painting horrible word-pictures of what may happen to them, their land, and their bank deposits "if Germany should win." Well Germany, has already won, and this fact is admitted in all neutral countries, by belligerent France and Belgium, and by an ever increasing minority in England. England's Government is now only playing for time, in the hope—Micawber-like—of some thing turning up, to make the best terms with her antagonist that she can possibly secure. In a military sense the Allies are beaten on land, in the air, and certainly no one can yet say that Britain's Fleet has done all that was expected of it on the seas.

Mr Redmond tells us a story of the millions of pounds lying to the credit of small farmers in the banks of Ireland; and endeavours to prove that the Germans if they came here would annex all this money, and not alone that, but the towns in Ireland, as was the case of Brussels, would have to pay large sums in fines to the German invaders. Now, Mr Redmond knows perfectly well that where he was not deliberately falsifying facts he was uttering only half truths. Belgium was an independent state with hundreds of millions of a gold reserve and it refused to allow its territory to be used as a highway for the German army when it marched to attack France. Belgium had to pay the penalty for using armed force to stay the German march. Had the Belgian Government been as wise as the King of Greece, made his protest when powerless to do anything else and allowed of his neutrality being violated when it was a hopeless task to do otherwise—Belgium would still be a free and independent nation. It choose the sword when it was not in a position to use that weapon effectively, and as a consequence perished. As to the millions of pounds alleged to be in Irish banks, it is well known that these phantom millions are not there now. The English Government grabbed all the gold of Ireland months ago and all that the people of this country have received in return are "scraps of paper" which England can and may repudiate at any time. If the framers of this country, on a given day, were to demand their money in gold from the Banks, they simply could

not pay, and would be compelled to close down, with the consequent ruin of all the "small farmers" Mr Redmond is so solicitous of. Now, mark the contrast. While the Bank of England is compelled to pay gold on demand, no Bank in this country—not excepting the so-called Bank of Ireland—is expected nor forced to pay in gold. The country is living on paper, without there being scarcely a gold piece to meet it. The operation is simplicity itself. The people buy and sell for cash. The metal goes into the bank, the bank in return gives out scraps of paper, and the bullion is then sent across to London to sustain England's tottering financial credit in the money markets of the world. If the Germans came, there is no gold for them to get—it has all gone to feed the greedy Molloch of Empire!

Mr Redmond was very unhappy in his references to a possible invasion. Everyone in the country knows that so far back as October, 1914, the Germans were actually invited to invade Ireland, when Admiral Jellicoe took refuge from the German fleet in Lough Swilly, after he lost the Audacious and cast away the Collingwood on the Antrim coast. The German commander would have been well within his rights had he bombarded the Irish coast, but he did not. The country is absolutely open for any enemy power to invade either by air or sea—and this is done of set purpose by the British Government—who would have Ireland made the cock-pit in case of invasion, and so save England from the horrors of war. It is strange, that while England's coastal towns are heavily fortified—Ireland, except in a very few "strategic" positions is not protected from the sea—while no precautions at all are taken to defend the country from the air. This all goes to prove the mendacity of the statements of Mr Redmond who has first sold himself, then his party, and last of all—his country, and, no doubt, like another, thanks God for having a country to sell.

With an audacity that is absolutely amazing, Mr Redmond endeavours (in a preface to a jingo book recently issued) to place the condition of Ireland and South Africa on a parallel—conveniently

(Continued on page 8)

# CATHOLICITY IN DENMARK.

## WHAT THE CHURCH THERE OWES A GERMAN PRELATE.

Eighty-two years ago there was born in Westphalia, Germany—on January 21, 1834—the Right Rev. Johannes von Euch, Bishop of Copenhagen, the capital city of Denmark. In 1860 he was sent to Copenhagen as assistant to the only Catholic priest there, Rev Hermann Gruder. From that day to this he has faithfully watched his flock in that northern land, sharing the political and social vicissitudes of his adopted country, and, in spite of adverse circumstances has established a flourishing Catholic diocese in a domain where, but a few years prior to his advent, the Catholic religion was not even tolerated.

For 700 years Denmark was Catholic, till in 1539 Christian II. introduced the Lutheran liturgy. From that time the Catholic church ceased to exercise any sway in the country, and in 1613 a royal rescript forbade Catholic priests to perform any religious functions under penalty of death. A subsequent law threatened converts with confiscation of their property and banishment. This law prevailed until June, 1849, when Frederick VII. granted the country a new constitution, with absolute freedom of religious worship.

During the intervening years, the Catholic religion was virtually an unknown quantity. The representatives of foreign Catholic countries insisted upon and obtained leave to maintain a Catholic chapel in Copenhagen. Another chapel was allowed in the fortification of Fredericia in Jutland for the benefit of foreign-lined troops. Thus the practice of the Catholic religion was confined to foreigners, and in the course of time became an object of suspicion and disparagement with the Danes, rather than of positive hatred.

The first man to take up the task of rebuilding a Catholic community in Denmark was Fr. Zurstrassen, a German priest, who became pastor of Copenhagen. He died after a few years sojourn there and was succeeded in 1852 by Fr. Gruder, a man of rare gifts, who much endeared himself to the Catholic population of Copenhagen, which slowly increased under his pastorage. When, shortly after his ordination, Fr von Euch

was sent as his assistant, the Catholic population of Copenhagen numbered 750 souls!

The young priest was a man of singular attainments. His brilliant mind, his power of acquiring and retaining knowledge, his studious habits so shortened the years of his schooling, that when he attained to the dignity of deacon at Paderdow in the year 1857, he found himself too young to proceed for ordination to the priesthood. He was not ordained therefore until January 8, 1860, and a few months later was sent as one of the priests of St Ansgar's church.

With characteristic zeal the young priest, being ignorant of the Danish tongue, at once set to work to acquire the language. In this very act he laid the foundation of the success which attended him in after years, and of the great popularity he achieved, as for years there had been a bitter feud between Denmark and Germany which culminated in 1864 in a war most disastrous to the former country.

After four years sojourn in the capital Fr. von Euch was called to Fredericia as vicar of the church of St Canute. In an area covering 9,750 square miles he was to be the only Catholic priest, but he soon proved himself able to meet the emergency. In the first year of his pastorate he built a tower to his church. Notwithstanding the proclamation of religious liberty, the idea prevailed with the common people that the Catholics were not allowed to add spires or belfries to their churches, nor to ring bells for their services. To disabuse them of this idea Fr. von Euch installed two bells in the new tower. So on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception in 1865, for the first time in nearly 300 years, Catholic people of the Danish town were called to church by bells joyously pealing forth the praises of God.

Far from confining himself to Fredericia or its immediate vicinity the energetic priest covered, as far as he could, the whole area of the peninsula of Jutland, even crossing to the island of Funen. In 1869, when the Danish mission was raised to an Apostolic Prefecture Fr. von Euch was foremost in a move-

ment which resulted in the establishment of four new missions. In December 1884, Monsignor Gruder died, and Fr. von Euch who had just been called to Osnabruck, Germany, to head the Cathedral Chapter there, was busy preparing for his journey. Pressure being brought to bear upon Propaganda, Fr. von Euch was nominated head of the prefecture in Copenhagen as Monsignor. In 1892, Pope Leo XIII., in recognition of the advancement of the Church in Denmark, raised Monsignor von Euch to the dignity of a Bishop, and he was consecrated in the Cathedral of Osnabruck as the first Danish Bishop for many centuries.

Space does not allow us to follow step by step the labours of this wonderful man. Suffice to say that in 1860 there were in Denmark but 1,240 Catholics. In 1910 there were 7,870, not including a large number of Polish labourers who had settled there. In that same year Bishop von Euch celebrated his Golden Jubilee as a priest, when he pointed with pride to 24 mission stations, with 36 churches and chapels, and 71 priests. Notable among the priests is Rev Clemens Stolp, a German, who built entirely at his own expense a fine church and school in the city of Kolding. Bishop von Euch's people have not only the privilege of a weekly and a monthly paper, but enjoy also through his efforts, the benefits of twenty-two public Catholic libraries. Well may it be said of the venerable prelate: In the eventide of such a man there can be no gathering gloom, but rather a glorious sunset.

### Tralee Division.

The Tralee Division of the A. O. H. (Irish American Alliance) has passed the following resolution unanimously:—  
“Resolved, that this Division of the A. O. H. has heard with surprise of the arrest and continued imprisonment of two County Cork volunteers, Messrs McSwiney and Kent without any charge preferred against them; that it believes such proceedings, opposed as they are to the elementary principles of civilisation, will not help to make English rule popular in Ireland; and that it expects voters everywhere to take due notice of all public representatives who by their silence condone such conduct.”

### “Irish Citizen” Concert

The artistes who will take part in next Sunday's Concert, in the Foresters' Hall, in aid of the “Irish Citizen” Fund include Mrs Fay Sargent, Mr Gerald Crofts, Mrs Salkeld, Mr Brian O'Higgins, Miss Maire nic Shiubhlaigh, and Mr Sean Connolly. In addition to the musical programme, contributed to by these and other popular artistes, a performance will be given of Mr F Sheehy Skeffington's play, “The Prodigal Daughter,” in which members of both the Abbey and the Hardwicke St companies will take part. Tickets are 2s. and 1s., admission 6d.

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# LOUVAIN'S UNIVERSITY.

## ITS PAST IRISH ASSOCIATIONS.

As Father Earls S.J., truly said in a recent issue of the "Catholic World," New York, one of the places that has afforded ample material for journalistic "write ups" for some time past is the venerable academic city of Louvain. What marks of war are upon its features to-day will not be questioned here, rather the taking of a leaf or two out of its history to show the intimate relations of some Irish students with this ancient Belgic town.

The merest tyro in history knows that countless Irishmen, both in times of peace and of war, have inscribed their names on Belgium's roll of honour. To the youthful Irish-Irelander, perhaps the glory won by the Irish Brigade on Ramillies bloody field and the heights of Fontenoy is pre-eminent, yet the undying fame of Irish valour upon these fields is far less estimable than the other glories of Irish achievement on Belgian soil. "Ireland sent the faith to Belgium; and the Irish Martyrs, Rombaut, Livin, and a host of others, strengthened that Faith with their blood. The nobles were honoured in the courts of her rulers; the prelates found peace in her sanctuaries, and comfort in the palaces of her Bishops. The Irish made names for themselves in Flemish cities; and the soldiers were received into the service of the Archdukes of the Netherlands" (J. P. Spelman, in the "Irish Ecclesiastical Record," 1888).

Glorious as were the relations of Ireland with Europe generally in former centuries we are assured that her record in Belgium was the most brilliant. As Samuel Bindon, in his introduction to the historical works of the Right Rev. Dr French said: "There is no country in Europe with which the Irish have been more intimately connected than with Belgium. In every page of history ecclesiastical as well as, we may read of our countrymen as distinguished for piety, bravery, and learning."

The University of Louvain had its origin in the age when the voice of the Church was listened to by all the nations of Europe. Religion and piety were strong, and learning was highly honoured. To augment the splendour of Louvain, which was the capital of the Duchy of Brabant, Duke John petitioned the then Sovereign Pontiff for a University, and on Dec 9, 1425, the Papal Bulls were granted. In 1431, at the earnest petition of Philip the Good, Pope Eugenius IV established the faculty of theology. The University was entirely unfettered, for its rector Magnificus (who, more than once, was an Irishman), was chief magistrate in Louvain, having civil and crim-

inal jurisdiction over students and citizens.

In the official list of the old colleges published on the occasion of the golden Jubilee in 1884, the names of forty four colleges were given. Of these, three were Irish—that of the Irish Franciscans founded in 1609, the Irish Dominicans in 1669; and the Collegium Pastorale Hibernorum, founded in 1626 by Eugene Matthews, Archbishop of Dublin. But many famous Irish names are to be found on the lists of other colleges as well, not only as students, but as professors and presidents. Though the Bax manuscripts at Brussels and the Fasti Academics disclose but a partial list of the distinguished places that Irishmen held in the old University, they only deal with graduates and do not record the hundreds of alumni who frequented Louvain before the nineteenth century. For instance, O'Connell before he went to Douai, was a student at the College of the Holy Trinity, and it is probable that he began his oratorical studies there under an Irish professor of rhetoric, Thomas Flinn, of whom the Bax MS. speaks as follows: "Thomas Flinn, of Lismore, an Irishman. In the year 1783 he obtained the first place in rhetoric in the College of the Holy Trinity at Louvain. After taking his degree of Master of Arts he entered Theology. On May 16, 1791, he was elected professor of Syntax in the aforesaid college, and put upon the council of the faculty. Afterwards, on the resignation of Professor O'Hearn, he was appointed professor of rhetoric." Mr Spelman says that in the lists of distinguished students are to be found thirty Irish Bishops and over two hundred graduates from nearly every diocese in Ireland who won high honours at Louvain. Moreover, during the Penal times, the lists record the names of nearly three hundred priests who came to Ireland from Belgium.

It was early in the second half of the Sixteenth century that the illustrious catalogue of Irish Graduates begins. The first in point of time to receive the Doctor's cap and ring was Dermot O'Hurley, afterwards the martyred Archbishop of Armagh, who took his degree in arts in 1551. In the same year Richard Creagh of Limeick graduated, and he, too, became Archbishop of Armagh. Yet another Archbishop of this famous See came from Louvain in the person of Peter Lombard of Waterford. After his early studies in Ireland, Lombard went to Oxford, and later became professor of theology at Louvain, attracting great attention by his extensive learning. A fellow student of his was

Nicholas Quemerford, and of others, Sir William Drury, the Lord President of Munster, complained that "the Catholic cause was mainly supported by the students of Waterford educated at Louvain, by whom and by some others aforesaid, the proud and undutiful inhabitants of the town are cankered in Popery and are slandering the Gospel publicly."

Another honoured name is that of John Shinnick, of Cork who took his degree at Louvain in 1625. Mr Spelman, citing the Bax MS., says "John Shinnick began his classical studies in his native city of Cork. In a short time he made such progress therein that not only his masters and fellow-students, but also the magnates of the whole Province of Munster turned their eyes towards him on account of his great talents, and according to the custom of the country, wished to take possession of the boy, that he might live in their sight; so that some of the most ancient and illustrious families of Munster fought with the sword for his residence amongst them; which aforesaid quarrel caused his parents to send him to Louvain, although otherwise they could conveniently educate him at home. Thus, in his early youth for the sake of the Catholic Faith, he was exiled from his country and his kindred, and inflamed with a love for knowledge and virtue he came as it were for the Ultima Thule, to the University of Louvain." Shinnick achieved his greatest honour in February 1643, when he was elected Rector Magnificus of the University. He died in May 1666, at the College of the Holy Ghost, of which he had been president for twenty five years. He did not forget "dear old Ireland" and one indication of his affection for his native land may be observed in the terms of his will, which treat of the recipients of the bourses which he founded. These were to be first the students of his family; then, in lieu of kinsmen, the bourses were to go to the natives of the county of Cork, then of the province of Munster, then to the distinguished Irish students without reference to the locality of their birth, and, finally, to other distinguished students, preferably those of Louvain, Bruges, and Turnhout.

Another Irishman who attained the supreme honour of being Rector Magnificus of the University was Thomas Stapleton of Cashel. But Ireland gave hundreds of others to adorn Louvain—presidents of the various colleges, lecturers in the arts and sciences, zealous missionaries who went to the perilous parts of the British Isles. David Rothe in his "Analecta," wrote "Would that it were allowed to collect all of them into one so that, as if from shipwreck, some, at least of these lists might be preserved for posterity. But many of them have perished; many of them are hidden away in old libraries, and if they could be brought to light, they would show how wonderful was Ireland."

## A CHAPTER IN HISTORY.

### An Extraordinary Letter.

A self-confessed grabber, signing himself W. Walter Hosford, writes me from Kinsale, Co. Cork, to the effect that he has been shown a copy of "The Hibernian," and that, as the result, he is beginning to see "light at last." And he naively asks: "I wonder will you be glad of this when you hear me out." Mr. Hosford then proceeds to inveigh as follows: "All your readers are members of a secret society. Your paper, and other papers like it, was established about five or six years ago!" I was under the impression that the first weekly issue of "The Hibernian" saw the light in June last. However, that's neither here nor there—let it pass. To hark back to Hosford: "Since that time I have put up with more blakguardism than any man in Ireland." Poor fellow! Why? He answers: "For no reason only that I took a vacant farm"! The moral obliqueness of this individual is hereby unblushingly expressed. Presumably it was considered a cute thing to take possession of a farm from which a fellow-man had been evicted. I know nothing of how that eviction was carried out; presumably it was done with the same expedition in which the myrmidons of British law usually set about such proceedings. The new possession evidently did not find his occupancy a bed of roses. His plaint is invested with unconscious humour, and as my readers must smile sometimes, I grudgingly spare the space.

\* \* \*

### The Grabber's Woes.

"I was left in peace until the youngsters that lived here formerly (sic) grew up. Then the fun began." He acknowledges the humour. "The mighty Nationalists of the Kinsale Rural Council ordered me to take a farm that they were procuring for me from the Estates Commissioners, but because I was not fool enough to leave this farm for a smaller one, they passed an Act of Parliament of their own declaring that I was to be boycotted. I was tumbled in the mud that the Kinsale Nationalist Council allows to be piled on the sides of the streets; the bystanders laughed at me; a policeman slipped into a shop and made a joke of it. I took the defendant into Court, with the cold satisfaction of providing fun for the gallery. My house was fired into. What saved me was that I had the presence of mind to lie on my face and hands while the shots were shaking the house around my ears. When the police arrived on the scene, they smelt the gun as if to make out that I fired the shots myself. The moonlighters were next-door neighbours of my brother, seven or eight miles

away. He had to leave at last and get a place at Rathcormack (Fermoy). All my food had to come by the post. My most private business was made known to those fellows. You might be able to tel me how."

## Ireland's Roll of Honour

### DEPORTED

J. J. Walsh, Cork  
J. L. Fawsitt, Cork  
John Dowling, Cove

### IMPRISONED

Sean Milroy, Dublin  
Sean McDermott, Dublin  
F. Sheehy-Skeffington, Dublin  
Arthur Newman, Belfast  
Liam Mellows, Dublin  
Denis McCullough, Belfast  
E. J. Gleeson, Listowel Co. Kerry  
Desmond Fitzgerald, Dublin  
J. Hegarty, Cork  
James Bolger, Enniscorthy.  
Geoffrey A. Dunlop, Dublin  
Alexander McCabe, Sligo.  
Terence McSwiney, Cork.  
Capt. Monteith, I.V., Dublin  
John McGaley, Tralee  
Vincent Poole, Dublin  
John Kinsella, Arklow  
James Lowe, Belfast  
Michael Fennell, Dublin  
Bernard Coan, Stabane  
M. Ducey, Galway  
J. Bransfield, Middleton  
Thomas Finnerty, Galway  
Martin Walsh, Galway  
Michael Kelly, Mallow  
E. Kent, Castlelyons  
Thomas Walsh, Dundalk

### ARRESTED, FINED, Etc.

Claude Chavasse, Oxford  
George Owens, Cove  
Patrick Tobin  
John Fanning, Ballyneale  
Daniel Flynn, Banteer  
Richard Cole, Cahirciveen  
Wm. McCarthy, Mallow

### WANTED

J. de Lacey, Enniscorthy

"This Roll of Honour is incomplete. The editor would be glad to receive the names of others who have been deported, imprisoned or otherwise victimised.

### A Kinsale Innocent.

Yes; I will tell you how. Ask a policeman. And also the number of currants that was in the barmbrack your friends sent you, and which you took three days to eat, the limb of

the law will also be able to tell. The poor innocent continues: "At the time of the Foot and Mouth disease, my brother lost heavily in his dairy business, and the cads in Cork used to shout 'foot and mouth' after him in the streets, and I got a note saying that the innocent cattle might escape, but that it might fall on myself. . . . Why would not they, when they had papers like 'the Hibernian' to incite them and Ribbon Societies to find out information! I was not ashamed to tell all this to special reporters from the 'Glasgow Herald' and the 'Kilmarnock Standard'; but (secret societies again) the papers were sent here," and according to our polite letter-writer he was "almost called a liar in the 'Examiner' and other papers." "As you, dear sir, are one of the Grand Masters of the Ribbon Society, you ought to be able to tell. But perhaps you would not get permission. And perhaps you will not have the courage to print this, and to answer me." Now, Mr. Hosford, does not one of the Grand Masters display his courage, at the same time earn your undying gratitude by ventilating your grievances in the columns of "The Hibernian"? One word of advice, however. To regain your lost status in the eyes of your fellow-men you should join the B.O.E. You are fully qualified for membership.

\* \* \*

### Air Raids.

"Oh! 'tis awful to hear what you do hear, and stand impotent before it. To hear men prating of justice, whilst their hands are steeped in iniquity; to hear them denouncing the wickedness of the poor, and their own sins crying to Heaven for vengeance; to hear that law and order are everything, no matter what brutality is exercised under that law and order; to see men, for ever plucking notes from the bleared eyes of the starving workman, and no man dare say, there is a beam in your own. And the law, the law behind it all, bracketing all this iniquity, and worst of all, men coolly accepting the laws infallibly and society's verdict, as if it were the Voice of Sinai, or its thunder."

"There it is again—the law of the land—the abettor of every infamy, the ally of every traitor and miscreant, the apology for every crime."

From "Miriam Lucas" by Canon Sheehan.

\* \* \*

### British Politicians and British Law.

A great air raid has been made on England, and the English Press is horrified because a number of English women and children have been killed by the bombs thrown from the German Zeppelins. It is no doubt much to be regretted that civilians have

been killed, but the English do not seem to remember that their own air men have done exactly the same thing in Germany, in Belgium, and in Greece. The English papers often contain accounts of great air raids by the Allies, and mention the fact that hundreds of bombs have been dropped on German and Belgian towns, and the German papers publish the names of hundreds of women and children killed in these raids. If it is inhuman for Germans to kill English women and children, it should be also inhuman for Englishmen to kill German women and children. The English also seem to forget that by their stringent blockade of Germany, they are endeavouring to kill off German women and children in thousands by the slow and painful death of starvation.

Some English public men gloat over the fact that the British Navy prevents the Germans from getting sufficient food to sustain life, and then, when an Zeppelin raid occurs, they, true British hypocrites, accuse the Germans of barbarism.

No German air raids have been made on Ireland. It is unlikely that there will be any in the future, although John Redmond recently gave great publicity to the names of the Irish town where munitions are being manufactured. The military advantage to be gained by the Germans destroying munition factories in Ireland would not compensate them for the bitterness of feeling that would be caused amongst the Irish people at home and in America if a number of Irish civilians were killed.

### Peace or War.

In Mr Sheehy Skeffington's address on "Impressions of America," he incidentally expressed the opinion that Ireland, as a neutral country, ought to associate itself with the movement for a speedy peace. Countess Markievicz, speaking at the same meeting expressed disagreement, saying that she did not want peace until the British Empire was smashed. These opposite points of view will be fully discussed at a public debate between Mr Skeffington and the Countess in the Foresters' Hall on Friday evening of this week; particulars will be found in our advertising columns. The audience will be given an opportunity to join in the debate after the two principal speakers, and a vote will be taken. Mrs Wyse Power will preside

## Do we want Peace NOW?

A Public Debate on the above subject, between Countess De Markievicz and Francis Sheehy Skeffington, will be held on Friday February 18th, at 8 o'clock, in the Foresters' Hall, 41 Parnell Square, Admission - 3d.

## Mustard and Cress.

How much money have certain "patriotic" Dublin capitalists invested in Krupp's? It would be interesting to know.

"Is the Kaiser Satan?" one of the Northcliffe scrap journals wants to know. We would say that if he is, he has a number of first cousins in high places in England.

Marvellous are the ways of the food trusts. The price of wheat goes down a shilling and the price of bread goes up a halfpenny in the pound!

We do get some specimens of British culture. The other day at Perth, an old man of 70 years who was ineligible for the old age pension, and in poverty, snared one rabbit. He was fined £5 or undergo a month in prison. Of course, he went to jail. At Perth also for causing the death of a child by gross cruelty and neglect (it is said the child was thrashed while in dying state because she was too weak to dress herself) the sentence was 15 days. Fifteen days for killing a child; 30 days for snaring a rabbit!

Asent the conduct of the war and the Zeppelin part of the business more especially, a correspondent in the "Daily Mail" wants to know "why we do not hit back?" Would it be against the Defence of the Realm Act if we suggested that the reason is because bloated John has lost his punch.

Another gent wants to know if Britain cannot build Zeppelins with quick-firing guns? The answer is in the negative. People do not forget the inglorious fate of the dirigibles which England endeavoured to make swim the air some years ago to compete with the Zepp. We were then told Zepps were no good. How now!

The following piece of sarcasm is good: The Northcliffe Press ought to assume a gentler tone towards the Government. Surely they have done enough to ensure an early victory. Think of the stupendous efforts they have made. No drinks after 2.30 (until evenings). The children's oranges to be stopped! No museums. No bulbs in public gardens! What more could be done to ensure victory? Why worry about Zeppelins?

We are still awaiting a move by the Prince of Wales about "Ich Dien" motto on his crest; and, at the same time, we should like the 11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own) to consider the propriety of erasing "their" motto—"Fest und treu."—"John Bull."

A deputation waited on Sir Mat. Nathan in connection with the shipping dispute on the Dublin quays. The "Evening Telegraph" said the deputation were very courteously received. Why not? Are the people of this country the paymasters and employers of this gentleman—or are the people his slaves? Such cringing, crawling cant, makes "Irishmen" sick,

### REDMOND'S RAUCOUS RANTING.

(Continued from page 1)  
forgetting or ignoring the facts that South Africa has received millions of pounds, complete Home Rule, and a country to defend and fight for; that Ireland is being persecuted, slandered, befooled, and plundered of its millions of pounds per year just the same, only more intensely than of yore. He describes what the Irish people have won from England in regard to the land, religious equality, educational freedom, local self-government, and, lastly, the Home Rule Act, Ireland had said, "Trust me with this, and I will wipe out the past and be loyal to the Empire," and the answer—some-what long-delayed, no doubt, but still it came—was the King's signature to the Government of Ireland Act. Thus, when the war arrived, Ireland had at once a charter of rights and liberties of her own to defend and, like Botha's South Africa, her plighted word to make good.

Mr Redmond knows that "when the war arrived" Ireland had not her "charter of liberty"—nor has she yet that charter. When war arrived, Mr Redmond, with crocodile tears running down his nose, was bitterly, or pretending to be bitterly declaiming against the "Home Rule Government" of the day, for the heinous murders of the innocent woman, children, and men at Bachelor's Walk, Dublin by the King's Own Scottish Borderers. This was part of the situation when "war arrived." Sir Edward Carson was getting busy preparing for his march to Cork, English soldiers were being drafted into Irish towns to quell rebellion, English officers and men—anti-Catholic and anti-National—at the Curragh, were in a state of mutiny against their Government and Mr. Redmond. The Government of Ireland Act for three provinces was held up and a strangling Act introduced and passed. This was the true position "when war arrived," and Mr. Redmond cannot nor shall he be allowed to get away from recorded historical facts,

### GRAND CONCERT AND DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE

"The Prodigal Daughter" by F. Sheehy Skeffington, in Foresters' Hall, 41 Parnell Sq., on Sunday, February 20th, at 8 p.m.

Artists include: Mrs. Fay Sargent, Mrs. Salkeld, Miss Marie Nic Shiubhlaigh, Miss Molly O'Byrne, Miss Cathleen Coughlan, Mr Gerard Crofts, Mr Brian O'Higgins, Mr Sean Connolly, Mr. Thomas O'Shea, Mr. Thomas Malone.

Violin: Mr. Thomas Page. Piano: Mr. Ffrench Mullen. Proceeds to the "Irish Citizen" Fund.

Tickets: 2s., and 1s. Admission 6d.

## Persia's Plight.

The story of Persia, since the accession to the throne in 1909 of its present youthful Shah, Ahmed Mirza, has been one of shameless greed and uproved aggression on the part of its two protectors, Russia and England. By a treaty between themselves in 1907, these two nations had partitioned the country into spheres of influence, England taking 137,000 square miles in the south, with a population of 700,000, and Russia taking 305,000 square miles, with a population of 7,000,000. A middle zone was left to be divided later when the throttling of Persia had been more fully accomplished.

Since that time the policies of England and Russia in relation to the helpless nation in their grasp have been cynical and scandalous. Russia was the leader in the aggressive attempts to subjugate the nation without a war of open and conscienceless greed, England giving meek compliance to the utterly shameful transactions of her partner in the hope of assuring Russia's aid in the forthcoming war with Germany that was even then regarded as inevitable. Such was the explanation intimated by Sir Edward Grey in Parliament and corroborated by Morgan Shuster.

In 1910 the Persian Legislature strove to avert or to check the strangling of their nation by the appointment of an American treasurer general, W. Morgan Shuster. His work for the rehabilitation of Persia would have been successful but for the strenuous opposition of Russia and England to all of his official actions. Russian troops were sent to overawe and effect the dismissal of Mr. Shuster.

Soon after Turkey's entrance into the present war, her troops invaded Persia and drove out the Russian forces. Since then the Shah has been subjected to German and Turkish influences. The latest reports however, indicate that the Russian armies are returning in strong force, while the British have invaded and captured some territory in the south. A new agreement with Russia, it is said has been forced upon the Shah, who is to remain in residence at Teheran. Meanwhile, the native priests and liberal chieftains are trying to form a national army to drive out the Russians and English, declaring that death is better than subjection to foreigners.

## Defending the Realm

### "Some" Justice in Tralee.

Were it not for its resultant—three months' imprisonment with hard labour—what could be described as serio-comic "trial" was enacted in the Tralee Court-house on the 8th inst., when the appeal of Jack McGaley from the conviction by Tralee magistrates on a charge under the Defence of the Realm Act was heard. The three months sentence of the magistrates in November last caused widespread indignation as it was fully proved that McGaley was innocent of the charge preferred against him. Space does not allow us to go into the evidence in detail. For the prosecution a Sergeant George Wilkinson, R.M.F., an Englishman who is shirking in Ireland from active service abroad, swore that on the 9th November between 4.30 and 5 p.m. (twilight) when the Military Band was leaving Tralee Racecourse as it was approaching the gate he heard spoken the words: "Oh! you come here asking us to fight for our country. Why don't you go to your own country and ask them over there? You won't get us." He swore he then turned round and saw McGaley who said "Canon O'Leary asked for three cheers for the King at Dingle but he got no one to cheer, and why should we cheer? Who is the King? Damn the King!" The last statement was according to Wilkinson, made in the exact same voice as the first. Wilkinson was four or five paces behind the band. But none of the bandmen, all of whom were approached by the Crown, could be got to swear they heard the statements used. Neither could anybody in the large crowd converging on the gate at the time be procured to corroborate the stay-at-home Military Bandmaster.

For the defence James Moriarty, Dingle, Cornelius Hannafin, Tralee, Sergeant Richard Dowling R.M.F., (who joined the army in 1905, was at the front for a long period, fought at Las Basse, Mons, Ypres, etc., and was promoted for gallantry on the field), William Harrington, Dingle, and Thomas Moriarty, Tralee, (no relation of James Moriarty), all swore they were in McGaley's company on the occasion and that he never made use of the words. Nevertheless in spite of this overwhelming evidence on the side of the accused

the conviction was upheld. The civilians' evidence was not believed; neither was Sergeant Dowling's. The statement of the Englishman Wilkinson, who though a soldier is shirking his duty and staying safe in Ireland while Irishmen are giving their blood for him and his country, was taken in preference to that of, amongst others, an Irishman who fought bravely and underwent untold hardships in France and Flanders. But little else could be expected considering the constitution of the Bench. County Court Judge Dromgoole is an ardent recruiter, having spoken at several recruiting meetings in Kerry. The shoneen Freemason Just-asses: Robert Fitzgerald, D.L., William Huggard, G. A. E. Hickson, C.E., Captain R. A. B. Chute, are all of the same brand. Upholders of civil, criminal and moral law such as Fitzgerald and Huggard need no reference for those who know them as they really are. The remaining magistrate, Thomas Lawlor, to his credit be it said dissented from the conviction.

The Crown Solicitor, David M. Moriarty, whose sneering countenance denoted the viperous mind of the man, is also a prominent speaker in the campaign to present free nameless graves to Irishmen in France. He posed at one time as a Nationalist and was Chairman of the Nationalist Kerry County Council, but "what is bred in the bone comes out in the flesh," and when he succeeded in capturing the Crown Solicitorship he shone forth in his true colours—a worthy son of a Removable Magistrate and follower of his uncle the late Bishop Moriarty of Kerry who is best remembered for his pronouncement: "Hell is not hot enough or Eternity long enough for the Fenians."

Mr Francis J. Healy, B.L., Queens-town, conducted an able and masterful defence. But it was all of little avail as it was a case of an alleged anti-recruiting offender being tried by open and avowed recruiters—in other words "Going to law with the Devil in the Court of Hell." The so called "Nationalist" Jay Pees who expressed such horror at the sentence last November were one and all conspicuous by their absence on this occasion, and at the complete mercy of Masonic influence the decision was confirmed. Where were our Catholic and National "men"? Echo answers "Where?" Had they been practical McGaley would have been acquitted. However, nothing else could be expected of men who swear allegiance to England when becoming J.P's.

We hear much nowadays about retarding and interfering with recruiting but this conviction and harsh, severe and wholly uncalled for sentence on an innocent, respectable young man, flouts public opinion and thereby influences it against recruiting. Fools that our rulers are they think that by having McGaley in jail the Realm is safe. But—and a big but—Wait and See. A day of reckoning will come, and then—

M.

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# THE SCALP HUNTERS

BY SEAN MILROY.

[Continued from last week.]

Then Waitansee called him a writing man, whose duty it was to keep a record of the doings of the Erranians, and he was called the Squirrel, because of his funny little ways.

And Waitansee said to him, "Tell us, O Squirrel, how many youths of the Erranians are there available for slaughter and sacrifice?"

And the Squirrel answered: "O Chief, I have a staff of Peelers and Geemen to gather me such information, and from what they tell me, I believe there is still some 80,000 left—all of slaughterable age."

And again the raven croaked.

"But," continued the Squirrel, "do not rush them. Leave them to me, and I can coax and wheedle them to commit suicide for the purpose you require. I have them coming round nicely to your point of view, except a few of them who are disgruntled, but these I am trying in a Friendly way to weed out. I have a House of Joy ready, to which I shall consign them, and there they will be powerless to thwart the will of our gods the Bull and the Lion."

Here Dilo the Hunbasher, in a moment of abstraction, murmured "Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!" and the war-lords of Pushango were greatly startled thereat, thinking it was the voice of Hun of the Evil Eye. But Dilo quieted them with words of soothing, saying that he meant to ejaculate "Hip, hip, hip" as a sign of his rejoicing at the manner in which the disgruntled Erranians were to be dealt with. And calm settled once more upon the palaver of the war-chiefs.

Then Waitansee struck the council table with his fist and cried, "Ho! let us dine!" And thereupon the council dined. Now, their repast was passing strange, being composed entirely of scraps—that is, scraps of paper—which they devoured most greedily. But to those who are versed in the annals of the Pushangoites it will be known that a diet of paper was a favourite dish with this tribe from ages beyond memory. Their most

ancient records have this peculiar interest, that recipes for providing such dinners figure largely therein. One notable example was known as the "Lim-Rick Tree-Tea"—a strange name, so so-called because the ingredients of this recipe were originally found on a certain slab of stone in a place in the tribe lands of the Erranians, which was called and is known to this day as Lim-Rick. Now the dinner which was produced from the directions of this recipe might be repellent to modern stomachs; for, though mainly composed of paper and ink, it was served up in a dish of steaming-hot human blood; but, nevertheless, at the time of its invention, it was in great vogue with the Pushangoites.

Another recipe which the archives of their larder supply possessed a long, queer-looking name, "Renun-See-Ation Hacked."

Whether the last word indicated the nature of the implement used in its preparation or the instrument by which its consumption was assisted, I have not been able to glean from the somewhat meagre vestiges of information at my disposal, but I incline to the belief that it has reference to the former, and that axes and other sharp instruments were used in the necessary preliminaries.

This dish, though once much acclaimed, had now gone out of fashion, and indeed it was considered bad taste and vulgar to refer to it.

On the present occasion, however, the meal of the Pushango war-lords was altogether different, and was a sort of hotch-potch—not unlike what nowadays is termed an Irish stew.

Singular to remark, it was a product of the Erranian tribe, and was a compound of such strange commodities as weekly papers, with a blending of "paste," and stirred with a pair of "scissors."

The diners appeared to relish the meal greatly; but, having eaten all that was placed before them, they appeared still hungry, so that Waitansee called out to the Squirrel:

"Is this all, O Squirrel? We are not yet nearly satisfied."

To which the blithesome little fellow answered:

"O mighty Waitansee, there is plenty more yet, but I think we must bide a while, for the Erranians are wrathful at my taking this much with-

out paying, and our credit is not in good repute with them. Here is a dish of Geeman's ournal Pie."

But when the pie was brought to the table, the stench from it was so horrible that the assembled war-lords did hold their noses and cried out: "Away with it; it is putrid, and fit only for the base Erranian serfs."

And it was carried out and returned to its owner, with a fat purse of gold as a bribe that he might be induced to distribute it gratis to the Erranian populace, and so they might be poisoned.

Then said Ell Gee, "I will hie me forth to the larder, and perchance I will discover some dainty."

And presently he returned chuckling childishly, and behold there followed behind him two servitors bearing a large vessel of stirabout. And Ell Gee said to the servitors, "Forward."

And they came and placed their load of stirabout on the council table. And the war-chiefs did sup therefrom, and did smack their lips vehemently.

And they, having dined, the Raven on the North Cliff croaked again, for it, too, was hungry. Whereupon Waitansee rose again and spoke:

"Brothers, we are refreshed, but our fortunes in war are not yet retrieved. To our gods, the Bull and the Lion, we must offer sacrifice that we shall gain the prize of victory. How say you? Let us become a brotherhood of scalp-hunters that we may offer such scalps as homage to these duties."

And all the chiefs were boisterous in their hand-clappings of approval.

Then said Red John: "O mighty war-lords, this is a project I like muchly. You know I have already brought you thousands of the scalps of my tribesmen. Now I shall bring you many more. But a little while and faithful Dilo and I will bring in the scals of those other 80,000 Erranians, which our good friend the Squirrel says are still available among the Erranians."

And Waitansee smiled on Red John, and the latter and Dilo went forth to their tribe to hunt for scalps, while Ka-Ha-Sun looked glumly on, and the Raven on the North Cliff croaked a jubilant croak.

Now, how the scalp-hunters fared when they arrived amongst the Erranians is a story which is yet to be recorded.

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THE GAEL



Vol. I. No. 4.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1916

PRICE ONE PENNY

FRENCH SWORDS AND IRISH PIKES  
 (Translated from the French).

CHAPTER V.—THE ATTACK ON CORK.

The City of Cork was the object of our expedition. We knew we could not capture it, but we were resolved to terrorise the garrison and to encourage the partisans of the insurrection, and, besides, to get information which would be of use to the French Army when it landed. Two sham attacks were prepared to draw off the attention of the enemy, whilst we would try to seize one of their principal forts. It was a fortified barrack, defended by soldiers who had brutally murdered patriot prisoners who had fallen into their power. Our men, led by clever guides, arrived within two hundred yards of the barracks without drawing the attention of the enemy. They crawled on the ground and remained stretched on the earth, awaiting the signal of attack. The leader, his officers and I were led by a young man named Sheil, who showed great pluck and great intelligence. He placed us at a spot between two hostile sentries, who would have heard us only that the night was rough and tempestuous. We could see all that was going on in the barracks. I had proposed at the Council of War to blow up the door of the barracks, which our spies said was very solid and well defended; but we had no explosives wherewith to carry out my plan, and we had to fall back on a simpler but more dangerous way, to break open the door by hammering it; men had

been chosen among those who volunteered to carry out that dangerous duty.

Our scouts came to the leader to tell him all was ready for attacking, and he raised his arm to fire the shot which was to be the signal, when the door of the barrack opened, and an officer, preceded by a drummer, came out. The drummer bore a lantern, which threw the light in front of him, but left in darkness the officer, who walked behind him. His voice, when he answered one of the sentries, helped us to judge where he was. He was walking straight towards us, and could not fail to discover us if we hesitated another minute. Our leader fired, the officer fell. A furious hurra! came from the bushes, and the English sentries, recognising the Irish war-cry, rushed to the barrack to take refuge in it; but we arrived at the door with them. The door, open to receive them, could not be closed, being speedily blocked with a pile of English corpses. The insurgents rushed on into the barrack, and a desperate struggle raged. The deadly pikeheads were thrust through English throats and breasts with vengeful fury, and in a few minutes the garrison was killed to the last man. The building was set afire, the munitions of war exploded and the whole barrack was destroyed.

While this was going on, two other attacks

# THE GAEL.

were made on separate parts of the city, which kept the garrison in check. The result was that we were convinced that it would be very easy to carry the city when the French troops came to help the insurgents.

We had mounted on our horses, when a strange scene drew my attention. From an enclosure came the cries of many animals answering human cries, scarcely less shrill. A number of horses, cows and oxen were shut up and striking the earth with their hoofs, or hitting with all their strength the fence that kept them prisoners. Some of these animals had been seized for arrears of taxes; others for rents due by the poorest of the poor for miserable huts; the greater number to pay the tithes of the English Church. They were to be sold by auction the next day. It had been part of our night's expedition to carry off those animals, but the officer who had been charged with this duty could not resist the temptation of taking part with his men in the attack on the barracks. A number of women and children had assembled to try and get back their cattle. They were afraid of getting too near, for fear of the enemy, but carried on at a distance the loud colloquy, for which I could find no explanation. Hearing the voices of their owners, the animals answered by joyous cries; but as no one came to free them, they became furious, and rushing on the fence, threw it down and rushed out with furious shouts and wild gallop. A few hours later all had returned by a wonderful instinct to the roofs where they were born.

We returned to the patriots' camp, and I settled myself in one of the huts, and fell into a deep slumber.

## CHAPTER VI.—AN OLD WOMAN'S MURDER.

When I woke it was broad daylight. I ascertained that the insurgents intended to remain in their camp for a day or two, in the expectation of the landing of the French troops. This decided me to return to the coast, and in case our soldiers were landing to offer my services as guide, and give my countrymen the benefit of the information I had been getting. The Irish officers tried to dissuade me. However, when they found my mind was made up, they offered to give me a guide, but I remembered the road by which I came, and I refused. They accompanied me to the outskirts of the camp, and we parted, hoping to meet again very soon.

It was getting dark, but I had no difficulty in finding my way, and followed it cautiously. I crossed the river across which Mary led me,

and reached the footpaths leading to the hills. It seemed to me that the storm, which was still blowing, was less fierce, and I hoped to be able to communicate the next day with our fleet. I meant to await a favourable opportunity, either in the deserted village if I found little Mary there, or in a hiding nook among the rocks along the shore. After a few hours' walk, I heard the sound of the waves, and I concluded I was not far from the hamlet. It was too dark to distinguish where I was, but all at once it struck me that I heard faint sounds on my right. I walked in that direction, and soon I heard distinctly cries of distress, which were drowned by oaths and curses. A few steps more and I arrived at the cliffs, at the foot of which the houses of the village formed a circle. The only light to be seen came from the house where the screams were heard. To my terror, I recognised the house where I had been so kindly treated. Without taking time to reflect, I rushed forward madly, made a terrific jump through the window open in the roof, and from the loft dashed into the room below. A most fearful sight greeted my eyes.

Very late in the evening two English soldiers, who had come to the village looking for prey, heard Mary's grandmother reciting the Rosary, and thought that this house would offer a better prize than the deserted ones. As they could not get the door opened, they made a breach in the wall. One can judge, whilst this was going on, what was the slow agony of the two poor women; each stone that fell brought nearer the moment that would leave them helpless at the mercy of those devouring English wolves. The old, bed-ridden woman could not fly, and implored her grand-daughter to fly whilst there was time; the girl, in her innocence, thought that death was the only danger she had to dread, and refused to forsake her grandmother. When the soldiers entered, they found Mary on her knees, the old woman on the bed, pressing the cross of her Rosary to her breast, and both imploring God's help. At first the soldiers asked for food and drink; and when they could not get whiskey, they stormed and threatened and cursed. One of the ruffians drew near the old woman and tore the Rosary from her fingers; the little silver medals roused his cupidity. He told her she must have a treasure hidden somewhere, and swore that unless she gave it up he would kill her. The other brute attached himself to the girl, and, finding that she would not answer him, he threw her on the ground. This slender girl defended herself so bravely, using her nails and her teeth, that the soldier called his fellow-brute to help him to hold her. The old woman was no sooner freed than, realising the full horror of

IN GOLDSMITH'S COUNTRY.

By Francis Joseph Bigger, M.R.I.A.

her grand-daughter's position, she suddenly recovered the use of her limbs. She rose from her bed and threw herself like a mad-woman on the man who was holding the girl. She gripped him by the throat, and forced him to defend himself, the old woman and the soldier rolling on the ground.

At that moment I leaped down into the room, where this fearful scene was taking place. To save the girl's honour, in imminent danger, I discharged a pistol shot at random as I leaped. The girl was moaning, as if she were dying. The soldier and the old woman were still struggling; she had hold of his neck with her withered hand, and was choking him. He seized his bayonet, and plunged it several times in the breast of the old woman, who, with a shrill scream, expired on the spot.

The justice of heaven did not delay long. The murderer was rising, covered with the blood of his victim, and was rushing on me, when a shot stretched him dead at my feet. His comrade ran towards me with his sabre in his hand. Before I had time to use my other weapons I saw my enemy's arm fall powerless by his side; Mary had seized a scythe and had wounded him when she saw the danger I was in. A ball from my pistol put an end to this struggle.

Mary's life and mine were saved, but we had to fly from the dangers that surrounded. Doubtless, the comrades of the two soldiers would be attracted by the sound of the firing, and would soon be down on us. The best thing we could do was to fly at once. But the girl would not leave before rendering to her grandmother the last proof of her love. She gave her all the care that the dead receive; she wrapped her in a shroud, after cleaning off the blood; arranged the bed; closed the sightless, staring eyes; crossed her arms on her breast, and put a blessed palm in her hand. We had also to carry off the bodies of the soldiers; if they were discovered, it would be the ruin of the village. We tied stones to their necks, and threw them in a deep, muddy pond. The poor girl, half-dead of grief and fright, helped me in this loathsome task.

When that hideous work was over, we hid the traces of blood, and we barricaded the door and blocked up the breach in the wall. We left the house before daybreak, and an hour's walk took us to a cavern near the sea, which had been used by Mary's family in times of persecution. This was a safe hiding-place from which I could see our ships; but the storm was still blowing, and left me no hope that our troops could land that day. Overcome by fatigue, I fell asleep.

(To be continued).

Sweet Auburn is but a few miles from Athlone, the centre of Ireland, and yet it is an unknown land to most Irishmen and rarely, if ever, visited by strangers or visitors. That it is well worthy a pilgrimage I will endeavour to show.

In the noise of London many weary feet step aside from the bustle of the Strand to view the great Church of the Knights Templars, beneath whose shadow there sleeps in peace he whose life knew no peace save that afforded by the happy recollections of his early days spent on the shores of Lough Ree.

Some of the sweetness of these youthful years ran like a silver thread through a life chequered beyond that of ordinary mortals, binding a soul broken on the wheel of London inanity and artificial civilisation to that rural past in the land of his birth, the wide extending plains of West Meath.

"The white stone flashes over Goldsmith's ashes  
In the quiet cloisters of Temple Bar."

And the land he loved so well and described with such tenderness and pathos has not even the honour of bearing on her breast his mortal ashes, for he sleeps in the soil of the stranger, and his requiem is not that of the lapping waves on the pebbly shores of the lake he had so often sailed over, nor yet the lowing of the cattle upon the hills where his father had been the shepherd of men, but the distant roar of a great city and the continuous turmoil of commerce.

"The Deserted Village" has been printed in almost all the languages of Europe and illustrated in many ways, the most elaborate editions treat it, however, as an entirely English pastoral story with the ordinary typical views of that country—half-timbered cottages, ivy-clad church tower, swains in smocks, and the surroundings of rural life in an English county. Ireland frequently suffers in this way—the works of her poets have been appropriated, and the true facts systematically suppressed. To any one who is familiar with Goldsmith's favourite poem and traverses the district around the village of Lissoy, every scene described, almost every detail in the poem will at once be revealed and made known.

The Rev. Charles Goldsmith, who was the rector of Kilkenny West, ministered in "the decent church which topped the neighbouring hill," and the present modest edifice, built on almost the same lines, still occupies the identical site surrounded by the graves of those who were the playmates and companions of the poet, and within its sacred walls are the unlettered graves of the poet's uncle and his son, the Rev. Charles,

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THE GAEL.

who succeeded him in the parish.  
No more loveley description of a true shepherd has ever been written than Goldsmith's, taken from one whom he deeply loved and venerated:

"A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.  
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.  
His pity gave ere charity began.  
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.  
Allur'd to brighten worlds and led the way."

And as we loiter around the loney church, surrounded with unkempt graves and mossy slabs, we see a vision of the old white-haired man whose "meek and unaffected grace" is still, and ever will remain, a sweet fragrance of the happy days now gone for ever.

The story of the deserted village is almost literally true, and only too common, alas! in many other parts of Ireland. The tract of country around Lissoy—for Auburn was only the poetic designation—was in the territory of Lord Dillon, one of a powerful family, who, about 1730, sold the property to a General Napier, an Englishman who had amassed a large fortune in Vigo. He, in the true tyrannical style of the period, at once began to enclose a large demesne nine miles in circumference, and for this purpose ejected man yfamilies who had long flourished on the soil, causing them to emigrate to other lands, many to America—and so the poet sings:

"Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen  
And desolation saddens all thy green;  
One only master grasps the whole domain,  
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;  
And trembling shrinking from the spoiler's hand,  
Far, far away thy children leave the land."

and then in quite prophetic tones:  
"Princes and lords may flourish or may fade  
A breath can make them as a breath has made;  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed can never be supplied."

And so it is—the name Napier is now unknown in the district, nor can a record of it be traced amidst the ruins it created. The proud demesne walls are crumbling, the "improving plantations" swept away.

"The man of wealth and pride  
Takes up a space that many poor supplied,

Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,  
Space for his horses, equipage and hounds."

until in the whirl of time they, too, are swept away and their very race forgotten, and "the country blooms a garden and a grave."

In the long sloping shafts of the golden sunset of a bright June evening we wander around the ruined walls of the old rectory, talking to a young man, who amiably points out to us each varying scene and feature of the place

"Where once the garden smil'd  
And still where many a garden flow'r grows wild,"

who quotes freely from the poet, knowing his different works.

The ruins of the hearth can still be seen—the high tottering chimney only fell last winter. Here "the broken soldier sat by the fire and talked the night away." The orchard can still be traced, with several ancient apple trees struggling with age, yet bearing flowers hopeful of harvest. In and out amidst the long shadows of the western sun we see the uncouth figure of the poet haunting the scenes of his childhood, dwelling longer at the spots endeared to us by the fondly written words which shall ever remain a treasure in the storehouse of literary excellence.

From the rectory we pass to the "busy mill"—now whirring no longer; its wheel has made its last turn. Its crumbling walls are rapidly hastening into the mossy banks which gather around it, moistened by "the never-failing stream" still flowing and gurgling around its foundations.

As we pause to survey the ruins, a young woman comes with her pail to draw water from the cress-covered pool for the use of her humble-cottage hard by, and we think of the days when the little mill hummed with life and vanity, supplying the wants of the neighbouring village, and now all are gone.

We next pause at the "noisy mansion" where "the village master taught his little school." Of all the remaining vestiges of Sweet Auburn this is the one which appears practically in its original condition. Old, quaint, thatched and low-roofed, which only the poet could have described as a "mansion"—it now totters to its fall.

An aged couple steeped in poverty occupy its time-stained walls, their little hearth scarce serving to keep the damp from out their simple home. This was doubtless a fair example of the "hedge school," only used when the weather pressed the scholars indoors—the summer days doubtless saw them lined along the neighbouring fence an dthe village master pacing the green sward, ferule in hand, ready for any emergency

that might arise amongst the young bloods of the village.

“But past is all his fame; the very spot  
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.”

The pedagogue of the poet's days was similar to him of our times, “for ev'n though vanquish'd he could argue still” with words of “wondrous length,” “dictionary” words, as they are called, used to astonish the rustic mind.

The Inn, “The Three Jolly Pidgeons,” was the centre of all that was festive in the village; here the poet dallied much, as tradition still maintains, spending many roistering nights with kindred spirits when he might have been more profitably engaged—so the rector thought, and tried with loving care to convince the reckless youth of the error of such dissipation. The scene in “She Stoops to Conquer” may be taken as having happened in this Inn, and the famous song, “Fol-da-rol-lol,” was doubtless a favourite there. “Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd.” Only the site remains, the present Inn of the same name being some distance off.

“The parlour splendours of that festive place;  
The whitewash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,  
The varnished clock that ticked behind the door;  
\* \* \* \* \*  
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,  
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Vain transitory splendours; could not all  
Relieve the tottering mansion from its fall.”

No words of mine can describe the destruction of this festive haunt so well as the poet's own—his lament was heartfelt and sincere. The rich had their pleasures in their castles, the Inn was for the poor man and the traveller.

“Yes, let the rich deride, the proud disdain  
These simple blessings of the lowly train;  
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
One native charm than all the gloss of art.”

The simplest pleasures of the poor called up the poet's happiest thoughts and homeliest expressions, “the farmer's news,” “the barber's tale,” “the woodman's ballad,” the smith with “dusky brow” and “ponderous strength,” and the “coy maid” were one and all affectionately remembered by the poet as he sang the sweet lay of his country's desolation in a London lodging-house.

“The long pomp, the midnight masquerade,” are only referred to as “the toiling pleasures” of the rich, lacking true happiness and mirth.

“The noisy geese that gabbl'd o'er the pool” are still common to the district, and can be found in many places.

“The playful children just let loose from school” we passed by the wayside, their little hats decorated with hawthorn blossoms, dressed in rustic simplicity, their faces bright with innocent gaiety.

The most sacred relic of all:

“The hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade  
For talking age and whispering lovers made,”

has gone for ever, and only the poet's happy remembrance of it now remains; but younger trees are noticed at the cross-roads and beside cottages still supplying the old happy purpose in the evenings when the throstle's note is highest.

The village sports and loves and rivalries—all are dwelt upon with lingering affection and retrospective sighs, for the poet was far from them all, save in fancy, and the bitterness of life was upon him as he wrote and deplored

“Trades unfeeling train  
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain.  
And rural mirth and manners are no more,  
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train  
Swells at my breast and turns the past to pain.”

The whole poem is the strongest indictment ever written of the land tyranny so prevalent in many parts of Ireland until recent years, when one man's will could sweep away a country-side, causing widespread ruin and desolation; nor does the poet stop here, but he places the hideousness of ill-acquired wealth and the luxury of the rich in their true light:

“O luxury; thou cursed by Heaven's decree,”

and describes a nation built up of such as  
“A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe.”

With tearful tenderness he describes the migration of the poor, driven by such laws to seek shelter in foreign climes—“a melancholy band pass from the shore.”

“Contented toil and hospitable care,  
And kind connubial tenderness are there;  
and piety with wishes plac'd above,  
And steady loyalty and faithful love.”

The poet's last lines are a prayer:

“Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;  
Teach him that states of native strength possess,  
Though very poor may still be very blest;  
That trades proud empire hastes to swift decay,  
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;  
While self dependent pow'r can time defy,  
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.”

In these days of the advocacy of "commercial supremacy," it is well to ponder over such a poem as the "Deserted Village," and to wander over the scenes immortalised by Oliver Goldsmith, and as we read his glowing descriptions of former days and view the desolation that meets our eyes, we may truly use the old Royal phrase, "Cursed be the laws that robbed me of such subjects."

A new Ireland is evolving out of the chaos of the past, brightened by a hope that bids fair to blossom into a reality—better days are dawning for the children of Banba—the Harp and the Pipes are sounding in the deserted villages of the land, calling back her children from the squalor and smoke of the cities to till again her fields and tend the herds upon her sweet pastures.

The milk-maid's voice shall respond to the ploughman's whistle, and the land shall no more be desolate. The Niobe of the Nations may dry her tears as her children cease from wandering and their cottages spring up on the hillsides—old things have passed away, and a new era is drawing nigh. A soul has been breathed into Erin—her old life has been quickened.

The lament of Goldsmith over the land hastening to decay will be turned into a song of triumph in the new hey-dey which is so fast approaching. Phoenix-like, she arises fresh and rejuvenated from her ashes. In her degradation she has triumphed, in her defeat she has been victorious.

◆◆◆  
**MEMORIES OF GREECE.**

**THE OLYMPIC GAMES AT ATHENS.**

By Eilis Ni Carthaigh.

Had an Athenian left home and suddenly returned to Athens during the Olympic games he would scarcely have recognised his native town. The quiet streets are transformed into teeming thoroughfares, where huge masses of people jostle and chatter together in different dialects with the most perfect freedom and apparent good humour. From the centre right out to the outskirts of the town there is unusual stir and animation. Flags are waving from every balcony, bands everywhere playing national airs; troops of soldiers in gay uniforms marching with unaccustomed buoyancy and as the quick-changing scenes in a stage drama, the whole town is roused from habitual lethargy into feverish excitement. Yet never was drama so vivid nor stage scenery so absorbing as this moving panorama on the opening day of the great games.

From the early forenoon the crowds began to gather in front of the Royal Palace, and thence pass to the stadium through the new Xappior

Gardens. Although it is but the month of April the sky is of a burning turquoise, and surely never did brilliant sunshine shine on a more brilliant assembly. To this mingling of nationalities we have every type of feature, every style of costume, and every variety of language from the different ends of the earth. As they pass leisurely along we see the giant frame of the fair-haired Teuton mingling with the small swarthy Italian; the self-assured, well-dressed Englishman walking beside the lively voluble Frenchman; the easy-going Irishman laughing with the brisk American; the stately Norwegian, the golden-haired Swede, the Canadian, the Australian, the stalwart Russian, all blending with the beauty of the dark-eyed Greek into one harmonious whole.

At intervals through the surging crowd Greek soldiers pass in their picturesque kilts and shining armour, while cavalry officers in green and silver, with white plumes waving over their handsome features shout loud and often futile orders to the stewarts along the congested pathways. Again and again the throngs are disturbed by rolling carriages, by the passing of brass bands, or by the persistent shouts of fruit and flower-sellers through the Xappion gardens. But the most perfect humour and gaiety seems to prevail amongst the crowds as they pass on by the temple of Jupiter and at last take their places in the White Stadium. Here is, indeed, a scene for the gods that no pen can justly write of. This great marble building—a fitting triumph of Grecian art—is filled to overflowing with the fairest and brightest of all nations, its pillared entrance adorned with blue and gold banners, and mottoes of welcome to all comers; while from its topmost walls flags of every colour and every country are flying proudly 'neath the dazzling sunshine of the Grecian offspring.

Suddenly the sound of trumpets announces the approach of the Royal carriages, and as the King and Queen, with all their family and retinue, enter, a mighty burst of cheering bursts from the waiting thousands. At length the great doors to the left are thrown open, and the various athletes pour into the Stadium. With intense interest we watch this huge procession pass the Royal throne, each standard-bearer lowering the colours of his country to salute the Greek Sovereign. There is a short pause while the King proclaims the opening of the games, and then, amidst another burst of cheering, commence the various show-drills of the different nations. Every eye is now turned to the arena, and every other thought o'ershadowed by our admiration for the ease and grace and perfection of freedom displayed in every movement of these superb athletes.

### THE GABL.

Such is the opening day of the games, and as each day brings forth new triumphs of strength and skill and daring and thrills of breathless excitement for the onlookers, it is hard to realise that we are still living in a modern prosaic world, and not in some enchanted realm, where men lived as heroes of valour and chivalry and were amply rewarded by a crown of laurel or the approving smile of woman's beauty.

One wonders how many of those splendid types of manhood are now lying mangled and torn on the slaughter-fields of Europe, or hidden away for ever in unknown graves; or shall we ever more see such grandeur of physique, such speed, skill and bravery meeting in friendly, joyous combat—not in deadly hate and cruelty under the kindly sunshine of a Grecian sky.

To us there is no victory during the Olympic games like that day on which Peter O'Connor wins the triple jump, and the green flag is waved across the wild Stadium, and that other still more enthralling scene of the Marathon Race, when the Irish-Canadian Sherring runs in panting, but fresh and vigorous, to the King's Throne wearing the Shamrock as his lucky emblem. To see Sherring, looking like a mere schoolboy, carried shoulder-high that same evening through the streets of Athens is a wonderful insight into the generosity of Greek character, who, although losing the most cherished event of the games, could not refrain from displaying their admiration for the lucky victor. It is said that Sherring received numerous proposals from some of the most beautiful Greek ladies before leaving Athens; but, his modesty being equal to his skill in running, he fled from them all, not even waiting to receive his laurel crown on the closing day of the games.

Although the accommodation provided for the athletes and visitors to Athens is inadequate, owing to the enormous influx of strangers during the games, the courtesy of the Greeks during that festive fortnight atoned in great measure for the great heat, so trying to new-comers, and for the general overcrowding of the various hotels.

Outdoor entertainments are provided each evening for the guests, and there is truly an enchantment in these Athenian nights when the town is alive with merriment and when, through the warm air, comes the perfume of roses, the strains of dreamy music, or the rippling laughter of the holiday crowds.

Suddenly there is a blaze of light in the distance, and, as if touched by a magic hand, the Acropolis throws out its gorgeous pillars in rainbow hues of scarlet and green and gold against the sky. We watch the varying colours with fascinated gaze, and then quickly the scene

changes, and a great torch-lit procession winds its way through the orange trees of the Royal gardens. Surely no fields of Elysium, no groves of Daphne in ancient Greece could surpass the charm of this modern fairyland.

So the Olympic games go on from day to day, deepening in interest and wonder and delight for the spectators and various conquerors, till we come to the closing day when, as a final entertainment for visitors, one of Sophocles' great tragedies is produced in the Stadium in ancient Greek, with only the blue sky for a canopy and with the simplest of costumes and setting, just as it was produced in the ancient theatre near the Acropolis during the lifetime of its author.

Notwithstanding the loss of interest in being unable to follow the dialogue, the play produced is a delightful memory, for nowhere else have I seen such natural grace, beauty and dramatic talent as Modern Athens can show when depicting its ancient glory. At the close of the play there is another fanfare of trumpets, and through the pillared portico of the Stadium comes the ringing tramp of 8,000 Athenian schoolboys, who march from all points of Athens in national colours to drill before the King. Cheer after cheer resounds through the great building, and seems to swell even to the outlying mountains as, amid the strains of the inspiring Greek National Anthem, step with measured tread to their places in the arena. Together, at a given signal, they wave and bend in perfect accord, and rise again like the branches of some giant tree, and as we look at their hardy frames and glowing dark eyes, we think if the old Greeks are watching to-day how such a sight must thrill them with ecstasy. For amongst these happy schoolboys they will find not only the budding athlete, but the future poet, scholar, statesman, orator and soldier, who can yet bring back to Greece her lost splendour, and place her again amongst the proudest and grandest of all earth's nations.

(To be continued).

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# THE GAEL.

SATURDAY, 19th FEBRUARY, 1916.

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"For the cause that lacks assistanse,  
'Gainst the wrong that needs resistance,  
For the future in the distance  
And the good that we can do."

## WHAT ABOUT OURSELVES

THE GAEL" has been well received, yet we must inform our readers that if we are to maintain a sixteen or twenty page weekly we need an increased circulation. We aim at reaching the men and women, boys and girls of the country districts and provincial towns whose only literature at present consists of the cross-Channel garbage and khaki-tinted West-British Press. We will be egotistical enough to say that, given a fair chance, THE GAEL could oust many of those productions and do good work for Irish Nationality among

its readers. We have managed to secure a fair circulation already in the rural districts of the Counties Tipperary and Limerick. We request our readers to assist us in making headway in the other counties. Most of our readers have friends in other dsitricths who may not be already readers of THE GAEL and if they could interest those friends in furthering the sale of THE GAEL, in a short time it would have permeated every district in Ireland.

On receipt of one shilling postal order, we will send eight issues of THE CAEL, beginning with the first issue, to any address in Ireland or Great Britain. We hope some hundreds of our readers will assist us thus.

We also request our Irish-American friends who have received copies of THE GAEL to get their friends to become subscribers.

We hope to introduce many new features in THE GAEL from time to time, and shall welcome helpful suggestions and criticism.

We thank the Editors of "The Spark," "The Tipperary Star," and "The Dungarvan Ob'erver" for their kindly references to THE GAEL.

## OUR BOOKLOVERS' CORNER

Rossa's Recollections, 1838 to 1898, by O'Donovan Rossa  
O'Donovan Rossa, Mariner's Harbour, N.Y., 1898.

When O'Donovan Rossa put together this first volume of his recollections he had no thought of literary style or literary composition. He only wanted to recall the history of his early life and the names and records of all his family and friends—thousands of them—and to speak his mind to his fellow-countrymen on the cause to which his whole life was devoted. The result is a mixed mass of autobiography, letters, poems, newspaper cuttings and sedition, jumbled together in confusion, but the straightforward, spontaneous force and simplicity of the author make the book a live thing and an invaluable portrait. He tells his story with free, natural directness, never stopping to revise a sentence or polish a phrase.

He dwells with intense fondness on his childish memories, giving a vivid picture of prosperous, Irish-speaking country life in County Cork before the Famine, putting in all those little personal touches which make the scenes and characters live, and hiding nothing to his own discredit—not even the story of the penny bun, which he ate without sharing it with his hungry family, and which remained "a thorn in the pride of my life" for ever after.

One of the first things to strike the reader is the great pride Rossa took in his ancient name and family. Half the County Cork were related to him, and he knew the genealogies of all his relations. His friend, John O'Donovan, the great scholar and antiquarian, used to write to him for information on genealogical problems.

Another striking feature of the book is Rossa's warm-hearted, unselfish love for his innumerable friends. The volume is half-filled with records of them and with their letters. It is a pity, however, that he does not tell us more about his first wife.

From his earliest childhood, Rossa was brought up to be a rebel. He grew up, not only as a brave and self-sacrificing patriot as ever lived in Ireland, but also as a clear-eyed and level-headed as he was brave. He saw the poisonous working of British domination in every department of Irish life in places where ordinary people never dream of looking for it. He understood the minds and policy of British statesmen with a shrewdness too rare in Ireland, both then and now. This comes out in illuminating pieces of writing like the following:

"We" (the I.R.B.) "set our eyes on the men who could carry their districts, in case of a rising—just as England sets her eyes on the same class of men to-day, and swears them in as 'New Magistrates.' It is to counteract this work of ours that England is now giving the 'Commission of the Peace' to the sons and brothers of the men that we had in the Fenian organisation. . . . English work of this kind I found all over Ireland when I was over there lately (1898). In the district of Belfast I found eleven of those new magistrates whose families, thirty years ago, gave volunteers to the Fenian movement. I do not say they are worse Irishmen now than they were, but England has sworn them into her service, has 'bound them to the peace.' It is not for love of them, or love of their race or religion, she has done so. She has done it to wean them away from the National movement, and to paralyse that movement."

John O'Donovan once said in a letter to Rossa: "There have been no two Irishmen of this century who despised the Irish race and the Irish character more than did Daniel O'Connell and the late Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin. Dr. Miley, in whose hands O'Connell died, told me this, and I firmly believe it."

Rossa comments on this as follows: "Why was that so? Why did they despise the Irish race and the Irish character? I make many guesses at answering the question, and the only answer reasonable to myself that I can get is, that the Irish people made it a sin to themselves to do anything that could be done in the way of

striking down English rule, and striking down everything and everyone that belonged to English rule in Ireland."

If this is true of O'Connell, then he despised the Irish people for following where he led them.

One of Rossa's most interesting reminiscences is this, taken from his visit to New York in 1863, in the middle of the American Civil War:

"Some days after that, Mike (O'Brien) came to me and told me he had made up his mind to join the army. I endeavoured to persuade him not to do so; I told him he had pledged his life to a fight for Ireland, and what now, if he were to be killed fighting in America? He told me he did not know how to fight well . . . he knew nothing about war, and he wanted, for Ireland's sake, to learn all he could about it; he had made up his mind to enlist, and I should go with him to the recruiting office in Jersey City. I went with him; I saw him measured and sworn in; the recruiting officer pressing me hard to go with him. I saw him on the street car that was to take him to the camp in the suburbs of the city. . . . Mike stood on the back of the car; I stood on the street; we kept waving our hats to one another till the car turned the corner and rolled out of sight. That is the last sight I had on earth of one of the truest Irish patriot comrades of my life—Michael O'Brien, the Manchester Martyr."

The whole book is a warning to the Irish people against expecting to gain their freedom by "constitutional agitation." There is a splendid chapter on "Irish Fireside Song and Story," a splendid chapter on "The Lords of Ireland," and splendid chapters on the growth of Fenianism, and the MacManus funeral. Not a chapter in the book but teaches some lesson that should be of use to us to-day. Indeed, if we had thoroughly grasped the truth of these two sentences, we should have little need of more:

"Gladstone, or any other Englishman, may humbug Irishmen to their hearts' content, but he is not going to give them Irish freedom until they pay for it the price of freedom. They are able to pay that price, and they are able to get it in spite of England."

This is a great voice speaking from the dead.  
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## A GERMAN PRISONER'S STORY.

It is not of general interest how I came to have in my possession a notebook written by a German prisoner in Templemore. I have copied it for readers of "The Gael." It may interest them to read the simple, honest story of a typical soldier of that army which is holding at bay a world of foes.

This prisoner's story is a plain, unvarnished tale. It has none of the transparent inventive powers, none of the bravado, none of the exaggeration, none of the boasting and the vulgarity which are such conspicuous features in all letters alleged to be sent from the front by English soldiers.

The man who "miseried\*" over the little dog is not the man who would cut the arm off a little child. But why insult the intelligence of anyone by paying heed to the stories invented by the vile English minds which credited Ireland, the Boers, the French, and others, when occasion seemed to need it, with the "atrocities" which they now, with so little originality have sought to fasten on the German peoples?

The story is illustrated with maps and sketches of the different localities and battles with which the writer was connected.

I have omitted giving the writer's name, for obvious reasons. The notebook contains names of his comrades and their regimental addresses, as well as the National Anthems—"Deutschland Uber Alles" and "Lieb Vaterland."

There are now no prisoners in Templemore. They were transferred to the enemy's country—England.

### HIS STORY.

It was on the 25th July, when I had my holidays. I was going to my parents at home. My father is a forester in a great wood near Berlin. The days were very fine, and I went every evening with my bride in the flowering nature. We spoke from love and the coming happy times. On the 30th July, and after having said us good-night, we separated us, and every of us went home in the bed. In the night, at three o'clock, I got a telegram by which I was called back to the arms. At five o'clock I went with my father to the railway station. For my country I was going. I was sad, but he told me that I would be ever remembered. We kissed and embraced good-bye. In the morning, at nine o'clock, I arrived in Berlin, and at eleven o'clock I arrived in my garrison at Potsdam, the Kaiser's summer residence.

The 2nd August we were put in the railway cars and brought over Maydeburg (?) Aachen

\* Felt sorry for.

(Rhine) to the Belgian frontier. We crossed at seven o'clock, p.m. The first days we were in Havelot (?) where we watched over the railway line. On the 15th August, in the morning, we saw the first French escorts, which we killed altogether. At ten o'clock we take possession of the river Maar, though the French power was superior to ours. The French artillerie was shotted terrible, but without success. We marched farther and farther through nice (?) Belgian villages and towns. The people thought we were English soldiers. Even French escorts were coming to say us "good-day," but the answer was that we captured them. On the 20th August, in the north-west of the French fortress, Namur. In the night we were alarmed, because the Austrian mountain artillerie had reached us. We attacked therefore together with the artillerie the fortress. The successes of our artillerie was terrible. In the morning, at five o'clock, we saw already the white flag on the towers of the fortress. There we captured 40,000 Frenchmen and plenty of food. Among the prisoners were four Generals.

After having captured the fortress, we marched for a long time on a fine road called "la rue de Bouitton" (?) without to see any of the enemy. After having marched five days we came before the town, Mons. There we went to rest. In the morning we were awoken by the firing of our and the enemy artillerie. That was the beginning of the terrible battle of Mons. Our battalion was commanded to protect the right flank of our artillerie.

The day . . . (?) many nations on both lines. At last, at three o'clock in the afternoon, we heard from our leaders that the French and British army is retreating and flying. At once we heard that the town of Mons was surrendered in our hands. Our artillerie was firing for a long time on the retreating troops. That was one of the most glorious battles during I was fighting in Belgium. (The writer here gives a rough sketch of "Battle of Mons, 18-8-14"). Now we marched farther and farther without to see anything of the British or French enemy.

On the 28th August we crossed the French frontier near Courselles. This town is one of the greatest coal mines of Belgium. The French country was a fine country, and too good for being destroyed by such a terrible war. The fields and the wine (?) mountains were standing in ready fruit. But there was nobody of them to use the fruits. All the people to which these rich fields belong must fly. The splendid houses of big villages and towns were standing empty. Sometimes we saw only a poor old people, who preferred to stay in their home than to fly away. On the fields were grazing some cows or oxes;

THE GABL.

nobody were careful for them. Once I saw in a garden a little dog. He had eaten nothing since about eight days. I misered myself over it, and made it go away from the garden. He came on and followed me, in looking to me thankfully. After some time I gave it a little piece of bread and some meat. He followed me during three days, and thanked me for the liberty. On the 2nd September we reached the French nice town, Soissons. Aproaching to that town we received fire from the French soldiers, who were still living here in peace. One gun of ours was . . . (?) and forced the inhabitants to give in. Soissons was, after one and a-half hours, in our hands. There we stayed from the evening to the following morning during the night rest. On the 3rd September we were marching farther, without to find any sign of the enemy. In the evening, at eight o'clock, we went to go to rest, when we got fire from the left flank by a company of Zouaves. They were firing very badly, and killed nobody of us. There were only five wounded men of my regiment. The cavalry followed them and captured them. With them we captured plenty of food and dresses.

On the following days, being marched plenty of hours, we crossed the river Oise (?) in the night at ten o'clock. Here we take position and wait for the English. In the night, at two o'clock, we heard approaching some horses. We wait, and after a little time we heard one of our men call "Hold, hold, hold"—and then, one, two, three shots fall. An English Colonel had come with three other soldiers. In his hands he had bombs to blow up the bridge which we had just crossed. All men were killed.

In the evening of the 5th September we reached the nice town, La Ferte-Gauthier (?) Here we slept the last time in France in fine beds, and we had plenty to eat and many wine. In the morning, at eight o'clock, we marched on further, and at eleven o'clock we reached the village Cote-a-Coulptes, where we got fire by the Belgian cavallery and French byciclists. We were fighting for two hours, and then they must go. Here we lost four men, and had sixteen wounded men. In the night we received fire of the French artillerie from a fort of Paris. That was terrible, and because we were so small we were forced to retreat us.

It was on September 7th, 1914, when my compagnie (here follows name of regiment) reached the small village, Lablonniere, Aisne, in France. In that village we went to rest and wait for the morning. In the morning, after having well slept, we received the order of our commandant to stop in the village and delay the English Army. Our commandant said to us:

"Soldiers, I think I'll never see you again, because most of us have to die to-day the death of the Fatherland." After having said so to us, he rode on, and since I have never seen him again. He was a great and a noble soldier. But we thought that this day will get terrible for us and for our enemies. Therefore we began to make trenches. As soon as we had finished, we saw the first English aeroplanes which were flying over our trenches. We began to shot on them, but without success. My captain and I were standing upon a house, so that we could see when the enemy would come. At nine a.m. we saw the first English cavallerists, who were coming out of the near forest. My captain ordered to shot, and nobody of them escaped. At ten a.m. we saw approaching the first English guns, which shot terrible between our trenches, and killed many of my comrades. By the terrible firing of the English my captain and myself were forced to leave the house upon which we were standing. As soon as we run down from the house my captain was wounded and myself. I could save me still behind a big stone. The firing was terrible, and many, many of my dear, dear comrades were killed. At half-three o'clock we were approaching the Scotch Guards, who have captured me. They took my arms and brought me to the other German soldiers. There were only twenty men; the others are killed and wounded. That's the story of when I have been captured.

NOTE.—From my experience of the war, I say that the Irish Guards, Munster Fusiliers, Royal Irish, Scotch and Belgian soldiers are the best on the Allies' side.

I beg to contradict some statements about the brutality of the German soldiers. I have passed through the war, and I have never seen our soldiers commit those crimes. Our officers would kill us on the spot if they caught us do anything contradictory to warfare. Why should it be said that we kill civilians. Germans are not of that sort. War is terrible, for us to make it worse is not what Germans would require. The French had guns mounted on Rheims Cathedral, so we were obliged to shell it. It was our duty to save us. Civilians in Louvain fired on us, and we were always under concealed fire from civilians as we passed through.

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By M.A.E.V.

The papers received in connection with my Competition, set in the first issue of "The Gael," have proved to me that there are plenty of boys and girls to carry on the old fight, despite the many obstacles which bar the way to Freedom. The papers were, on the whole, very good.

Mímh Ó Ueanaín's paper, which was printed last week, speaks for itself. Owing to scarcity of space I cannot comment on all the papers received, but have chosen two of the best for criticism.

Una ní f'aoiláin sent a well-written essay, but was too diffuse. She should have written on some daring deed in particular, giving it in detail, instead of relating a series of incidents. She says "Hugh O'Neill did nothing extraordinary." I would advise her to procure a life of Hugh O'Neill, and she will find plenty of daring deeds therein. Her opening sentence is a good one, so I give it here: "Many men who knew it was their duty have risen against tyranny in defence of their motherland, and, with a few exceptions, they all paid the penalty of true patriotism." She also reminds us that Emmet has "left us a duty—to write his epitaph."

Try again soon, Una; you show promise. I have decided to allow boys and girls up to the age of eighteen to join my Corner, so your age makes no difference.

ANNIE COTTER. You also give a list of daring deeds. I'm afraid, Annie, you are a bit of a rebel—one of those bad, bold, "all-for-Irelander's, in fact. Your contemptuous phrase, "the common old Saxon foe," has a pro-German ring about it too.

Your essay was short and scrappy, but the last sentence rings with optimism—the optimism of the true Gael: "Were it not for the brave resistance and noble deeds of our heroes and patriots of the past, Ireland would have bowed

to the yoke of conquest and been wiped out from history long before now. But surely a people who have survived, resisted and retained so much are destined to receive the rich reward of such devotion and heroism."

My dear Annie, I am not a girl, not a man, so do not write "dear sir" to me again. I'm not a suffragist, so I do not claim a man's privileges.

Will my members please learn how to spell correctly the name of the patriots who died for Ireland. It's only a detail, but Wolfe Tone's name is not spelled Wolf Tone.

Now I expect to have a great many more new members. I want a good working body of girls and boys to form my Corner. Don't imagine that I want you to do all sorts of heroic things. No, "whatever thy hand findeth to do" for the Cause will be sufficient. Each one will easily find out how he or she can help best; but keep working and watching always, never ceasing your vigil:

"Stay not to brighten your weapons,  
Or the hour will strike at last,  
And from dreams of a coming battle  
You will waken and find it past."

The Competition continues on the same subject. Papers to reach me not later than Monday. Essay to be written on one side of paper only, and to be addressed to "Maev," c/o The Editor, "The Gael," Ballagh, Goldscross, Co. Tipperary.

DOES ANYBODY KNOW?

What salary the English Government is paying "lady" superintendents of hay-pressing in the Callan and Fethard districts.

If it is by public competition such appointments are obtained.

What increase in salary does a public official, say a coroner already drawing a salary from the Government, get when he becomes a khaki recruiter.

When the house to house canvass organised by the Tipperary County Khaki Recruiting Committee will commence.

Who murdered Cornelius Collins, an anti-English Irishman, at Popular, England, on Christmas Eve last.

To all GAELS will be extended the Right Hand of good Fellowship at DEERE'S HOTEL GOOLDSCROSS

SIDELIGHTS OF THE WAR

IRELAND THE "KEY OF THE ATLANTIC."

Secret German Pamphlet

(From "Times" Correspondent).

New York, Jan. 23.

The New York "World" publishes extracts from a pamphlet which the German Foreign Office is secretly circulating, entitled "Great Britain and Europe." This precious work is from the pen of Count Reventlow, and a translation has been made and "printed for private circulation only" among the Irish. Fourteen chapters are devoted to Irish history as the Germans would like the Irish and the world to view it. The work culminates in the following passages, which are interesting:—

"Germany is fighting for her existence; she is fighting also for the liberation of the world. The great day of liberation will surely come sooner or later. The 'conditio sine qua non' of that liberation is the destruction of British's maritime supremacy. For as long as Britain rules the waves humanity must remain her slave. This is fundamental truth. And another fundamental truth is that Britain's maritime supremacy cannot be destroyed until Ireland is a free country. So long as Ireland remains a British Colony—or, rather, a British fortress—Britain can at any time shut off the whole of Northern and Eastern Europe from all access to the ocean even as by means of Gibraltar, Port Said, and Aden she can close the Mediterranean. Ireland is the key of the Atlantic. Release Ireland from bondage and the Atlantic is at once opened up to Europe. Therefore must Ireland be restored to Europe if Europe is to be free. An independent neutral Irish nation would be the natural bulwark of European liberty in the West. Freedom depends on freedom of the seas, and freedom of the seas depends on the liberation of Ireland."

The "Daily Mail's" smart young man thus describes the new Balkan Express train:—"The food in the Balkan express, doubtless for advertising purposes, is infinitely better than that to be had in Constantinople, Vienna, or Berlin. Here, at any rate, one is free from the tiresome bread ticket. For a mark (a shilling) I had an early breakfast of coffee, rolls, butter, and marmalade ad lib. The Balkan express is probably the handsomest train in Europe, and has been designed, beyond doubt, by the Germans for the purpose of impressing the thousands of people who see it twice a week on its way between Berlin and Constantinople."

The "Bystander," the well-known English illustrated weekly, says:—"To depict any war as carrying with it only one or two possible consequences—eternal glory and happiness or eternal ruin and disgrace—is fatalism of a kind which the leader-writer would never apply to the affairs of his own life in this world or the next. . . ."

"Why should Britain not fight this war, as she has fought others, determined to secure the best possible results, but prepared, if necessary, to abide by all possible consequences, and, even though the worst befall, determined never to regard all as lost? . . ."

"Is there nobody in this supposedly sensible country that realises the possibility that this war may have no decisive ending: that, as a war between two rival systems of alliance, it may end in a draw, and that such an ending may be the best in the long run for the peace and welfare of the whole world? . . ."

"It is scandalous piffle to say that liberties and rights will be of no avail if "England is beaten." Since when has any nation in the history of the world surrendered its rights and liberties, convictions and traditions, at the dictates of even a conqueror, let alone at those of a mere winner of a campaign fought outside its own boundaries?"

German Socialist Widow's Grief.

Death notices of fallen Socialist soldiers are the most human documents of their kind printed in the German Press. They are distinguished by absence of the usual heading that so-and-so "fell on the field of honour," and usually describe the dead man simply as "a victim of the world war." "Vorwaerts" of January 22 contains the following obituary published by the widow of a member of the 6th Company of the Infantry Instructional Regiment:—

"DIED far from his dear ones, in consequence of a head wound, on January 15, 1916, my great-hearted, passionately beloved husband, father of his only child, the Fusilier of the Guard, George Baumann. To say farwell, dear heart, was so hard when you started for the enemy's country. But, oh! how terrible was the moment which brought us the sorrowful tidings of your death! You died the hero's death for the Fatherland, it said. When the day is still we keep on thinking you must yet come back. It is hard when two eyes close, when two hands rest which have done so much, and our tears flow quietly and secretly, not for the world to see, but at home before your sweet picture. We do not know the place where you died, nor the hour. We do not know where to look for your grave. But thou, Mother Nature,

as thou art freer than we, we beseech then: Strew flowers over him!"

#### The Kingly Dinner-Table.

On January 18 the two Kings (Prussia and Bulgaria) were entertained at lunch at Nisch. And who, think you, was one of the guests? None other than a special correspondent of the "Daily Mail," who has succeeded in the securing the most unique experience which war-journalish has produced. Here is a translation of the menu, the original being protographed in the "Daily Mail" of Wednesday:—Chicken Soup, Trout from the Ochrida (in Turkey), Lamb—Venison a la Cumberland, Duck-liver pie, Licquorice—Seeds and Endive, Bulgarian Ices; Cheese (this was sedved in finger-lengths; the cheese was first melted, then mixed with egg and mashed potatoes, cut in lengths and fried in butter to a golden brown); Nachtisch (or "after-meal," such as black coffee, sweets, etc.). This is a modest respast, and it will be noted that no reference is made to wines. But the two principal diners are remarkably abstemious men for whom a good draught of Municher beer would suffice to wash down the victuals.

#### Wilhelm's Birthday.

The Chief Hun was 57 on last Thursday. He is variously described as white, aged, broken, a liar, a cancerous patient, a madman. British journalism, however, does not transgress the rules of true politeness in thus picturing the Kaiser.

### HAVE YOU NOTICED

That the war "charity" cadgers run shy of publishing particulars of disposal of moneys received.

That many persons in England have been prosecuted for misappropriating this "charity" money. On the principle that while fools see need to have charity for "ends of the earth," the cute rogue will concentrate the takings on himself.

That it would be hard to beat "the loyal and true" and their servile followers of the-anything-that-helps-self-interest brigade in their many dodges to seduce money and money's worth from the people.

That England has not as yet V.C.'d the crew of the Grimsby trawler who left the men of the wrecked Zeppelin to drown when they could have saved them.

That, the world over, there is no equal to British chivalry.

That the sun appears to be setting.

That sensible men are buying firearms of some kind or other.

That there are too many people who are this to-day, that to-morrow, and nothing worth appreciating at any time.

### OUR LETTER BOX.

J. F. O'C.—Thanks for letter. Good sentiment in your article, and we may amend and use it later. You must write on one side of the paper only, and give yourself more practice in composition. We append your queries and our replies to them:

Q.—What is the principle of a Sinn Feiner?

R.—The people designated Sinn Feiners at the present time are those who believe Ireland is worthy of their entire love and assistance, who consider that they owe allegiance to Ireland only, and who are ready to sacrifice their lives and everything dear to them in the effort to free this dear old land from the fetters of the foreigner.

Q.—What has Sinn Fein done for Ireland?

R.—It has kept alive the spirit of Irish Nationality.

Q.—Out of what taxes are M.P.'s, School-teachers, Postmen, etc., paid?

R.—Out of taxes raised in Ireland, of course.

Q.—How did John Redmond betray Ireland?

R.—By recognising the right of England to rule this country. By agreeing to divide it up at Carson's behest. By going on a khaki recruiting mission. By not opposing the increase of £8,000,000 per annum to Irish taxation. And by very much more.

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SEANCHUS NA nDAOINE.

PEOLPE ARE SAYING:

That Johnny Weak-knees has joined the majority of the khaki recruiters in denouncing the farmers' sons.

That from the Imperial point of view, the farmers' sons are a bad lot, and damn shirkers.

That the farmers' sons have a baleful eye directed on Johnny's movements, and that his rural henchmen are getting decidedly nervous.

That the few National Volunteers who made a laughing stock of themselves in Galway escorting Johnny, and that Great Man of Letters—Wimborne—ought to enlist.

That all who still cling to the Parliamentary factions ought to enlist, if of military age.

That United Irish Leaguers, Devlinite Hibernians and National Volunteers ought to enlist, if Johnny will disown them, and that anyway if they don't the khaki they are on a level with the vile Sinn Feiners.

That a khaki recruiter named Rahilly suggested at Limerick shipping the Sinn Feiners to Germany in exchange for Tommies who are prisoners there.

That some Sinn Feiners are anxious that Rahilly, his friend Tommy O'Donnell, Empee, and Johnny Weak-knees should try carrying out the job.

That Hahilly might not be so pleased when the work began, and that others who dislike Sinn Feiners might commence a sojourn in lands farther off than Germany at an early stage in the proceedings.

That the Tommies might not care to return from Hunland till after the war.

That Bounder Bottomley in his vile rag "John Bull" shrieks for war against Holland, Sweden, Norway and Denmark, because they will not sacrifice themselves for that great Defender of Small Nationalities—Bounder Bottomley's native land.

That England will scarcely seek for more enemies just now.

That Britannia may rule the waves for another while, but Germania seems to rule the air.

That the vile Sinn Feiners held a great I.V. recruiting meeting at Ballaghdaheen on Sunday week, and secured very many recruits for Ireland's Army.

That very cross-road in Roscommon is an Irish Volunteer drilling centre.

That the I.V. corps of Fethard, Co. Tipperary, is drilling energetically, and has a steady inflow of recruits, and that a big muster of I.V. corps will parade there at an early date.

That the Gaelic League is hard at work in Fethard, and there is joy in the heart of Father Pat.

That the Fethard Irish Flag Day, held some-time ago on a fair day, was a great success.

That a hulking West-Britain brute got one of the little green flags and threw it in the gutter and stamped on it, but a moment later, he, too, reached the gutter and got stamped on.

That Doon (Co. Limerick) I.V. are holding a ball in aid of their arms Fund on Saturday night, February 26th, and that all the cailini buachailli from the hills and vales around will be there.

That Doon I.V. will be out every Sunday on the recruiting mission.

That no khaki recruiter has dared as yet to hold a meeting anywhere in the Tipperary hills from Hollyford to Barnane.

That the noodles of Thurles have got a Hockey Club and a Golf Club, and that they are contemplating forming a Ping-Pong Club, a Tango Club, a Khaki Sewing Bee Club, a Cricket Club, a Tennis Club, and various other stylish loyal, swanky, respectable West-British Clubs.

That there will be a splendid Irish-Ireland concert at Knockavella (Co. Tipperary) on the 20th inst., and that Father Matt will have something to say on the National outlook.

That Inch (Co. Tipperary) I.V. is running a Prize Drawing to get the shekels where with to secure more munitions of war.

That the felon-setting rag, "The Freeman," is trying to use the name of Pat Egan, the ex-Fenian, to justify its treachery to Ireland, and this is not so very strange, seeing that Pat Egan did his "bit" for the Empire thirty years ago when he introduced the Empire's abominable syp—Henry Le Caron—into the councils of the Clan-na-Gael.

That the officious and zealous peeler who attends the railway station at a certain portion of the Fermoy and Waterford Railway should pay our agent for the two copies of the "Gael" which he stole, and that he should not interfere with the public's parcels entrusted to the G. S. and W. R., and furthermore that he will be watched in future, and if caught thieving will be endowed with the "order of the boot."

That those Irishmen who are heeding the Board of Trade's notice asking Irishmen to go timber cutting to England will be conscripted into England's Army.

F. A. B.

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THE PITY OF IT.

That each nation is erecting more hospitals, more insane asylums, and converting the youthful assets of futurity into fertiliser. "Casey in "Labour Leader."

The phrase "we are at war"—in itself a grim and terrible truth, imposing additional restraint and responsibility upon all of us—has frequently been used in recent months to cloak the sinister aims of reactionary men. W. C. Anderson.

It is not a very easy matter to prevent the abuse of power by unscrupulous employers. Prime Minister Asquith.

If the authorities want to use military Conscription for industrial oppression, they can always find plenty of ways of doing that. Philip Snowden, M.P.

Spineless crouchers and opportunists want to have the dark pages of Irish history forgotten, but virile Irishmen never will forget their history, for it is not Ireland's destiny to be merged in Anglicisation. Rev. T. A. Fitzgerald, O.F.M.

At present we have a Department of Agriculture reduced to imbecility or impotence by its Chief, who knows as much about agricultural economics as his head officials consider it wise he should know.—"Irish Homestead."

QUOTATIONS FOR THE MOMENT

- The Fireside Colonel—Horribly stuffed with epithets of war.—Shakespeare.
Freedom of Speech!—Observe with care to whom you speak, and how and when and where.—W. E. Norris.
Trust England—"Lies are the life of statesmanship."—C. L. Graves.
The Ranting O'Donnell—"Then he will talk—good gods, how he will talk."—N. Lee.
The Men-catching Shirkers—"Talkers are no good doers."—Shakespeare (Richard III.)
The Somersaulting Politician—"I don't believe in princerple. But, oh, I do in interest."—Biglow Papers.

The House of Commons is a curious place. It is only necessary to look down on its rows of spruce elderly gentlemen sitting there in their solemn smugness to realise how difficult, if one were among them, it would be to fight against

their atmosphere. The atmosphere is a dangerous, if not poisonous, compound of respectability, bank balances, public school education, over-feeding and drinking, class prejudices, good form and stupidity.—"Labour Leader."

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# HONESTY

**An Outspoken Scrap of Paper.**

Edited by **GILBERT GALBRAITH.**

Vol. I. No. 19.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1916

ONE HALFPENNY

## "HONESTY."

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### AN EMPIRE IN DECLINE

To the impartial man or woman of intelligence who is watching the trend of current events, and inclined to contrast them with some of the most striking epochs in past history, it does seem as if the bloated British Empire of brag and bounce was about to share the fate of the once mighty Empires that were. Personally, I am neither pro-British nor pro-German. My belief is that the country which is not prepared to work out its own social salvation deserves neither the sympathy nor support of any other. "Who would be free himself must strike the blow" is an expression with all the ring of truth about it, and even if we had assurances from outside for the regaining of Ireland's independence the real force and strength to nerve us for the effort to realise that ambition of our race and nation to the amount of self-reliant determination to be found among us. Not being imbued with any tinge of pro-Germanism, and looking upon the great European upheaval with a clear vision, I observe sufficient evidence to convince me that however the mighty struggle may end the career of England as a first-class Power is about finished—finished in a gamble by which she expected to make herself stronger and richer than she had ever been

before. More by sheer luck and the power of gold, rather than by feats of arms or able statesmanship, England attained the world-wide influence of Imperial sway, and it is a bitter irony of Fate that finds the Prussians who assisted so materially in her uprise now bringing about her decline and fall. With the aid of the Prussians England consolidated her reputation as a fighting-force at Waterloo. But, with all due respect to the "Allies" of that day, many close students of the financial relations between Great Britain and the Continent during the Napoleonic scare believe there was another cause for the fall of France. England mastered the grim situation more by her cash credit than by the arms of the allied troops, and the triumph over "the beastly debased little Corsican, and his vile and blood-thirsty army of conscripts," was the victory of the state that commanded financial credit and confidence over a country which commanded neither one nor the other of these great assets. The great clash of conflict that startled Europe on June 15th, 1815, was all that the outside world had eyes and ears for, and the prowess of British arms and the genius of Wellington were acclaimed the world over. There was, of course, acknowledgment of Prussian gallant aid, the British Press and platform gushingly gloried in "the indesoluble ties of relationship that bind," and even streets in Dublin got Prussian names as a sequence to that interlude in history.

England's military prestige flourished for a long while on the reputation of Waterloo, and it might have flourished even longer were it not for the positiveness of the late Mr. Chamberlain in precipitating the Boer War in the closing months of 1899. Then all the world wondered, for the much vaunted prestige of England received an abrupt and decisive shock, which no amount of careful nursing, advertising, and demonstrating

could wipe out. Every man capable of pulling a trigger was requested, begged, or coerced to go to the front to help the regular forces to enforce the might of a "World Empire" upon a little colony of God-fearing, hard-working Dutch farmers. Every thinking man in the British Empire took alarm at the state of things which the South African campaign brought to light. The decline of the race was as clear to them as was the sun in the heavens at noon-day. Some of these thinkers and writers expressed themselves very forcibly in trying to stir up the Britishers to a sense of the decline of the characteristics that have always been most pronounced in the onward march of every progressive nation. At the Olympic games at Athens, London, and Stockholm British muscular prowess fully manifested the deplorable depths to which it had fallen. England became even to lazy to amuse itself and pass the leisure hours with the good old games that had turned out the strong men of the devil-may-care spirit who had won most of her possessions. Paid players made sport a business, while the masses smoked and looked on and tried to improve the passing hour by gambling on the prospects of the hired teams, athletes, or horses as the case might be. In lamenting the decline of the British athletic prowess, Mr. F. A. M. Webster, in a work of commending interest, exhorts his countrymen thus:—

"I ask ye people of England, what are we doing to keep this glorious heritage? Can we look back and consider our disgraceful defeat at Stockholm in 1912, and yet say that we stand where our fathers stood in Nelson's day? But what can one expect of the milk and water cigarette-smoking generation, bedecked in rainbow socks and waisted coats."

Truly, indeed, strength of brain and brawn played a very large part in making England what she was as a world power, but the old virility became degenerate and failed to repeat itself. As a sequence to this fatty degeneration of the race England stands weak in manhood and bankrupt in patriotism in her hour of trial. Fancy, if you can, any people worthy of the name, so deficient in racial pride, and strength of character, as to require to be conscripted into fighting in defence of their country's heritages and everything they revere and honour. England might, in the words of Sir Edward Grey, become "The conscript appanage of a stronger power, but nothing short of an Act of Parliament enforced by all the resources of the Crown could induce the masses of British manhood to fight for the country that begot him. The moral fiber of the "Bull-dog breed" is of such brittle texture to-day as requires to be sustained on half-truths and soft nothings of flattery about war, and one has only

to take up a Continental newspaper to see that even the mob of every country concerned in the terrible business is better informed as to the actual condition of affairs than any class in these islands at present. Just now, and not for some time past, England has neither a free constitution nor a free Press. The powers that be do not consider it prudent to trust "the free-born democracy of Britain" with the hard actual facts; consequently we find that the position of the Allies representatives in Mesopotamia is very differently described in the Continental Press from the reports appearing in the British newspapers and their Irish echoes. The British and West British papers "crack up some" over the strained relations consequent upon the American-German Note, re the Lusitania, but the British public were never permitted to hear or to see the full text of the recent American Note to Britain, because the censors acting under orders from the Cabinet suppressed the appendices in which Washington told John Bull some very straight things in a very straight way—in fact, so straight as to be likely to cause much terror and alarm among a neurotic people. It is because England is, or has for some years back been peopled by a race in the process of degeneration that her courage and hopes are fed upon half-truths during this, the greatest crisis that has come upon her. Her position from the military point of view is twice as difficult as it was when the war started. Her wide financial resources have been very considerably taxed, and there is nothing to show for the enormous expenditure of money and blood. The terrible blunder of Gallipoli has damaged her prestige all over the world in a manner that the British Press dare not hint at. She is still on the defensive in Flanders, Salonika, Mesopotamia and Egypt. But all goes well, her publicists and politicians keep up the supply of illusions.

BALLYBRICKEN.

## PERPLEXING QUESTIONS

If the Germans have lost 200,000 men every month since the start of the war—as has been repeatedly stated in the British and West-British newspapers—why have they not lost something like 8,000,000 in killed and wounded by this time?

If the British losses, as reported in the above noted sources of alleged information, were "not so very heavy," why has Mr. Tennant branded them as liars in his official report of total casualties, and estimated them at 2,500,000 men?

If the German submarines are "all sunk or captured," why are ships being torpedoed every other day?

Why are the British people now growing sick

of proclaiming that the German submarines are all sunk and that the German Zeppelins are all swank?

Why is the Dublin "Evening Mail" trying to develop a special line in Sinn Fein atrocities?

Who is responsible for spreading the microbe that gives "Sinn Fein on the brain" around Cork Hill and Parliament Street?



MR. O'DONNELL, M.P. AND THE  
"COWARDS"

(Mr. Tom O'Donnell, M.P., is paid £400 a year retainer from John Bull and Co., practices as B.L. in Kerry Courts while Parliament is sitting; has, we believe, £100 a year out of the ratepapers as Chairman of a local railway and free travelling on other railway systems. He is paid £10 for each recruiting meeting he attends—he misses none—and has pocketed about £2,000 in testimonials in ten years. A splendid record of "sacrifices" for his country, truly! Though of military age and fitness he has not volunteered for service, which he asks others to do).

Did you hear this Tom O'Donnell?  
Did you hear his urgent call?  
'Twould be heard in Knocknagoshel,  
Or the glens of Donegal;  
For he's shouting for the Empire  
And says that's the way to fight,  
Or the Germans will be on us,  
And, by gob, I think he's right,  
So I'm off with Tom recruiting  
In the morning!

Chorus.

Oh! it's Tom O' this  
And Tom O' that,  
And Tom O' everywhere,  
He's the darling of the bailiffs,  
And by him the shoneens swear.  
You can hear him talk wildly  
In the language of despair,  
When he's out with the recruiters  
In the morning!

£10 a day he says I'll get,  
Now that's very good you know,  
Compared with what the redcoats have  
For bayonetting the foe.  
He says we'll crush Sinn Feiners vile,  
For that's the way to fight,  
And surrounded by the police, faith  
The bums we will delight,  
So I'm off with Tom recruiting  
In the morning!

Chorus.

The Rent Offices we'll visit,  
And the place-hunters placate,  
And blandly tel' mere countrymen  
That we're patriots unpaid.  
We'll call those who would expose us  
All Carsonites and spies,  
And backed by the bought newspapers  
We'll flood the land with lies;  
So I'm off with Tom recruiting  
In the morning!  
E. O. B.



FACTS FROM A CIVILISER

Blatchford, one of the chief apostles for the spread of Christian civilisation, thus declares himself in the "Clarion":

"Every reader of the "Clarion" knows that I am a heretic and an unbeliever. It is mere shuffling to pretend that Jesus condoned war, or that he did not forbid self-defence. I hold, then, that the gentlemen who said that when Christ disarmed Peter he 'unbelted every soldier in the world,' spoke the actual and logical truth. If Jesus was God, He could not be mistaken, and he ought to be obeyed. If Jesus was mistaken, He was not God, and ought only to be quoted as a human teacher, as we should quote Socrates or Shakespeare.

"Now I hold that Jesus was mistaken, and I think it is perfectly obvious, and the overwhelming majority of all women and men, of all ages and of all religions, feel that He was mistaken.

"We have had Christian ministers and bishops blessing regimental colours; praying for the success of our arms; helping to persuade young men to join the Army. They will give you specious arguments for such action. But ask them, would Jesus have blessed a battleship, or asked young men to fight for Cæsar, or asked God to give victory to any army? To ask the question is to answer it. Our priests, our parsons, our bishops may be good men; but they are not Christians. The Testament they teach from and the God they worship are opposed to their actions and to their deepest convictions as to right and wrong. Of the nations engaged in this war, all except Japan and Turkey are Christian. Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Russia, Italy, Belgium and Bulgaria are all Christian countries. And they are all breaking the commandments of the God they worship. They are breaking the commandments of Jesus because they are human and cannot believe them.

"If God, for some inscrutable reason known

to God alone, intends the Germans to murder Belgian women and children, what right have we to thwart His purpose. When we take up arms in our defence, we deny our professed faith in the wisdom, power and justice of God.

"When men profess to believe that which they do not believe, we call such profession cant. CANT. Now, the profession of a belief in non-resistance is cant. The profession of a belief in a Heavenly Father is cant. The assertion that when Jesus disarmed Peter he unbelted every soldier in the world is cant. It is not true, and we do not believe that it is true."

## YOUNG MEN ON THE MAKE

Some years ago there was a party of intellectual young men in Dublin rejoicing in the name of the Young Ireland Branch of the U.I.L. John Redmond, John Dillon and Joe Devlin assisted at the great inaugural function at which the Branch was ushered into being, amidst a great flourish of trumpets. Sinn Fein was going strong at the time, and the objects of the promoters of the "intellectual coterie" was to act as a counter-blast with the inducement of being a likely starting-post in the scamper after the flesh-pots of Egypt. All went well for a while, and the young giants who were looked to as the new active forces capable of infusing a new spirit of active life into the movement led by the Irish Party. They tried hard to live up to the high ideals they had formed. T. M. Kettle, who interfered with the playing of God Save England's King, read a paper on "The Philosophy of Politics." The title turned out to be much too pretentious for the standard of the matter written under it, but that did not make a very material difference. We knew he had done his best, and we gave him credit for sincerity of purpose, as we watched him strike an attitude and go through his papers with a visible show of what is known as the "grand manner." Then we had Mr. Cruise O'Brien, and we had Mr. Fallon and Mr. Sheehys and others. But where are they all now? Where are "the higher and newer ideals" that was to procure legislative independence and "clear out the mud-heads from the pawty?" Out of all the prominent personalities of the "intellectual branch," Mr. Sheehy Skeffington stands to-day as the "one bright spot." These young gentlemen found that they had another mission to perform, and some of them are now very much more troubled about the British Empire than they are about their own country. They have long since proved themselves to be "young men on the make," and for them the philosophy of

politics is the philosophy which Mick M'Quaid was propounding, when their fathers were boys, the policy of "feather your nest."

The men who then declared themselves to be the very antithesis of West Britonised or Anglicised Irishmen are to-day out and out for the British Empire. It all reminds me of a satire in imitation of the third Satire of Juvenal, and entitled "Dublin," by Sir S. Ferguson—the supposed utterance of an emigrant about to transfer himself from the Irish capital to San Francisco—he wrote in 1849:

"In Ireland now would Irishmen advance?  
Who but your supple servile has a chance?  
And in the struggle for the helot's goal  
Your foremost runners still the servile role;  
For British patrons owe you nothing, till  
You've made your Celtic selves contemptible,  
Then view your efforts with approving eyes,  
When they by contrast adequately rise,  
And chiefly feel themselves exalted thus,  
When most you make yourselves ridiculous.  
But thou—let not the uncounted treasures rolled  
In yellow Sacramento's sands of gold  
Tempt thee, young Irishman, while health is spared,  
And strength, for winning honest sweat's reward,  
To rise, howe'er the eminence be prized,  
On helot arts, applauded and despised."

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