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Telephone No. 22.

DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE:

Detective Department,

Dublin, 23rd. September 1915

Subject, MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 22nd. Inst., the undermentioned extremists were observed moving about and associating with each other as follows :-

With Thomas J. Clarke, Thomas Byrne for half an hour between 11 & 12 a. m. John McGarry and John McDermott, together from 12.45 p. m. to 1 p. m. Major John McBride for a few minutes at 1 p. m. P. Ryan from 4.30 to 5 p. m. Geo. Irvine for a quarter of an hour between 7 & 8 p. m. T. J. Sheehan for half an hour between 10 & 11 p. m.

E. Kent in 12, D'Olier St. for an hour from 12 noon.

J. J. Walsh passing along Sackville St. between

The Chief Commissioner.

9502

S

S.

1690

D.M.P.

Secret

The Under Secretary
Submitted

W. E. Eyeworth (Sturston)

Comm. 23/9

Under Secretary
Submitted

W. E. Eyeworth
23/9

C.S.

A well-attended meeting of the Irish Vol. Committee

23/9

Seen by C. E. G. 24/9

Chief Com. 25/9

between 12 & 1 p. m.

M. J. O'Rahilly, H. Mellows, E. De

Valera, John Fitzgibbon, J. O'Connor, Ed.

Kent, Thomas McDonagh, P. Ryan, Michael

O'Hanrahan, C. Colbert, Pierce Beasley and

John Milroy in Volunteer Office, 2 Dawson

St., from 7. 30 p. m. to 10 p. m.

Attached are copies of this week's
issue of The Irish Volunteer, The Hibern-
ian, and Nationality, neither of which ap-
pears to contain anything deserving of
special attention.

Owen'Brien

Superintendent.

THE IRISH VOLUNTEER

EDITED BY EOIN MAC NEILL.

Vol. 2. No. 42 (New Series). SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1915.

Price One Penny.

NOTES.

The true state of British political parties has already been described in these columns. There is a privileged class, the class of feudal ownership, of great wealth, and of the aristocratic and plutocratic universities. Toryism is their natural domain, but for fear that the democracy might become democratic, they lend it a batch of clever men to keep it in order. The British democracy has no love for Ireland, the plutocracy hates Ireland.

In the present crisis, the old militarist aristocrats and the young bloods of the Liberal wing of the Oligarchy see an opportunity for forcing the democracy under militarism. England has always been a militarist power, but for a long time past she has been accustomed to rely on her navy. The present attempt is to commit the democracy to an army establishment on the scale of the Continental land powers. The wisdom or unwisdom of this attempt is not our concern. Ireland has decided definitely against conscription, and Ireland will make good that decision.

The Irish Volunteers were established to safeguard the rights and liberties of all Ireland and of all the Irish people against militarism. That is not the work of a day or of a year. The war came upon us unexpectedly, but was not allowed to destroy the foundations laid for a free Ireland. The Irish Volunteers will continue to build up the National defences until, if possible, every man and youth who is able and willing to defend the Nation has the necessary training, discipline and equipment. Training for National defence will become a household tradition throughout the land.

That is a totally different aim from militarism. The purpose of militarism is to dominate over other peoples. The purpose of National defence is to be free from the domination of militarism. Our ancestors embarked on a course of militarism for a brief spell in their history. They were saved from becoming a militarist nation by becoming Christian. Since they became Christian, they have never once molested any other nation or country. There is no Imperialism in their blood. They have no wish to dominate or to

share in domination. Their utmost political ideal is to be free. The peoples that live by the sword will perish by the sword. This Nation will become neither militarist nor a partner in militarism.

The Venerable Bede, the first historian of the English, tells us that down to his own time the Irish, with all their warlike traditions, were peaceful towards neighbouring nations and friendly towards the English. In the year 684, while Bede was in his boyhood, "Egfrid, king of the Northumbrians, sent Beorht, his general, with an army into Ireland, and miserably wasted that harmless nation, which had always been most friendly to the English; and this army, in its hostile rage, spared not even the churches or the monasteries." The Irish, we are told, repelled force with force, but made no reprisals. Nor, since they became Christian, have they ever sought to dominate the freedom of any other people. The ideal that animates young Ireland to-day is not aggression or the rule of force. It is the ideal of self-sacrifice, of readiness to part with all they hold dear in this world, if by doing so they can help to bring the right of might into disgrace and discomfiture, and to leave to those who will come after them a strengthened purpose to make this island a place of liberty and justice.

It is interesting to watch the desperate efforts of the English Oligarchy to use this war for liberty and civilisation as an opportunity for gaining a stronger hold for militarism. Lord Kitchener has already been declared a potential Dictator, and we are told that he has only to say the word, and "the country" will have to submit to compulsory military service. Perhaps. There is another side to the story, and the Socialist writer, H. G. Wells, has not lost sight of it. If compulsion begins, it will not end with personal service. It may please the aristocrats and the plutocrats to lay down the doctrine that the farmer's son and the shop assistant must place their lives, which are all they have, at the disposal of the wealthy and the powerful. The farmer's son and the shop assistant have a plain answer. They will say to the aristocrat and the plutocrat: "Show us the example. Do first what you ask us to do. Hand over all that you have, before you ask us to give all that we have. Give up your estates and your wealth to the 'national service.'" Mr. Winston Churchill demands that "we exert

our strength to the very limit of human and national capacity." Is this demand to be made only on the soldier and the worker? When the war is over, will Mr. Churchill's cousin, Lord Londonderry, remain in full possession of his great estates and wealth in Ireland and in England? Is that what Mr. Churchill calls "exerting our strength to the very limit?" If it is, then one of the objects of this war is to use up the lives and labour of poor men to keep rich men rich. "National service," in that sense, means the service of Mammon, which, according to one of Mr. Churchill's colleagues, can now at last be called the service of God. Certainly, the Oligarchy are providing the Socialists with munitions of war to be stored up for future use.

A fortnight ago the Department of Agriculture in Ireland published a report on agricultural labour. According to this report, which does not seem to have received much attention, the number of migratory labourers from Ireland had fallen off from 32,000 in the year 1900 to 13,000 last year. We may be certain that the figures for the present year will show a further very large reduction. These migratory workers go mainly from the north-west, where the harvest is very late. A large proportion, probably the main part of them, belong to the working farmer class. They return from harvest work in England and Scotland to do the harvest work on their own holdings in Ireland. It will be remembered that large numbers of them left off work in Great Britain this year and came back to Ireland when the Registration Act was about to be put in force, and that they were mobbed on the other side and assailed with the cry of "Cowards." Their "cowardice" consisted in making sure that they would not be compelled, during a temporary stay in England, and by a law which did not operate in the same way in their own country, to lose the whole fruit of their work at home and to leave their families in destitution. Every one of these migratory labourers does farm work in Ireland, and the only reason why they have to migrate in summer is the undeveloped or rather decayed condition of Irish agriculture under English Government. More than a century ago we had migratory harvest labour in Ireland, but the "Spailpin Fanach" of that time found employment in the richer agricultural districts of his own country, and his labour, besides repaying himself, went to increase the wealth of Ireland. The Depart-

ment's report also places on official record the facts that for many years there has been a marked scarcity of agricultural labourers in Ireland and that the farmers' difficulties in this respect have been intensified since the outbreak of the present war. Farmers have been induced to greatly increase their tillage this year, and the area under wheat alone has been increased from 37,000 acres in 1914 to 87,000 in 1915.

* * *

The Local Government Board, in a report published at the same time, shows that in the year ended March 31st last there was an increase of £1,800 in the expenditure of poor rate, notwithstanding that there was a decrease in the population, a decrease in the number of paupers, a large new expenditure by Government on the families of recruits, a certain amount of food sent over from Canada to relieve distress during the war, and a large amount of relief expenditure from private sources. The report makes it quite clear that, apart altogether from Imperial taxation, this country must expect to be faced in a short time with a serious aggravation of its burdens under the Poor Law. The English Poor Law was forced on Ireland after forty years of the Union, as a remedy for the economic distress which was a consequence of the Union.

* * *

The cry raised by the Oligarchy in favour of compulsory military service will not be altogether in vain if it succeeds in diverting public attention from the forthcoming Budget. The grand War Loan has been followed, at the meeting of Parliament, by a fresh vote of credit for £250,000,000. At the same time, we are told that negotiations are in progress for raising a joint English and French loan of £500,000,000 in America. The rich people have been very energetic in telling poor men their duty. How would it do if a committee of poor men were to get up a series of recruiting meetings throughout all the wealthy centres of Great Britain, and send speakers to address the rich people, inviting them, as a "National service," to give up, not all they have, but just a minor part, say a third or a fourth part, of their accumulated wealth? We should then be enabled to see what exactly some people mean by patriotism, etc. The project would be all the more to the point, since already moderate incomes have been supertaxed, and there is talk of taxing still smaller incomes and even the wages of working people.

* * *

In matters of taxation, Irish people must look at Ireland as a commonwealth, not at the effect of this or that tax on this or that person. The facts are that England has thriven on Imperialism while Ireland has been one of the victims and has steadily declined; that Ireland under the Union has paid "an Empire's ransom" in over-taxation, and a far larger sum in land tribute, for the benefit of England; that Ireland cannot bear any further increase in taxation, having no margin at all for her own necessary development; that any increase in Irish taxation must necessarily result in further economic ruin to Ireland, in depopulation, impoverishment, and industrial calamity. This is not a matter to be avoided or to be met

with any sort of empty rhetoric. We hear a great deal about past services. No appeal to past services can avail the general, the officer, or the soldier who fails to do his plain duty in a critical moment for his Nation. Increased taxation means the ruin of Ireland.

* * *

We have seen in the Press that a deputation from the licensed traders of Ireland has already gone to London to safeguard the interests of their own trade in view of coming taxation. The vigilance and promptness of this particular trade, where its own profit is concerned, are always commendable, and it would be a good thing for Ireland if other Irish interests were so well looked after. But the Government will have to raise an enormous sum of increased taxes, and if there is less taxation of one kind there will be more of another kind. The farmer, the ordinary trader, the professional man, will be asked to pay, and none of these have sent deputations to London. The working man is perhaps the greatest sufferer of all, and he has no deputation in London. These classes, if they are not as well organised as the licensed trade, have the same right to be considered, and they had better keep a sharp look out and take care that those who have a voice in this matter defend the National interests all round, and not merely the interests of those who are able to bring prompt pressure to bear at the moment. Any increase of Irish taxation must be disastrous to Ireland, and Ireland has no means of repairing the disaster or recovering the loss. We have it already on the testimony of one government department that Ireland is reduced to such an economic condition that she is unable to retain enough labour for her present greatly diminished agricultural work; while another department testifies that, in spite of a great deal of special provision from other sources, the burden of supporting the poor has increased and is likely to increase very much in future.

* * *

One sage gentleman has written to the Press to say that he cannot understand why the war should be followed by a heavy fall in the prices of produce and by widespread distress. "Your daughter," said a music teacher to an aspiring Seoinin, "would do well at music if she only had a capacity." "That will be all right," said the coming man, "I'll buy her a capacity."

EOIN MAC NEILL.

REVIEW.

Mr. Denis Carolan Rushe, Secretary of the Monaghan County Council, has followed up his "Historical Sketch of County Monaghan" by another volume entitled "Monaghan in the Eighteenth Century."* Much of the history in this volume is taken now for the first time from the records of the county. The facts are set forth in a calm dispassionate way. Many such local and special histories will have to be written before any complete history of Ireland can be produced, and it would be well if every part of Ireland possessed historians endowed with the zest and diligence and knowledge of

* Printed, with numerous illustrations, by the Dundalgan Press, and published by Messrs. Gill of Dublin, and Tempest of Dundalk.

the country that are characteristic of Mr. Rushe.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century the Irish Nation might have been thought to have passed utterly away. Each of the three generations of the previous century had seen such blows inflicted on the ancient Nation as were thought at the time to be mortal strokes. Each one of these "conquests" was quite as complete as, in other countries, has sufficed to finally uproot and destroy the national organism. But, if the English policy in Ireland has been a continuity, the vitality of the Irish Nation has been a still more tenacious continuity. "Past telling has been, in every age, the design of God for Ireland's greatness." Those who think in these days that Ireland can be conquered or that Ireland ought to accept conquest as an accomplished fact will do well to reflect on the former conquests of Ireland. They will see that the Provincialists of one generation are the parents of the Nationalists of the next generation.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century, the flower of Irish manhood and valour was fighting the battles of Europe, while the Government of Ireland, too secure to cloak its intentions, ruled the country in "the English interest," introducing the forever infamous Penal Code and openly suppressing the industries of Ireland. The Castle kept its public register of Irish priests, just as it now has its secret register of Irish Nationalists. In 1913, the Government issued Proclamations to prevent the arming of Irish Nationalists. Exactly two hundred years earlier, the Castle issued similar Proclamations. On the 12th of April, 1714, the Sheriff of Monaghan writes to Dublin Castle, saying that he has received and distributed the "Proclamations relating to Papists carrying arms." The previous Sheriff had received and published Proclamations declaring schoolmasters as well as priests to be outlaws. The outcome of these measures of government was the "hedge schoolmaster" and the Rapparee. In 1731, the majority of the parishes in Co. Monaghan had no places of Catholic worship except altars, sometimes made of earth and stone, and in the open air. Only six parishes are returned as having "Mass houses." In the dangerous times of "the '45," Lord Chesterfield was sent to Ireland as Viceroy, to relax the persecution of the Catholics. When the trouble was over, he was withdrawn. By the middle of the century, we find Protestants combining with Catholics against legalised oppression. In 1763, a rising of farmers, mainly Protestants, endeavoured to surprise the military station at Belturbet and possess themselves of its munitions, but were anticipated and defeated. The Government and the County magnates tried to secure the conviction of a large number of the men on the charge of high treason, but the trials that ensued resulted in acquittals. This "Ulster Land War gradually died away," but "one result was the establishment of the Ulster Tenant Right Custom," the basis of what is called "Ulster prosperity." "Another result was the emigration to America of over 400,000 Ulster people,"—Anglo-Saxons of course! A third result was the growth of National feeling among the Ulster Protestants. In 1780, the Grand Jurors and Freeholders of Co.

Monaghan met and adopted a declaration, "lest our rights and privileges should seem to be lost in the joy which attends a partial restoration of them." These words, which are the plainest common sense, if they were to be embodied in a declaration nowadays, would be denounced by certain patriots as "a slur on the Irish Party" and "an attempt to stab our trusted leaders in the back." The Monaghan declaration affirms "that no Parliament had, has, or of right ought to have any power or authority whatsoever in this kingdom, except the Parliament of Ireland." The Monaghan Grand Jurors and Freeholders of 1780, like O'Connell sixty years later, make it plain that they prefer separation to subjugation, for they declare that "on this principle the connection between Great Britain and Ireland is to be founded." Again in 1782 the Monaghan Grand Jury unanimously declared, "respecting the fundamental and undoubted rights of *this Nation*, that we will in every station of life and with all the means in our power assert and maintain the constitutional rights of this Kingdom to be governed by such laws only as are enacted by the King, Lords and Commons of Ireland, and that we will in every instance uniformly and strenuously oppose the execution of any statutes except such as derive authority from said Parliament, pledging ourselves to *our Country* and to each other to support with our lives and fortunes this our solemn declaration."

The historian goes on to show how Co. Monaghan shared with the rest of Ireland in the development and prosperity that were the natural outcome of a National government. The history closes with Monaghan's protest against the Union. "The High Sheriff, John Hawkshaw, summoned a meeting of the Freeholders of the County, which was held on the 28th January, 1799, and at it strong anti-Union resolutions were passed." The Government agents first intrigued in vain against the meeting, and then endeavoured to get up a counter declaration, which ventured no farther than to reserve condemnation of the Union until its terms were made known. Only thirty-three out of six or seven hundred freeholders in the county could be induced to subscribe this document.

The blight of the Union fell heavily on Monaghan County, as did the consequent blight of the Famine era and the later Land War; but the Irish Nation does not die, and Monaghan, like the rest of Ireland, is still unconquered.

AN CUMANN COSANTA

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The Outdoor Watch

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Why Irishmen Should Arm.

In every free country a considerable proportion of the money raised by taxation is expended in the upkeep, arming, and training of a military force to defend the country against invasion. Year after year the sum necessary to keep the national defence force in a state of efficiency is voted, before any other expenditure is considered. The governments and the people of these different countries know that this is the most necessary expense, and that without it they are powerless to oppose the acts of aggression of their avaricious or tyrannical neighbours.

What is necessary for a free country is equally, if not more, necessary for one which, like our own, is not free. Our rights and liberties are as dear to us as the rights and liberties of other peoples are dear to them. We also require a strong military force to protect our rights and liberties. It is therefore the duty of every Irishman to arm and train himself to protect his country against further acts of aggression.

In the Irish Volunteers we have already a strong military force. We have, however, no parliament to raise taxes, or to vote the money necessary to arm and train that force. Up to the present the Volunteers have themselves borne the expense of arming and training themselves. But more money is necessary to continue the work, and the Irish Volunteer Executive look to the people of Ireland to supply the funds. They know that they will not appeal in vain. Everyone is expected to subscribe according to his means. From those who cannot subscribe a pound a shilling will be welcome. Those who can afford a pound will not subscribe less. Subscriptions should be sent to the Hon. Secretary Irish Volunteers, 2 Dawson Street, Dublin.

Irish Volunteers. Prisoners' Defence Fund.

The appeal issued on behalf of the Irish Volunteers Prisoners' Defence Fund has, up to the present, been fairly well responded to. The costs of defending these prisoners were very heavy, and a large sum has yet to be subscribed before the debt can be cleared off. Most public boards have passed resolutions condemning the action of the Government in arresting and imprisoning these men, and public meetings of protest have been held. The best way to show the sincerity of these protests is by subscribing to the Prisoners' Defence Fund. Those of our readers who have already subscribed should draw the attention of their friends to the Fund, and we trust that those who have not yet done so will not delay.

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IRISH Classes.

Session Opens September 25rd.

Fee for Teachers, - - 5/-
Fee for Non-Teachers, - 10/-

Syllabus from Registrar, 20 KILDARE STREET.

Shooting on Range and Field.

The Volunteer who can score nine bull's eyes out of ten must not imagine himself a crack shot. Anyone with a modestly good eye and steady hand can hit a still target if he has unlimited time at his disposal. But for practical purposes, a man who can hit the mark twice out of five times in thirty seconds is of more use than the man who can hit it every time, but takes five minutes over it.

Remember what happens in action. The enemy is advancing by alternate rushes of 25 yards. He is exposed for 6 seconds each rush. Where will your marksman be who has to dwell on his aim? He won't even get a shot in. Moreover, slow firing has no effect on men who mean business.

Rapid aiming and firing is of special importance to us Volunteers, most of us being without magazine rifles. We should, therefore, as soon as we are capable of hitting the bull, begin setting ourselves a time limit. Thirty seconds for five shots should be ample as a start, and the time can be reduced later. Practise firing from all positions, standing, kneeling, and lying, as all will be required later on. It is a good thing also to run a certain distance (say 25 yards), carrying your rifle, and then to fire five shots, all in 70 seconds.

Plenty of time should be given to firing at moving targets. Rabbits and sparrows are handy and plentiful. The latter are very nice when plucked, roasted, and served up on toast. Quite like partridges, in fact.

4th BATTALION DUBLIN I.V.

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On Sunday, 26th September,
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All leading Irish Artists. Two songs of especial interest will be contributed by BRIAN O'HIGGINS and GERARD CROFTS.

Commandant Pearse will deliver a recruiting address. Display by Sec. 1, A Co., Winning Section at St. Enda's, Sunday, 5th September.

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VOLUNTEER HEADQUARTERS,
2 Dawson Street, DUBLIN.

All communications re Advertisements to be addressed to the

IRISH PRESS BUREAU,
30 Lower Abbey Street, DUBLIN.

SUBSCRIPTION.—The Irish Volunteer will be posted free to any address for one year at a cost of 6/6; for half a year, 3/3; for the quarter, 1/8.
Cheques and Postals should be crossed and made payable to the Manager, Irish Volunteer.

The Irish Volunteer

SATURDAY, SEPT. 25th, 1915

Headquarter's Bulletin.

Tionól do bi ag Comhairle Shóca Féinne fáil ina nDúnropt D. Céadaoin, an 8ú d'ádh lá de'n mí ro, agus an tUachtarán Eoin Mac Néill ina ádairleas oíche.

Do rinneadh tagairt do éiríais aipis na Féinne agus do gearánadh naé raiú na Complaéta ag ioc a nioilairdeas páirte marí baó dóir. Dúibh nár mór do gac Complaéat a tuaisgar do éomhionas i vtaois an aipis.

Tionól do bi ag Comhairle Coitcheann na Féinne D. Domhnaigh, an 12ú d'ádh lá, agus an tUachtarán Eoin Mac Néill ina ádairleas oíche.

Do léigead tuaisgarbála i vtaois Oirighce, Oileamna, agus Áimáta na Féinne, i vtaois aipis, i vtaois an Cumann Copanta, agus i vtaois na Comhóla ro d'áir gionn. Do rocuigead a lán neice ag baint leir an gComhóil.

Tionól do bi ag an gComhairle Shóca D. Céadaoin, an 15ú d'ádh lá, agus an Ceann Caca Pádraic Mac Piarais ina ádairleas oíche.

Do léigead na gnáit-tuaisgarbála, agus do rinneadh poinnt oirighce d'áimniugadh. Do tagraíod do ghuairdeas na hoibne ina lán áiteann agus do bíodas an-tráirte leir marí ríeal.

Dúnropt na Féinne,

Át Cliaí, 15 M. Fogs., 1915.

[TRANSLATION.]

The Central Executive of the Irish Volunteers met at Headquarters on Wednesday, 8th inst., Professor Eoin Mac Neill, President, in the chair.

A discussion took place on the financial affairs of the Volunteers, and the complaint was made that many Companies are remiss in forwarding their affiliation fees. The hope was expressed that all Companies would punctually fulfil their obligations in this respect in future.

The General Council met on Sunday, 12th inst., Professor Eoin Mac Neill, President, in the chair.

Reports were submitted on Organisation, Training, Arming, Finance, An Cumann Cosanta, and the forthcoming Convention. Various arrangements in connection with the Convention were completed.

The Central Executive met on Wednesday, 15th inst., Commandant P. H. Pearse in the chair.

The usual reports were submitted, and some appointments made. The progress of the work of the Volunteers in several districts was referred to, and satisfaction was expressed with the encouraging accounts to hand.

Headquarters, 2 Dawson Street,

Dublin, 15th September, 1915.

áimniúche.

Mór-Cac Áta Cliaí.

An 3ú d'ádh Cá.

Complaéat C.

An Ceann Roinne Siomón Ó Donagáil cum beir ina leas-Captaon Uachtair.

An Conántóir Complaéata Ó Maoileom cum beir ina leas-Captaon lochtair.

Míre,

Pádraic Mac Piarais,

Ceann Caca,

Riárde an Oirighce.

Dúnropt na Féinne,

Át Cliaí, 15 M. Fogs., 1915.

[TRANSLATION.]

APPOINTMENTS.

DUBLIN BRIGADE.

3rd Battalion.

C Company.

Section Commander Simon Donnelly to be 1st Lieutenant.

Company Adjutant Malone to be 2nd Lieut.

P. H. PEARSE, Commandant,

Director of Organisation.

Headquarters, 2 Dawson Street,

Dublin, 15th September, 1915.

NOTES FROM HEADQUARTERS.

LOCH.

Loch atá ar a lán Ceann Complaéat i. san beir páirte le n-a nualgar féin de'n obair do deanaí aet obair na gCeanna leas-Complaéat agus na gCeann Roinn do táirgais eua. Ni beir leas ar aon Complaéat ina n-deanann an Captaon an obair ar fáil. Ni beir na hoirighis eile ábalta ar a gion féin de'n obair do deanaí. Ni beir na pip oirte ar gílleas do na hoirighis eile. An lá beas an Captaon ar iarrad beir an Complaéat pin san ceann gan treoir. Cártear péadant

cuige ro i n-am, nó beir an ríeal so holt ina lán áiteann.

Tuileas fós.

Tá an loch céanna ar eua de na Ceannaí Cá. Bíonn ríad ag cup irteas ar na Ceannaí Complaéat lá ríuagíó, nó ar na Ceannaí Roinn féin. Baó éasr so rocuigíóir nár éirí an dá éirí ríuag leir an ngeadán.

[TRANSLATION.]

A FAULT.

The fact that some Companies are failing to produce good Section Commanders and good Lieutenants would seem to point to a fault on the part of Company Commanders to which these Notes have already drawn attention. The over-zealous Company Commander insists on doing the whole work of the Company himself. He teaches his men to form fours; he teaches them signalling; he collects their subscriptions; he rides round on his bicycle to mobilise them when he receives a mobilisation order from his Commandant. To do all these things himself is to neglect his fundamental duty as a Company Commander, for his fundamental duty as a Company Commander is to see that his subordinates do their work, not to do it for them himself. His own work is supervision and command. The proper training of Section Commanders is of the utmost importance, and a Captain could pass no severer criticism on his own Company than to say that he must do the work himself since his Section Commanders are not competent. It is his business to have competent Section Commanders.

DELEGATION.

Similarly, there is a tendency among Battalion Commandants to infringe on the sphere of Company Commanders. It is very important that every commander, from the lowest to the highest, should have full responsibility for his own unit. The more work a commander can delegate with safety to his subordinates the better for his command. Battalion Commandants again should train their Battalion staffs to relieve them of all the mere routine part of Battalion work. In the field the Battalion Commandant should be a calm and authoritative person with a staff of busy aides coming and going about him. His function is to command; the function of the others is to do. He is the brain; the Staff are the nerves; the Battalion is the arm; the Companies are the fingers.

A 36-Mile Recruit March.

Cork Volunteers have already attained a reputation as good marchers, having last February gone 24 miles with rifles. On Sunday, 5th inst., this was outclassed by a march with heavy packs from Headquarters to Nohoval, in the Kinsale postal district and due south of Cork on the south coast. Nohoval is 16 miles from the city, but Minane Bridge and Ballyfeard had to be taken in, and these added some extra miles to the march. The march began near midnight on Saturday, when about 60 turned out. They marched through the city, and then via Douglas and Carrigaline, to

Tracton, where they arrived at 4.30 a.m. Tea was served out here to such as wished, and the men slept for two hours in the barn of Mr. Lynch (brother of Mr. Diarmuid Lynch, G.L. Envoy). The bugle went at 7, and all rose to make their own breakfasts. Mass was heard at Minane, and meetings were held at Minane and Nohoval, after which dinner was enjoyed at Mr. Lynch's, vegetables being kindly supplied by the host. The march home began at 5 o'clock, and Headquarters were reached at 9.15. Sinn Fein weather favoured the march, which was thoroughly enjoyed, only one member falling out on the journey. The corps were under the command of the Adjutant, Captain Daithi De Barri, and Captains P. Cottes and Scanlan. The experience at bivouacking and cooking was appreciated by the men, who will be able to improve on their preparations for such in future. The men are to be congratulated on the manner in which they carried out such a heavy day's programme and the example which they showed to the people of the districts visited in discipline and stamina in undergoing such a gruelling march for the sake of Caitlin Ni Houllacain.

THE SPARK.

We recommend our readers to procure a copy of the first volume of "The Spark," a tiny paper which has appeared weekly in Dublin since the suppression of larger periodicals by the Home Rule Government in the interest of the Small Nationalities. The Editor of "The Spark" prefers to hide his identity under the name of "Edward Dalton," whose articles and those of his staff have done much to bring home to our green people the realities of the government system with which we are blessed. "The Spark" is one of the "rags" which our sublime leader periodically disowns on the floor of the House. We opine he finds a sting in it. Likewise it is difficult to extinguish a spark, and at any moment it may become a flame.

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Diary of the Athlone Camp.

Volunteers coming to join the Camp at Athlone reached the town by different lines on Saturday night, the 4th September, when we were met by Captain O'Connell and Quartermaster Burke. About 7.30 p.m. we formed up and marched off to the camping ground, near Coosan, on the shores of Lough Ree, about two miles from Athlone. The tents were pitched in a field of Mrs. Blaney, and the hour being then late, tea was served in the house of our good hostess with native Irish hospitality. It was soon despatched. Guards for the night were set, and we turned in—it was about 11 o'clock p.m. Orders were given, "Lights out—11.30 p.m. Silence 12 o'clock." And in a short time most of us were for the first time sleeping soundly on the breast of Mother Earth, and our life in camp had begun.

Sunday, September 5—On the stroke of 6 o'clock a.m. Reveille was sounded, and the Volunteers were on the alert. We woke to hear that the guards had been reinforced and that two police had kept a weary vigil behind the hedge through the watches of the night. Poor fellows!—but I don't believe it. They only arrived on the heel of the dark—I hope soon enough to watch the unusual sight of a number of hardy Volunteers having a morning dip in the lough. After a wash breakfast was served, and despatched with the expedition of healthy and hearty appetites. Then we got our first insight into camp discipline. We all have a good notion of the mess a field is left in when a picnic party has fed in it: we were to learn now how it should be left. We were formed up to clear the "breakfast table," which, like our bed, was also generous Mother Earth. Dressing at intervals, we were marched in line across the field to clear all waste, having to pick up even such things as half a match or a crumb of bread—we were as thorough as the Huns; and when that "table" was cleared no one would have believed a company of Volunteers had breakfasted there. Next order was to stow tents and make up kits, after which we were formed up and marched to town to Mass. Mass was at 10 o'clock. There was no time to lose, and we got plenty of doubling. The Captain is never so happy as when he has a genuine reason for making the boys double, and we doubled to his satisfaction. Though one of us says it, we made a good impression on the town. We had been told it was none too friendly, but not an unfriendly eye received us—and how could it be otherwise, when our strapping boys in their jackets green came in perfect order and at the double into Mass. After all, even our critics get a secret satisfaction from seeing the discipline, competence, and confidence of our Irish Volunteers: for they at least are a sure line of defence. Mass being over, we were marched back to camp, and got a "dismiss" till dinner hour, 2 o'clock. The boys, hot from doubling, had thoughts of a strenuous day, even though Sunday, and were delighted at the unexpected "dismiss." The weather had got gloriously fine, and very hot to boot, and in a thrice a number of the Volunteers were disporting themselves in the

lough, filling the interval very pleasantly. Strenuous work was not to begin till to-morrow. After dinner, another "dismiss"—boating this time. Two boatfuls of the boys were off over the splendid reaches of the lough. A couple were crowded out of the boats, but they had the first essential of the Volunteer resource, and they were soon happily employed. They found their pleasure by showing two charming girls the sights of the lough through their field-glasses—and the inevitable walk followed! When they returned later, all were happy, each of the boys wearing a flower—the badge of conquest. So training is not all roughing—but this was only Sunday. After tea, the whole company was in the height of satisfaction, wanting one thing only—music. But it was very hard to get a start. A bright thought struck one who knew the effect of marching—get us on the march and the song would come. An officer was pitched on, the men got into line, and out on the road we went; and in a short time the shores of the lough were echoing to many a hearty chorus. We struck the lough at Coosan Point, singing with great gusto, "The West's Asleep," the most appropriate song, seeing we were actually bound for Aughrim's slope, and were now encamped "by Shannon's wave." Back again to camp, still singing, where the example was infectious. The whole camp was soon echoing to the chorus; and so the day closed. Roll-call at 9.30 p.m.; guards mounted at 10 o'clock; lights out and silence 10.30 p.m. And the vigil of the watch began.

Thus we prepared for a very strenuous week,
(To be continued.)

TERENCE J. MACSWINEY.

Sham Fights for Small Forces.

When an irregular army comes to blows with a regular one, its operations, at any rate during the earlier stages of the conflict, will consist principally of delaying actions, small raids, and small ambushes. To stand up to the regulars in line of battle before they had begun to get seasoned would be fatal. Small companies between 30 and 60 strong can easily practise these minor actions by themselves. The methods set forth here were used with great success in the summer camps.

The Company Commander should act as Umpire. He should be mounted, so as to be able to go from one force to the other quickly. He should divide the company into two unequal parts, the smaller to act on the defensive. (The better the position the fewer men will be required to hold it.) Several types of delaying actions may now be tried.

(1) A small force of cyclists is protecting the rear of a retreating force of irregular infantry. Their task is to hold up the advance guard of the enemy (infantry) for a certain specified time. The object of the other side is to annihilate or break through the cyclist force within that time. The cyclists will endeavour, by alternately halting in good positions whence they can inflict loss on the enemy, and retiring back to other positions, to demoralise and delay their pursuers. The infantry must seek out the enemy's positions by means of scouts

(who in actual practice at the camps were generally found to be too slow and cautious, thereby delaying the advance much more than the enemy could), and then drive them out or outflank them. The latter is often the best course, as the infantry have the advantage of knowing that *cyclists cannot move far from the road* for fear of being separated from their machines. When time is up the men should be whistled in, and a decision given. It is a good thing to allow a certain amount of discussion on the points illustrated.

(2) A force of infantry is protecting the rear of a retreating irregular force. They are pursued by a slightly stronger force of cyclists. In this case the defenders cannot easily stand and retreat alternately in a body, and should do so by alternate halves, thirds, or quarters, one division retreating while the others hold off the enemy. In this case also the enemy is the more mobile force, and by using side and back-roads should try to surround and cut off the defenders. The latter should keep a reserve in hand to counteract this.

(3) A small force of infantry protecting the rear of a retreating force is pursued by a superior force of infantry. Here both sides are equally mobile or immobile, and the fight resolves itself into a struggle between good ground and good cover. It will probably be found easier for the attackers to turn than to pierce the defending line.

Other varieties of action may be suggested by the nature of the ground and the strength and condition of the company. There are one or two general points to notice:—

(1) The difficulty of piercing the defenders' line. Volunteer commanders of all grades seem to have a fondness for this costly method of attack. Especially in close country, they will find it easier to turn one or other of the flanks.

(2) The importance of counter-attacking on the part of the defenders. Nothing delays the enemy's advance so much as this. No matter how small his force, a commander should keep a small local reserve or reserves in hand for this purpose.

(3) The importance to both sides of a General Reserve. We have often observed an attack fail at the last moment for lack of men to carry it out with. The firing line, exhausted and thinned by its efforts, requires a fresh infusion of strength at the point of assault. The possibility of the attack failing requires the presence of reserves to prevent defeat becoming disaster. Similarly the defenders require a Reserve to take the offensive with after the failure of an attack, or to come to the rescue if a flank is turned or the line pierced.

Small raids can easily be practised. Let a road or a village be the objective, and let it be protected by a small patrol or garrison of infantry or cyclists, and attacked by a larger body of the same. The raiders, of course, should have a time limit set to their task, their object being to destroy the patrol or garrison within that time.

Another type of raid to practise is when a long road or stretch of country is defended by a fairly strong force, and the object of the raiders, a small body this time, is to strike the line at any point, spend a short time there (to represent time required to cut telegraph wires or do other damage), and get away with

the minimum of loss. Or the third requirement may not be made, and it might be merely necessary to occupy the place for a certain time before the arrival of the enemy. As has been said in these pages before, a raider's fate doesn't matter when his task is done.

Opportunities for ambushes constantly arise. It should be arranged for one party to make for a certain point, while the other is to ambush them on the way. The marching party should send its scouts well ahead, so that their caution will not (as we have often seen happen) reduce its progress to a snail pace. It is impossible to lay down any rules for ambushes, but the commander should see that it is not possible for his own men to fire into each other. For instance, they should not be arranged on both sides of the road in parallel lines.

A few words to scouts to wind up with:—

You are sent out as a protection to your own force and to locate the enemy. Therefore exercise all due caution, but remember that it is better to get killed in finding the enemy than to come back without finding him. Besides, in manoeuvres, over-caution causes delay.

Your object is to locate the enemy, not his scouts. In manoeuvres, if you see an enemy scout, let him pass. Don't hold up the whole action while you argue which of you has captured which, and if he is fool enough to yield to you don't leave off your scouting to lead him off in triumph to your commander. In action, if he is far away, leave him alone; if he is close at hand, bayonet him. Don't be squeamish about this. He'd do the same for you.

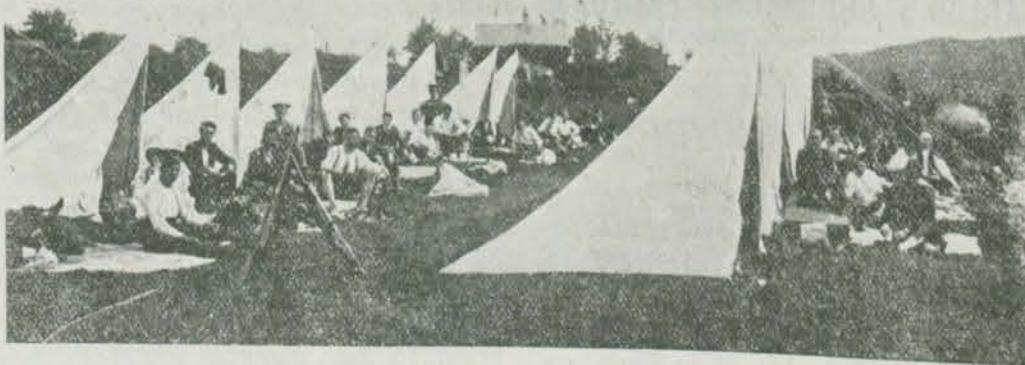
The Ukrainian Volunteers

Ireland is not the only subject nationality that has organised and equipped a Volunteer force. The Ukrainians of Galicia, or as they are sometimes called, the Ruthenians, have their Volunteer body, and as an independent unit the Ukrainian Volunteer Legion has played a remarkable part in the fierce fighting on the eastern front in the present war. An interesting account of its origin and campaign, which cannot fail to be interesting and instructive for Irish Volunteers, is given in the *Revue Ukrainienne* for August.

Right at the outbreak of the war between Russia and Austria the Ukrainians of Eastern Galicia and the Bukovina saw in front of them the prospect of an armed fight for independence. That area of Ukrainian territory became the principal theatre of war. The Austrian Ukraine, soaked in blood, was occupied by the Russian troops. The national idea, now ripening to fruit, gave direction to the thoughts of the Ukrainian people. The Ruthenians knew that Russia was waging war, not for the liberation of peoples, but for the possession of Galicia in order to smother the Ukrainian movement and put an end once and for all to the Ukrainian danger.

As soon as war was declared all the Ukrainian parties in Galicia organised a National Committee. This Committee united all their efforts towards one great end, the arming of the Ukrainian population. Thus was formed the Ukrainian Volunteer Legion, and a new era dawned for the Ukraine. And now the people have hopes of an independent national life, no longer an instrument in the hands of foreigners. The idea of an independent state, however theoretical it be, seems transformed into reality. All parties and all classes are united in its name. The great sacrifices the Ukrainian Legion is making in the war have fired the imagination of the Ruthenians, and given them the necessary force and faith. Whatever be the actual changes the issue of this war may bring, the fact that the masses of the people have taken part in the armed struggle will mean a certain advance of the political idea, and will influence the national psychology for all time.

The organisation of the military forces of the Ukrainians in Eastern Galicia and the Northern Bukovina in August, 1914, fell to the rifle clubs and scouting and gymnastic societies. These societies of "Sitchovi-striltzi" in their turn drew their strength from the older gymnastic societies, fire-brigades and mutual aid associations, the "Sitch" and "Sokal." At the beginning of the war the higher National Council, with the help of its organisers and its special committee, undertook the equipment of the national armies. The circumstances were everything but favourable; the official mobilisation, the lack of means, insufficient preparation, and finally the equivocal attitude of the Poles and the local and



THE GALTER CAMP.

central authorities, all went to hinder their activities. The flood of Russian troops, too, spreading terror amongst the frontier population, was another obstacle. In spite of all, within ten days Galicia was literally covered with recruiting centres. From every quarter came masses of enthusiastic Volunteers, including not only the educated classes, but the middle classes as well, and above all the working classes. At the end of August the enlisted Volunteers numbered 30,000 men. In face of such a number the organisers were taken unawares. But now the government intervened and took them in charge. Lemberg was their training camp, and when Lemberg fell the Ukrainian Volunteers were sent to the Stryi, where their military instruction was continued. The Legion was sworn in on September 3, and sent to the Carpathians, near Munkacz. At the end of the month it received its baptism of fire. About the same time another body of mountain rifles, "Houtzoulski striltzi," was organised at Celatyne in the Bukovina, and it too has become a popular force.

The Ukrainian Legion has sought and been given very important services at the front. In the battles in the Carpathians, at Makiwka, Kobyla, Rojanka, Kloutch, etc., the legionaries have distinguished themselves by their courage, their daring and their endurance. By their military qualities of the first order they have won the confidence and praise of the high command, the affection of their brothers in arms, and the extraordinary sympathy of the people. Their great military spirit and achievements have revived the glory of the Zaporog Cossacks, who for centuries defended Europe against the Asiatic hordes and fought for the freedom of the Ukraine.

The Legion is organised on the model of the Austrian army, but its internal management and order, the designation of its sections, the language of command, and its flag remain the same as with the Cossacks of old. The command is made up, in the main, of national officers of the Austrian reserve. The commander-in-chief is Halouchchinsky, principal of the Ukrainian *lycée* at Rohatyn, and an ardent patriot as well as an organiser of great ability.

An interesting feature in the Legion is the presence of young women and boys still in their teens. Amongst the former are Mlle. Hélène Stepanivna and Mlle. Sophie Maletchko, who have been decorated with medals for conspicuous merit and raised to the rank of officers. Amongst the youths is one, Lazar Melnitchouk, fifteen years of age, who liberated a hundred prisoners and captured a Russian officer in his native village.

The Ukrainian Volunteer Legion has not only played a distinguished role in the fighting that preceded the Russian retreat from the Carpathians, but it has borne a willing share in the liberation of Galicia. It is an independent unit, and will be in a position to strengthen the national demands of the Ukrainian people, and back up its demands with very effective arguments at the making of peace.

C. U. A. S.

The Straw Showing How the Wind Blows.

A COOL PROPOSAL TO TAX IRISH EMPLOYERS.

Sir,—Under the "National" Insurance Acts the State comes to the relief of the low wage-earner—viz., the worker who earns less than 2/6 per day—by allowing him to pay for insurance purposes a penny per week less than the worker who earns a "living wage," the State paying over this penny on his behalf to the society to which he belongs. Under this arrangement £42,000 per year is paid by the Exchequer on behalf of all insured persons, men and women, in Great Britain and Ireland. Out of this sum Ireland receives £18,000 per year, as this country contains a far larger proportion of poorly-paid workers, especially among the women, than any other part of the so-called United Kingdom.

It is now an open secret that the Government are about to amend the Insurance Act so as to relieve the State of this grant in aid of the low wage-earner, and to compel the employer to pay it instead. If this proposal is carried into effect it would impose an altogether unjustifiable additional burden on the Irish taxpayer, a burden completely out of proportion both to the taxable capacity of Ireland and to its industrial status.

The relief hitherto given to the British worker by this low wage grant has been almost negligible. The combined insured population of England, Wales, and Scotland is about 12,030,000, of whom the vast majority are paid at the rate of over 2/6 per day. As a consequence, the State only pays £24,000 per year in low wage pennies in respect of these twelve millions of workers. In Ireland the total insured population is less than 730,000, but so large a proportion is engaged in poorly-paid occupations that the relief given by the State amounts to £18,000. The proposal to make the struggling Irish employers pay £18,000 additional for 730,000 workers while the rich and prosperous British employers are let off with £24,000 for over twelve million workers is another typical example of the manner in which the British Government imposes a monstrously unjust load of taxation on Ireland under the guise of perfect equality of treatment.

If the Irishman protests he can be told that he has nothing to complain of, as Irish insured persons and employers are treated in exactly the same way as British insured persons and employers. Hitherto the State has paid a penny per week for every low wage earner, whether British or Irish, and all it proposes to do is to ask the employer to pay this penny

instead. The British employer must pay his penny just the same as the Irish employer. What could be fairer? What could be more just? You can see that the Treasury Official has absolutely nothing up his sleeve! Result—Number of insured persons in Great Britain, 12,030,000—British employer pays £24,000; number of insured persons in Ireland, 730,000—Irish employer pays £18,000.

The British employer pays the one-hundredth part of a penny per each insured person in Great Britain; the Irish employer pays the four-sevenths of a penny per each insured person in Ireland.

£18,000 is a very small sum compared to £400,000,000 of a War Tax; but £400,000,000 is made up of a number of eighteen thousand pound items, and if each of these is about to be divided in the same ratio between Great Britain and Ireland, the prospect before the Irish taxpayer is a very cheerful one indeed.

I am, sir,

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WIDE AWAKE.

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NOTES & COMMENTS

Negro's Tribute to Catholicism.

The editor of "The Age" (New York), one of the most influential Negro publications in America, quotes from the "Catholic Directory's" figures showing the growth of the Catholic body in the past twenty years, and adds:—"These figures will alarm a great many good people, who will see in them the ultimate downfall of the Republic and a lot of other dire disasters. For our part, we should like to see more of the Catholic spirit instilled into our great Protestant and other denominations. The Catholic Church in this country is that religious body in which wealth, social distinction, class and race count for the least. The humblest, poorest, and most ignorant immigrant entering New York can go into the great Cathedral on Fifth Avenue and feel that he is welcome. Any one in such circumstances would hesitate for some time before entering a rich Protestant church. It is almost impossible to think of a Catholic priest preaching race discrimination or urging his congregation to go out and lynch somebody. If all the great Christian organisations in this country had the religious and moral courage to openly disapprove the injustice, lawlessness, and cruelty which the Negro has to suffer, those sins and crimes would soon be stopped. But they haven't got it."

Turning on the Light.

Mr. George W. O'Reilly, in a letter to the "New York American," gives an admirable summary of England's buccaneering career. He describes in graphic and forcible language the methods adopted by England to remove from her path every nation that in time might wrest from her the rule of the seas. Spain discovered a new world. England set out to rob her of the fruits of her discovery. The English pirates who plundered Spanish galleons are held up to the world as great naval heroes. They were the instruments of England's greed and, therefore, have a high place in the Temple of Fame for doing exactly what Captain Kidd did. When Spain was reduced to a state of impotency, Holland became the next object of England's attack. The world's trade was in the hands of the Dutch State. In Cromwell's time the Dutch commercial fleet had more than half the tonnage of Europe.

History Repeats Itself.

When England had destroyed Dutch commerce she turned her attention to France. In the interval between 1688 and 1815, seven wars were fought between France and England. Arthur Girault, a French historian, in his "Principes de Colonisation" ("Principles of Colonisation"), Paris, 1904, in speaking of these wars, says: "All those wars were trade wars for England, the purpose of which was to destroy the naval and colonial power of France. English activity brought about all the alliances which were then concluded against us in Europe. And while our troops were fighting on the Continent, she destroyed our navy and seized our colonies." How history repeats itself. What England did in the eighteenth century and the opening of the nineteenth century, she is repeating in our days. Just as English activity brought about alliances against France in the past, so in our time it has formed a combination against Germany, which is to be weakened because she promises to be England's successful rival on the sea.

Successful Land Piracy.

Mr. O'Reilly plainly shows all this, and also point out how America is made a cat-paw of by the country that sent forth privateers to sweep the seas of the American flag when the Republic was in what at the time appeared to be its death throes. "Are we not being bribed," to quote Mr. O'Reilly's words, "to sacrifice our own best interests as well as our moral scruples and to send arms to England so that she can exterminate the Germans and obliterate Germany and possess herself of Germany's commerce?" As a result of her successful land piracy in every part of the world, she boasts that the sun never sets upon her flag. One of her own sons has told us what that flag represents:

"It has floated o'er scenes of pillage,
It has flaunted o'er deeds of shame,
It has waved o'er the fell marauder
As he ravished with sword and flame,
It has looked upon the ruthless slaughter,
And massacre dire and grim;
It has heard the shrieks of the victims
Drown even the Jingo hymn."

The Home of Charity.

What a blessing is liberty in ours, its best form. We are not bound to fling our manhood in the mud at a rega' nod, or obey mayhaps a royal ruffian's whim. Our own choice rules us, a choice which in turn is ruled and guided by a Constitution prompted by the finest aspirations of mankind; a Constitution which will serve as a model for generations yet unborn; a grand scheme of a Republic mighty in its many millions—the embodiment of the common sense of all the governments that ever

existed—the fountain whence flows all the blessings of our public life, dealing out justice to the myriads of a land realising all the dreamings of poets and guesses of philosophers—a land intentionally hidden away behind the great hand of God from the gaze of Europe, to be afterwards the safe retreat and worthy home of liberty violated in Europe—a land where equal rights give every man his own scepter, where power is people, where the plebeian may be the patrician in excellence, and where inheritance claims not title.—"Catholic Columbian," Ohio.

Clean Picture Houses.

The Philadelphia Centre of the Catholic Theatre Movement have adopted a plan which might readily be copied in Dublin and elsewhere regarding objectionable "movies." In every parish there has been appointed a committee composed of members familiar local conditions and competent to pass judgment upon motion picture productions. These committees will draw up a list of motion picture houses within the limits of their respective parishes. The owner or manager of each house will be asked not to present films objectionable from a religious and moral standpoint. The "White List" will contain the names of those houses whose managers or owners will have made this promise. The members of the committees will carefully watch the various houses to see if the promise is kept. If it is not, the name will be withdrawn from the list. The committees will, of course, act prudently. Allowance must be made for mistakes on the part of the picture hall proprietor. Objectionable films will very likely creep in now and then. But if there is a persistent failure to present proper pictures in spite of warnings the name will be withdrawn.

A Campaign of Education.

Needless to say, individual Catholics and all the Catholic societies of the Quaker City are lending a hand to the movement. In the official "Bulletin" published by the organisation, the dangers of the motion picture and methods of solving the problem are discussed at length, and there is an earnest appeal for co-operation in a campaign of education that shall make plain to the public the perils that lie not only in immoral and suggestive films, but also in too frequent attendance even at reputable picture halls. The "Bulletin" also publishes a list of pictures recommended by the New York and Philadelphia committee. We commend the ideas to our Vigilance Committee.

Verb. Sap!

The Philadelphia "Catholic Standard and Times" says that it is a very long time since Ireland had a Viceroy that showed

Continued on Page 8

FRENCH CATHOLICS

THEIR ANTI-GERMAN PROPAGANDA

It is probable that about 75 per cent. of the Irish Catholics are holding aloof as much as they can from the war against Germany. The French Catholics are not satisfied with this state of affairs, and, to improve matters, they are now circulating in Ireland a book of German horrors and iniquities compiled by a number of leading French Catholics. The book contains some useful information, but it is everywhere violently partisan, and in parts it is grossly unfair to the Germans. When reading the book we must bear in mind that the French regard the Germans somewhat as the Norfolks and Talbots regard the Irish, as an uncultured, turbulent race with half-savage instincts, so that it is easy for them to imagine terrible things when they find the Kaiser's troops on the soil of France. The book was written in France, and apparently intended principally for Italian and Spanish Catholics. To make the book effective, a special edition should have been prepared for Ireland and revised by the Lord Mayor of Dublin or some intelligent Catholic. As it stands at present, there are some points in it which might make an impression on a Spaniard or Italian, but which leave an Irishman quite unconvinced.

Germany is condemned because she is a Protestant country. Can we, then, assume that, if France wins the victory over Protestant Germany—which is said in the book to be necessary in order to preserve the Catholic Faith in Europe—she will go to war with England, which is three times as Protestant as Germany? Everything said in the book against Protestant Germany applies with three-fold force to Protestant England. We are told that there is an anti-Catholic propaganda in Germany, that the Government tries to use the Church for its own ends, that in most of the universities anti-Catholic doctrines are taught. Is not this true of England, and, owing to England's domination, is it not true of Ireland also? All the evidence we have points to the fact that the Church is more respected and more influential in Germany than in England, France, or Russia.

A list of atrocities is given alleged to be committed by the 2,000,000 men who invaded Belgium and Northern France. They consist of 18 murders of priests, 16 cases of ill-treatment of priests, 2 cases of outrages on nuns, and 8 cases of major sacrilege. In many of the cases the evidence given is that of M. Grondijis, a Dutch Protestant journalist, who may be, for all we know, quite as reliable as M. Latapie, the devoted French Catholic journalist. There can be no doubt but that some outrages were committed, but seeing that the responsibility for the Louvain shootings has been placed by Italian and American journalists on the Belgians, we must take those reports with the greatest caution. Even admitting, for the sake of argument, that 18 priests were murdered by the German Protestants, which is the greater crime—the murder of 18 priests or the violent death of 400 priest-soldiers forced by the French Government into the firing line? We have in Ireland a body called Orangemen, and if the threatened civil war ever breaks out in Ireland and Carson's 100,000 braves occupy half of our country, and they murder only one priest (their army being half the size of the German army that invaded Belgium), we would think we escaped very lightly. We almost had a few martyrs at Ballycastle a short while ago, and Ballycastle is hundreds of miles from the firing line.

In 1903 the French Government tore up "a scrap of paper," the Concordat, made with the Vatican, and took from the clergy their revenues, foundations, churches,

seminaries, episcopal mansions, presbyteries, and a sum valued at £24,000,000. The nuns were driven out of their convents, and some of them died under horrible circumstances. This was a real atrocity for which we have clear and definite proof.

We are informed that the theologians are agreed in declaring that wars for the expansion of territory are unjust; therefore Germany is engaged in an unjust war. Some are of the opinion that Russia caused the war, but whoever is responsible in the present case, does it not inevitably follow from the theologians' pronouncement that the ruling classes of England and Russia stand before God with their hands red with the blood of millions of victims, and that if Germany has no right to remain in Belgium, England—represented by Birrell, the quibbling secularist; Nathan, the Jew from Africa; Major Ivan Price, the ex-policeman; and General Friend, the friend of small nationalities—should make reparation for her crimes, and leave Ireland to the Irish people?

Throughout the greater part of the book an attempt is made to confuse the issue by representing the war as a war between France and Germany. We must not forget that Russia and Austria are also concerned. France, in order to avenge herself for the recapture by the Germans of Alsace-Lorraine in 1870, made herself the slave of tyrannical, anti-Catholic Russia, and if her plans for crushing Germany are not working satisfactorily, we may hope that eventually France will come to no serious harm, but we see no obligation on our part to sacrifice Irish lives on her behalf.

There is one portion of the book that shows a specially deplorable tendency. England, to further her own ends, described Catholics such as Meagher and Rossa as "bad Catholics," but we never expected that French Catholics would sink to the lowest depths of English hypocrisy and deceit. But, alas! in an endeavour to get the Catholics of the Spanish countries, of Italy, of Ireland, and the United States to join in the war against Germany, and knowing that, owing to England's sea power, Germany is to a large extent cut off from communication with the rest of the world, the French Catholics brazenly spread broadcast the monstrous falsehood that the German Catholics "are led away doctrinally into the orbit of Germanism" and that "modernism has made terrible ravages among German Catholics." Further on the "equation" between Protestantism and Germanism is "established." The Irish visitors to the Eucharistic Congress at Cologne saw no sign of the German Catholics "being enticed in some measure away from Rome." Neither would anybody who looks on the German Catholics with an unprejudiced mind, and considers their fidelity and the wonderful work they have done and are doing for the Church. Modernism was far more prevalent in France than in Germany, though we can now hope that it is almost dead among the Catholics of both countries. Such accusations injure rather than benefit the cause of France, for they show to what depths of infamy Germany's enemies are prepared, at times, to descend.

There remains the question of "Germanism" or "the German mind." The astonishing charge is made that the loss of faith prevalent in the world to-day is due to German philosophy. The first man to start modern subjectivist philosophy was Descartes, a Frenchman and a Rationalist, and he was followed in order of time by Locke, an Englishman and an empiricist, so that there is no doubt but that the flood-gates of modern infidelity were let loose on

the world by a Franco-British combination. It was the destructive system of Hume, a Scotchman, that set Kant to work in the endeavour to reconcile religion with subjectivist philosophy. Kant, adopting the psychology of Hume, arrived at the theory of the transcendental unity of apperception, and came to the conclusion that we can have no real knowledge of the Ding an sich (noumena), and this doctrine, logically worked out by Fichte and Hegel, led to idealistic Pantheism. Kantism is not the only cause of unbelief. The materialistic system of philosophy, which prevails so largely in France, is more destructive of the principles of revealed religion. Much more destructive than dry systems of philosophy was the sneering anti-Christian propaganda of Voltaire and his companions. Voltaire tried to introduce French free-thought into Germany, but the people of Germany rose up against it; and just as we are endeavouring to do to-day, they started a campaign against immoral foreign influences and roused up the "German spirit," at the very mention of which to-day our newspaper philosophical experts shudder with horror.

When speaking of the German mind we must keep before us that in no country in the world is Catholic philosophy better taught or more studied than in Germany. When we want answers to the manifold difficulties raised against religion, the works of German Catholic professors can be consulted with confidence. The names of Pesch, Ketteler, Kleutgen, Wassmann, and Stoeckl are known throughout the world. The German mind is very patriotic, a quality we may well envy them, but it is not generally aggressive. The intense patriotism is due to the fact that on one side the Germans had the hordes of Russia ready to move at the word of the Tsar, and on the other the vainglorious French waiting for "la revanche."

Jingo writers are not as common in Germany as in England or France. Many German writers have been misconstrued and mistranslated, so that in their English dress they seem much worse than they really are. Even the notorious Bernhardi has shown Irish sympathies. Anyone who wants to understand the German mind should read "Die Wacht am Rhein" and "Deutschland ueber alles," and find out what "Weltmacht" really means.

Let us for a while forget the fulminations of the Brayden school of journalists, and forget the murdered Archbishops and Bishops of Belgium, who exist only in the imagination of Mr. Redmond, and let us look facts in the face. Germany has not annexed Belgium, and the Catholic religion is more honoured in Belgium to-day than it was before the German occupation. The same is true of Northern France. In Russian Poland the Church is free after a hundred years of bondage. "More German hypocrisy," the Braydens cry out. Are we a nation of lunatics with Braydens as our keepers? Can we not, for the sake of justice, use our own intelligence and see on which side the hypocrisy lies?

There are many things in Germany that we disapprove of; but can we say that we are without faults ourselves? Have not we our Joseph MacCabe, our Michael MacCarthys, our Conan Doyle—characters far more ignoble than the German philosophers? Have we not our anti-clericals? Many men can remember the time, a little over twenty years ago, when in a Southern Irish city Mr. Redmond's followers followed out the so-called German maxim "Right is might." A reign of terror prevailed in the city for weeks, priests were scandalously insulted, and men who considered they were attending demonstrations in favour of Christian morality got their heads split open. Even old men and children were beaten. At the present time have we not so-called Irish newspapers flouting the Pope's idea of trying to obtain peace?

Have "we" not got a warship called after Queen Elizabeth, the vilest woman that ever lived, and a greater enemy of the Church

than Martin Luther? On the form we have got to show in what manner we are willing to serve "our country," is there not a representation of the Garter a former King of England fixed on another man's wife? If we look closely round us in Ireland, is there anything under the control of the British Government or of the Ascendancy which is not being used to some extent, directly or indirectly, to subvert Catholicism?

We deeply deplore the conflict between France and Germany. Both countries should be friends, and Ireland should be the friend of both. We hate the French anti-Clerical system of government, but we hope the French people will see the harm they are doing to themselves and to France by their apathy in matters of religion, and that they will once more occupy the position they ought to hold among the Catholic nations. This is a pious hope for the future; but at present we must consider facts as they really are. For thirty years the French people have returned anti-Catholic statesmen to power; and those statesmen have worked, and are still working, with the ingenuity of friends to put out the lights of Heaven. Though the majority of Frenchmen, when in imminent danger of death, have recourse to the Sacraments, we cannot conclude that their attitude to religion will remain as favourable in normal times as in times of danger.

We fail to see how a triumph of the Viviani Government would mean the salvation of the Catholic religion, and we must protest against the monstrous attempts being made to exploit the Catholic faith in the interest of infidel politicians. We have nothing to say about the political issues involved, but the statement that France is the champion of Catholic interests, and that the Central Powers are the enemies of Catholicism, shows that the writers of the book are either so partisan that they cannot see facts, or so dishonest that they are willing to sacrifice truth to gain victory for their country.

The thinking men of Ireland know that Catholic morality in Ireland is being assailed by a powerful, treacherous, and hypocritical combination. If the plans of the enemy work to his satisfaction Ireland will cease to be a Catholic country, for her manhood will be slain or crippled. Thanks to our devotion to the Faith and our attachment to the wisdom of our ancestors, the attacks of the enemy have not succeeded, though a lot of damage has been done. If we seek after truth, and try to act according to justice, we will be worthy of those that have gone before us. If we believe the false reports circulated by our enemies, and break several of the Ten Commandments in the interest of "Christian morality," the history of Ireland will end in disgrace and disaster. Let us not allow our religion, the religion of Truth and Charity, be used as a means of giving credit to falsehoods and fomenting senseless hatred.

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MEMORIES OF MOUNTJOY

By SEAN MILROY

I.

I am quite satisfied now that it is possible to be miserable in jail. There may be various people who are septical of the truth of that statement. To some it may appear simply incredible, but facts are stubborn things to handle. They have a horrid knack of bumping into fascinating delusions, and then it is bad for the delusions—very bad indeed.

I do not wish it to be thought that I had a single miserable moment while sojourning within that gloomy pile which rears its curious dimensions upon the ground once figuring in history as part of the battlefield of Clontarf. On the contrary, I experienced a fearful ecstasy of delight while domiciled for 102 days within the walls of Mountjoy. I was able to feel the singular appropriateness of the title which dignifies our Bastille of the Pale. Verily, it is a mountain of joy, though a thing of beauty in its form and structure it certainly is not. But the beauty of the spirit which sits there enthroned is incontestable, and I come to bear testimony of its existence. But I am thus circumstanced, because almost from the first moment of my arrival within its portals, I was able to perceive somewhat the ingenious manner in which, beneath a curious veil of good old British gruffness, there lurked not only a strain of unique humour, but also numerous and dextrous methods of buoying up a Realm-endangerer's spirits, of tickling his sense of hilarity, while at the same time enlarging his mind and dignifying his deportment. There are those within its wall, unfortunately, whose intuitive faculties are, however, so blinded as not to comprehend this and, therefore, who spend much of their time in mournful lamentation. One such I had as a neighbour one day, and the winds wafted to my ears this melancholy wail:—

"What are we put on earth for at all? I am sure it is not for happiness!"

I heard later that he was still in the throes of the ordeal by skilly.

I am going to let my readers into the the secret of how to be happy though jailed. In fact, should time permit between now and my next invitation to spend a few days within Mountjoy, I hope to be able to publish a handbook for the use of intending Realm-endangerers, giving various hints as to the inner working of the establishment, and of the best way to make most of the multifarious advantages which it offers. Oh, that some such volume had been available before May 21st, 1915, when I accepted the pressing invitation of dear old General Friend to spend a few weeks under the hospitable roof of Mountjoy! Had I been able to peruse such a handbook, I would have known better than to have eyed with aversion and suspicion the turnkeys and the locks, bolts and bars which make existence there a lyrical poem.

I would have, of course, understood when one of the jailors informed me, in tones suggestive of an enraged gorilla, on the night of my reception, that it was not my first time in jail; that he was bound to be right even though memory could call no similar experience to my mind. How foolish to imagine that a turnkey could tell a lie. Of course, they are all built on the model of George Washington. I should have understood that he was speaking metaphorically, and the choleric tone of his remarks, was only intended to mask the rippling humour of his satire. Of course he was quite right. Is not Ireland one huge jail, with turnkeys in khaki in thousands? But then, at the time he spoke, I had not fallen into the spirit of the thing. I would have understood also what a jolly good fellow Governor Monroe was, despite his general make-

up, suggestive of the contrary, and I would have been spared the dubious and doubting notions which I harboured concerning him at our first meeting.

I ought, perhaps, to observe here that in this narrative of my experience I have to rely entirely on my memory, the disciplinary regulations of Mountjoy making pen, pencil, and paper contraband of war, and being thereby precluded from recording my impressions as they occurred. I was thus perforce compelled, like the peeler in Tuam, to make record by the medium of "mental notes." But that, of course, is one of the hidden virtues of the Mountjoy establishment. It provides in this respect on excellent course of memory training. But, to come back to my first vision of the Governor: it came about in this wise. Those to whom I was turned over on my arrival at Mountjoy, in reply to a question of mine, informed me that I could see the Governor in the morning, and the prospect hallowed my repose that night. I pictured to myself a genial, ruddy-complexioned old gentleman, displaying a countenance beaming with compassionate benevolence, and disporting a set of mutton-chop whiskers as a sort of halo of goodwill—an elderly, philanthropic and paternal old soul accustomed to winning the erring ones from their wrongdoings, with a kindly smile and an encouraging word, albeit with a note of reproof, one of those reformers of depraved humanity with whom I could have a nice heart-to-heart chat. But, alas, for my cherished illusion! Like all earthly realities the event in this instance shattered to smithereens my mutton-chopped, goodwill-breathing-ideal of a super-jailor. Now it happened that on my arrival in Mountjoy, the officials into whose hands I fell seemed to be obsessed with a most inordinate and, to my mind, an unmannerly curiosity to know certain things about my dreadful past, and when I declined to gratify their curiosity they eyed me with optics which were gleaming more in anger than in sorrow. When I told one young man who was wearing civilian clothes, a timorous moustache, and a vicious scowl, that the resources of the Empire should be equal to unearthing the information he sought without my co-operation, he spluttered out wickedly something to the effect that they would have that information dead or alive. Another gruff joker, who seemed to be endeavouring to impersonate a walrus, gave me a nice little lecture on how to behave myself; but they were both cordiality itself compared with Himself the Governor.

The following morning I was marched into the Presence, and away down behind a very big book was the figure of a very small man. That was my first glimpse of Himself. My jaw fell, not with awe, but sheer disappointment and chagrin at having my ideal of a Chief Jailer ruthlessly punctured. Not a hair of the cherished mutton-chopped whiskers was in evidence, not a single indication of the milk of human kindness sort of personage which I had anticipated. We looked at each other—at least, I looked at the individual before me, or as much of it as the intervening volume disclosed, and mentally pondered: Is this he? Surely not! But it surely was. A diminutive, shrivelled, ill-tempered shrew, trying to look severe and stern, but only succeeding in giving an impression of waspish insolence. And while I was thus cogitating, he began to speak in a querulous jerky fashion. Evidently he was not a fellow who stood on ceremony, for those who brought us together made no effort to introduce us, which I thought most regrettable, placing me, as it did, at quite a disadvantage, for though he appeared to

know my name, I had to wait quite a considerable time before I learned his, and then I did so more or less by accident. He was struggling with an eyeglass, and also with that morbid curiosity manifested by his subordinates on the previous evening. When I remained obdurate to his interrogation thereon, and informed him that on principle I declined to furnish him with any particulars that might facilitate his work, he volunteered the statement that he did not think much of my principles. A most unnecessary observation; he might have taken it for granted that I knew that. Was it likely that he would have been dressed in his little brief authority if he did think much of my principles? More likely he would have been dressed up in one of those striped suits of grey provided by the establishment he rules. He was evidently determined that if I did not leave his presence with a very, very small opinion of myself it would not be his fault, as he there and then entered into a long discourse on my alleged error of thinking myself a very important person. He assured me that such an idea was most inaccurate, that he and others held quite a contrary opinion. While I stood meekly absorbing the profound philosophy of which the Governor was thus delivering himself, there stood on each side of me an official—one in uniform and the other, a rather overfed-looking person, in plain clothes.

To the latter the Governor now addressed the question:—

"Does he say what nationality he is?"

"What nationality are you?" asked Overfed.

"I am an Irishman," I answered.

"He admits he is an Irishman," quoth Overfed to his lord and master.

"Owe! I should not have thought so," came the response away down from beyond the book behind which the latter was entrenched.

That observation at the moment somewhat nettled me, but I held my peace. Later, however, pondering over it, it occurred to my mind that perhaps he intended it as a compliment. Perhaps he was steeped in the Salisburian Hottentot philosophy, and may have been rather taken aback to discover that an Irishman should turn out to be an ordinary white man with some elements of civilised conditions and not a dancing savage with painted body and rolling wild eyes.

My dear Monroe, it was too bad of me, no doubt, to thus upset your profound philosophy, product of the House of Cecil, but, then, you ought to know, my dear chap, I was not aware of your point of view at the time. I only learned while engaged later on in the exciting pursuit of turnip thinning on the grounds of your little kingdom, that you had received your training for rulership in this fair land of ours in the Indian police, for your labours in which connection you, I understand, are in receipt of a pension. That you earned it fully I can well believe, having had you acquaintance in some degree now for a period of four months. But, my dear fellow, it would have been ever so much better had you remained in the vicinity of the Ganges, or whatever other part of the land of the Hindoos you honoured with your overpowering personality. Poor old Ireland could have struggled along without you somehow, and you could have husbanded life's flame with your congenial reflections regarding the Hibernian Hottentots without ever risking the fearful shock of having such cogitations rudely demolished. Now since we two met, you will have to begin to build up a new philosophy and, at your time of life and with your meagre mental equipment, such a task is a monstrously cruel one. Take a word of advice from me, dear Monroe. Shake the dust of this green isle from your shoes. Take a farewell look through your majestic monocle upon our peculiar conditions, and hie yourself back to the realm of the coolies and niggers, or any other spot on God's earth where you will not be fated to again suffer the shock of meeting an Irishman and finding that he is flesh and

blood, and also that he has the temerity to consider himself even as human as—say—a Munroe. Ireland, I doubt not, will survive your loss.

For the moment I leave you. Perhaps you will again crop up in this narrative—perhaps not.

(To be continued).

KELLY, BURKE AND SHEA HAVE A PIRATICAL DEBATE

By THE SHAUGHRAUN

"Isn't it amazin' strange, Kelly, but ivery country that England is compelled to fight is always the blackest of black villians?" And as Shea said the words he almost extinguished the fire with a stream of tobacco juice.

"That's a slandher on the fair name iv an upright Christian people," answered Kelly, with rising wrath. "Sure, ye can't mane to say that iver Britain trated this Land of the Stars and Stripes other than was perfectly correct."

"Iv coorse," put in Burke, "if Washington City and other American towns were put to the touch it was the people's own fault; an', besides, the fellow that was responsible for those jobs must have been of German orgin, for he an' his descendants took the name of Bladensburg—an' that's not British by any manes!"

"An' also," continued Shea, "ivery country that contests with her for a place on the Sivin Says are always pirates. Now, that's quare to me."

"'Yis, yer right," replied Kelly, "an' so ivery man of thim was. Look at Spain, for instance—sure she was a murderin' country altogether; an' if Queen Elizabeth hadn't sint the Invincible Armada under Admiral Drake to Santiago to quell the Cubans, we all wud have had our throats cut."

"Aye, an' the United States wor pirates also, when Paul Jones, who was the greatest blackguard iv them all, paid a visit to the British Isles; but, iv coorse, that was long before Pizarro landed in the West, an' its only right that the American people shud forget it," said Burke, with a humorous twinkle in his left eye. "Then there was that other thief of the world, Commodore Jack Barry, the blackest pirate that ever lived since."

"An' when France wanted to have a right to stroll the says iv the world, she was also condemned as a devotee of the skull and cross bones, an' Britain had also to chastise her to bring her to the senses that had left her," rejoined Shea. "It seems to me to be a strange thing altogether."

"Ye don't mane to suggest that England wanted the whole iv the oceans of the world to herself?" excitedly questioned Kelly. "Isn't it a matther of history that she has spint millions of goold sovereigns in keeping the says free from murderin' pirates; an' lettin' dacent people go about their business quietly without been intherfered with? Except, iv coorse, by her captains, an' when they did it, it was only to protict her own interests, which is excusable. Britain does iverything out of the pure goodness of her heart, an' for no other raison."

"Sure, Britain didn't bate thim all single-handed?" queried Shea, innocently.

"Not at all," replied Burke. "She was abl. to moidher other people into the belief that it was to their intherest to help her; an' thin when she had got through with the job, she quietly tould them to go to ould Nick for their wages."

"Iv coorse, the British Navy never was guilty of any act other than was legitimate," put in Shea, slyly, and the fire hissed angrily again with the tobacco juice which he ejected.

"Niver," said Kelly, "his anger now

bursting forth visibly "If its the little affairs of Copenhagen an' Alexandria that yer hintin' at ye had better forget thim—these things niver happened. It was only the evil-minds and tongues ov jealous neighbours that spun that yarn on a dacent people."

"So ye think that these German fellows that are fightin' beyant in Europe, an' Asia, an' Africa, are the greatest pirates that iver lived?" queried Shea.

"How cud any thinkin' man get around the fact," replied Kelly. "Sure, the sinkin' iv the Loositania, Arabic, and the Hesperion all go to prove it."

"But, sure," put in Burke, "if the Loositania carried ammunition, and the Arabic had goold aboard, an' the Hesperion had a gun and soldiers, what cud ye expect if an enemy vessel met thim? An' ye must not forget that it was Britain who first declared war against Germany, and also declared her intintion of starvin' the whole German an' Austrian people to death."

"Be James," said Shea, "that's thrue anyway, an' what matthers about a few dozen lives where millions of lives ov children, women, and men are in the balance. The Germans are no saints, I know, but they don't claim to be possessed ov all the virtues, like some ov our frinds!"

"Just so," remarked Burke; "an' if Britain had had thim under-sea devils called submarines in sufficient numbers, it wud all have been good business—but she was last with thim, an' not first. The other country got the pull on her, an' she's just got mad about it."

"Be St. Patrick himself," said Kelly, "but iv ye two fellows uttered thim sintiments over in Ireland, instead ov where ye are, ye wud find yerselves high and dhry in some jail. Its rank trason, that's what they would call it undher the Difince ov the Rilm Act."

"Don't ye think that a man has the right to say what he thinks?" asked Shea, "even in war time?"

"Yes, but always within bounds," replied Kelly. "Ye can't expect an omadhaun like Sean Milroy to resave the same license or tratement as Lord Northcliffe—a peer ov the Rilm."

"Well, Kelly, ye might be right," put in Burke, "but may I be shot for a traithor to the ould land if I can understand your logic; its altogether beyont the small mind ov me. I know there are thousands wid the small mind of you, my bucko, who think of every other country undher the sun before their own. But its glad an' proud I am to say it, that for wan man wid your notions, there are thousands who think of God's own land yit."

"'Yis," added Shea, "an' some of the snobs over there call the boys who are thrue to ould Mother Ireland sore-heads, cranks, and fractionists; but they niver can call thim copper-heads (snobs), that wud be bringin' the nic-name too near to themselves."

"Sure, boys, I didn't mane to give ye offence," said Kelly; "so good-night an' God bless ye all."

"Farewell to ye," said Burke.

And Shea, once more left alone, took one more bite from his beloved weed.

DIVISION REPORTS.

Annascaul—Division 226. At a meeting of the above, held last week, it was decided to open a fund in aid of Bro. J. Melinn, Tralee. Collectors were appointed to canvass the various districts; all monies collected for the fund to be handed in on the 4th October next. A vote of sympathy was passed with Bro. J. Spillane (of Annascaul, but now of Carlow College), on the loss of his cousin, who was accidentally killed.

R. CONLAN

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LIODÁN NA SAOIPRE.

Airtrugad é seo ar bliúipe Deupla do bí i "Saoipre na hÉireann" i mí na Lughnasa anuraid ag "Giotla Éireann". Atrugad iread é ar liodán do reriob Mickiewicz ra Poláimr.

Oremus:

"A Tigeapna, a Dia an uile comáct, táro clann éine cpóda 7 a lámha san arm áirdeagte ruar eugat dea ar fuair an domáin; iad ag éigean opt ó tíortaid pneactaid 7 ó macairib teo, ó áitib iolartá a noibeapacta. Aet ina vtip féin, in éipinn bit-vitir, ní péirip vóib glaoad opt cum a noócar do cup i n-úil vuit. Ár peandaoine 7 ár mbantpact agur ár miondaoine iriav amáin a gurdeann cú ina gcorde iritir vóir gac pe noeop vóib. A Dia Úrúin, a Dia Émeit, a Dia Úáibir, bíod truaas agat do tír ár rinreap 7 dúinne. Tabair dúinn go noeupaimir do gurde mar a demoir ár n-aitpeaca analló—ar macaire an ár 7 airm in ár lámha agáinn, i lácar altópac a beró veunta de óromannab 7 de gunnaib móra, 7 ár mbpat féin ina canóipe of ár geionn agáinn: agur tabair dúinn go mberó ár muntir ad gurde i oeam-pallaib ár gcatpac 7 ár rriav-bailte, 7 go mberó ár gclann ad gurde le hair ár n-uaganna.

Mar rin féin, do toir-re go noeuntar 7 náic ár vóit-na. Amen.

"Kyrie eleison—Christe eleison—Kyrie eleison."

"Ár n-ácar—Tura pug leat do pobal féin ó ácar-bpóir na hÉigipte go vóit an tír Deannaigte—

Tabair capnair vár vóir rin.

"A Mic Dé, a Slánaigteoir—Tura vóitling maipreac 7 ceupad ar éipir 7 acá airéirgite 7 ag piagluged fé gpadam,—

"Tos ár vóir ar an uais.

"A Macair Dé, ar a vóugardir ár n-aitpeaca Danpiogam na hÉireann—
"Saoir Éire"

LIAM Ó RINN.

(Ní cpíoc).

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: : A GALLANT DESERTER : :

By SEUMAS MacMANUS, EX-NATIONAL PRESIDENT A.O.H. (I.A.A.).

In a recent article of mine in the New York "Sun," I stated that the Irish recruits to the English army were corner-boys and out-of-works. An Irish lady wrote, reproaching me; and to confound me, enclosed an extract from a cousin of hers who had joined the British Army as a lieutenant in the Dublin Fusiliers—a letter which, he evidently intended, should open the eyes of Irish Americans.

The writer of the letter laboured hard to produce a pathetic effect and succeeded far better than he knew. One of the most pathetic things about our nation is, and ever has been, that we have a certain percentage of men, cultured, thoughtful, even sincere, who are, at the same time, so weak-minded that they swallow and then give back as their own, the cant of the conqueror, and whose slavishness is of that most invincible kind that does not let them dream they are slaves.

In my reply to my lady correspondent I stated that I only meant to be descriptive, not abusive, when I said that the British army in Ireland was recruited from corner-boys and out-of-works. I did not for a moment intend my readers to understand that there were no exceptions. My correspondent's cousin, I feel certain, is one of the exceptions. He is evidently an educated man and a gentleman—as the world uses the term.

But let me point out that while the corner-boy has the excuse of ignorance, and the out-of-work the excuse of necessity, for betraying national principle and taking the uniform of his tyrant, this gentleman, in all probability, has neither excuse. Only that strange, slavish spirit which inspires a certain percentage of the weaker-minded of all conquered people to go forth proudly in the service of their conqueror, and give him a dog-like fidelity, is evidently his inspiration.

My lady writer is probably unfamiliar with the hypocritical cant which the "Daily Mail," the English tricksters, and their Irish mouthpieces—usually termed Irish leaders—give to the gullible West Britons of Ireland, to be by them unctuously echoed as genuine and lofty Irish sentiment—and in consequence she probably considers her cousin's letter the climax of all Irish patriotic sentiment.

He says that if England is beaten there will be no Ireland left to fight for. This discovery should be patented. For several hundreds of years ignorant Irishmen (whom we mistakenly call heroes and patriots) tried to beat England in the belief that a beaten England would mean a resurrected Ireland. What fools were Owen Roe, Sarsfield, Tone, Emmet, Davis, Mitchel, Rossa, and the rest!

The cousin (with singularly rare idealism in these sordid days) is fighting because he would consider it "cowardly and criminal to stand by when an attempt is made to subvert all principles of liberty and honour"—on the continent of Europe. Since the noble gentleman is sacrificing himself in such ideal, high, and holy cause in Europe, I take it for granted that—as nobility, like charity, should begin at home—he spent his previous years fighting England for having—not during one brief year, but long and terrible centuries—subverted all principles of liberty and honour in the motherland that bore him. I cannot conceive of a gentleman with such noble sentiments as are expressed in the letter keeping his gun in the locker, and his hands in his pockets, while his native land was violated, and suddenly boiling over with holy indignation when the "Daily Mail" told him his King and Country called to him that the brutal Germans were, in some corner of the world,

violating those "principles of liberty and honour" for preserving which in all ends of earth—from Ireland to Boerland and from Egypt to Ch'na—noble mother England has made a name for herself which will resound down the distant ages!

Fifteen years ago, at, and after the Boer war, Irish men and women were not being raided, arrested, jailed, and exiled from their land for the crime of thinking nationally. Fifteen years ago, free speech was not being suppressed in Ireland. Fifteen years ago, every paper with a spark of nationality in it was not being seized and the remainder of the Press subsidised. Fifteen years ago, Irish members of Parliament were not beseeching Dublin Castle to keep Irish-American papers out of the hands of Irishmen. Fifteen years ago, Irish members of Parliament were not going into secret conclave with English Government officials, conspiring how best to oppress, suppress, and prosecute men who were guilty of loving Ireland beyond England. Fifteen years ago, Irish representatives were not openly selling their country for Castle jobs for their friends. Fifteen years ago, Irish members of Parliament were not calling "Coward" to Irish young men who refused to shed their blood for their country's oppressor. Fifteen years ago a terrible riot was precipitated in the Rotunda of Dublin, and the Irish Parliamentary organs of the day denounced us in terrible terms, because a deputation (of which I was one) dared insult Mr. John Redmond's unimpeachable patriotism by asking him, on the stage of the Rotunda, in the presence of a convention of the United Irish League, whether he secretly favoured Ireland's giving a welcome to a visiting king of England.

Fifteen years ago, Ireland's leaders were still swearing by sun and moon and all the gods that the irreducible minimum of Ireland's demands was an independent Irish Parliament wherein Ireland would have full and complete control of all her own affairs. Fifteen years ago, the deputation that would have dared to present themselves before a convention of the United Irish League, and ask Mr. John Redmond whether he would consent to call it a full and complete settlement of Ireland's demands, and to name it "the Great Charter of Ireland's Liberty," if he were given a Parochial Council for three-fourths of Ireland with the other fourth thrown to the wolves, and all of Ireland's finances still left in Honest John Bull's fingers, wouldn't have had a survivor left to tell the tale of its own villainy.

And finally, fifteen years ago, any servile Irishman who clamoured to fight and die for the master who had kicked him, did not try to convince his countrymen that he was a Knight of high and holy purposes going abroad for sake of "liberty and honour" to shiver a lance that he had carefully sheathed at home. He had enough decency left to keep silence about his shame.

With a devotion that is touching, the lady's cousin hopes that "any sufferings allotted to me will purchase for Ireland a term of peace and prosperity in which she will bind up her wounds and once again be happy." On that happy day (less than a year hence, I suppose) when England the Generous binds up Ireland's wounds in recompense for the sufferings of this and the other Anglo-Irish gentlemen, who are (and have been for ages) so valiantly espousing her cause, and the cause of "liberty and honour"—in Europe—in Egypt—in India—in Zululand—and in every spot of earth to which England has carried "liberty and honour,"—I'll build a monument to him at my own expense—if an ungrateful Ireland fails to do so. And I'll inscribe it, "Here

lies the man whose sublime sufferings made a saint out of the very devil."

I hold that high-minded cousin, the "faltering soldier" (for England), the "peaceful blood-spiller" (for Europe), the gallant deserter (from Motherland), in all the respect that he deserves.

THE SAXON'S LAND

Och, now, I couldn't tell you why I hate her,

A land I'm knowing nigh on fifty year.
Good wages—aye, bedad, I've had them from her,

And living good enough to please a peer;
And 'tis not that the kind word was unspoken,

For, glory be, the Saxon speaks ye fair,
But sure, the bit of kind intent is missing,
The "gradh" we Irish scatter everywhere.

But here's my word and here's my hand upon it,

I'd rather bear an Irish tyrant's ban
Than all the smiling soother of the Saxon,
Whose word was never true to God or man;

I'd rather fling my fate among my people
Broken and poor but faithful in God's sight,

Than stand a king among a souless people
Whose stomach leads them to the left or right.

I ask no question of their boasted story,
'Tis red with bloodshed and 'tis black with hate.

No race in all the world is kinder to them,
For their long writings in the book of fate.

But this I know 'twere better at my ending,
To own old Ireland as my place of birth,
Than go to death with all the gold and silver
Of any Saxon ever walked the earth.

TERESA BRAYTON.

ARE ORANGEMEN IRISHMEN?

Notwithstanding the hostile attitude which Orangemen have consistently maintained, and are maintaining, against Ireland a nation—in direct opposition to the wishes of the vast majority of the people—I have met with Nationalists who, because these men have been born and bred in Ireland, say they are Irish, and, as such, merit our respect. On the face of it, this may seem a correct verdict, because a man usually is claimed by the country in which he first saw the light of day. But to put forward this argument in the case of the Orangeman of Ireland is, to my mind, altogether erroneous, and for this reason.

One expects to find, in a man who professes, and is supposed to be of a certain race or nation, the characteristics and aspirations typical of or common to the people of that race or nation. In other words, if he truly represents his particular nation or race, he is bound to be in complete consonance with the feelings and attributes of the remainder of his countrymen. That is my point. Born in Ireland, as he is, the Orangeman of that country has forfeited the right and honour of the name of Irishman, because not only is he deficient in the feelings and sympathies of the rest of his countrymen, but more so, because of the unnatural hatred and open hostility which he consistently displays towards those great ideals of freedom and liberty held by all Irishmen; and without which ideals and aspirations, if applied to a man born in Ireland, the term Irishman is at once a misnomer. To my mind, therefore, the present-day Orangeman is as much an alien in Ireland as would be a Russian or a Jap.

J. Mc.

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

THE AMERICAN IRISH

BY LADY WILDE.

XIII.

England never had a divine idea in the treatment of nationalities, least of all in Ireland.

Nothing grand or noble in policy was ever thought of to lift the people to their true height. Self was the only motive power; greed of land, greed of wealth the only aim; the lust of gold everywhere, the love of God nowhere; spoliation and insult the only policy; the result being that no nation has ever being so unsuccessful in gaining the love of subject states as England. It is told of the Emperor Aurelian that having decreed the destruction of the city of Tyana, the philosopher Apollonius appeared to him in a dream and said:—"Aurelian, if you would conquer, abstain from the destruction of cities; Aurelian, if you would reign, abstain from the blood of the innocent; Aurelian, if you would be loved, be just and merciful." It is strange that royal races so seldom seem to understand that their only claim to loyalty is in so far as they promote the good of the people. In the government of a nation there should be one thing steadfast—Right; one thing ever sacred—Truth; one thing ever manifested—Love; but this is a gospel seldom preached by statesmen. The prosperity of a country means to them its commercial value, not the moral elevation of the souls committed to their charge.

But no doubt there is also some instinctive antagonism, or deficiency of sympathy, between the English and Irish nature, to account for the eternal war of races, and religions, and temperaments through so many centuries. The English are half made of iron, like their soil; robust, stern, steadfast in purpose, without illusions, without dreams, without reverence; but in the soft, relaxing air of Ireland, the energies of the people are only stirred fitfully, like the sudden storms of their own mountain lakes. There is no persistent force, and the utter stagnation of life, the absence of all motive to exertion forces the people to live in the past, or the future, rather than energetically in the present. They are always dreaming that to-morrow will give them all they require, for to-day gives them nothing. The English, on the contrary, in their full overflowing life of the present, have no time for vain lamentations over the past. What Englishman now cares for the devastations of the Commonwealth, even with its solemn tragedy of a king's death, or for the deadly struggle of Guelph and Stuart? The exports of cotton and the price of corn are more to them than the story of all the dynasties since the Conquest. They never loved any of their kings. They have no popular idol in all their history. No great historical fact has become part of the national life. No lofty aspiration inspires their oratory. They live wholly in the sensuous and the actual. The Irish live on dreams and prayer. Religion and country are the two words round which their lives revolve.

The frame-work, also, is different in which their souls are set. The factory smoke is so thick in England the people cannot see heaven. In their hard industrial life their eyes are never lifted from toil; in their ears is only the rush of the wheels and the stroke of the hammer; and the air they breathe is the poison dust of a world-wide commerce. But the Irish, without manufactures or commerce, or anything to do save tend the cattle for English food, can at least live, as it were, in the visible presence of God, in the free enjoyment of lake and river, and mountain unsullied by the smoke of labour. The world above is a reality to the Irish peasant. No people have more intense faith in the unseen. It is their religious temperament, so childlike in its simplicity and trust, that alone makes their life of privation endurable, and enables

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them to meet all sorrows, even death itself, with the pathetic fatalism expressed in the phrase so often heard from peasant lips, "It was the will of God."

The round, stolid English head, and pale, cold eyes, denote the nation of practical aims, a people made for commerce and industry; while the small oval head of the Celt, and deep, passionate eyes, denote a people made for religion and art; and, therefore, the greatest mistake ever made by England was the endeavour to force the Reformation on a people like the Irish. Protestantism, without art, or beauty, or ritual, or symbol, or reverence, suited the self-asserting, dogged egotism of the English. The right of private judgment means to them simply that every man is as good a judge as the parson, or better. The stolid parishioner pays the clergyman to do a certain duty, as he pays the doctor and the lawyer, but no sanctity surrounds the Protestant priesthood.

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

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

Continued from Page 1.

much interest in the fine arts and medicine and surgery. The new Lord Lieutenant, Earl Wimborne, seems to take an interest in these branches of culture, as we glean from the reports of his receptions of the various learned bodies. When Britain was inhabited by savages who in lieu of clothes used paint called woad, Ireland had her schools where the monks taught painting as well as polite literature. Yet the descendants of these painted savages (Picts) today look down on the Irish people as an entirely inferior race of human beings.

* * *

German Jesuits in the War.

Private letters give some information of the members of the exiled Society of Jesus who have returned to Germany, says "America." At present sixty-nine priests, thirty-seven scholastics, and fifty-five lay brothers are connected, directly or indirectly, with the army, and this number may soon be augmented. Of the priests, twenty-four are military chaplains, while forty-five have been assigned to minister to the sick and wounded in the military hospitals and barracks. Eight scholastics and forty-nine lay brothers are soldiers in the line. As in France, these men have exercised a remarkable influence for good in their companions. Not only have the negligent Catholics been brought back to the exercise of their religion, but conversions of non-Catholics to the Church have been reported. Many have distinguished themselves for acts of conspicuous bravery. The Iron Cross has been bestowed upon nine of the priests and upon one lay brother.

* * *

Words of Warning.

In view of the agitation for compulsory service raised by certain politicians and the Yellow Press, the following extracts from an article in the current number of the "Catholic Bulletin," entitled "Conscription of Priests," by Rev. Thomas H. Burbage, are peculiarly apropos: "For ourselves in Ireland, the consideration of the question of compulsory military service as affecting the priesthood is by no means necessarily speculative. In the near future it may be brought home to us in a very practical form indeed. The administration of our national interests, at the present moment, is largely in the hands of a body of men who would force conscription on us in the morning if they thought the country would tolerate it; and if conscription does come, then the priest will share the burden of it with the layman. We shall be very credulous, very confiding, if we believe anything else. If it comes to us it is likely to be more rather than less. We are just now on terms of extraordinary intimacy and cordiality with the infidel Government of France. At least so we are told by some of our public men who have undertaken to represent us. That Government wishes to see us under a system of compulsory military service. What more likely than that if we do have conscription our system will be modelled on theirs. It would certainly be highly flattering to them, and would doubtless help to cement still more closely the friendship that exists between them and us if the soldier-priests of Ireland were to line the trenches side by side with the soldier-priests of France."

We Won't Have Conscription.

In conclusion, Father Burbage says: "At all events, there is nothing to be gained by deferring the process of making up our minds on the question. There is undoubted risk in delay, for already the thin edge of the wedge has been introduced, in the shape of the Registration Bill. It is better to say at once what we shall certainly say if we are faced with conscription, and that is that we won't have it in any shape or form; and it is well to take the necessary steps to ensure that our determination will not be overborne. In this matter the priest is bound with the layman, and we have it

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NATIONALITY

Vol. 1. No. 15.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1915.

One Penny.

Notes.

We learn from the English Government press in Ireland that there is a Mrs. or Miss Margaret Baxter, "Hon. Organiser for Ireland" of monetary collections in support of poor little Russia—evidently now a Small Nationality. Curiously enough, on the same day that the Natives—as the "*Irish Times*" calls us—heard of the existence of the pro-Russian Baxter, the English Post Office passed through to our office, as quite innocuous, a copy of the "*New York American*" containing an article by the English jingo Zangwill on Russia, in which that writer charges England's ally with haying *since the war began*—

(1) Suppressed the Nationalist journals of the different nations in the Russian Empire.

(2) Further destroyed the liberties of Finland, and banished to Siberia the Speaker of the Finnish Parliament for defending the Finnish laws.

(3) Tricked the Poles out of the autonomy they were promised by the Grand Duke Nicholas at the beginning of the war by—as soon as it seemed after the Russian advance in Galicia that Russia was winning—giving as "autonomy" a municipal law to Poland, which, writes Zangwill, "even Russia had outgrown."

(4) Proclaiming the Russian Church as the established church of Catholic Galicia, when Galicia fell temporarily into Russia's hands, suppressing the official Catholic paper, banishing the Catholic Uniate Archbishop and many of his priests, and by pressure attempting to turn the Catholics of Galicia into Russian Church members.

(5) Rigorously oppressing the Jews. "So preoccupied," writes Zangwill, "was it [the steamroller] with them [the Jews], so much did it go out of its way to crush them, that its pace and progress were seriously impeded."

Zangwill is a fervent hater of Germany and an insistent boomer of England. Mrs. or Miss Baxter, who is "Hon. Organiser" of collectors in Ireland to help Russia, might tell us whether she is in favour of oppressing the Finns, tricking the Poles, steamrolling the Jews, and banishing the Catholics, or whether she can controvert the testimony of her countryman and co-anti-German. By the way, Mrs. or Miss Baxter returns her sincere thanks to the Lord Mayor of Dublin, to two women whose names she mentions, and to Maddock of Mount Jerome Cemetery and the Primrose League for their services in raising money in Ireland to help Russia. We wonder what the banished Catholic Archbishop of Lemberg and the priests would think about "Catholic Ireland" if they happened to learn that the person who

wears the title of Lord Mayor of Dublin and professes to be a Catholic was concerned in a "Russian Flag Day" here? Perhaps there was more beneath that visit to Viviani, chief of the Grand Orient and self-proclaimed "Extinguisher of the Lights of Heaven," than most of us suspected at the time.

Referring to Viviani, we find from the full report of the proceedings at the Dublin Corporation when the Lord Mayor and the fugitive from the Harbour Division, Sherlock, secured a majority for affixing the seal of the City of Dublin to an address to the Grand Master of the Grand Orient's Government in France, that the Irish admirers of the Extinguisher, amongst other plump falsehoods, declared that Viviani was not in the French Cabinet in 1907. Viviani was in that year "Minister of Labour and Social Providence" under Clemenceau, who was then Premier of France, and it was in that year the private funds contributed for Masses were confiscated by Viviani's order.

For some reason an Englishman, professing the Jewish faith and wearing a Victoria Cross, has been booming in Dublin lately, and the present English Governor of Ireland, Sir Matthew Nathan, was, we observe, junketting in his honour the other night. Sir Matthew announced that a Jew born in Ireland is just as good an Irishman as any Irish Catholic—which may be a fact, but as the person whom he was eulogising was not born in Ireland, and has not the remotest connection with it, the remark seemed peculiar, perhaps significant. There is another Nathan in Rome, whom Sir Matthew is shy of mentioning in Ireland. He is the ex-Grand Master of the Italian Grand Orient and the ex-Mayor of Rome, whose malignant insults to the late Pope and the Catholic religion used to make the "Irish Catholic" newspaper shriek weekly at the blasphemer—but, no, we never mention him now, for Sir Matthew of that ilk is on top in Dublin Castle. Now Nathan of Rome is *not* an Italian. He is as much an Englishman as Nathan of Dublin Castle, but he is the first of Romans now, and he will read his Matthew's definition with interest. By the way, in March, 1908, Cardinal Logue published a vehement denunciation of the Roman Nathan as the Limit that irreligion could attempt. "The centre of Catholicity," wrote his Eminence, "has now a Past Grand Master of Freemasonry [Grand Orient] enthroned in the capital, with Freemason assistants to do his bidding and heap insults and disabilities on the Catholic inhabitants." Could the Lord Mayor and the Devlin A.O.H. not get up a deputation and an address to

Nathan of Rome—the only rival in Europe to Viviani? It would be taken kindly in Dublin Castle, and a few jobs might follow.

This is from the Pink Reptile:—

"RAPID PROMOTION."

"Captain Mahon, R.A.M.C., of Nile Lodge, Galway, has been promoted to the position of surgical specialist and chief operating surgeon to the Lower Southern Hospital, Dartford, Kent, an institution which contains nearly 1,200 beds. This is quick promotion considering that Dr. Mahon only joined last April."

Pooh! that is nothing. We know of a Constabulary man who was made a Major at the outbreak of the war, for the purpose of "teaching the natives their place" in Ireland, and he is now a Colonel, although the man could not even direct a baton charge; and we know a publicly-dismissed policeman who is now a Captain in the British Navy, with the duty of spying on the Irish and keeping off the ocean wave, which makes the poor fellow seasick. We trust he enjoyed his recent motor trip in the West, and that the valuable information which the cunning Vidoeg gleaned from the Natives, who pretended not to know him, has duly impressed his employers with his value.

The Kettle mystery deepens. The father of the ex-recruiting-sergeant wrote to some newspapers the other day stating that his son had "gone to the war." The next day the "Lieutenant" was to be seen in mufti and his normal condition in the streets of Dublin. Friday's "*Irish Times*" advertises the ex-recruiting-sergeant as "Professor Kettle,"—he is still, we believe, drawing £400 a year from the National University—an institution whose care for the character of the instructors of the youth that go to it will strike the most unobservant saunterer through Dublin in the day-time with interest—and associates the "Professor's" name with Hyde and Magennis, two fellow-professors. It is but a few months ago since "Professor" or "Lieutenant" Kettle observed that "the Absentee was the man who stayed at home." Perhaps Magennis and Hyde can tell us whether their colleague is "at the front," as Andy Kettle says he is—or whether, on the eve of being sent to the front, the Professor, after a high old time as a recruiting-agent, has managed to get rid of the uniform and make himself safe from German bullets?

"Lieutenant Maurice Healy" now fills morally and physically the place of Lieutenant Kettle, and roars nightly for recruits. His performance in Foster Place, Dublin, last week, when confronted on a recruiting-platform

with a man whom he had libelled, he abjectly apologised and sneaked away to his seat, gives us ground for the firm faith that when the time comes for him to go to the front he will be able to emulate "Lieutenant" Kettle. Arcades ambo.

The acute reader will notice that *none* of the Irish Home Rule M.P.'s or ex-M.P.'s who joined the British Army and postured on recruiting-platforms has been sent to the war. Young Fottrell, who joined the British Army at John Redmond's instigation about the same time as Kettle, Gwynne, and the two Redmonds, was sent out a few months later to Flanders, and has been killed these six months past. Meanwhile "Captain" W. H. K. Redmond, M.P. (John E.'s brother) and "Lieutenant" W. A. Redmond, M.P. (John E.'s son), are kept at home in cottonwool, "Lieutenant" Kettle is out of danger, "Captain" Stephen Gwynne, M.P., is writing the Memoirs of the late Mrs. Percy Dearmer, and "Lieutenant" Maurice Healy (Maurice Healy, M.P.'s son) is addressing recruiting meetings.

With the Green Jackets in Aherlow Glen.

"Soldiers are we: our lives are pledged to Ireland.

Some have come from a land beyond the wave.

Sworn to be free: no more our ancient sireland Shall shelter the despot or the slave.

To-night we'll man the Bearnagh Baoghail In Erin's cause: come woe or weal;

'Mid cannon's roar or rifle's peal,

We'll chant a soldier's song."

The old Abbey ruin seemed to reverberate with the rousing chorus, and the bright moon, looking down on the green-uniformed group of singers, lit up a scene that must have made pulse-throbs tingle with impulsive memories. Other such scenes in the dim and distant past, whose only memorial were the ruins of the Abbey, must have come to the minds of many. The line of white tents, the camp fire glowing, and the armed men gathered on the four winds of Erin must have caused some to think of long dormant hopes, now seemingly resurrected from a chronic despondency—a re-awakening of a national ideal. An ideal to which the glen in which we stood was in itself a memorial—for here in Aherlow the hopes that illumed the sad hours of hopeless endeavour seemed part and parcel of the environment.

The chorus rang out again from the group on the high ground, and the crowd of peasants and villagers on the road joined in a cheer at its conclusion. Their imaginings had been in part realised. The square-shouldered, hardy-looking soloist voiced the message of the soldier group. The green-jackets had come again to the Glen of Aherlow, chanting a soldier-song of hope and freedom. They had come to camp in the Glen, and the people welcomed them with an Irish welcome. The reciprocity of the cheering re-echoed from the ruin, waking the echoes of the Galtees, as did Cromwell's cannon when that lover of small nationalities marched through the Glen and destroyed the place of prayerful peace that stood so happily on the Aherlow. The summer mists were slowly enveloping the summit and sides of the mountains, but the full moon heeded not "lights out," but continued to illumine the tented field, where once again an army of "Irishmen of one allegiance only" rested after their day's work at a soldier's trade.

It was a happy thought that selected the district for a Volunteer camp, and it was an inspiration that made up our minds to be one of the group that met to undergo instruction in the soldier's trade. Each and all had the same ideals, and though but few of our half

a hundred had ever met before, our hopes had made us comrades before we met and welcome acquaintances before we were long together. Saturday had found us leaving our individualities and homes behind, and train and march brought us to our rendezvous in the Glen within only an hour off midnight. We who had never slept out of a bed before hardly enjoyed the night, but we were out to rough it. The world was hard to lie on, but we snatched enough sleep despite the wakeful slumbers of our tent mates to be fresh and eager for the morning call. The Aherlow river was refreshing to wash in, and the camp fire was busy with breakfast preparations to quell appetites that the wild freshness of morning had whetted. The Galtees looked grand, and our breakfast was nicely cooked, so it was with the greatest of humour we fell in to march to Mass. The homely priest might have feared at the martial tread were he living in the Glen in other times, but the tunics were green, and the reverent group of soldiers only proved a distraction that made the prayers of the admiring congregation more fervent for the living and the dead brought to mind by the scene. The eloquent homeliness of the sermon made us think the kindly-looking sagart lost in the confinement of a parish, for we had heard great preachers with delivery not half as impressive. Mass over, the congregation waited to see us come out, and the skirl of the pipes played by the kilted stalwart woke the echoes as we marched back to camp. The soldier's trade was ours for a week, and though we longed for the liberty to ascend the mountain side that looked so near, but was so far, we were pleased that we were to spend the day in military exercise. The morning passed, with the summer sun glowing in its splendour, making our tents shine all the whiter in the Glen; and then dinner. The inconveniences of the environment were already forgotten, and we heeded not the lack of civilised implements during our meal. We had got an appetite worth coming miles to find, and the mountain air was our choicest relish.

A shout across the bridge brought an answer from the camp as a group of uniformed cyclists arrived. They had skirted the Galtees from Mitchelstown, and we utilised them in our evening manoeuvres, which found us tearing through quick-set hedges and grovelling through gries in the endeavour to steal a march on our moray foe. The battle over, we marched back, with songs that woke the echoes and the spirits of the Glen, to tea. The countryside had gathered to see us all day, and now a group of cailini—the Cumann na mBan of Aherlow Glen—were gathered to officially welcome us and present the camp with delicious home-made confectionery, that had a short-lived existence in the attack that followed. After tea, dismissal was given, mainly because the cailini were awaiting at the cross-road for a dance. A drum beat up the road signalled a contingent of comrades coming to spend the evening with us from a neighbouring district, and the cailini were soon in the arms of soldiers who led them through the "Walls of Limerick" with the gallant ardour becoming the jackets green.

That night as we found our world-worried self pillowing our head on a knapsack in which a tin cup was a little too bumpy, our young mess-mate ejaculated, "And this is only one day over." Somehow, happy as was the day, it took long to pass. Not so the night, for we slept more soundly than ever our predecessors in Ireland's fight did in the self-same Glen, as we had no dreamy fears.

Next day more soldier's trade experience and a run with the cycle column to Bansha, where peelers and goats are still to the fore, though the former kept a civil distance, unlike the officious village tyrant who had tracked our steps a week before in Ballingearry of the Gael, picking up scraps of paper in his endeavour to prove us the outlaw and alien our sympathies deserved. Here and elsewhere, while our camp lasted, the myrmidons of foreign-made law kept their watch on us from afar off, evidently considering that they had made a mistake in ordering one of a former camp to leave the land he was born in.

After tea, we got dismissal again, and rambling round, met an old veteran of the Glen,

who talked of its glories with all the ardour of a believer in its history. Geoffrey Keating's history had been written here; armies had marched through in Ireland's endeavour to shake off the shackles of the invader. Cromwell had left his handiwork on Moor Abbey (a sadly neglected ruin, uncared for and being torn slowly down by cattle). There below in Stonegrange, Patrick Sheehan (whom I had thought fictitious) had really been born and been evicted. Kickham's poem had been written, after recognising him in Dublin outside the "People" office, and as a result of it Sheehan had got a shilling a day pension for life. An intelligent man, this sturdy, lithe-limbed labourer was so interesting that I was loth to part, but I had to be back to camp. He wished good luck to me and Ireland as I shook his hand, and the young woman with a sturdy baby was only paid for my foraged home-made bread by leaving the money surreptitiously with the child.

Next day we broke camp, and the people gathered to cheer us as we marched off regretfully leaving the Glen behind, perhaps for ever. A twelve mile march to Kilfinane found us creating a kind of sensation as we marched through and pitched our tents in an adjacent field, where we had to undergo the ordeal of the remarks of the small boy element, and the dour looks of those who thought us terrible scoundrels for having possessed ourselves of real arms. Next day we marched back over the hills again, admiring the beautiful uplands of the Golden Vein. We had started late, and it was with the mists rising round us that we pitched our tents and had our meal before turning in, humming snatches of choruses that had enlivened us on the march. Next evening a night march found us crossing the borders of the County Cork to skirmish by the banks of the stream where, higher up, O'Neill Crowley fought that unequal fight which saw him create a never acknowledged casualty list before being mortally wounded himself. The Mitchelstown Corps were carrying out an attack, and we lay on the grass in an open field in the night air, defying colds and rheumatism in our eagerness. The four-mile midnight march back under the bright moon found us singing as merrily as could be, the tongue of the Gael, which was congenial to more than half our number, being frequent on the night wind. The early hours of the morning found us back in camp enjoying a supper more than welcome, and we were soon huddled up in our blankets sleeping dreamlessly. My youthful companion grumbled somewhat at being called at the usual early hour after his midnight effort, but soldiers were we, and a wash in the stream brightened us up.

The holiday humour struggled with the orderliness of camp life with some of our more youthful spirits, and it seemed more like the real thing when we hid from the commander the unlicensed absence of our comrade off to meet the girl he left behind him in Aherlow. Later we roused his youthful ire and underwent some uncomplimentary castigation when we prevented a repetition. Being too old for resentment, we forgave him, and hoped that he would yet be as unselfish as we tried to be with him. It was all in the soldier's trade, and love-making was a soldier's dissipation.

The appeals from the various districts round for a visit found us making recruit marches with most encouraging results. "For Ireland only" we appealed, and seeing what we had done the most despondent grew hopeful, strong antagonists being converted to our ways when they saw we were ready for all contingencies. Should all be as ready we need never fear for Ireland.

It was a splendid experience of a soldier's life, and the experience of a soldier's sadness came to us when the hour came to break up our merry company. Friendships had been cemented which will last through the years, and that such a joyous week should ever end weighed on our hearts as we waved "Slán leat" to our acquaintances of a week and comrades of a hoary cause. Genuinely sorry, we roused our spirits by wishing God-speed to the dawning of the day which we each yearned for, and the four winds of Erin bore us back to our homes, full of gratitude to the people who

respected us because of the colour that we wore, and of hope that when Ireland calls us we shall have as pleasant and pure souled comrades as were ours in the Irish Volunteer Camp in the pioneer year of 1915 on the Galtee slopes.

Taois ua Concaige.

Sursum Corda.

BY MAIRE DE BUITLEIR, BEAN THOMAS
UI NUALLAIN.

I.

In 1904 I contributed to *The United Irishman*, and in 1911 to its successor, *Sinn Féin*, papers under the above heading. In 1915 I venture to come forward again with this greeting to fellow-Gaels, fellow-Nationalists, and to say, despite everything, lift up your hearts and face the future bravely, as did the Fianna of old, who declared: "Because we had strength in our arms, truth on our lips and courage in our hearts we came victoriously out of every battle."

"A nation is a spiritual essence." The phrase is Edmund Burke's. The fact is one accepted by all trained in the school of the Gaelic movement, and steeped in the spirit of Davis, who brought a new soul into Ireland, or rather who awoke the slumbering soul of the race. Nations have souls like individuals, and it is as impossible to kill the racial as it is to kill the individual soul. Both are immortal. This is why we must never despair of our country. Empires rise and fall but races remain, and Ireland's case is one of the most remarkable instances of racial persistency on record in history. Her fidelity to her ideal is, as Thierry says, "perhaps the greatest and most extraordinary example a people has ever given."

It is not only that she has physical recuperative powers which would justify her in saying, "Ireland will come to life again in the last Irishman," with more truth than mourning France can say to-day as she once said: "Noyez le tout entier dans le sang et les larmes, Reculez de la frontière ivre de vos succès—La France renaitra dans le dernier Français."

It is not only a potentially large population that prosperity, handmaid to freedom, would find within our borders, and would develop instead of exporting to build up other lands, for remember *we are not a dying race*; it is emigration alone which is accountable for the shrinkage in our population. But we can claim another advantage. We have kept intact our racial identity. Despite all the waves that have passed over our heads we are not yet submerged. War, confiscation, famine, emigration, the suppression of every material and intellectual resource we possessed, and the flooding of the country with alien laws, language, ideas and people, have left us at the beginning of the 20th century, standing despoiled but defiant, a still separate race, merged in no other. We have a language of our own which anyone with any claim to be national is now acquainted with, and which is permeating every section of the country's life. We have a civilisation of our own, a tradition of our own, and "the future" is being

made "a rational continuation of the past," as Douglas Hyde puts it in his introduction to "a Literary History of Ireland." Though our fortunes have been inextricably entangled with those of England for seven hundred years, we are as different to-day from the English in our outlook on life, our temperament, our ideas and ways as the Spanish are from the Scandinavians. And it goes without saying that this difference will increase when separate political institutions exist to widen the cleavage. Ireland is Ireland as much as in the days of King Cormac.

This may seem a bold saying in face of the apparently anglicised state of the greater part of the country, especially in view of recent events. But this anglicisation is more apparent than real, both in the social and in the political sphere. You may go to church and hear a sermon in English, but in many instances, especially if the sagart is a young man, you are aware that he knows Irish as well as you do, and that many of the congregation, including the children, know it too. But there are reasons at present why English must be used by the preacher, reasons which will not always exist. You may walk down town, and note wherever you turn that Irishmen are called upon to "remember Kamskatcha," or to "fight for the freedom of the Fiji Islands," or to "avenge a violated treaty in Thibet." It is disconcerting, but it would be much more discouraging if you were not aware that after all not many Irishmen are breaking their hearts over the woes of Thibet, or getting their heads broken fighting for the freedom of Fiji, while a great many *are* thinking of matters nearer home, not only thinking but working hard to ensure that certain "scraps of paper" won't be torn up in 1915 as they were in 1692 and in 1801.

"The eyes of the fool are at the ends of the earth." We have our share of fools, but you can't fool all the people all the time. It is satisfactory to know that nowadays a number of people, when asked to remember this and remember that at the ends of the earth, reply: "Remember Limerick and the faith of the Saxons." Our forefathers found it a good war cry at Fontenoy. Perhaps the Irish Volunteers will find it a good rallying cry too.

I do not seek to minimise the extent of anglicising influences. Heaven knows that anyone who has worked for long in the Gaelic movement must have felt from time to time almost crushed to the ground by the might of the forces opposed to us. But such discouragement is only temporary, and would be treason to the cause if persisted in. Optimism is a necessary quality for a Nationalist to possess. We echo the cry of the Young Irelanders: "We shall not fail. We *must* not fail." Even if our opponents were ten times as numerous and powerful, even if our friends were far fewer and weaker, we should have faith in our destiny.

Cardinal Newman says: "Deliverance is wrought not by the many but by the few." A few really in earnest can save a country. As for the others who hang back and "wait and see," why they will come in later on to join in the shoutings, and hail the accomplished fact. The accomplished fact is always acclaimed by the supine. It is only freedom which fits men

for freedom, with the exception of a few singularly courageous and unselfish individuals. These few have always to lead the many to victory.

So when we walk through the capital of our country, and feel pain and amazement at some of the written words we see, and some of the spoken words we hear, let us not despair and say in the bitterness of our hearts:

"God, shall the past forever rest,

And no voice speak in the nation's ear;
Sorrowful man go forth in quest

Of the nation's soul—no soul is here."

Oh yes the soul is there, the immortal soul of the nation. "Everything that ends is so short," says Saint Augustine—and everything does end but the life of the spirit. This is why we are not to cease hoping and striving for Ireland. Her soul lives.

Once upon a time, as the children say, in a far-off country, the people were beset with misfortunes on all sides, and the enemy were thundering at their gates. They had got quite to the end of their resources, and it seemed as if they must at last give up the struggle, and lay down their arms. Their ruler was a queen whom they loved. To crown their misfortunes she was seized with a mortal illness. But before she died she summoned the chief men of the State to her, and told them that her ancestors had bequeathed a great treasure to her, but that it was only to be used in case of direst national necessity. "I bequeath this treasure to you," she said; "it is hidden in a chest in such a place. Tell the people that you have this treasure to call upon, but I lay on you as my last command that you do not open the chest until you have first made every possible effort to free the country by your own efforts, without the aid of the treasure. But if a day ever comes when you win freedom, without having called on the treasure, you have my leave to then open the chest and see what it contains." She died, and the message was published to the people. It put new heart into them. They all wanted to show that they were worthy of the trust placed in them by the queen they had loved, and they made almost superhuman efforts. "We must first strain every nerve," they said, "and then, if we fail it won't be our fault, and we will always have the knowledge to buoy us up, that the treasure is there to apply to in case of need." So well did they work that at last they made their country once more great and free, and then they thought they would explore the treasure chest and see what it contained. They found in it nothing but a scroll on which was written "Hope, Courage." And then they understood that this was the legacy that their queen had left them. Belief in themselves; courage to make greater efforts for their country than they had once believed possible. It seems to me that we too in Ireland have a hidden treasure, Hope, Courage.

(To be continued.)

D. M'CULLOUGH,

Music Dealer and War Pipe Manufacturer,
8 HOWARD STREET, BELFAST.

— BUSINESS AS USUAL. —

NATIONALITY.

Saturday, Sept. 25, 1915.

All literary communications for "Nationality" should be addressed to the Editor.

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THE ACT, THE FACT, AND THE TAXES.

The Home Rule Act named the 18th of September, 1915, as the latest day on which "Home Rule" was to come into operation. The Day has come and gone. Nothing is changed in College Green except that a recruiting-tram—into which a Redmondite Home Ruler may enter and come out in six months at the Dardanelles—simplifies the Ulster Problem. "Home Rule is an Act, not a fact," the present English Attorney General, Sir Edward Carson, declares—a Scrap of Paper in fact.

Mr. Redmond has done his bit for the country which instantly granted his request for a job for his son-in-law and jobs for his cousins and followers. Within the last few weeks his emissaries have been going up and down the country privately conveying to "the leading men" Mr. Redmond's Three Wishes. They were—

(1) That Anti-Conscription Resolutions should be shelved at public boards;

(2) That resolutions protesting against the attempted deportation of Irishmen and their imprisonment without charge assigned should be defeated;

(3) That no reference should be made to the Eighteenth of September.

No man has served England more loyally than Mr. Redmond in this crisis. It is not his fault if he failed to open the way to Conscription for the Irish by destroying the Volunteers. He did his best. When he failed, he willingly connived at the raising of an army in Ireland, equipped and paid by the English Government, every member of which was pledged to resist by force of arms, if necessary, the enactment of Home Rule. That army is encamped not in France, Flanders or the Dardanelles, but in pleasant Sussex—half-a-day's transport from Dublin. It is the great Political Argument against Home Rule which the English Attorney-General cited when he declared "Home Rule is an Act, not a fact." Home Rule is an Act—the Anti-Home Rule Army, armed to the teeth by the English War Office and paid out of the English Treasury, is the Fact.

Meanwhile the Parliamentary followers of Mr. Redmond are humming in chorus—"This is Ireland's War," and as these beings, like the phonograph, give but out in words what has been breathed into them, we know that, though the tongue be the tongue of a Field or a Brady or a Smyth, the voice is the voice of T. P. O'Connor—

A man who knew a thing or two,

And is up to the work he is wanted to do.

That "this is Ireland's War" every numbskull will believe who does not know that Ireland is forcibly connected with the English Empire, and therefore can be declared at war with America or the Pope if the "Empire" chooses to make war upon either. That "this is Ireland's War" every cretin knows who knows that Ireland was not consulted about it, and that this is Ireland's war is obvious to every amadan who knows that if Ireland were like Spain, Sweden, Norway, or Holland, mistress of her own destinies, she would be no more engaged in the present war than these free countries are.

The formula now being recited by the twice Forty Thieves was invented and intended to cover the imposition of heavy English War Taxation on this country. "Did we not tell you," Mr. Redmond's Brass Band will play, "that 'this is Ireland's War,' and of course if you make war you must pay for it."

Before this article appears the new English War Budget will have been introduced, and "the Irish Party" will be found supporting the imposition of fresh burdens upon a country which, like their predecessors of 1801, they "thank God they have to sell." English oppression, English plunder, has been maintained in this country through seven centuries by—as Thomas Davis wrote sixty years ago—the Traitor Within. The new burdens to be cast upon Ireland will be laid upon her shoulders by the men whom for a quarter of a century back she has fed, clothed and paid to secure her some remission of the centuries robbery of her finances.

The facts of Irish Taxation are ridiculously simple. In the year 1800 Ireland was a solvent and flourishing country—England was neither solvent nor flourishing. With 137,000 armed men, a Defence of the Realm Act, and two millions for bribery, the Insolvent Country forced the Act of Union upon Ireland, but guaranteed that the responsibility for the English National Debt contracted before the Union should not be placed upon Ireland's shoulders. When the French (who were then Huns according to the English Press) had been defeated by England's policy of combining all Europe against the strongest Continental power, England burned her scrap of paper and made Ireland liable with herself for the English pre-Union Debt.

The profit gained by England was this:—

Debt per head of the Irish at the	period of the Union	... £5 10 0
Debt per head of the English	... 46 0 0	

The bleeding of Ireland white under the guise of Imperial taxation begun in 1816. A hundred years later it continues. Some years ago a Financial Relations Commission appointed by the British Government reported that Ireland had been systematically defrauded for years—that hundreds of millions above her Fair Share of the cost of Being Governed for the Benefit of England had been wrung out of her, and that she was each year being plundered of, roundly, three millions sterling.

Mr. John Redmond was a member of that Committee. Mr. John Redmond made speeches declaring that the Irishman who did not press for restitution of this stolen money was a servile Whig (he was referring to Mr. John Dillon, who at the time used to dub Mr. Redmond a Traitor, a Factionist, a Wrecker, a Priest-hunter, and other things—Mr. Redmond retorting by styling Mr. Dillon a Whig, a Seceder, a Leader-killer, a Peacock, a Place-beggar and so forth). Mr. Redmond demanded the return of £300,000,000 stolen, and the remission of three millions a year. No money was restored and no remission made. The motto of the John Bull Syndicate is "No Money Returned."

And now the British Chancellor is bringing forth a measure to further tax the Irish people through their food and their income. Mr. Redmond's followers are lisping, "This is Ireland's War"—ergo Ireland must pay for it. The vote-of-confidence machine is creaking, and the "Freeman" editor is studying to prove that Increased Taxation will be a Triumph for Home Rule. Mr. Redmond of the Financial Relations Commission has passed the word to try and get the Natives to take it lying down.

The position, we tabulate it for the enjoyment of the vote-of-confidence men—is that Mr. John Redmond, whose name is affixed to the report declaring Ireland already overtaxed by three million pounds a year, whose voice has been heard on a hundred platforms "demanding" that the English Government shall pay over to Ireland three hundred million pounds already due, and remit three millions a year, is now about to cast his 70 votes for the further taxation of the Food, Drink, and Income of the Plundered Irish. In 1896 Mr. Redmond called upon the Irish people "not to pay a single penny more in taxation on any plea," but to demand the restitution of the huge plunder which England had seized from them. That was just twenty years ago. Prices are now 25 per cent. higher and the *Taxation of Ireland has been increased 50 per cent.* with the help of Mr. Redmond and his band of Native Auxiliaries to the Foreign Confiscation of Ireland's Wealth. Watch him helping England to pile on more.

The Phoenix Park Meeting.**Mr. Ginnell, M.P.'s Speech.**

Mr. Laurence Ginnell, M.P., who on rising was greeted with a tremendous ovation, said—The exceptional administration of the Defence of the Realm Act in Ireland is itself a confession that Ireland is not governed constitutionally. There is nothing unusual in that. But we have to keep repeating the fact so long as any pretence is kept up that we are under constitutional government. We can well agree with the Continental Statesmen who, according to Lord Robert Cecil, say that British diplomats are diabolically clever. That is a curious confirmation of the old Irish proverb that the three most dangerous things to beware of are a horse's heels, a bull's horns, and the smiles of an Englishman. So far as we in Ireland have had experience of them, whether clever or stupid, they have been invariably diabolical. They are certainly diabolical in so far as the present tragedy of Europe is a result of their labours. Their first and greatest duty was to save Europe from any such war as this. In that high duty they failed disgracefully. War is one of the luxuries of the wealthy classes to whom the Diplomats belong and are amenable. They and those classes have incurred a terrible responsibility. Their diabolical cleverness is now directed to inciting the people to sacrifice themselves in the game in order, among other things, to divert attention from giving the diplomats their due. When the war fever which they have hatched has cooled, like the corpses of their victims, more persons than now will be in a mood to consider the enormous counter-revolution which the war has already effected. In a single year it has swept away like cobwebs Constitutional Government and personal liberty, which took several tedious centuries to build up, and has established in their stead that very militarism from which we were assured it was to save Europe. Under its influence a Parliament elected to maintain and enlarge popular rights and liberties has basely abdicated that duty, and, without even the formality of debate, surrendered those rights and liberties and placed all power unreservedly in the hands of the military authorities, to be exercised when and how and to what extent they please, without leaving the civilian any right to question them. Yet, not many members of Parliament realise the shame of having allowed this to be done, and until it was put in practice not many other people seemed to care. But when the army of occupation in Ireland, the same forces that threatened mutiny when asked to enforce Home Rule, find themselves empowered by Parliament to go to an unoffending citizen, against whom no charge has been made, hand him a copy of the Aliens' Restriction Act, order him as an alien to leave his own country within four days, and imprison and maltreat him if he disobeys the Order, even the pretence of Constitutional Government and personal liberty must cease, and people begin to wonder why their representatives allowed such a law to be enacted. It was allowed, because it was never intended to be enforced in England, and is not being enforced there. Even the Coalition Government would not dare to enforce it in England. There is no person undergoing imprisonment without trial or accusation under the Act in England, Scotland, or Wales. This particular coercion Act was made nominally applicable to them all to give it an air of impartiality, but just like the other coercion Acts its serious enforcement is confined to Ireland. It is one of the special blessings the Empire confers upon Ireland. The doctrine of civil liberty boasted of by all British parties that a British subject is free and could be deprived of his freedom only by due process of law for a proved offence is shown in practice not to extend to this side of the Irish Sea, notwithstanding the alleged unity of the Kingdom. Messrs. MacDermott, Pim, McCullagh, Blythe, Mellows, and other Irish Volunteers, and only Irish Volunteers, are now undergoing long terms of imprisonment without any offence having been so much as alleged against

them, and without anything in the nature of a trial. Has not boasted British liberty come to a pretty pass when it cannot bear comparison even with Russian despotism? Has not British Liberalism come to a pretty pass when its jesting representative in Ireland, the most treacherous alien enemy Ireland knows, has the audacity to treat the Irish as aliens in their own country and to imprison and mock men whose shoes he is unworthy to blacken? With what cheek can England one day longer prate about being a champion of liberty, when it deprives of their liberty men against whom all its spies have been unable to concoct a charge?

Let us test the purpose of the Defence of the Realm Act by the character of the Acts that are rewarded and punished under it. Did the Irish Volunteers organise crime of any sort, resistance to the law, or the propagation of animosities between sections of their fellow-countrymen? No, emphatically no. They did exactly the contrary. They aimed at uprooting and counteracting all such things. Men who publicly devoted recent years to the propagation of those very vices, so far from being punished, are placed at the head of the administration of the Defence of the Realm Act, and it is under their direction, and by the power of the Government of which they have been made members, that the Irish Volunteers are imprisoned for endeavouring to obliterate divisions and animosities of all kinds and to harmonise and unite all the people of Ireland. This system of rewards for wrong-doing and punishment for well-doing is so tyrannical, absurd, and out of time in the twentieth century that if embodied in a novel or play it would be condemned as incredible. But here we have it in actual practice, and the great British Government, which alone in Europe is punishing political opinion at the present time, is too venomous and stupid to realise how it is exposing and discrediting itself. The Irish Volunteers have no purpose, immediate or remote, that is not openly avowed, or that there is any reason for not openly avowing. Their object, and their sole object, is: "To secure and maintain the rights and liberties common to all the people of Ireland, without distinction of creed, class, or politics."

To promote and maintain equal freedom, equal security, and equal opportunity for all is their abiding and unchangeable principle. They recognise every man born within the four seas of Ireland as one of themselves, equal with them and they with him. They ask nothing more and they offer nothing less, than mutual co-operation for the common welfare and happiness of all in Ireland. What honest man can find fault with that programme? Men organising this force for these purposes are being treated as convicted felons, without the accusation or trial to which persons accused of felony are entitled. That is British rule in Ireland to-day. The Government which at the same time sends its agents to cajole or bully Irishmen to do for Belgium what it would shoot them for attempting to do for their own country is diabolical surely, but not clever.

The temper of the English people may be judged from the fact that they have never repudiated the declaration of "The Times" newspaper last June, that "our business is to kill Germans." Mark, it was not to conquer them, but to kill them indiscriminately, armed or unarmed. In presence of that declaration and policy, we in Ireland are expected to forget that in 1847, a time of peace, England's policy and practice was to kill 2½ millions of the Irish people, unarmed men, women, and children, by putting them, without trial or accusation, to the most horrible of all deaths, death from starvation, while the food they had grown was shipped away to feed the English, and by dropping thousands of them in coffinships insured beyond their value into the Atlantic Ocean. The English ruling classes then gloated over the success of that murderous policy of extermination. Their inheritors and beneficiaries to-day, while continuing it and imprisoning Irishmen without trial or accusation, add to their guilt their hypocritical horror at atrocities they attribute to the Germans in a time of war. That was and is England's treatment of a small nation of

which she has got a grip. She has only to read her own record to find the startling resemblance between her crimes in Ireland in times of peace and the worst she has yet attributed to the Germans in a time of war. That also is quite natural. Until quite lately the English would hear of nothing but that they were Anglo-Saxons. From our school-days upwards it has been drilled into our ears that the Anglo-Saxon race embodied in itself all the concentrated virtues of mankind, and was pre-destined to dominate the world. English and even Anglo-Irish newspapers, when they wanted to cajole the Americans, described them as a branch of the Anglo-Saxon race—that is, a Teutonic race. That, if true, would mean that the English and Americans were branches of which the German people and his people are the trunk. That was the idea of Queen Victoria, who would scorn to be considered anything but an Anglo-Saxon, who married a German herself, gave her eldest daughter in marriage to a German to become the Kaiser's mother, abetted Germany in grabbing two provinces from Denmark and two provinces from France, encouraged the growing power of the Germans as personal friends and the kindred of the English people, and in various ways sowed the seed of the present war. There is no doubt that the relations of those kindred peoples will be resumed after other men have sacrificed themselves in the war. We are as little concerned with the quarrel as with the reconciliation of the cousins. What concerns us is, that in those high days of arrogant Anglo-Saxonism we were only the contemptible Celtic fringe, fit only for draft and burden like Hottentots. The war has changed all that and effected a temporary improvement in English manners. Fringes and Hottentots are very welcome now. We hear no more boasts of the superlative greatness of the Anglo-Saxon race. Anglo-Saxons are cheap to-day. What has become of them? We may rest assured that the raceless mongrels have found a safe refuge in factories making munitions for other men to use in the danger zone. The meanest of them, now actually claiming to be Celts, will come out of their hiding places and bloom again as Anglo-Saxons when the war is over. The Real Celts, now far too few for Ireland's own purposes, are good enough to be captured by false pretences and got to turn their backs upon their duty to their own country, and go to kill Germans and get killed by Germans without any reason for killing on either side, telling the poor dupes as they go to the slaughter that they are fighting for civilisation and small nationalities. The false pretences are clumsy, and such as the utmost effrontery would not have ventured to utter a week before the war began. They are all based on the assumption that the Irish people have lost their senses. Irishmen are calmly asked to believe that they can better serve Ireland by enriching the soil of Flanders or Gallipoli with their dead bodies than by staying at home in Ireland minding their own business and drilling and arming for the defence of their own country. What fine altruistic patriotism! That the Irish people have not resented this assumption that they are fools may be creditable to their patience. So far as the advice has been followed, fools have sacrificed their country and themselves. While the English practice their "business as usual," and their strikes and other activities as usual, while the hum of incessant industry vibrates through their land, and the wealth that accompanies industry makes them more careful at the present time than ever before, Ireland, where there is no such hum, no such industry, and where the best land has been stripped of inhabitants and is running waste and unproductive for want of men to till it, Ireland is allowed to practice only stagnation as usual, emigration as usual, or fighting for England as usual. Good enough for Hottentots. I ask you, ladies and gentlemen, is it good enough for you? All the small nationalities that are near the seat of war and free to determine their own course, while humanely sympathising with undeserved suffering wherever it exists, are maintaining strict neutrality as regards the war, minding their own business and keeping their men watchful and ready for self-defence,

should occasion arise; and all the world respects them for that attitude. Is there any reason in the nature of things or in the history of English rule in Ireland that would justify the Irish in pursuing a different course?

During the last seventy years the population of England and Wales increased from fifteen millions to thirty-six millions. In the same period the population of Ireland has decreased from eight and a quarter millions to four and a quarter millions. The one and sufficient explanation of that startling contrast is that one country enjoys native rule while the other is subject to foreign rule, that one nation is governed constitutionally while the other is being exterminated. If England and Wales had been treated as Ireland had been, their population would now be less than seven and a half millions. If Ireland had been treated as England and Wales have been, her population would now exceed eighteen millions. As this national tragedy in a time of peace is established by official statistics it cannot be disputed, nor can England's guilt be denied. It is another of the blessings for which we are indebted to the Empire. The recruiting campaign is the present form of the deadly policy of extermination. A nation that had the power to smash that policy and instead of doing so tamely submitted to its own extermination would thereby prove itself unworthy of and incapable of winning liberty either national or personal.

Ireland's most fatal weakness is that of relying upon any promise statutory or otherwise of any English Government, Party, or Minister. Every dupe of such promises rues his folly. At countless periods in the past, soft Irishmen accepted fair English promises at their face value, and in every instance when their fulfilment became due found themselves deceived and their country injured. Subsequently again and again similar promises given by other men with just the little variation due to change of circumstances were foolishly accepted, and in every case broken, as they were made to be broken. In one instance there was a hitch, until the promise was given the solemn form of Act of Parliament. But that proved just as brittle as the rest. The Act passed by the Irish Parliament in 1782 declaratory of its own independence was passed also by the British Parliament, and satisfied the Irish political leaders of that time. They in return endeavoured to persuade the Irish Volunteers, who had just won that measure of freedom for them, to dissolve. The Volunteers, not being convinced of England's good faith, refused to be disbanded. Thereupon, to allay their suspicion and dissipate the force they wielded, the British Parliament the following year, 1783, deemed it prudent to go further and pass the Renunciation Act, 23, Geo. III., Ch. 28, which declared as follows—"The right claimed by the people of Ireland to be bound only by laws enacted by his Majesty and the Parliament of that Kingdom in all cases whatever, and to have all actions and suits at law and in equity which may be instituted in that Kingdom decided by his Majesty's Courts therein finally, shall be, and it is hereby declared to be, established and ascertained for ever, and shall at no time hereafter be questioned or questionable." That voluntary Act of the British Parliament would seem to be a sufficiently solemn and explicit scrap of paper to be binding. It was an additional guarantee enabling the Irish political leaders of that time to dissolve and disband the Irish Volunteers. In doing that, the leaders were, as the event proved, betraying their country. That was precisely the purpose for which England gave the additional guarantee. No sooner were the Volunteers dissolved and disbanded than the British Government set to work breaking its own guarantee and destroying the measure of freedom it had guaranteed. That was England's treatment of its own solemn engagement—a nice qualification for preaching on the sanctity of treaties. How well-founded was the suspicion of the Volunteers, as is the suspicion of the Volunteers of our own day. All honest men despise a treaty-breaker. But what right have expert treaty-breakers to talk about it?

We are now passing through a period of the most brazen dupery that has ever been practised even in Ireland, and whoever dares to expose the dupery, and remind the people of indisputable facts, is not challenged as to their correctness, because it is in that his offence consists, but is first denounced as an enemy of Ireland by a Government Press pretending to be Nationalist, and is then banished or imprisoned by the Government as the highest stroke of British Statesmanship in Ireland in the twentieth century. Such a victim has, however, many sources of consolation. He has the most complete and absolute approval of his own good conscience. He has the knowledge that he is suffering for a cause so noble and immortal that it has survived the wiles and powers of far abler men than the Coalition comprises, if not meaner. He has the comfort of knowing that we have reached a time and a temper of the Irish people when this method of stifling political opinion is the surest means of bringing British rule in Ireland to an end. He has the certainty which unbroken experience gives that in the future as in the past the Statutory promise now dangled before the Irish people will be broken like the Treaty of Limerick, like the Renunciation Act, and like all the other promises and scraps of paper given by England in her moments of difficulty. More than once in my own career I have been threatened with annihilation for doubting England's faith. There were such strong reasons why it would surely be kept. But the one thing that England can be always trusted to do is, not to keep faith with Ireland longer than suits her.

All tyrants, whether individuals or Bodies or even Coalitions, are cowards. We have all witnessed how one determined man was able to organise, drill, and arm the Ulster Volunteer Force, bully a strong Government, and frustrate the work upon which the Imperial Parliament had spent three Sessions. We have witnessed how the South Wales miners have, twice within a few weeks, brought the Coalition Government to its knees and made it swallow its Emergency Proclamation. We need not discuss the merits of either of these events. What concerns us far more is the lesson they convey, that the age of resolutions and petitions has passed away for ever, and that action alone is respected and effective. Since the Coalition Government can be beaten by force serving causes of doubtful merit, it can still more easily be beaten by defenders of an ancient Nation, provided they are properly organised and determined. If the Welsh miners are ready any day, as is said, to imperil the British Empire on account of a few pence more or less in their pockets, we have only to remember what the British Empire has done for Ireland, and our duty to our country and to ourselves. We are not disposed to indulge in revenge, however justified. But we should be less than men if we did not remember that, as in the case of all other nations, the first duty of Irishmen is to Ireland. Until that duty has been successfully discharged we can owe no duty to any other country. Ireland is entitled, after God, to the best that every Irish heart can give, or mind plan, or hand perform. It is for this doctrine and practice our friends are now undergoing imprisonment as alien criminals. That fact puts upon us all a test whether we will prove ourselves by carrying on their work more vigorously than if they were free. The distinguishing characteristic of foreign rule in all ages has been to punish patriotism as a crime, unless it was love of the foreign country that ruled and ruined the other. Now, as always, such spurious patriotism is a commercial commodity aiding and abetting the only enemy Ireland has. It is treachery to Ireland, no matter how many mercenary Irishmen may be induced to adopt it. The British Government and Irishmen on the fence are now watching. If they see that the young men of Ireland are doing their part worthily, if they find that they are up against a solid Irish Nation, they will, in their own difficulty, abandon the losing game of coercion, release our friends, and try some other method. If the policy of scourging Ireland alone results in uniting us all in defence of Ireland alone, their game is up. Fidelity to Ireland alone,

at any risk, is the only worthy course for Irishmen. But at present we have this peculiar advantage, that it is also more plainly than it has ever been before recognised by the mass of the people without distinction to be the course best for every class and individual in Ireland, and therefore the winning course. I want every man to feel that we are steadily recovering our grip of Ireland, and mean to hold it this time.

An Impression, on hearing the Harp played in a room.

I thought that the sound was of running water, of smooth, quiet-flowing, sedge-bound running water, and the pictures upon the walls and the many people silent listening to the strains, and the carpets, and the brightness of all about me slowly, steadily crept backwards into shadow. I was alone by the quiet, restful stream, where running water passed and passed and dimpled and made thoughtful music unceasingly.

"Perhaps," I said, "this stream holds all the old quiet wonder that I seek." I listened, and presently I beheld on either bank a multitude of men and colour and of old-time revelry. It was the pipes that I heard play, and it was the Irishmen of old, in myriad splendid colours, that I saw go marching, marching towards the mists of time. And as I listened the stream took up the great tune from the pipes and bore it quietly away into its bosom, as would a mother a sleeping boy, or as a poet would bear a quiet dream-picture into the secret depths of his soul, or again, as you or I might have borne the wondering smile of a pensive child to the quiet of our hearts, there to ponder upon it. Yes, the stream bore the melody away, away, and far, far away into the mists of the future, and the melody made love with the ripple-music, and they became as one, in the quiet and the quaint love-litling of the stream.

I waited a long period of time, and then I thought that the stream sped on across a stony shallow, lilted joyous here and quavering there in fear, and yet again in pensive mood giving forth the deep homely note of peace. And then I thought that the stones grew narrow and yellowed, and that the river banks grew softer and more coloured, and that the love-music came nearer and nearer unto me, and when I grew restless out of a curious expectancy, I looked no longer upon low sedge-bound water, but upon the harp a woman played, and upon a host of people demonstrating their full pleasure. And I felt a little wearisome, I think, and a little sorrowful; for out of a great consuming wonder had peered the past and rent the fabric of cold reality, only to be resolved once more into nothingness.

4th BATTALION DUBLIN I.V.

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On Sunday, 26th September,
At Larkfield, Kimmage. . . .

All leading Irish Artists. Two songs of especial interest will be contributed by BRIAN O'HIGGINS and GERARD CROFTS.

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TEAS.

ADMISSION - - - THREEPENCE

Spread the Good News and Bring a Crowd!

Irish Atrocities.

BY JOHN MITCHEL.

CHAPTER VII.

"CLAN OLIVER."

Now came in the deluge of Cromwellians, who were termed by the Irish *Clan Oliver*, as the invaders of Elizabeth's day had been called sometimes Clan London, or Clan Sacsanagh. It is not my purpose to follow Froude through all his details relating to the Cromwellian settlement, because this is rendered unnecessary by the admirable work of Mr. Prendergast; and Froude has himself fully admitted in one place the accuracy of Prendergast's facts and authorities, at the same time that, in many other passages, he makes statements of his own utterly at variance with those facts and authorities. What is material to point out here is, that the Historian most warmly approves of the *régime* established by Cromwell in Ireland, only lamenting that "he died too soon." Speaking of that General and his indiscriminate slaughters of soldiers and civilians, of men, women, and children at Drogheda and Wexford, he says, pathetically, "Happier far would it have been for Ireland, if, forty years later, there had been a second Cromwell before Limerick!" It had been better, he thinks, if Sarsfield and his men, and all the peaceful traders, and all the heroic women of Limerick city had had their throats cut, instead of being admitted to a Treaty. Perhaps he is right, seeing that the Treaty was to be instantly violated. This Historian does not mind being charged with bloodthirstiness: on the contrary, he is flattered by it: he loves to write of blood, and to urge on other people the duty of shedding it: the odour of gore is grateful to his nostrils, whereas he despises "rose-water," which is Carlyle's phrase to designate any kind of gentleness or mercy, or even ordinary good faith observed towards Papists. Cromwell, he says with delight, did not assuredly come to Ireland "to make war with rose-water." No, it was the genuine red liquid, venous and arterial. There is no part of the Cromwellian system which seems to give him such heartfelt pleasure as the treatment of the priests. Only it was too mild, and was applied for too short a time; if the great statesman had but lived, there would soon have been not a single priest left to "work mischief,"—which is his way of describing the saying of Mass.

The good Father Burke, who is so amiable towards Froude, must be all the while aware of how it would have fared with himself if he had lived in the time of Froude's hero. Doubtless it is the duty of a Christian divine to love all men, even his enemies; and it was in this sense that he said he loved Froude. But he knows very well that in Froude's political economy, his (Father Burke's) head is exactly of the same value as the head of a bitch-wolf; namely, six pounds sterling of the money of that day, equal, we may say, to eighteen pounds of to-day. And it will not do to say that Froude estimates the goods at that price only, in the case that Father Burke had lived in the latter part of the eighteenth century; for he regrets, passionately, the too-early relaxa-

tion of that system; wishes there had been a Cromwell before Limerick; wishes that there were a Cromwell for Ireland's sake *now*: for, while the wolves were cleared off entirely, there are priests in Ireland still. Evidently while the wolf-price was enough, the priest's head-money ought to have been raised. My own estimate of the value of Father Burke's head differs from Froude's, and is based upon another sort of tariff; for I hold it to be worth at least five hundred heads of the Froudes. Let nobody deceive himself, however, by assuming that this Historian discusses these matters in a historic spirit, as matters whose interest is long past and gone with the changing current of events. By no means: he treats them in the spirit of a party pamphleteer, and with an obvious intention to act upon the present politics and passions of men. Thus, instead of giving a word of praise to the devoted clergy who persisted in hearing confessions and administering Sacraments, under the imminent penalty of transportation and of death, he never mentions those wonderful men without ribald abuse and calumny. "Priests and dispossessed proprietors," he says, "were hiding in disguise among the tribes, *making mischief* when they were able." He never alludes to the deadly risks those clergy ran in staying by their flocks. Close as has been his inspection of documents, in public record offices, he never found the bills duly furnished by and paid to god-fearing troopers for their captives—"To five priests captured in the county of Cavan and sent in"—"To two priests *with their appurtenances* [namely, books and caps and stoles] sent in by Lieutenant Wood," and so forth, to great length: for which see Prendergast and Curry—you need not look to the Historian of "The English in Ireland." He cannot help, indeed, mentioning some of the severe measures used against the clergy; he only affirms that not *so many* were transported as those who were arrested; but nobody had said there were.

As to the people actually transported from Ireland to Barbadoes or other colonies or plantations, he, in his last lecture, questions Father Burke's estimate of the numbers so exiled within a few years. He says:—

"Father Burke says that Cromwell meant to exterminate the Irish. I distinguish again between the industrious Irish and the idle, fighting Irish. He showed his intention towards the peasantry a few days after his landing, for he hung two of his own troopers for stealing a hen from an old woman. Cromwell, says the Father, wound up the war by taking 80,000 men and shipping them to the sugar plantations of Barbadoes. In six years, such was the cruelty, that not twenty of them were left. Eighty thousand men, Father Burke! and in six years not twenty left! I have read the Thurlow Papers, where the account will be found of these shipments to Barbadoes. I can find nothing about 80,000 men there. When were they sent out, and how, and in what ships?"

I think, however, that Father Burke's estimate is not far from correct; though, to be sure, 80,000 is a large round number. But it is well known that the deportation both of priests and of laymen, of young men and

maidens, was on a very large scale. In consequence of the great increase of priests towards the close of the year 1665, a general arrest by the justices of the peace was ordered; it was the sporting season for priests, and even wolves were left comparatively at peace for a time. "On the 3rd of May," says Prendergast, "the governors of the respective precincts were ordered to send them with sufficient guards from garrison to garrison to Carrickfergus, to be there put on board such ships as should sail with the first opportunity for the Barbadoes." Poor old Father Paul Cashin, a very ancient and frail man, being apprehended at Maryborough, and sent on to Philipstown on the way to Carrickfergus, there fell desperately sick, and was in danger of perishing in a dungeon from want and hardship. After months, the Commissioners ordered him an allowance of sixpence a day; and when he should be well enough to move, this allowance was to be continued to him during his journey to Carrickfergus "in order to his transportation to the Barbadoes." It would not be much sugar Father Paul would make after being set down there and bidden to take up the shovel and the hoe; but the authorities thought that under a Barbadoes planter he would at least be kept from "mischief"—that is from Mass and Confession. The difficulty suggested by Froude in the paragraph above cited, how and in what ships were these 80,000 sent to Barbadoes? is not so very serious a difficulty. The operation extended over several years, and shipping was not so very scarce then, either in England or in Ireland. Besides, Doctor Sir William Petty and other adventurers were piling up all the shipyards in the kingdom with the best of Irish timber. Still there was some shortcoming in the tonnage available for this service, and it cost too much, so that, on the 27th of February, 1657, the Government referred it to the Lord-Lieutenant to consider where the priests, then crammed into the prisons of Dublin, might be most safely disposed of. And so they were carried across the island, placed in boats, and flung out upon the bare islands of Arran, in the Atlantic, and Innisbofin, off the coast of Connemara, there to consider themselves, upon an allowance of sixpence per day. It was when private enterprise came in aid of the Government that no want of shipping was experienced. The merchants of Bristol contracted with the Commissioners, not for cargoes of priests, but for young men and marriageable girls, who would be more useful, these merchants thought, upon their West India plantations. Ostensibly these were to be all persons having no visible means of support, but practically, it was a slave-hunt. Says Prendergast:—

"Messrs. Sellick and Leader, Mr. Robert Yeomans, Mr. Joseph Lawrence, and others, all of Bristol, were active agents. As one instance out of many:—Captain John Vernon was employed by the Commissioners for Ireland into England, and contracted in their behalf with Mr. David Sellick and Mr. Leader, under his hand, bearing date the 14th of September, 1653, to supply them with two hundred and fifty women of the Irish nation above twelve years, and under the age of forty-five; also three hundred men above twelve

years of age, and under fifty, to be found in the country within twenty miles of Cork, Youghal, and Kinsale, Waterford and Wexford, to transport them into New England. Messrs. Sellick and Leader appointed their shipping to repair to Kinsale; but Roger Boyle, Lord Broghill (afterwards Earl of Orrery), whose name, like that of Sir C. Coote, seems ever the prelude of woe to the Irish, suggested that the required number of men and women might be had from among the wanderers and persons who had no means to get their livelihood in the county of Cork alone. Accordingly, on the 23rd of October, 1653, he was empowered to search for them and arrest them, and to deliver them to Messrs. Sellick and Leader, who were to be at the charge of conducting them to the water side, and maintaining them from the time they received them; and no person, being once apprehended, was to be released, but by special order in writing under the hand of Lord Broghill."

Many such operations took place in various parts of the country; until this Bristol firm alone had shipped above 6,400 young strong people within the desirable ages. Many a girl of gentle birth and delicate nurture must have been seized by those slave-dealers and hurried to the private prisons. Daniel Connery, a gentleman of Clare County, was sentenced to banishment for harbouring a priest in 1657. "This gentleman had a wife and twelve children; his wife fell sick, and died in poverty. Three of his daughters, most beautiful girls, were transported to the West Indies, to an island called the Barbadoes; and there, if they are alive, they are in miserable slavery." (*Morison's Threnodia*: cited by Prendergast.) On the whole, taking priests and laymen together, men and women, girls and boys, and allowing some years for the operation, I think we may allow Father Burke's estimate to be a fair and probable one.

But the matter, and perhaps the only matter, which disquiets and perplexes the mind of the "Historian," is the fact, that in the midst of all these horrors, Catholic priests were not only ministering all over the country, but coming in from France and Spain and Rome; not only supplying the *vacuum* made by transportation and by death, but keeping up steadily the needful communication between the Irish Church and its head; and not only coming, but going (both times incurring the risk of capital punishment), and not in commodious steamships, which did not then exist, but in small fishing luggers or schooners; not as first-class passengers, but as men before the mast. Archbishops worked their passage. The whole of this strange phenomenon, which continued more than a century, belongs to an order of facts, which never entered into the Historian's theory of human nature. It is a factor in the account that he can find no place for; he gives it up. Yet Edmund Spenser, long before this day, as good a protestant as Froude, and an undertaker too upon Irish confiscated estates, had at least somewhat of the poetic vision and poetic soul. There were moods of his undertaking mind in which he could look upon such strange beings as these priests with a species of awe, if not with full comprehension. He much marvels at the zeal of these men, "which is a

greate wonder to see how they spare not to come out of Spain, from Rome and from Remes, by long toyle and daungerous travayling hither, where they know perill of death awayteth them, and no reward or richesse." Mr. Froude, indeed, speaks of them as engaged in nothing else but keeping up treasonable alliances with countries at war with England, and recruiting for foreign armies. As for their expecting no reward or richesse for such laborious service, he would bid you tell that to Judæus Apella, or to the horse marines!

(To be continued.)

Sean M'Dermott.

Sean M'Dermott, editor "Irish Freedom," was released from Mountjoy Prison on Saturday, having completed his sentence of four months for a speech delivered at a Volunteer meeting in Tuam in May. He was met at the prison gate by a large crowd of friends and sympathisers. Interviewed by an "Irish Independent" representative, he said he and the other Defence of the Realm Act prisoners were treated like common criminals, being subjected to the plank-bed, prison diet, and hard labour. It was untrue that, immediately after his conviction, he had been under treatment as an invalid in the prison hospital. While appreciating the kindly intention of the Visiting Justices who had petitioned the Lord Lieutenant on his behalf, he disclaimed all responsibility for any attempt to ask a favour from those who imprisoned him.—*Daily Independent.*

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