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

Telegrams: "DAMP, DUBLIN."
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DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE

Detective Department,

Dublin, 20th. January, 1916

Crime Special

Subject, MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 21st. Inst.,
the undermentioned extremists were observed
moving about and associating with each other
as follows:-

*The Under Secretary
Submitted*

With Thomas J. Clarke, 75, Parnell St.,
C. Colbert for a few minutes at 1 p. m. Jos-
eph McGuinness for half an hour from 6-30 p.m.
Herbert Mellows and Thomas McCarthy for a quar-
ter of an hour between 7 & 8 p. m. B. Parsons
for half an hour between 9 & 10 p. m.

W.L. Dunne

Comm 20/1/16

*Under Secretary
Submitted*

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

*Chapman
To see papers.*

James Whelan in 12, D'Olier St. at 12-30
p. m.

W.L.

*Sum h. Chy. 20/1/16
a.m.*

J. J. Walsh, A. W. Cotton, J. O'Sullivan,

Cork,

*Chapman
W.L.
22/1/16*

The Chief Commissioner,

Cork, and M. J. O'Rahilly in 2, Dawson St.

at 12 noon.

J. O'Sullivan to Cork by 3 p. m. train.

R. I. C. informed.

John McNeill, H. Mellows, E. O'Duffy,

M. J. O'Rahilly, P. H. Pearse, Thomas McDon-

agh, Joseph McGuinness, J. O'Connor, J. Plunk-

ett, E. De Valera, John McDermott, Bulmer

Hobson, E. Kent, J. J. O'Connell, John Fitz-

gibbon, Pierce Beasley, C. Colbert, Thomas

McCarthy and Thomas Hunter at 2, Dawson St.,

at 8 p. m.

Hunter, who is a Drapers Assistant at

Pims, is a Captain in the Irish Volunteers.

Attached are Copies of this week's is-

sue of New Ireland, Nationality, The Irish

Volunteer, Honesty and The Hibernian all of

which contain notes of an anti-British char-

acter.

Owen'Brien

Superintendent.

NEW IRELAND

AN IRISH WEEKLY REVIEW.

VOL. II. No. 37 [Registered as a Newspaper.]

SATURDAY, JAN. 22, 1916.

PRICE ONE PENNY

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The continued Irish retrenchments have occupied the Press and the public mind predominantly during the week. A series of questions in Parliament have obtained answers that prove beyond a shadow of doubt that the Irish expenditure has been reduced on a scale wholly beyond comparison with any retrenchments in Great Britain, and that the most vital interests are being sacrificed for no reason except that another few thousand pounds may be plundered from Ireland. The Under-Secretary for Education admitted in answer to Mr. Boland that £145,000 was voted during the past year to Universities and Agricultural Colleges in England and in Wales, "in respect of losses due to the war." He announced a few days previously that any withdrawal of educational grants in England would constitute "a breach of faith" with the educational authorities. In Ireland, where for years enormous increases in the grants for education have been urgently required, no such principle is allowed to interfere with the Dublin Castle schemes of economy. It is impossible to believe that economy can be the sole object in the amazing selection of the grants which have been retrenched. "No attempt was made," said Dr. Hyde at the Mansion House meeting on Monday, "to take this money where it lies in heaps." Can any conceivable justification be shown for withdrawing the grants to the Irish Colleges, which total in all only a few thousand pounds, when services which could be reduced with no loss to the nation are left untouched?

The list of economies has grown steadily during the past few weeks. Mr. J. D. Nugent protested a short while ago against the reduction by four-fifths of its usual amount of the grant for building under the Labourers Cottages Act. The latest retrenchment to come to light is that the grant for horse-breeding in Ireland has been reduced from £10,000 to £5,000, while in England the corresponding grant has been increased, from £31,500 to £40,000 this year. Mr. T. W. Russell states that the Development Commissioners proposed to abolish this Irish grant altogether. It is impossible to find any explanation for such action unless we accept the traditional view that Irish industries will always be deliberately repressed in

MR. T. W. RUSSELL'S POLICY.

order that English industries may profit at their expense. Mr. Birrell stated that the educational grants in Ireland that have been affected by reductions are almost wholly within the jurisdiction of the Department. Mr. T. W. Russell has failed so completely in the administration of his Department in a time of crisis that perhaps he believes that all other public bodies in Ireland must be equally useless. We are glad at least to find that the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, which has worked strenuously throughout the war for the promotion of tillage in Ireland, against the determined opposition of the Department of Agriculture, and has succeeded in producing very solid results, has obtained an increase of practically £1,000 upon its grant for last year; it has been raised from £5,000 to £5,950—a princely sum with which to organise the food supply of the whole country. But we can only describe as atrocious and intolerable the conduct of a great public Department which refuses to take the obvious and only means to add to the area of tillage in Ireland, and then proceeds to cut down its own necessary expenditure and compels the Government to finance in a niggardly way an independent and private organisation to do the work for which the Department receives an enormous revenue. It is a preposterous state of affairs when the head of the most important of the Irish Departments fails absolutely to rise to the occasion of a crisis such as the present, and because he can provide no constructive policy for the improvement of Irish agriculture, devotes his attention to advising the reduction of the country's starved educational endowments. The Department has felt itself obliged to confess its abject failure in practical agriculture and to face universal ridicule by selling its model farm at Ballyhaise. Is that any reason why Mr. Russell should advise the Government to withdraw the meagre and indispensable grants from the Gaelic League?

There was unanimous determination and enthusiasm at the monster meeting held in the Mansion House on Monday evening, under the auspices of the Gaelic League. The Irish Colleges which are now threatened with financial ruin are the most brilliant and the most vital work of the Gaelic League up to the present time. Their very existence is at stake. Dr. Hyde received a warm welcome back to the platform of the Gaelic League. He announced a gospel which appeals to a wider audience even than the Gaelic League, that "Ireland's future place in the

world depends firstly, on her education, and secondly on the preservation of our sense of nationality." He summarised the educational retrenchments which in so short a time the Castle policy has already effected. "The first blow fell upon the National Library; the next on the Royal Irish Academy of Music; the third was the closing of the Agricultural Colleges, and now the final and crowning crime was the withdrawal of the Department Grant for Science teaching in Secondary Schools, which struck above all at the seventeen Gaelic Colleges." Father Corcoran in a powerful speech pointed out that it was on the poor male and female teachers in Ireland, who were so badly paid, that this threatened blow would fall; and it was aimed precisely at that most important fund which provided for the better quality of teacher—for the training of Irish and Science teachers and the development of rural industries.

The case against these particular retrenchments could not be more overwhelming. The issue is not only one of discrimination against Ireland in favour of England, which in itself must be fought without the smallest concession or compromise. The Gaelic League has the whole country behind it in its effort to defeat a shameless attempt to rob Ireland without even the slightest consideration of the most essential Irish needs. It is almost the only organisation that at the present moment holds fast to an uncompromising nationalism. Within the last week a few of the rank and file of the Irish Party have been stirred to raise a feeble protest in Parliamentary questions. Even so, whatever protest has been made has been largely the work of a few more independent-minded men like Mr. Ginnell or Alderman Byrne. Yet there is not a single issue arising from the retrenchment policy which does not most intimately concern the sole business of the Irish Party in Westminster. There is a universal feeling throughout the country that the Irish Party are failing lamentably to represent the present frame of Irish opinion or to stand out against the forces that threaten the country. It is nothing short of a scandal that Sir Matthew Nathan and Mr. T. W. Russell should be allowed to pursue their sinister designs without the slightest interference from the Irish Party as a whole. Mr. Redmond succeeded in a moment when he protested against the application of the Retrenchment Committee to Ireland; and could carry his point on any other national issue by showing equal firmness. But the question has not rested there; when the Committee collapsed, the Irish authorities were left an entirely free hand to put into operation whatever schemes of economy they might think advisable, and the need for vigilance on the part of the Irish representatives became more than ever urgent. Are we to believe that the Irish Party have come to regard their sole duties as consisting in recruiting for the Imperial Government? At any moment the Party can regain the confidence of the country by adopting a course that will take some account of the existence of separate Irish interests.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the issue raised by these retrenchments. The retrenchment policy has only begun, and manifests itself in new directions week by week. We have pointed out in these columns time after time that in view of the fact that the financial settlement of the Home Rule question must be revised before the scheme can be put into operation, it is of the first importance that the margin of possible economies should be placed at the disposal of the Irish Parliament. It was on these grounds that Mr. Redmond wrecked the Retrenchment Committee. Does the matter cease to be important now that the Committee, which never had any powers, has handed over the entire question to the all-power-

ful officials in Dublin Castle? There can be no question of tolerating the present retrenchment policy on any conditions, for it is nothing less than the robbery of Ireland. The educational grants must be restored; and if any reasonable and justifiable retrenchments are put into force the Irish Party must obtain a guarantee that the value of all such retrenchments will be available for the Irish Parliament under Home Rule.

The future looks darker than at any period since the beginning of the war. We published last week the returns issued by Mr. McKenna showing that the Irish taxation had increased from £9,600,000 before the war to £17,500,000 for the current year, or had practically doubled. Even by the merest calculations of proportion Ireland is at present enormously overtaxed in comparison with England. The heavy taxation impending in the spring may leave Ireland crippled for generations to come if no steps are taken to fix some limit to the burdens which Ireland must bear. We can only ask with amazement how Mr. Dillon can justify his assertion to his constituents that the Irish Party has saved Ireland from huge burdens of finance when he declares roundly in Parliament that the Irish Party have deliberately refrained from asking for any concessions or separate treatment for Ireland. We ask at least that the Irish Party should make some genuine effort to safeguard the future. It is an extraordinary conception of chivalry that induces the Party to proclaim, utterly regardless of the strong and universal resentment felt all over Ireland against their attitude, that there is no limit to the sacrifice which Ireland will make while the war lasts. The Party must face the issue of these wholesale retrenchments; and when once they face that issue they will discover, what the country realises fully already, that so long as we are compelled to continue under a Government that owes no responsibility to Irish public opinion, we can have no protection good or bad against the robbery of Ireland by English officials. The Party consented reluctantly to the suspension of Home Rule; but they did so on the understanding that the position of Home Rule would not thereby be prejudiced. No one can pretend to-day that the position is as clear as it was before the formation of the Coalition Government. The time has come when a united effort must be made to bring the issue to a test. The alternative is to drift while the Irish resources in men and in money are drained until the prospects of future development are made more hopeless than ever.

Mr. Redmond in his speech in Parliament on Monday stated his position with perfect candour. He "deplored more than words could express the situation that had arisen; he had dreaded the raising of the issue (of Ireland's exemption from conscription) because he had felt that if conscription were passed for Great Britain and if Ireland were excluded she was likely to suffer cruel injustice and misrepresentation." The whole attitude of the Irish Party could not be more concisely expressed. They have abstained from protesting against one Irish grievance after another for fear of disturbing the harmony of the Imperial Parliament and of incurring the odium of opposing the Government. Twice indeed Mr. Redmond has been obliged to make momentous concessions to the force of circumstances in Ireland. He abstained from joining the Coalition Government, and he has now been obliged to insist that Ireland must not come under any scheme of conscription. These are by far the most significant actions on his part during the whole progress of the war; and both may well have puzzled the English public among whom the Irish Party have fostered with such care the impression that Ireland was unreservedly at one with the Empire for the conduct of the war. Facts have been too strong to allow such a political game to be played consistently, and henceforward

WHAT IS THE PARTY DOING?

MR. REDMOND ON THE PARTY'S ATTITUDE.

THE FAR-REACHING CONSEQUENCES.

the Irish Party will be obliged to adopt a general attitude which will square more closely with the two decisive breaks in their policy since the war began.

Mr. Redmond deplors the fact that the present situation should ever have arisen; for our part we **THE IRISH PARTY** welcome it in so far as it makes urgent **INDISPENSABLE.** some policy which will remove Home Rule from its present humiliating and degrading uncertainty. There have been rumours during the past weeks, put forward from more or less responsible quarters, that there was a crisis in the Irish Party and Mr. Redmond was seriously considering his resignation from its leadership. We attach no importance to any such rumours. Mr. Redmond is indispensable at the head of the Party, and there is not a reasonable politician in Ireland who would wish that he should vacate his present position. But we protest as much against any attempt to stifle criticism in Ireland by using the threat of a split in the Irish Party, as against any effort to oust Mr. Redmond by the deliberate spreading of reports that he is about to resign. We have made our own position clear week by week in these pages. The Irish Party is the one weapon upon which the country can rely for direct action upon the English Parliament; it has achieved enormous successes in the past, and as a political instrument it has been perfected by a generation of constitutional agitation; there can be no question now of throwing aside the most effective weapon that has ever been in the hands of Irishmen. But we claim our right to speak as free men upon the means by which that weapon can best be employed. And at the present moment we say, along with the overwhelming mass of independent opinion in Ireland outside of the narrow ranks of official nationalism, that Irish interests have been neglected deplorably by the Irish representatives at a time when they never required closer attention; and that the next few weeks will demand an incomparably more decided and independent policy than that which the Irish Party have adopted at any time during the past year.

Mr. Redmond spoke on Monday as though his one concern were that he and his colleagues **AIDS TOWARDS A SETTLEMENT.** should not be impeded in their work of recruiting by any obstacles raised by the Imperial Parliament, as though the task of obtaining recruits were all that the Party existed for. In another passage he strikes a note far more full of hope. Quoting a telegram he received from General Botha last August, he pointed out that the friendly relations of South Africa to the Empire in the present war were due directly and solely to the granting of a full measure of self-government to South Africa. In an article which we published three weeks ago Mr. Clerc Sheridan, the late Finance Commissioner to the Union of South Africa, uses similar words: "Think of the tremendous moral effect on the enemy of a settlement of the Irish troubles made by Irishmen amongst themselves. Such an event would have quite as great moral force before the world and against the enemy as even the capture by General Botha of the German possessions in South-West Africa and would be as helpful to the English in making terms of peace." Does Mr. Redmond propose to drive home the moral of this part of his speech? Will he make representations without delay to the Government that they have a supreme chance of settling the Irish question once and for all by conceding the immediate operation of Home Rule on the 17th March, when the present Suspensory Order in Council terminates? He can urge with a force that could be irresistible that the effect of such action by the Imperial Government would be enormously felt in every neutral country in the world; in America it would be the greatest blow that pro-German influences have suffered there since the beginning of the war.

THE AMENDING BILL.

PART III.—WHAT A BILL FRAMED BY CONSENT COULD DO. (CONCLUSION.)

THE third serious fault in the Self-Government Act which the Amending Bill, which I have discussed in these pages during the last three weeks, should be used to correct, relates to the provisions for concurrent legislation by the Imperial Parliament and certain of the restrictions placed on the legislative power of the Irish Parliament.

THE DANGERS OF CONCURRENT LEGISLATION.

As to the provision in section 1 (2) of the Act, which, in general terms, declares the continuing supremacy of the Imperial Parliament (or, as may be, the future Parliament of the Empire), I see no objection, but, on the contrary, I see this particular merit, that the provision in question is adaptable to, and an indication of, the pending reconstruction of the Empire system in the direction of federation. Besides, the provision mentioned is no more than the reservation of supreme authority which the Imperial Parliament claims in respect of all parts of the Empire, including the self-governing portions. Against that reservation no objection can be taken, for it is quite right and proper in the Imperial scheme of things; but it must be understood that the power reserved applies only to extraordinary occasions and in relation to strictly imperial subjects, such as national defence, the status of aliens, terms of naturalisation, fundamental liberties and rights of subjects, and the like.

At the same time, I should like to see an amendment which will make it clear that the supreme authority reserved by this section of the Act is for exercise only in the same manner and to the same extent as it may be exercised in relation to any other portion of the Empire which possesses local Parliamentary Government.

But the particular provisions contained in section 41 of the Act are quite another thing, for they seem to contemplate a kind of every-day intervention by the Imperial Parliament in Irish affairs. When a child sets up house the affairs of that house must be strictly respected as being its own, even by the parent who may have helped to set up the house, else disorder and trouble will follow. It can easily be imagined how mischievous or dangerous might be the situations which would arise if it happened again, as it has so often before happened, that an inflamed state of feeling or a passing rancour of some kind between British political parties drove the Imperial Parliament to take advantage of the terms of section 41 and attempt some rash or foolish intervention which it would not dream of attempting in rational times.

The Self-Government Act is not merely a Constitution for Ireland; it is also, let us hope, a great charter for future relations of friendship between the peoples on both sides of the Irish sea, and in that light it is all-important that every germ of future misunderstanding shall be swept away. Let it be clearly understood that I am not advocating a status for Ireland

DUN EMER GUILD,
HARDWICKE STRET, DUBLIN.

*Tapestry, Embroideries, and
Hand-tufted Carpets*

of selfish isolation from the affairs and needs of the Empire, in which Ireland, being a partner, must take her part and bear her responsibilities as well as enjoy her advantages; the proper relations between the Empire as a whole and its constituent parts should be settled in common counsel and mutual agreement; what I am anxious to guard against is the entry of any occasion for the feeling of resentment which is provoked when an authority, external, or seemingly external, ventures to assert itself on some unsuitable occasion or in some ill-judged manner.

There is in all the self-governing Colonies a feeling which survives from days before self-government, which is common to every class, even the most attached and imperialistic, a feeling of detestation and proneness to resist what is called "interference from Downing Street"; that feeling is derived from experience of the working of an external authority, which, just because it is external, and is for that reason without the right wisdom and intuition, is marvellously apt to do nearly always the wrong thing at the worst time.

In the framing of an Amending Bill by consent, care should be taken to remove the dangers of concurrent legislation on internal affairs by external authority. To do this, section 41 of the Act should be repealed, and for sections 1 and 2, with the list of restrictions attached to the latter, some of which are petty and might easily become vexatious, should be substituted a simple provision declaring that all legislative power in respect of imperial and external matters remains with the Imperial Parliament, and delegating all other legislative power to the Irish Parliament. The corresponding section (59) of the South Africa Act is a good model. It reads thus: "Parliament shall have full power to make laws for the peace, order, and good government of the Union." All is given except what in the nature of things there is no purpose or intention to give.

NORTH-EAST ULSTER.

It must not be ignored that the primary reasons for the promised Amending Bill are to give further assurances to certain apprehensive people who live in North-East Ulster. That purpose must not be left out of view in the framing of an Amending Bill, even by consent. As an Ulsterman myself, I feel perfect readiness to join in brotherly unity with the rest of my country, not overlooking, at the same time, the known ability of my native province to hold her own fully should there be any occasion for doing so, and unconsciously inspired by a belief in the prospect of Ulster achieving a place of leadership in a self-governing Ireland. I acknowledge also the legal safeguards by way of proportional voting, favoured numerical representation in Parliament, special constitution of the Senate, etc., provided for the helping of minorities, and enacted with the acquiescence—apparently given ungrudgingly—of the alleged tyrannical majority.

With regard to the proposals which have been made for exclusion of part of Ulster, I would unhesitatingly reject them because of their anti-Irish spirit. For the benefit of others who might be inclined to consider those proposals on their merits, I would recall the old-fashioned Swiss proverb: "Better be first of your village than second in Rome," and I would suggest that the place in Great Britain of a portion of Ulster standing excluded from Ireland would not be likely to be a second place, or any kind of an upper place, but most likely a fag-end.

So long, however, as bona-fide apprehension exists, I feel ready, for the sake of friends and neighbours who have not mixed with the other Irish as much as I have, and who, possibly for that reason, are apprehensive where I am confident, to advocate the embodiment in the Amending Bill of a scheme of Home Rule within Home Rule—that is, a strong Executive Provincial Council for the five north-east counties—or, preferably, the proposals of Sir Horace Plunkett for enabling those counties on a three-fifths voting of their population to go out of self-governing Ireland at the end of seven or ten years if they then believed themselves to have just and sufficient cause for a step so grave.

A GOOD AND EFFICIENT PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT.

It is my most earnest desire to see Irish self-government start free from all impediments to its efficiency and success, for I know the trials and risks of a new system of government. Since 1901 I have passed through four successive forms of government, reaching from the personal government of a post-war period to the fullest constitutional government. For a Parliamentary form of government the surest way—I really think the only way—to success and efficiency is to endow Parliament at the start with all its freedom and responsibility. It should be at once so placed that it must stand before the country entitled to take the full credit of success and condemned to take the full disgrace of failure: therefore it must not be in a position to plead any cause or reason outside itself.

It seems to me that every Irishman who thinks proudly and lovingly of his country must, in this respect, feel as I feel; but by way of further persuasion of any who may not feel as I do in this matter, I quote the following sage remarks of Bagehot on Constitutional Government:—

"There are two essential conditions of a good Legislature; first, you must provide a system which will procure the right kind of members to form a good institution, and next you must keep it good. . . . To keep a Legislature efficient it is needful, above all things, that it should have great responsibility and ample occupation with solid and important business; for, if you employ even the very best men in doing merely nothing, they must deteriorate, and will descend probably to quarrelling about that nothing. Where great questions are absent, littleness of thought and feeling will surely present itself. There is great danger that a free Legislature, if debarred from important functions, may perniciously employ its time in petty bickerings about its own constitution, or barren controversy over trifling details, or futile criticisms of Ministers; and consequently that a succession of feeble Administrations, unable and unfit for good government, may be substituted for the strong and responsible Cabinet which alone can undertake big problems. . . . Even an indifferent Parliament may be much improved by the steadying effect of grave affairs, but a Parliament which finds itself excluded from any really serious and weighty matters, although intrinsically excellent, cannot be prevented from falling into deterioration."

J. CLERC SHERIDAN.

Pretoria.

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

A SPIRIT of patriotism will eventuate in some good to the country that inspires it. A spirit of cosmopolitanism generally unfits a man to be a useful citizen of any country. It has been said with truth

"That man's the best cosmopolite
Who loves his native country best."

To a gentleman who reproached him on the strong partiality that Scotsmen always display towards men of their own nationality, Sir Walter Scott replied that he thought that the clannishness of the Scottish race was a very good quality, as it made them willing to assist one another, whilst he had observed that people who made profession of a more lofty and exalted principle of humanity generally made it an excuse for assisting nobody at all—not even the men of their own country. To study the effects of cosmopolitanism in practice one need only look at the denationalised Irishman of to-day who does not veil his contempt for everything of which he should rightly be proud, and

who cannot believe that anything good can come out of his own country. Ireland is only too full of melancholy examples of this type of person—the fool who has his eyes fixed on the ends of the earth.

Many causes have contributed to bring about the present state of affairs. From our politics we have learned to look for almost everything from a foreign parliament. The English Theatre and Music Hall and English forms of amusement have rendered us nearly incapable of providing any form of entertainment for ourselves. The thing that goes amongst us by the name of a national press, and which is really a feeble echo of the English organs of opinion, has taught us to accept meekly the English outlook on human affairs. The chief cause was undoubtedly an anti-national system of education. Mrs. Green, in her very admirable study of Irish Nationality, tells us that Archbishop Whately proposed to use the new "national" schools so as to bring about the destruction of everything that gave the Irish people distinctiveness as a race, and to put an end to national traditions. "The child who knew only Irish was given a teacher who knew nothing but English; his history book mentioned Ireland twice only—a place conquered by Henry II., and made into an English province by the Act of Union. The quotation: "This is my own, my native land" was struck out of the reading book as pernicious, and the Irish boy was taught to thank God for being a "happy English child." A Connacht peasant lately summed up the story: "I suppose the famine and the national schools took the heart out of the people." In fact, famine and emigration made the first great break in the Irish tradition that had been the dignity and consolation of the peasantry; the schools completed the ruin. In these, under English influence, the map of Ireland has been rolled up, "silence has fallen on her heroes." It will excite but little wonder that the generation which was brought up under this system came to have a very poor conceit of themselves as a nation.

The state of affairs in the Intermediate Schools and Colleges was no better from a national point of view. In many of these institutions the neglect of Ireland, and of everything that concerned Ireland was nothing short of a scandal and a shame. The lads committed to their care were given a smattering of English, Roman, and Greek History, of French, German, Italian, or Spanish—a smattering of everything except the essential knowledge of their own country, which would have instilled some little racial pride and sense of responsibility, and would have qualified them to become useful and honourable members of the Irish community. We have all met the bumptious and un-Irish young "smatterer" who is the proud and finished product of our collegiate system of education, and we can sympathise with the comment made by an illiterate peasant in one of the Abbey plays who says, after listening for a time to the conversation of a college-bred youth: "Well, thank God. I shall live and die an ignorant ould man."

It is hardly needful for us to say that all the progressive nations of Europe proceed on educational lines which are directly opposite to those followed in Ireland, and that they sedulously inculcate a spirit of patriotism, and make the development of their national life the chief object of their systems of teaching. It is thus in Sweden, from which we have been lately importing ideas for the training of children in Ireland. In America they pursue that policy to a degree that is almost ridiculous, and they keep the Stars and Stripes constantly displayed before the pupils, and constantly remind them of the privilege and dignity which they enjoy in belonging to the greatest country on earth. (It may be said, by way of excuse for the somewhat excessive flag-waving of the American teachers, that they are faced with the problem of making patriotic American citizens of children who come from every race in Europe.)

They educate on similar lines in Germany, and the great progress which that country made in the fields of intellect and industry in the nineteenth century may be ascribed to the means that were taken to develop a passionate feeling of nationality

amongst the Germans. The men who assisted at the birth of Germany's greatness realised that if the country was to make any advance, it was necessary that a strong spirit of patriotism should be aroused amongst the people, and that progress could only be made on distinctively German and national lines. Speaking at Berlin, early in the nineteenth century, Fichte said: "The distinctively German qualities in the Germans should be regarded as precious and deserving to be preserved with the utmost care, rather than something accidental which education is to smooth away." It is, according to the scheme enunciated by Fichte, that the education of the Germans has since proceeded, and the result is that they have an educational system for training the masses of the people which is the first in the world.

In Ireland we educate differently, and a system has been devised for our schools and colleges that is far removed from such petty and parochial considerations as influence the leading nations of Europe. Great care is taken that our little boys and girls should not imbibe any narrowing prejudices in favour of their own nationality. Are they not to be the citizens of a great empire on which the sun never sets? Hence they must be taught to regard all the world as their oyster, and the chief aim of their education is to fit them to become the emigrants of the future.

Small wonder, then, if Ireland finds little or no place in the curriculum of our schools, and if our teachers show but little regard for the distinctive Irish quality of the Irish. In general they congratulate themselves on their success if they have been able to eradicate from the speech of their pupils the accent or turn of phrase that would indicate that they were little Irish boys and girls. The educated Englishman has at length come to realise that his language has a certain beauty when spoken with the Irish idiom, and yet it is against this very idiom that conscientious teachers wage resolute and continued war. They consider that their success is complete if their unremitting efforts have smoothed away the characteristics that other nations are so anxious to preserve. And yet the tragedy of it all is that there is no race of emigrants so ill-fitted educationally for the battle of life as the people who go out of Ireland to other countries. Surely there is something wrong in a system which makes Irishmen poor and irresponsible citizens at home and yet does not fit them for competition with other races abroad.

BRI-LETH.

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FAVOURITE
SOAP
 IN TABLETS. THE BEST

ENGLAND AND THE IRISH REGIMENTS.

AS we all know, "there is a tide in the affairs of men" that brings with it all the rewards and pleasant things that the early riser and the good and consequently happy man might permit himself to dream of in his spare time. Fortune's flood-tide carries the successful man up to those heights from which he can regard the rest of the world with friendly complacency or icy indifference, just as he sees fit; and applause is his portion.

The Irish, more than any other people, have come to regard success as something strangely and remotely distant from all their dreams. Nothing has come to them with the gracious and spontaneous gesture that is familiar to the rest of the world, and it is very unlikely that anything ever will. If we cherished any illusions on the subject at the beginning of the war, not even the most optimistic could retain them at its present stage; the dog with the bad name may be a good fighting dog, but he remains under suspicion, and though he can undoubtedly be useful, he is not therefore to be encouraged to suppose that he is anything more noble than an undesirable animal who is not to be trusted.

Not long ago the *Times* published a copy of a letter which appeared with other evidence in the *Catholic Herald*, drafted by the senior N.C.O.'s of different Irish battalions for submission to the German Emperor. Very little notice was aroused in England by the facts set forward under the heading "A German-Irish Brigade," and yet in its quiet simplicity it stands out as a thing so great and so sincere that had it been the result of concerted action on the part of any of the prisoners of the small nationalities we hear so much of, no doubt many repetitions of the useful word "gallant" would have followed hot upon its production.

Briefly, the moral of the story is an old one. It takes us back to the mystic tales of those days when saintly men suffered not only from persecution and ignominy, but were tested by the far greater and fiercer test that offered them the kingdoms of this world and the glory thereof. The Irish prisoners of war at Limburg were offered explicit terms; they were told that they should fight under their own flag, they should have only Irish officers, and wear a distinctive Irish uniform. They were to be taken out of the dreariness of their prison, and, as guests of the German Government, stationed near Berlin. Every possible inducement that could be held before their eyes both as individuals and as members of a Nation with many memories, was used in the fullest extent. There was nothing to help those Irishmen in the way of outside public opinion; the ebb tide of disaster had swept them away from any great enthusiasm, and the dull, harsh, monotony of their lives must have weighed upon them with a deadly and leaden heaviness. Had they consented, it is certain that a vast majority of the British public would have said it was exactly what they had always expected, and the press would have rung with shrieks of "betrayal" and such like words of round abuse; because it is generally known in England that you cannot trust the Irish. This question has been discussed many times by the writer of this article, without either heat or prejudice, and always the ultimate argument of the Englishman comes back to the unalterable standpoint that somehow, and for some reason which cannot be explicitly stated, the Irish are hopelessly unsatisfactory.

As it was, that isolated band of men who withstood a test that neither Scotch nor English have had applied to their sincerity and loyalty to ideals, wrote their reply with a dignity and restraint that avoided all bombast and cheap sentiment. The letter is such a remarkable one that it fully deserves reproduction:—

Sennelager, December 1st, 1914.

Sir,—On behalf of the Irish battalions now prisoners

of war in the camp under your command, we, the undersigned, desire to tender to his Majesty the German Emperor, our thanks for his consideration of our situation. We fully appreciate the kindness extended in (1) grouping us together under one roof; (2) assuring us of better food; (3) decreasing the amount of fatigue work to be performed; but we regret we must beseech his Imperial Majesty to withdraw those concessions unless they are shared by the remainder of prisoners, as, in addition to being Irish Catholics, we have the honour to be British soldiers.

Thanking you in anticipation of the appeal reaching his Majesty the Emperor through the German authorities, we are, sir, yours respectfully —

The men, whose after fate was the punishment camp and the heavy addition of the worst fatigue duties that could be imposed, lose nothing of their true and lasting reward in the eyes of those of their own household.

It is well that the Irish who have given their lives in this war have done so from the same principle that held the prisoners together under the extreme test, "expecting nothing, hoping nothing, and fearing nothing." To exact recognition for their work in a sordid Parliamentary debate is in keeping neither with their record nor their own clean ideal. Private Martin, of the Munsters, who ran up the parapet of the German trenches on the 9th of May at Rue du Bois and unfurled a green flag, was thinking of nothing but what that flag meant to him and his comrades. No thought of possible reward came to him, and no amount of recognition, were it accorded to these men, would make their deeds finer and greater; so the question of their non-recognition touches other issues. Who takes the responsibility of stopping and vetoing the names of men and officers of Irish Regiments recommended by their Battalions?

Reward to any cherished memory is dear, as long as the human heart is human; and this in a great measure is denied to the men whose record shines eternally in the history of the war. Those who deliberately refuse to acknowledge the heroism of their deeds are poor and low in their own little personal darkness, for to lack the wonderful quality of appreciation, is in itself unworthy of the true soldier's standpoint.

But in Ireland we do not forget, and it is not for the first time, nor will it be for the last time, that it is to Ireland alone that her sons return, for her

"To place a kiss of fire on the dim brow
Of Failure, and to crown the crownless head."

AN IRISHWOMAN.

LAUS AMORIS.

A SONNET.

Could I extract the venom from my soul
Which lingers, though the fangs of them that hate
Have long since been withdrawn, ah! then would Fate
Come with caresses, and the opening scroll
Of life un-lived, calmly I could unroll,
To read with innocent eyes, or, childlike, wait
Till kindly Time should call me mean or great
When, while I slept, my passing bell should toll.

But foul deceit has hideous harvesting;
And treachery's snare leaves an unhealing wound;
Dull hate can wither all life's gentlest bloom.
If Death have fangs, Life also has her sting!
Yet Love revives me when my soul has swooned,
And she has power to claim it from the tomb.

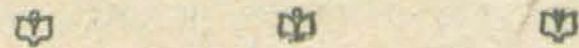
A. NEWMAN.

CASUAL COMMENTS.

THESE are two things Dublin folk are clamouring to have just now—less taxes and more taxis. It is rather in the nature of a bull to state that one wants to have less of anything, but use sanctions the expression. Instinct tells one it is not impossible that this question of taxes may be dealt with elsewhere in this paper—mayhap even Editorially—and, therefore, I shall not enlarge upon it. I shall take the taxi as the vehicle to convey my comments this week.



The word taxi is, as everyone, even a Dublin jarvey, knows, "short" for taximeter. It has come to mean exclusively a motor-cab (or cabriolet, if you object to contractions), but there is, of course, no connection between the two. A taxi by any other name would run as rapidly, and, no doubt, smell as sweet. Taximeters adorned the Paris *fiacre* and the London hansom before these archaic equipages were outdistanced by the modern motor. But the motor-cab introduced the taximeter habit, and hence the name was applied to it, and, in the abbreviated form, to it has steadily clung. I am not sure whether the word is in common use in America. The inhabitants of the United States are partial to long words; they still call a motor an automobile. Even Mr. Ford is reported to do so.



From this it may be gathered that we might easily have taxis in Dublin without losing a single cab or parting with a solitary "outside." Fix taximeters on these conveyances and the thing is done. But this would please nobody. What the Dublin citizen wants is the motor-cab, universally styled a taxi; what the Dublin cab or carman—a citizen also, no doubt, but here considered in his purely professional capacity—does not want is an automatic machine that will with mathematical precision record the exact amount of his fare. He still prefers, with a touching confidence in the goodness of human nature, to "lave that to yourself."



There are those among us who would weep over the departure of the "outside" from our hazards. They say: "Behold, this is the one purely Irish characteristic of our streets, let us not sweep it away." This is the voice of Sentiment; Progress turns a deaf ear. Londoners loved the hansom; did not Disraeli call it the gondola of London? It is not recorded that the taxi has inspired Mr. Asquith to endow it with a suitable *soubriquet* but, none the less, the fare is in the streets, and the "gondola" is in the Museum.

Nobody has given the "outside" a fancy name. Tourists show a tendency to call it a jaunting-car, thoughts of the mythical Larry Doolan impelling them so to do. They also desire to drive, or rather to be driven, on one in much the same spirit as they aspire to kiss the Blarney Stone. Neither experience is one they show much inclination to repeat, for, truth to tell, the "outside" is a vehicle singularly ill-adapted to the streets of a modern city. Nothing but the width of our chief thoroughfares—and, alas! their emptiness—make it feasible for the jarvey to journey through the town with safety to himself and his passengers. Many of our Dublin jarvies still preserve the high traditions of the past. There are, however, exceptions. In this connection I recall a melancholy experience. Some time last summer it fell to my lot to dine in company with two English girls neither of whom had ever taken the air on an "outside." A visit to the theatre was intended as a finale to the evening. One of the guests—another man—thought it amusing to dilate at length on the perils of the outside car. He assured the ladies that none but natives might travel on one with safety, such were the reckless speed and headlong driving of the jarvey. The ladies, naturally, were piqued and expressed a keen desire to experience this wild sensation.



Dinner over, our party set forth and presently came to a hazard whereon stood a solitary car. With shouts of joy we climbed on to our places; the ladies clung tight to the brass bars and closed their eyes, half glad, half terrified, at the adventure that awaited them. The car started. The horse, weary, perhaps, at the end of the day, or, it may have been, at the end of his days, proceeded to amble in a jog-trot along the road. Pedestrians overtook and passed us. Trams and other conveyances swept by us out of sight. Our English friends relaxed their grip of the bars and gazed at us in astonishment. Was this the pace that blanched a thousand cheeks? We, on the contrary, turned England's cruel red with mortification at this fiasco. Our Larry Doolan, having taken us up, had "let us down."



Each succeeding development in the modes of carrying folk through the city has hit the jarvey hard. First, there was the 'bus, then came the horse-tram, then the electric tram. Thackeray, if he were able to re-visit the glimpses of the sun, would no longer be struck by the "cardrivingness" of Dublin. That pastime, though not dead, has waned in popularity since the advent of cheaper means of locomotion. The classes that mostly use the "outside" in these days are those who want to catch a train, merry-makers on a spree, and conscientious Government officials visiting on the King's business, and at the King's expense, the abodes of Authority sporadically situated, for some inscrutable reason, as far from one another as possible. I include frequenters of race meetings under the head of persons on the spree.



As I write a test case as to whether taxis may ply for hire in the Dublin streets as they do from Belfast to Bagdad, awaits trial. Wayte Bros., of "A and B" Taxi fame, are the firm who have brought this issue to head. We, the public, can only wait and see.

EYEWITNESS.

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THE NEXT STEP.

THE Party has made its protest against conscription, though the reason for that protest and its necessity are not apparent. Ireland was not brought within the scope of the Compulsion Bill, and, therefore, except in so far as the Party feels itself bound to protect Irishmen resident in Great Britain, there did not seem to be any reason or necessity why Irish Nationalists should interfere in the domestic politics of Great Britain. It is true, of course, that organised labour in Great Britain expected aid from the Irish Party in its fight against the conscriptionists and in so far as a demonstration by vote can aid British Labour in its fight the Irish Party has given its assistance.

But how few of us had ever thought of Mr. Redmond as a conscriptionist. Yet in the debate he so revealed himself, and without even the qualifications of Mr. Wm. O'Brien. He announced plainly that if the military necessity were proven, he would be in favour of conscription for Great Britain, and also for Ireland; whereas Mr. Wm. O'Brien would be in favour of conscription for Great Britain only. And he based his arguments against conscription for Ireland on the only sure ground on which such arguments could be based, the ground of Irish economic conditions. Military necessity or not, Ireland cannot and must not have conscription. Our very existence as a community is already in grave danger from the indiscriminate recruiting campaign that is being conducted in this country, and no military necessity whatever, short of an actual invasion of this country, should be made a pretext for the conscription of young Irishmen.

Mr. Redmond's speech on the Compulsion Bill is the most disappointing he has yet made. We in Ireland felt certain that he was an anti-compulsionist by conviction and on principle, but he has told us that whenever he may be convinced that it is demanded by military necessity, of which presumably Lord Kitchener is to be the judge, he is in favour of conscription for Ireland. This is anything but what we had expected, and it is also most undoubtedly not what we want in an Irish Leader. Mr. Redmond's speech is not the voice of Ireland to-day, nor does it in any way reflect the opinion of those for whom he spoke in the House of Commons.

Irish opinion has changed very considerably since Mr. Redmond's famous declaration of "God Save England, too!" in the first flush of the excitement of war. The days of the "bright spot" are gone, and the silver that then made Ireland a bright spot has since found its way into the British Treasury. Ireland's days as a bright spot were few, indeed; the Government soon took away the brilliancy and left nothing but the clouds; and now when the clouds are as dark and as threatening as they ever were for the past fifty years, Mr. Redmond tells the House of Commons that he merely requires to be convinced of the military necessity of compulsion in order to support it.

Unless appearances are very deceptive, Mr. Redmond is hopelessly out of touch with Irish Nationalist opinion. He is aware of Ireland's contribution to the fighting forces of the Allies, and he must be aware that Ireland has not an inexhaustible population. The young men who ought to have been available in Ireland are in America or elsewhere—anywhere but in Ireland; and the percentage of our population of military age is much lower than that of England or Scotland. Our marriage rate is lower, and our birth-rate is the lowest in Europe. Our recovery from the loss of human lives in this war must therefore of necessity be slower. Other countries, even Belgium—to whose King Mr. Redmond promised our support—are much better able to stand such a haemorrhage as this war entails. Their young men and young women have not been flying from their native places in such numbers as to be reckoned in millions in half-a-century; ours have, and that drain is to be added to by what General Friend described as "wastage of war." But Mr. Redmond requires only to be convinced of the military

necessity for conscription to have all our available young men compulsorily turned into soldiers.

We wonder if the Leader of the Party realises these things and if he is also aware of the concurrent financial drain which threatens to leave this country practically destitute. The great manufacturing countries of the world will probably recover much faster from the waste, destruction and havoc of this war than an agricultural country can, for agricultural wealth grows relatively much more slowly than wealth produced by manufactures. The wealth of England in comparison to that of Ireland must be computed not merely by the amount of capital and income per head of the population, but also by her more favourable position for a quick recovery. The taxation of England is being almost entirely expended in England, but that is not the case with Ireland. The war expenditure in England may conceivably put her in a better position relatively to her Allies or her opponents for a quick recovery when peace comes once more. With Ireland it is again different. The yields from taxation from Ireland has increased from about nine million pounds before the war to over seventeen million pounds per annum now; yet the paltry grants to the Academy of Music and the Royal Hibernian Academy must needs be cut off on grounds of Imperial economy. When over five million pounds per day is being shot away, it is well to take note of the grants of a few hundred pounds per annum to the educational institutions of Ireland. Grants for the teaching of the Irish language must go. Agricultural experiments, supervision and instruction must be given up, education in all its grades, even the technical education which is to aid us in capturing German trade, must be starved, and we must forego all this because the greater powers have made up their minds to face the tremendous cost of a war on the grand scale.

But no attempt is being made across the Irish Sea to enforce such a cheese-paring policy of economy; it is only in Ireland that the essential services of education are being curtailed in an expenditure which is already too small. The howl that England sent up when it was proposed to allow school children to leave school and work in the fields is sufficient to show that it is only in the "Island of Saints and Soldiers" that the Government can afford to treat public opinion as of no importance whatever. But Irish public opinion must rouse itself or be roused to prevent the robbing of our hen-roosts, and while Mr. Redmond awaits the military necessity for conscription he might be induced to take a hand in the work of prevention.

That the Party could do much to bring the Government to a more reasonable frame of mind on these questions there is not much room for doubt. But the Party has been much too flabby of late and has not taken the interest in Irish affairs it ought to have taken. The great game of Imperialism has been too fascinating, and Ireland has been disregarded as of small importance. The defence and restoration of smaller nationalities is a great and splendid work; but charity must begin at home, even if it does not end there.

Home Rule is the only remedy for the disease. The new economy would not then affect us much, and Irish essential services would not be raided to provide a few thousand pounds to carry on the war with. In Ireland these few thousands are tremendously important, while in France they are insignificant. The Party ought to have safeguarded Irish interests, and it has failed to do so. It has hardly tried; it has devoted all its energies to other things. Mr. Redmond owes it to the country to announce his policy. Perhaps he intends to do nothing, and Irish services will be ruined by inertia. The next step should be an unqualified demand by the Irish Party for Home Rule on the expiry of the present Suspensory Order in March, as the only way of saving this country from impending disaster. Behind such a demand would be the great mass of Irish opinion, which cannot be ignored. It is from the mass that the Irish soldiers come, and any refusal to burk the issue can only result in the growth of abstentionist opinion in Ireland.

L. P. B.

THE BALANCE-SHEET OF THE S.J.A.B.

NOTHING is more resented by the public and semi-public bodies in this country than that there should be any public comment upon their doings. So long as they are allowed to conduct their various businesses without any public criticism, the various Committees and members thereof can smile at each other, pat themselves on the back, and say what magnificent people they are. But should anyone attempt to view the doings of these bodies from an angle different from their own, they send up a howl that rends the heavens.

We are not at all disconcerted therefore, when Mr. A. J. Connor, replying officially on behalf of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, describes our recent article on "A War Charity" as "very unfair." We are not at all affected by Mr. Connor's letter, as most of the information he supplies, and much cheap and sugary information besides, was before us in the printed balance sheet when we wrote the article.

We were certainly not unfair to the St. John Ambulance Brigade when we wrote "there is no doubt that the Brigade is perhaps the most useful of all the beggars that war has loosed upon a helpless community," nor are we at all concerned with the peace-time activities of the organisation, except perhaps to say that much of the usefulness of those who went for service at the beginning of the war was due to the training given to the Royal Naval Auxiliary Sick Berth Reserve by the Admiralty at the public expense. If the public did not give the Brigade all the support it thinks it ought to have obtained in peace-time, that was owing to many reasons, which do not concern us here, and with which perhaps Mr. Connor is thoroughly conversant.

"All this organisation and training," he writes, "could not have been achieved without expenditure of money, and it was therefore necessary that a fund should be established for the purpose." But was it? Should not this organisation and training since the outbreak of war be provided by the War Office and the Admiralty? It was well that whatever trained persons were at the disposal of the Brigade when war was declared should be available for the care and comfort of the sick and wounded; but since war commenced it is not the proper work of the Brigade, and therefore no funds were necessary for such a purpose. In any case our opinion was that this fund was opened for the supply of comforts, etc., to the wounded, and even to the men in the firing line; and some of it has been so disbursed. The fund in England, of course, was not intended for the training of recruits for the Army or Navy. If it had been, no one would have been so foolish as to subscribe to it, as the work was already being done out of public funds. But neither was the fund in Ireland intended for that purpose; at any rate the public was never told so until now. Does the Brigade in Ireland think it can do the War Office work better than the War Office? When we are being taxed for the training of recruits for the R.A.M.C. there is no sense in subscribing voluntarily for the same purpose at the same time.

Mr. Connor is on safer ground when he says that the "huge difference between the English and Irish figures quoted in an article vitiates the comparison. Up to a certain

point it does; but surely not to the extent of the difference between 3½d. and 10s. 6d. in the £ of expenditure? The real vitiation, which Mr. Connor has no doubt forgotten to point out, is that one fund is administered by a Committee and the other by a single individual. Does Mr. Connor, as a right attaching to his office, know of everything upon which money is expended? If he did, he would never have written the paragraph touching upon our lack of judicial spirit and implying our total lack of insight and knowledge of bookkeeping methods. We did *not* include stores, badges, etc., as administrative expenditure; for we had the official balance sheet before us, and we are not yet so utterly foolish as Mr. Connor's paragraph suggests.

That paragraph shows his entire ignorance of the case with which he sets out to deal. For his information we may say that the figures we took to make up our "over £300" of administration expenses were the following:—St. John Ambulance and Nursing Units £129, and Office and General Expenses £174. Perhaps he will look at the credit side of his published accounts again and note that our figure might easily and truthfully have been larger. When no rent has to be paid, a figure of £174 for office expenses for eight months is preposterous. The voluntary work for which all the various persons, including Mr. Connor, are thanked by the Deputy Commissioner, must be small indeed when it becomes necessary to pay the Lady District Secretary a very handsome salary for acting as clerk in the office. If rumour is correct, the salary paid runs to about a sixth of the entire amount on the balance sheet. Of course we admit that office and administrative expenses are inevitable, but there is no reason why they should amount to 10s. 6d. in the £.

Mr. Connor has not charged us with inaccuracy. Why he went to the trouble of writing his letter to NEW IRELAND last week, we are at a loss to know. His one venture into details is unfortunate, and we can therefore only conclude that he is correct when he tells us "that anyone taking the trouble to go into the matter will be astonished at the amount of work performed for the money expended." We were indeed truly astonished, and there was really no necessity for Mr. Connor to tell us that we would be. We only hope the general public will also be astonished and act as we suggested in our article.

Did Mr. Connor forget to deal with the abuse of members of the S.J.A.B. wearing Khaki?

S. J. A. B.

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PEIG AN TSLÉIBE.

Cé'n fáct go dtugann bean fearc o'fear? An óigbean cóir a bhíonn cútaíl agus mánta, cleachtuigeann sí an banamlaicta agus ní bhíonn tair tuine nó beirt dá cháirib a leigeann sí rún leobta. Ní baogal go n-innreócaó sí rún beag ná mór o'fear. Tá míneacáir sa mbantraict; pé an ceann is mó dá tpeictib é. Moctuigeann ríad é, agus is fuad leobta an gairbe. Sin é an fáct go dtaitnígeann na mná dom mór le céile agus go bfuil ríad dom tugta dá céile. Is mar rin a bhíonn an rgeal aca go dtigib tráct na reice—agus tigeann i gcomhairde. Roime rin ní taitnígeann sír leis an mbantraict nó, má taitnígeann, ríad na sír míne mánta a cleachtuigeann caint agus nóra ban is fearr leobta. Cuireann an treairc a'ruagáó ar an rgeal, cuireann pé bun or cionn ar fáct é. An óigbean a bhíod síor-óilear do'n mbantraict tpeigeanann sí iad dom luad is a buaileann an treairc í. Dúctair mná a taitnígead léite—an míneacáir, an áilne, an raogal aerac san déine ná gairbe. Cuiread an déine agus an láirpeact raitcior uiréi agus ní fulaingead sí iad a b'fao. Tis an treairc le n-a plaitín oraoidéacta agus cuireann pé o'fiada uiréi an raitcior a cupr oi. Tigeann mear duithe ar an láirpeact agus ar an déine, agus má'r o'fear géagaó ghuagaó a ceanglann an treairc í, g'ráduigeann sí go dian ghuagaó agus géagaó an sír rin. Nac mór an t-a'ruagáó a tigeann de buille boipe mar rin ar ógmnáib agus a tógann o'ra dá tpeir an dá gcoirde a tabairt o'fearaib san míneacáir, san cútaileact, san an áilne banamail. Cé'n fáct go dtugair g'ráó o'fearaib?

* * * * *

Níor cupr Peig an tSléibe an ceirt rin ariam uiréi péin ná ar son tuine eile. Ní hamlaio nac raib sí go beo meabrac ac ní raib comluadar ban duithe ar an rliab, agus ní féadad sí cumnead ar éuaó-ceirt dá róir ar a rruaim péin. Dá mbéad péin, ní dóca go gcuirfead an t-eolar ar a cumar í péin a éoraint ar an noraoidéadóir.

* * * * *

Tá an rliab a b'fao riar uainn, react míle riar. Tá dá beann air. Cnoc an dá beann a bhíod mar ainm air as na reanóirib—agus an Cnoc Ruad rreirin. Bí teac Peig ruidte ra máim roir an dá beann. Bíonn an dá beann agus an rliab ar fáct ar son daó ó ceann ceann na bliadna, nó is cirt a ráó nac dtógann tuine a b'fao uair don a'ruagáó dáca raoi deara. Dac corra a bhíonn ar an rliab i gcomhairde. Tá an dá mullaó cláduigéte le rraoó áro agus tá coilte agus ró-coilte agus aiteann ar an taob ab'fup. Bíod a'air Peig ma coilteoir agus is as baint is as o'iol r'gob is mó a bhíod pé fead an g'eimró. Tigead sír anoir is aniar as ceannaó r'gob. Tigóir i gcomhairde go dti teac an coilteóra agus o'fágtai an capall is an ceirt ra r'ráio go mbíod na r'gob bainte. Ní raib a'ne máit as Peig ar fear ar bíe aca. Níor cupr sí mórán r'péire ionnta. Bí a ha'air an-ceannamail uiréi, agus má bí gean mór aige uiréi ní raib aige ac malairt. Is ionda fear óg a caic rúil na glaróige uiréi ac níor bain don fear aca geit airéi ariam go dtáinig Seán Ó Mainnín lá le ualac r'gob a ceannaó

Bí an t-a'air amuie raoin' scoill nuair a táinig Seán. Tairraing corainn an ceirt Peig go dti an doir. Fear mór tuineamail an céad ruo a connaic sí. Bí pé ina fearam ar a'air an doir or a cómar, cota mór air, b'ollaó a léine com geal le haol, hata leatán-billeógaó c'rocta riar ar a ceann, gnúir éineálta fearamail álainn air, agus foit donn cataó. Táinig ómór do Peig do com luad is a connaic sí é. Bí an t-ómór innti dá léitio o'fear ariam—bíonn i n'gaó tuine—ac ní fáca sí ariam roime a léitio o'fear. An ra'gar ómóir a tús sí dá ha'air b'fin é an ra'gar ómóir a tús sí do'n fear ro.

"Go mbeannuigro Dia duit," ar r'péan.

"Dia is Muire duit. Tá fáilte rómat," ar'ra Peig,

agus níor gnár duithe fáilte a cupr roim r'ráir'fear.

"A b'fuil t-a'air ir'ig?"

"Níl; tá pé ra scoill éir i n-aice leis an gcairleán."

O'iméig an r'ráir'fear raoin' scoill ar éoir an coilteóra. O'iompuig Peig ir'ead agus b'raénuig éirio an b'ruinneois ma diaó. Bí sí corruigéte mar a bead éinín, ac ní raitcior a bí uiréi. Ar fead an tráctóna bí sí as r'maoinéad ar an b'fear mór tuineamail. Ionngad mór duithe a bí ann, ac ionngad taitneamac a meall a r'péir agus a hómór. Bain an t-ionngad le náduir agus ní raib síor as Peig go raib pé as cupr ir'ead uiréi péin. Ac bí. D'horruig pé a r'maointe, agus b'horruig pé i cupr oibre. Bí sí cinnte go dtiocfaó an fear mór ir'ead ar fáillead ó'n scoill do, agus teartuig uaithe obair an tige do cupr oi roim a teact. Ní 'dubairt sí léite péin "Céaro tá oim?" nó, "Nac mé an óir'ead?" ac g'luair léite i n-éad an g'nocta agus san cumnead aic ar ruo ná ar tuine, ac an fear mór éineálta béraó. Agus ba deap, mín, múinte an cailín Peig, r'áilín roair, 'dearrá, san ain'fear. Ní féadad don tuine o'roó-íomcup ná o'roó-focal a éaraó léite.

* * * * *

Bí pé ina oirde nuair o'fíll a ha'air agus an fear mór ó'n scoill. Táingeadar beirt ir'ead. O'iteadad biaó le céile. Bí an-treancup eatorra, agus rean-a'ne aca ar a céile, síl Peig. Nuair a bí an béile tair r'urdeadad coir teinead agus leanadad do'n caint. Suro Peig ra gcláio agus bí as b'raénuagad amac ar an n'oraicadad ar an b'fear mór. Má éuala sí an caint níor cupr sí blar r'péire innti. Tús sí raoi deara na rúile móra, agus na fábraí fáda tuiga or a gcoinn, na r'iacla móra geala agus iad cuprinn agus co'rom; pollairí a r'róine a bí dúnca beagnaó, agus r'ubi ghuaise anuar ar'ra; an beal co'rom nac raib mór; na leicne fáda; na guaitne léitne; na géaga agus na lámá móra. Níor cupr sí r'péir ra gcaint ac moctuig sí an glór bog binn caon. Da máit léite beir as éir'eadt leis an nglór roim go deo.

"Tá pé i n-am dom beir as im'eadt," ar' an fear mór agus o'éir'ig pé.

"Dearráid míre an capall aniar ó'n r'rábla éugat," ar a'air Peig. Cuair an beirt fear amac. Éuala Peig iad as cupr an capall raoin' gcairt. Bí uaignear an doimain uiréi. Síl sí go n-im'eoóad an fear mór san plán a r'ágáil aic, ac níorb é rin fáct an uaignir, ac gur

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imceact san teact a bi da deanam as an bpeap caon cinealta. Cuala ri coirceim cuis an doirur. Ar an moimead ceatona tus ri paol deapa an cota mor ar an mballa. Bain ri anuar e. Bi an fear mor ra doirur.

"Bi tu as imceact san do cota," ar peis leir.

Ni 'dubairt re focal ac bpeactnuig re uirte—irteac ina ruitib. Nior eul ri uair asur nior cuir ruite mora an rih cuitaleact ar bit uirte.

"Ta tu as teartail uaim," ar re; "an otiocpa liom?"

Bi da lam mora epuada lairpe timceall ar peis asur ril ri so rabadar com bog le lame pairte. Bi ri as bpeactnuigad ruar ran agair cinealta. Nior ril ri sur fear mor cumarac e, mar ril ri ran triacthona, ac sur fear lagac cinealta e, asur so maib a cabair fein as teartail uair. Nil don ruo a fagair cabair com luac le cinealtar.

"An otiocpair tu liom?"

"Tiocpad."

"An ealocair tu liom anocht?"

"Ealocad."

"Fannair me tior as an oiricead."

"Dean. Nuair a bpar m'atair ina corlad, ealocair me amac asur tiocpair me ruar leat."

Do sinne.

miceal ruad.

Two Plays at the Abbey.

Neither "The Prodigal" nor the new satire "Fraternity," which were played at the Abbey Theatre last week, are quite fine pieces of dramatic work. But both are sincere and possess qualities which entitle them to rank as plays quite worth seeing staged often by a repertory theatre. My criticism of them as dramatic literature must not be misunderstood. There are many plays in the Abbey's repertory which are far inferior not only in dramatic power, but in ideas, to either of them. Mr. Boyle's comedy, for example, good as it is in a popular manner, is comedy of the superficial order, and has no real strength in it. Both of these plays have strength—Mr. Riddall's "The Prodigal" has a great deal—and neither of them is superficial. In neither of them, again, is to be found the shallowness of "The Suburban Groove," which is a poor work, although immensely popular with a certain order of mind.

When I say that neither "The Prodigal" nor "Fraternity" succeeds as dramatic work I mean that they both have weaknesses—one might say lamenesses—here and there of construction which make them fail in what they might easily have attained. Mr. Riddall—unfortunately for us—died before he saw his play staged. Otherwise I believe that the talent which he undeniably showed himself to possess in the play at it is would have shown itself to still better purpose in his re-handling of his theme. Mr.

Duffy has the opportunity still before him, and will, I have no doubt, make a stronger play of "Fraternity" than he has done already.

The sum of one's criticism, indeed, of both these plays—so widely different in genre—is that the execution is too slight for the conception. This applies with more force to "The Prodigal" than to "Fraternity," for Mr. Riddall's play is of weightier metal, and might have made a tragedy, while Mr. Duffy's "Fraternity" is, from the dramatic standpoint, a light satire, requiring only some few alterations in the action.

There is some very good construction in "The Prodigal" and an excellent plot, and if, as I hope, it is strengthened by another hand—since its author did not live to work at it—it ought to be one of the best pieces in the theatre's repertory. The opening of the first act and the drawing of the character of Walker, the father, are exceedingly well done. And, indeed, the second act, particularly in its opening, is admirably contrived. The opening is full of originality, and the action passes with a smooth swiftness. The drawing of the street preacher, the note of contrast—slight and subtle—when the newly-converted Stanley Walker gives his testimony, the interruption from the man in the crowd, then the angry and bewildered interruption of Walker's father, and then the passing, disgusted and pained, of the anæmic-minded curate, all give material for excellent work, and the material is fully used. Again, there is good work in the last act—very good work in the first scene, where Stanley's soul is torn between the clash of laws, his duty to his new-found religious companions, and his duty to his mother.

I have said, I think, enough to show that this is a play worth one's while to criticise seriously, and I pass to my fault-finding, because the play is strong enough to warrant it. To begin with, I found the ending of the first act somewhat abrupt. If the play were heard by an audience of the kind used to that phenomenon of religious psychology known as "being converted" the abrupt entrance of the boy—about whose wildness the family were in despair—to announce that he was "saved" would cause no surprise. But the appeal is not to such an audience only, but to everyone, and the situation should have been more fully developed. Nor do I think that the passionate fury of the old man in Act III., when his rage is directed against the son's street-preaching, is quite in keeping with the character we have depicted for us in Act I., in which the father, although the son's offence is much greater, behaves with a strong restraint. No doubt the fault lay to some extent with Mr. Sinclair, but the play gave him an excuse for over-emphasis. This criticism is, I think, strengthened by the fact that in the fourth act, when the son, finding both his father and his religious leader fail him, reverts to his old ways and comes home drunk. The father's rage again is in contrast with his restraint in the opening scene. The acting was good.

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Mr. Sinclair, as the elder Walker, suffered from his usual fault of over-emphasis. He is a sincere player, but he is apt to bring the methods by which he gets effects in broad comedy into all his work. In broad comedy he is an unusually clever actor—his work in "Fraternity," for example, could not be surpassed—but he has not enough delicacy of touch when he is playing in more serious parts. It is not necessary to emphasise all the "points" in his lines—that is bad acting, and it was very noticeable in his playing in Mr. Robinson's "Patriots." Mr. Kerrigan's study of Bradley, the street preacher, was a well-finished piece of acting. Here we have no over-emphasis, but the sure touch of the artist. He might have been tempted to over-do the street-preaching, but there was not an accent out of key. Mr. Hutchinson, in the part of the younger brother of Stanley Walker, gave us a competent and even lively study. Neither Miss Close, who acted the part of Helen Walker, nor Miss Desmond, who played her mother, have strong parts. Miss Close, indeed, managed to infuse some personality which the lines lacked into her part. There was gaiety and freshness in her work, and just the right note which we wanted to convey the idea of a practical-minded young woman not easily to be cheated of that rather tiresome young curate by the erring manners of her brother. The tiresome young curate was quite capably done by Mr. J. G. Storey. Miss Desmond played Mrs. Walker with her usual industry and sincerity. But why will she make-up so much? It ought to be the pride of an actor so to make-up as to appear to the audience as if there were no grease-paint in this sinful world. We would ask Miss Desmond—and some other actors, too—to ponder this. *Ars est celare.*

"Fraternity" is an exceedingly amusing and wholesome piece of satire, not didactic in the least, but likely to serve quite a useful purpose nevertheless. As a piece of stage-craft it has its defects. Its action is somewhat faulty, and it is rather slight. But it is quite amusing, and the writing is sincere. Mr. Duffy will do better work, but he has shown that he has ideas and can apply them.

CRUISE O'BRIEN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Nationalists and "God Save the King."

To the Editor, NEW IRELAND

Dear Sir—In a contribution which appeared in your issue of the 8th inst. "Bricriu" explained what "God Save the King" means to Irish Nationalists, and why the song has recently enjoyed a very short-lived popularity. He states that the foremost of the symbols of English government in Ireland has been the singing of "God Save the King." It is the outward sign of English government in Ireland reduced to more or less harmless dimensions. He adds—"We are prepared to concede that formal submission as a hard bargain when we have obtained the minimum of our demands."

Possibly most Irish Nationalists agree with "Bricriu," and find "God Save the King" a stumbling block. I do not, and I call myself an Irish Nationalist. I have no special admiration for either words or music, and I find no interior consolation in standing up when it is sung or played. But I conform cheerfully because I do not regard "God Save the King" as primarily or necessarily a symbol of English government in Ireland, which I detest as inherently immoral. I regard the ceremonies attending the singing or playing of "God Save the King" as conventions which the overwhelming majority of citizens of the States constituting the British Empire think it desirable and decorous to observe. Doubtless this view originated in Great Britain, but inside and outside Great Britain the observance of the ceremonial implies that the observer regards citizenship of the Empire as reputable and advantageous.

I think, with other Irish Nationalists, that the present position of Ireland in the Empire is neither reputable nor advantageous. I also think that Ireland's immediate need is to secure a reputable and advantageous position within the British Empire, and that until she manages her own affairs she will suffer morally and materially. The main obstacles in her way are the bigotry and snobbery of a section of her own people and the malevolence of a considerable section of the Primrose League. Our business is to remove these obstacles. Does insistence on a sectional inter-

pretation of the symbolism of "God Save the King" assist in this work of removal? I call the interpretation of "Bricriu" sectional, and not arbitrary, because the enemies of Ireland in Ireland have skilfully managed to identify "God Save the King" in the minds of most Irishmen with social and political oppression. Is it unpatriotic to refuse to be trapped to one's country's disadvantage?

I can understand frank hostility to this symbol on the part of an Irishman who conscientiously believes the immediate need of Ireland to be complete separation from the British Empire. Have one per cent. of Irish Nationalists reasoned themselves quietly into a belief in the desirability of separation under conditions now existing or likely to exist in the near future? I cannot, however, appreciate this hostility from a Nationalist who thinks that he can best serve his country by working now for her regeneration within the British Empire and leaving to succeeding generations the responsibility of deciding, as free men, what is best for them. The expression of hostility to "God Save the King" may enable such a Nationalist to show his dissatisfaction with the political and economic conditions forced on him by men who have been consistently immoral in their attitude towards Ireland. So far it is well. We all like to give outward expression to strong emotions. But the expression in this case also certainly enables his country's ill-wishers to deceive fools and ignorant people in and out of Ireland as to the objects of the overwhelming majority of Irish Nationalists; and the Irishman who, merely to gratify angry feelings, needlessly excites the active opposition of a combination of knaves and dupes who have control of great political power and material resources is enjoying a luxury for which his country must pay dearly. Cannot we single out our real enemies, taking pains to detach the dupes, and keep the issue between them and us clear, especially as they are unremitting in their efforts (read the daily Press) to cloud the main issue and every subordinate issue relevant thereto?

Could we not profitably send clear statements of our case against our enemies to every State, self-governing or otherwise, within the Empire and show that these enemies are utterly untrustworthy in all political relations? They will fear that, as Ireland is not the only field in which they are dishonestly assertive. Surely we should cease worrying about flags and tunes, and busy ourselves with arming and drilling and making our case clear. There is no sacrifice involved in recognising the Union Jack or "God Save the King" or any symbol that is not anti-Irish. There is a great sacrifice involved in making futile or mischievous emotional demonstrations when all our thought and energy is needed to prepare for the making of sacrifices which will unquestionably benefit Ireland and disgrace our enemies. I profess no contempt for symbolism. Irish life is enriched by the use of many symbols. I merely suggest that we take some trouble to make the wearing of symbols unmistakable to ourselves and to strangers whose attitude we cannot afford to ignore. While recognising that "Bricriu" and his friends are as sincere in their patriotism as I am, I think they are strengthening enemies who should be attacked in and out of Ireland as earnestly and intelligently as they attack us wherever and whenever they can. As they have shown that they understand a political truce to be a period during which the acts of self-respecting Irishmen are to be misrepresented, we may well both try to repel their attacks and prepare to unmask them before a public whose displeasure they fear. The need for attacking bigotry in Ireland is happily much less now than in our fathers' time, and is daily diminishing.

May I add that I think no bargain is hard which is clearly profitable to Ireland? Like most Irishmen, I should like to see my country securely enjoying sovereign independence. I see no chance of attaining that goal within any time about which I need take thought, and I am content to strive to secure the next best result. I may have an ignoble soul, but I regard inclusion in the British Empire as a necessary limitation and not as a hardship; and I think we shall get rid of real hardships more speedily by accepting necessary limitations fearlessly. Holding these views, I should think myself wanting in Irish courtesy if I expressed hostility to any symbol which was not in itself offensive and was regarded respectfully by other citizens of the British Empire with whom, in the interests of my own country, and not theirs, my countrymen decided to ally themselves.

MUGWUMP.

The Bilingual Programme in Acaill Beag.

To the Editor, NEW IRELAND.

Dear Sir—I have just noticed the note by Miceal Ruad in your issue of the 18th ult. with regard to the introduction of the Bilingual Programme into Acaill Beag. Everyone must feel glad that this much of recognition has been given to the splendid work so unselfishly maintained by An Paorach in that island. It is neither more nor less than a rescue single-handed of a portion of the Gaedheltacht. But that little fragment of success has not been without what seems to be a very petty revenge. Part of that revenge was displayed by the Manager by withholding the information that the Bilingual Programme was to be introduced; and it was only put into effect when the Inspector, on a visit, expressed surprise at not finding it in operation. Thus bit by bit it had to be extorted, and in itself reveals a deplorable state of affairs.

But that is not all. Miceal Ruad adds:—

“Má'r fíor nac leigreadh an Danirteoir do'n oíre ríor ríor oíre do éir ar bun, ba éairt go míneóad fá do'n bóbat cé'n fá.”

It is true that the Night School was prohibited. The reason alleged was that An Paorach was not teaching Catechism satisfactorily, and that therefore the Night School was abstracting his powers! Now, with regard to this I have a good deal of information collected at first-hand that is amazing enough, and which I am reluctant to use unless necessity should compel me to do so. Without going into such unsavoury things, the simple statement of facts is its own exposure. One after another of the Inspectors have (it is freely said at the demand of the Manager) examined the school, and each in turn has given it the best of praise in all subjects. They have done more, but let it pass at that. Now, suppose that twenty subjects are taught at the school, including Catechism (I do not know the exact number), is it at all conceivable that nineteen of them should receive the highest official and personal praise and one only of them faulted; and is it not remarkable that that one should be the only one outside official cognisance I do not need to amplify that theme. If the necessity should arise, I am pretty well equipped with facts, and An Paorach's work is well known enough in this country to make that amplification sufficiently exhilarating. But the bare statement of facts, such as I have given, make their own suggestion, and should cause Miceal Ruad and the Cumann na Gaedhulge to see what can be done in the meantime.

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To our readers in the city and suburbs of Dublin also the notice may be of interest, and any information which they may require relative to the Society will be supplied on application to the Secretary, at 17 Turlough Terrace, Fairview, Dublin.

The Abbey Theatre.

The Abbey Theatre will be closed this week, as the players are fulfilling an engagement at Birmingham, but they will return to the Abbey on Tuesday, 25th inst., when they will revive Mr. Wm. Boyle's popular three-act comedy "The Mineral Workers" and Lady Gregory's one-act comedy "Spreading the News." Seats for these performances may now be booked at the theatre.

The Irish Intellectuals and Internationalism.

To the Editor, NEW IRELAND.

Dear Sir—In your correspondence on the subject of "The Irish Intellectuals and the War" John Eglinton raises the question of "how the principles of the Union of Democratic Control would work out in case of the necessity of coming to an immediate decision about some international deadlock, even supposing the democracies had had a share in bringing it about."

The English people—the only people concerned who enjoyed at the time any freedom of choice responded unhesitatingly to the demand made upon their sense of honour and chivalry by the case of Belgium. Such a moral issue was essential to gain the whole-hearted and immediate support of the democracy for the war, as Sir Edward Grey knew and acknowledged. And it is just that sense that only a moral necessity can justify war which needs to be introduced into diplomacy, and which may most surely be expected from the democracies, whose conscience in this matter is not blunted by self-interest or by years of acquiescence in the peculiar code of morals which seems to exist in diplomatic circles. It ought, further, to be remembered that the Union of Democratic Control bases its policy upon four principles, and sees in the gradual and general application of all four the hope of setting up more efficient machinery for dealing with international deadlocks and for maintaining an enduring peace.

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Your correspondents appear to overlook the fact that we have to-day another group, in addition to Bellonists and Abstentionists, consisting of those who have no faith in war as a means of release from tyranny or of arbitrament in disputes. This group cannot be labelled with the empty title of Abstentionists, because they have a positive and constructive policy. They perceive arising in the midst of the present conflict the beginnings of a new and different struggle, the struggle to substitute reason for force as the governing factor in inter-State relations; and they are striving to cultivate a national will for such a final settlement of the war as will contain in its terms the seeds of an organised system of international government. To this group of Internationalists the present war appears as a world-war in the sense that it reacts materially and spiritually upon all the nations (thus laying upon all some responsibility in regard to it), and that it has brought into acute prominence the whole problem of militarism and pacifism.

It is not possible for any man of intelligence or humanity to be an Abstentionist in regard to this particular issue, for upon it depends the future of our whole civilisation. If Europe emerges from the war permeated with the idea of militarism, obsessed with the necessity to arm herself to the teeth for the next great conflict, what hope remains for the ideals of truth, freedom and justice, of democracies released to full and finer experiences of life, of a civilisation enriched by art, poetry and wisdom? It might be possible to regard with stoical philosophy the economic and material losses of the war, the physical suffering, and even the destruction of life, youth and talent. But no man can dare, without peril to his soul, to remain indifferent to the spiritual losses involved.

Take the case of England. The British people entered upon the war in a fine spirit. But they have suffered the inevitable effects of brutalising experiences. The general tolerance and even approval extended to the Baralong incident would have been unthinkable a year ago. The mind and character of the nation have slowly deteriorated under the influences of the war, and we have witnessed the growth of hypocrisy, subterfuge, lying, base calumny, disregard of human life, hatred, and every form of bitterness, the arrest of social reform and humanitarianism, and a long course of subtle tyranny, ending in the Munitions Act and the Military Compulsion Bill. Such are the effects of war in England. Can we believe them to be different in any other belligerent nation, or without consequences to the neutral nations?

Is there really an "Intellectual" in Ireland with so young a soul and mind so narrowed that he is unmoved by these things, and unable to perceive that all nations have a common cause and a common aim—the uplifting of civilisation to the level of the dreams of humanity's noblest thinkers? As with individuals, personality is developed by contact with others and in the service of others, so the soul of a nation is tested by its contribution to the welfare of the world. And the soul of Ireland could not develop nor possess a life worthy the name if the nation, at such a crisis in human history as this, could remain exclusively absorbed in "organising its own manhood and its own resources" for its own particular advantage, indifferent to that of others.

The apathy of the Irish people in regard to this tremendous and pressing problem of Internationalism is deplorable. It betrays an insularity and a lack of vision which it is difficult to associate with progress.

LOUIE BENNETT.

[We regret that we were obliged to hold over the above last week owing to pressure on our space.—Ed. N.I.]

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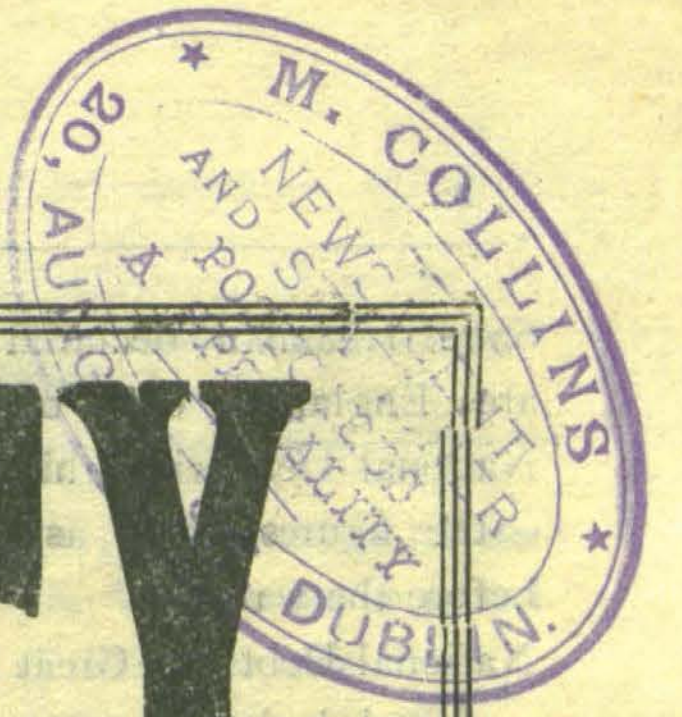
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NATIONALITY

Vol. 1. No. 32.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1916.

One Penny.

Notes.

Impeached.

"A Sane Irishman"—thank God, there is left one of them—writes to tell us that being sane he is a Unionist, that being a Unionist he is heart and soul with the British Empire, that being with the British Empire he has no sympathy with "Nationality"—our "Nationality"—that having no sympathy with "Nationality," he nevertheless reads it because he is broadminded and not afraid—that being broadminded and not afraid, he writes to us to deplore that a certain ability and knowledge should be mischievously employed when it would be useful and welcome elsewhere, and to regret that we should descend to publish false and grossly misleading figures calculated to lead ignorant people to believe that Ireland could exist without having England to support her, and thereby imperilling the integrity of the Empire, of which it is his privilege and pride, &c. What would Ireland do without England? And in proof of our falsity he begs to enclose a cutting from our leading article of January, and to inquire whether on reflection we are not ashamed to have published it. This is it:

By the terms of the Act of Union Ireland was freed from liability for the British pre-Union debt. The British debt at that period was some seventeen times greater than the Irish debt. The English, per head, owed in round figures £9 for every £1 the Irish owed. By the amalgamation of the Exchequers Ireland was made liable for the debt of England contracted before the Act of Union. The Irishman was admitted to full equality with the Englishman in the matter of debt—that is, the Englishman added the Irishman's £1 debt to his £9 debt, and showed arithmetically that the total was £10, and imperially that it was the Irishman's privilege to be responsible for £5 of it. At the same time the Englishman relieved the Irishman of all necessity for studying financial arithmetic—for he took the Irish Account Books over to the English Treasury, where he has kept them ever since.

Our Reply.

To which Sane Irishman—Broadminded and Not Afraid—we reply that such ability and knowledge as we possess have been concentrated since we developed and acquired them to the object of making Sane Irishmen freemen, and will be so concentrated until that object be achieved or we are resolved into the elements. What Ireland would do without England would be to take her place among the independent and self-supporting nations—to rear twenty millions of well-governed, well-taught, and well-fed people upon her soil—to spend her own money, use her own resources, defend her own coasts, assert her own virtue, and identity, and occupy her own place in the

sun. On reflection, we are not ashamed to have written that which our correspondent labels false. We wrote that by the terms of the Act of Union Ireland was freed from liability for the pre-Union National Debt of England—Great Britain to be technically exact, but England in reality. So much cannot be contested by any Unionist who has read the Act of Union. We stated that the British—let us call it the British to please our Unionist—Debt at the period of the Union was seventeen times greater than the Debt of Ireland. That the British in round figures owed £9 for every £1 the Irish owed; that later on, after Napoleon was crushed and Ireland was at England's mercy, England—champion of treaties and engagements—made Ireland jointly responsible for *her* pre-Union debt, and relieved herself of part of her burden by putting it on the hapless shoulders of plundered and betrayed Ireland. Now if we cannot prove these statements, then Sane Irish Unionist may call us false and misleading; but if we do prove them then our friend, if he be Sane, will be no longer a Unionist, and there will be more joy in heaven over this sinner who repenteth than over nine-and-ninety just men who contend against the foreign tyrants of the Irish Nation.

Our first statement, that the British Debt at the period of the Union was seventeen times greater than the Irish Debt, is inaccurate to the extent of a fraction. It was $16\frac{1}{2}$ times greater. Our second statement, that in round figures the Briton owed £9 to the Irishman's £1, is also arithmetically inaccurate. What the Englishman owed was over £8 to the Irishman's £1. That England, after the Napoleonic wars, made Ireland jointly responsible for the British National Debt is an historical matter of fact. Ireland was made liable by the Amalgamation of the Exchequers in 1816. That England thereby reduced the indebtedness per head of her population by increasing the indebtedness of ours followed, and with such success that for every £1 owed by the Irishman in 1801 he was debited with £3 in 1914—just before the outbreak of the present war, while for every £1 owned by the Englishman in 1801 he was debited with only seven shillings in 1914. To put it simply, the Englishman was relieved in the proportion the Irishman was burdened.

But our "Sane Irishman" can work it out for himself—if his sanity suspects our figures—from authorities he has been brought up to accept without hesitation, and which in this instance do not lie. They are the official British returns of population at the various periods taken from the official British Census Reports (or if they are not available to him, he will find them quoted in England's

"Statesman's Year Book," 1915), and from the British Parliamentary White Paper, No. 35, 1819. If that paper is not available to him he will find it quoted in the Rev. Mr. Godkin's "Rights of Ireland"—let him be not alarmed, the Rev. Mr. Godkin was an Ulster Protestant—and in practically every standard work on Irish Revenue and Finance. Here they all are—

| | Population, 1801. |
|----------------------|-------------------|
| England and Wales | ... 8,892,536 |
| Scotland | ... 1,608,420 |
| Total Great Britain | ... 10,500,956 |
| Ireland | ... 5,395,456 |
| National Debt, 1801. | |
| Great Britain | ... £450,504,984 |
| Ireland | ... 28,238,416 |

By simple arithmetic we make out that the debt per head of the people of Great Britain was on the Fifth of January, 1801 (the date of the return), some £42 18s., while the debt per head of the people of Ireland was under £5 7s. Can our critic's Sanity make it otherwise? By the same process we compute that the Englishman owed over £8 for every £1 the Irishman owed. Can all the Unionists in Ireland by taking thought make it a penny less?

And now let us come to our own time. These are the British official figures of the latest census—

| | Population, 1911. |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| England and Wales | ... 36,163,833 |
| Scotland | ... 4,751,132 |
| Total Great Britain | ... 40,914,965 |
| Ireland | ... 4,383,608 |

In passing, our countryman will notice that Ireland, which a hundred and fifteen years ago had a population more than half as great as the population of Great Britain, has now a population less than one-ninth of that State. He will observe that Great Britain—which seeks recruits in Ireland to fight her battles—has now four men for every man she possessed at the time of the Union, and he will see that for every five men there were in Ireland then there are but four now. But what impression will these facts make on him. He has been taught by his "Irish Times" and his "Belfast News-Letter" and his "Northern Whig" to read progress and prosperity equally in Irish retrogression and English advance. "Glorious, glorious," he will murmur. "England has quadrupled her population since the Union. What a proof of prosperity! Ireland has decreased her population. What a proof of prosperity. What could Ireland do without England? Rule Britannia!"

And now for the final figures which our

Sane Irishman declared misleading. They are England's own official figures of her National Debt with which she has burdened us—the figures of it as it stood immediately before the war:—

| | | |
|--|-----|--------------|
| National Debt of "Great Britain and Ireland," 1913-14 | | £707,654,000 |
| We calculate by arithmetic that this works out at £15 12s. 6d. per head of the total population of Great Britain and of Ireland. Can any Unionist make it more or less? And this being so, we commend all who believe that the political and economical connection between this country and England is for the good of this country should suggest that England's Defence of her Realm Act in Ireland might apply to all dealers in true arithmetic, for that science discloses these pregnant facts calculated to throw doubt on British Honesty, British Justice, and even British enthusiasm for Small Nationalities and the Sanctity of Treaties:— | | |
| National Debt Liability of the | | |
| Englishman, 1801 | ... | £42 18 0 |
| Ditto, 1914 | ... | 15 12 6 |
| Decrease to Englishman | | |
| National Debt Liability of the | ... | £27 5 6 |
| Irishman, 1801 | ... | £5 7 0 |
| Ditto, 1914 | ... | 15 12 6 |
| Increase to Irishman | | |
| | ... | £10 5 6 |

We trust the study of the facts he challenged will lead this Sane Irishman to realise that the Sane people in Ireland are those who realise that 2 and 2 make 4, and who cannot be persuaded by Bribery or Coercion to declare that they make 3, 5, 7, or 9, as the exigencies of British exploitation demand. "Ireland," wrote Junius a century and a half ago, "has been uniformly plundered and oppressed." The uniformity is still maintained. And up to the present we have remained sufficiently sane to understand and realise that it was not and is not Germany who has been and is Ireland's uniform Plunderer and Oppressor.

England's Journalists.

A correspondent asks what is the religion of the Englishman, Blatchford, who is employed by the London "Weekly Despatch" to exude a weekly page of appeal for the defence of Christianity against the Huns. We do not know what he terms it, but this is the description of his creed by Lord Northcliffe's employe, printed by him in the "Clarion" (London), September 23, 1904:—

I deny the existence of a heavenly father. I deny the efficacy of prayer. I deny the providence of God. I deny the truth of the Old and New Testaments. I deny the truth of the gospels. I do not believe any miracle was ever performed. I do not believe that Christ died for man. I do not believe that he ever rose from the dead. I do not believe there is any heaven, and I scorn the idea of hell."

This fine full-bodied Atheist, like the remainder of his countrymen, is a Pious Christian for the duration of the war.

More Truth from England.

If Pilate were alive now he could procure the answer to his "Quod est Veritas" for the small sum of one penny. The Protestant Truth Society (3 and 4 St. Paul's Churchyard), which supplies pictorial illustrations of Irish

ferocity—including the cutting off of women's breasts by Irishmen at 6d. the dozen—has issued for one penny "My Pocket Companion," with a Bible text for every day in the year and a list of the great events in human history since 1530, among which 1849 is for ever sacred to God and man, because in that year Garibaldi entered Rome; and 1901 is to be for ever joyfully commemorated as the year in which "France expelled Monks and Nuns;" while 1914 is immortalised by the fact that on August 4 "King George V. exhorted the Empire to trust in God." There is much interesting and novel information in this handbook, which is certainly worth a penny. For instance—incredible as it may seem—we learn from it that there was once a Lord Chancellor of Ireland who was godly. Certainly his name would never be guessed in a hundred years by the present gentleman from the *Freeman's Journal* office who fills the Bill, nor by Mr. J. H. Campbell, nor by any other person learned in the law. It was Joseph Napier. Neither would any Catholic—exclusive of English Catholics, a peculiar breed of men—learn elsewhere that he believes the Blessed Virgin is his only hope, that he worships and adores idols and relics, and that the Pope is to him "Our Lord God." But all this is Truth—English Truth from the centre of the Capital of the country for whose defence Mr. Redmond is willing that Irishmen should dissolve into bone manure. A touching appreciation of the Fifth of the Georges is fittingly enshrined in this temple of Truth. In it we learn that the King of England "reads a portion of God's Word each day of his life," and that posterity will "appraise" him because on April 7th, 1915; "he boldly announced that in the interests of the Empire and his subjects he had decided to abstain from strong drink."

The Prophets of English Imperialism.

A return called for by a Unionist member of the English Parliament showing the amount of money being drawn by members of that body from army funds (in addition, of course, to their £400 a year as M.P.'s), discloses the fact that nearly 25 per cent. of them are receiving "army pay" ranging from £170 to £1,500 a year. Among them are Mr. John Redmond's brother, the "representative" of East Clare, who is being paid £226 6s. 2d. per annum; Mr. Redmond's son, a "representative" of Tyrone, who draws £155 12s. 6d.; Mr. Stephen Gwynn, the "decent" member for Galway, who bags £228 2s. 6d.; and Mr. Daniel Sheehan, one of the O'Brienite M.P.'s for Cork, who piles up to his £400 as M.P. £228 7s. 6d. In addition to these sums, the two Redmonds, Gwynn, and Sheehan are provided with rations, quarters, fuel, and light free of charge. But the Irish Unionists cannot grin. Their representatives are looking after themselves equally well. Captain C. Craig is drawing £228 2s. 6d. in addition to his £400 as M.P.; P. K. Kerr-Smiley, £292; R. C. McCalmont, £711; the Hon. R. O'Neill, £228 2s. 6d.; and R. G. Sharman-Crawford, £511—all in addition to free food, lodging, fire and light. Among the other "British Imperialists" who, while demanding Con-

scription to "save the Empire," not only refuse to give up their own Imperial salaries, but are now augmenting them by small sums of from £200 to £1,500 per annum and charging their keep to the taxpayer, we find the name of that eminent English Labour Leader, John Ward, whose speech in favour of Conscription for the English workingman has excited the admiration of all the English capitalist press. This fine fellow, in addition to his £400 as M.P., is drawing £511 per annum, plus board and lodging, fire and light, at his "Empire's" expense. The Parliamentary Return was published last week, but the daily Press in this country—Redmondite and Carsonite—have combined to suppress the facts it reluctantly discloses.

Mr. Tennant on Respectability.

In reply to a question addressed to him in the English Parliament by Mr. Ginnell, Mr. Tennant, the Under-Secretary for War, stated he could pronounce no opinion on the respectability of the three young Carrickmacross men who are now in prison for two months for singing "God Save Ireland." We gather from this English authority on Irish respectability that under proper safeguards and conditions it may be deemed permissible by the English Government for an Irishman to sing "God Save Ireland" in Ireland. Mr. Ginnell's question has, as usual, been suppressed by the pro-English Press.

The Pro-English Press.

In our issue of November 13th last we pointed out that the usual mode of subsidising the Press in Ireland for English Governmental purposes was by inserting official advertisements paid for at enhanced rates. In 1782 and in 1796, when the "Freeman's Journal" was commissioned by Dublin Castle to disrupt the Volunteers and provoke an insurrection to the end of passing the Act of Union, this was the mode of payment adopted to Higgins, the then proprietor of the "Freeman"—notorious in Irish history as the Sham Squire. Similarly, later on, Conway of the Dublin "Evening Post" and a succession of other hirelings were thus paid, Birch of the *World* being the one exception—as he insisted on direct cash. In October last the English Lord Lieutenant invited Irish journalists to a luncheon and conference in the Viceregal Lodge. About a third of the newspapers of this country accepted. In our issue of November 13th we stated that "in return for their services in securing Irishmen to fight her (England) battles, newspapers in Ireland were to receive full-rate advertisements at a price per line of space treble, quadruple, sextuple, yea, in many cases twenty-fold the rate of the commercial advertiser; half-page advertisements, column advertisements at a shilling a line, where a penny was thankfully accepted before—advertisements to make the mouth of the canvasser water and the proprietor sing canticles of joy—such advertisements as the Press where the 'Farmers' Sons' abound, never dreamed of in their visions of heaven."

It was understood in Dublin two months ago that funds were handed to the proprietor of Kenny's Advertising Agency for the purpose. It was further understood that he complained

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the amount was insufficient and the funds were then largely increased. On January 11 Mr. Ginnell raised a question in the English Parliament. We quote from Hansard:—

43. Mr. Ginnell asked the Chief Secretary what steps have been taken to give effect to the decisions of the conference of journalists held some time ago at the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin; who is engaged in carrying them out; and at what cost?

The Chief Secretary for Ireland (Mr. Birrell)—The conference of representatives of the Irish newspapers at the Viceregal Lodge on the 28th October last was convened by the Lord Lieutenant in order to seek the co-operation of the Press in His Excellency's Recruiting Campaign. That co-operation has been freely and ungrudgingly given by all sections of the Press, and has contributed in no small degree to the measure of success which has so far been achieved.

Mr. Ginnell—The right hon. gentleman has not answered the last part of the question—at what cost?

Mr. Birrell—I cannot answer that.

Mr. Ginnell—Perhaps the right hon. gentleman would inform the House for what purpose two cheques from Dublin Castle, one for £3,000 and one for £7,000, have been given to Mr. Kevin Kenny?

Mr. Birrell—I am quite sure they have not been given to secure the co-operation of the Press.

Mr. Ginnell—They have.

On January 13 Mr. Kevin Kenny published a letter declaring he had not received a penny-piece from Dublin Castle. He added:—

"It is quite true that when the new recruiting campaign was opened in Ireland some months ago, under the direction of the Lord Lieutenant, the Recruiting Department for Ireland decided to avail itself of the services of Kenny's Advertising Agency for the purpose of issuing recruiting advertisements to the Press. This was, however, a commercial transaction, and in adopting this means of issuing its advertisements the Recruiting Department was only following the example set by other Government departments, as well as public bodies and traders generally. Mr. Ginnell's figures bear no relation to the actual facts of the case. Moreover, in no case did the rate charged to the department exceed the current scale, and I am glad to be able to add that the Recruiting Department is entirely satisfied with the manner in which this Agency carried out what was undoubtedly a large undertaking."

Mr. Kenny appears to deny that the sums he received were £3,000 and £7,000, but we are left uncertain as to whether he received more or less. Perhaps Mr. Kenny will inform the public what the "current scale" exactly means. In some provincial newspapers advertisements are inserted at a rate as low as 4d. per inch. Was any paper which inserted the recruiting advertisements asked to accept such a rate? In the "Freeman's Journal" last year, to our personal knowledge, eightpence per inch was accepted for a treble-column advertisement on one of its principal pages. Was the "Freeman's Journal" paid at the rate of eightpence per inch for the recruiting advertisements, or was it paid at a rate more than a thousand per cent. greater? If so, was this "a commercial transaction?" Our columns are open to Mr. Kevin Kenny to say.

More Work for Marchant.

One of the Irishmen who were attacked by the English mob in Liverpool is now in a Con-

nacht asylum. He was beaten on the head by the English Apaches, and his brain has become affected. The announcement was made at Castlereagh Union last week, where, despite the opposition of one M. G. Sweeney to save his J.P.-ship, Bishop O'Dwyer's letter was endorsed and the imprisonment of Irishmen under the English Defence of the Realm Act denounced. Perhaps Mr. Charles Hotpot Marchant, organist of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, who raised sixteen guineas to reward the English crew of the "Saxonia" with a "hotpot," will realise that England expects that every man who aided the heroes of the "Saxonia" shall get his Marchant Hotpot.

The Wastage of Meath.

The wastage in the British infantry regiments at the front is 180 per cent. per annum. The figure, by a curious coincidence, is that of the wastage of population in the County Meath, under British Government, in the past seventy years. It has decreased 180 per cent., and this magnificent county with the most glorious soil in Ireland is chiefly inhabited by bullocks, foxes, dogboys, jaypees, and parasites on agricultural labour. There are several thousand of the descendants of the honest men and women who originally tilled and spun in Meath, but they have grown up to doubt whether they are not intruders and to half-regard the idle foxhunters and the grazing beasts as their superiors. However, the entry of English recruiting bands inviting the remnant of humanity England has permitted to exist in Meath to go forth and die for it, has roused the dying county—through which one may cycle for fifty miles without meeting five houses or fifty people—into some vitality. Father Tiernan, P.P., declining to act on a committee appointed by the Navan Rural Council, wrote to that body:—

"We see recruiting bands in our district. What do they come for? Recruits to uphold the power and majesty of the British Empire. Where do they come to? To the barren plains of Royal Meath, laid waste by the cruel and ruthless hand of the evicting landlord. We are all familiar with the scenes enacted at an eviction during the famine days, when the tillers of the soil were thrown out on the roadside, and the last sound that reached the dying mother's ears were those of the lean dog crunching the bones of her withered child!"

The letter, said one of the Councillors, was not judicious. Certainly not. Obviously calculated to make the manhood of Meath—what is left of it—reflect, and perhaps through reflection come to the truth that the land of Meath was made not for them to dwindle from, but for them to increase and multiply upon.

The Grand Orient.

Herr Erzbacher, the Catholic leader who received special honours from the Pope a fortnight ago, has published a statement to the effect that the Italian Government refused to sign the agreement not to conclude a separate peace until England paid over two thousand million francs and agreed not to permit the

"Roman Question" (*i.e.*, the position of the Pope as a prisoner in the Vatican) to be raised during the discussion of Peace Terms.

The Tobercurry Recruiting Committee.

A Major O'Hara last week appeared before the Tobercurry Board of Guardians and requested the members to form a recruiting sub-committee. We do not know whether any of the members are to be paid, but we know that in the scheme laid before the English War Office by the other recruiting agent, Captain Balfe, it is proposed to pay "one farmer in every townland." Later on a sub-committee was formed. The Tobercurry Recruiting Committee consists of Mr. J. Gallagher, J. Kennedy, P. J. Henry, J. Durkin, J. Gallagher, and P. J. McDermott. Mr. McDermott announced he was "physically unfit," but he does himself injustice. There is not a more physically fit man in Sligo. He is merely shy. He has already exhorted Sligomen to go forth and die for England, but he is keeping grimly at home himself. Mr. Durkin is also physically fit, and like McDermott he is unmarried. Let the people of Tobercurry watch whether these two men will act as they profess to believe others should act, and take the Saxon Shilling. Another eligible member of the committee is Mr. J. Gallagher. Up to the time of going to press he had not joined. Messrs. Kennedy and M. J. Gallagher, the remaining members, have eligible sons whom they have not sent into the English army. There is another eligible person—fit and unmarried—connected with the Council and a supporter of recruiting for others—one John Patrick O'Dowd, nephew of the M.P. for South Sligo. The M.P. has recommended the eligible nephew—not for the English army, but for a J.P. ship, and also MacDermott. Durkin is also looking for the honour, and we shall watch with interest to which among its three Eligible Supporters, who themselves decline to join its Army, it will extend its J.P. ships.

"The Irishman."

We can only welcome the first number of the "Irishman"—a new monthly edited by A. Newman—which reaches us as we go to press. It deserves a wide circulation.

Paper and Gold.

According to a reply in the House of Commons last week, the Bank of England is still legally compelled to pay gold on demand for its notes. This will interest people in Ireland, where the banks have been refusing gold to their customers and note-holders for months past.

The Conscription Bill.

Mr. Redmond has executed a complete somersault on the Conscription Bill, and besides withdrawing his opposition, he has urged the Government to hasten it into law. The Bill, as we pointed out last week, is really intended to

(Continued on page 7).

"An Scat a Céile" Sead Mairbh na
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THE STRATEGIC POSITION OF IRELAND.

The pro-English Press of this country has suppressed all report of Dr. Vaughan Cornish's lecture at the British Royal Colonial Institute on "The Strategic Geography of the War in relation to the British Empire." The business of that Press is to supplement the explicit and implicit teaching in the "National" School; the College, and the University—all English government-controlled, directly or indirectly—that Ireland is a poor country with no serious commercial and industrial resources, with no position, and dependent upon the benevolence of the British Empire for keeping its head above water. By constant iteration this has imposed upon a flabby minority of what for present convenience may be termed Nationalist Ireland and a majority of Unionist Ireland. But a greater achievement than this is to the credit of England. As she recently imposed for a period on some neutral countries her German-Atrocity invention, so she imposed for a century on Europe her picture of Ireland—the Key of the Western World—as a small island of no consequence, chiefly inhabited by murderous and unclean savages.

To-day the legend is at an end. Embattled Europe realises the strategic importance of Ireland, and the Englishman no longer pretends in that case. Dr. Cornish in his lecture at the British Royal Colonial Institute admitted that while England lay across the way of Germany on the seas, holding by her position the keys of the ocean against that power, yet that in turn England was subject to Ireland, for "Ireland stands to Great Britain as Great Britain does to Germany, viz.—across the line of sea-routes to all the oceans."

Nature put the keys of the commerce of Europe and America into Ireland's hands, and English policy, aiming at the commercial subjugation and exploitation of the world, first aimed at the subjugation of Ireland. Ireland's position; the fact that she commands the ocean routes, that her bays and harbours are the finest in Europe, and that she possesses within herself the resources of a great maritime nation—is the explanation of her continued suppression and oppression.

The strategic importance of Ireland," said Dr. Cornish in his lecture at the British Royal Colonial Institute, "is not realised by the average citizen." Why? "Because," admits the doctor,

"its foreign relations have long been merged in those of the neighbouring island. There are many other positions in the world besides Ireland which, if ever the British Navy were defeated, would suddenly be seen to possess

a strategic importance which the course of historical events has concealed from the casual observer."

Rising in the Atlantic Ocean, commanding the trade routes between the two great continents, possessed of a noble and fruitful soil and natural resources greater than many of the strong states of the world, the people of this island, reduced by one-half in seventy years, dwindle away day by day while the flag of England floats above them and the English tax-gather lords it in the land.

Many learned men in England's Parliament and England's Press discuss from time to time what it is the Irish want. They want their country to make it what Nature intended it to be—an independent Nation maintaining for the commerce of the world the Freedom of the Seas.

FOOLING ALL THE PEOPLE ALL THE TIME.

The twenty-third report of the Congested Districts Board for Ireland is now available, and can be had for the small sum of fivepence-halfpenny from E. Ponsonby, Grafton Street, Dublin. It covers in particular the work of the Board for the year ending March 31st, 1915, but gives a considerable amount of information concerning what has been done to relieve congestion in Ireland during the entire period of twenty-four years since the Board was established. A quarter of a century is a short period in the life of a nation, but it is a long period in the life of the present generation, and an examination of what has been done in that time will enable us to form an idea of the length of time it will take before the evils of congestion have disappeared from the districts covered by the work of the Board.

The area that comes under the jurisdiction of the Board covers the whole of the five counties of Connacht, together with Donegal, Clare, Kerry, and part of Cork. That area comprises about seven and a half million acres, or more than one-third of Ireland. About two million acres are unfit for agriculture, leaving five and a half million available for the support of the population. The population is less than 1,100,000, so that we have within the congested districts over five statute acres for every man, woman, and child, or a farm of twenty-five acres for an average family of five.

When one considers how very comfortably a family of five can live on a twenty-five-acre farm, it is evident that there is plenty of place in the sun for all the people of the West of Ireland, if the land were only rightly utilised. I am not now suggesting how the land should be divided. I am proving that there is plenty of land. It is not a question of distribution, in the first place, but a question of use. If the land were properly used it would support this population, or indeed several times this population, and support it in full and plenty, no matter how it was distributed. A farmer with a hundred acres, giving employment to three labourers, might be a quite satisfactory way of getting an average family for each twenty-five acres. But if the large farmers, or even

the owners of demesnes, cannot be got to use their lands in such a way as to support their proper share of the population, their candlestick should be removed. To take the land from the large owners and divide it into small farms is, indeed, the principal work of the Board. Let us see how the work is progressing.

From page seven of the report we learn that the Board had purchased, prior to the 31st of last March, 429,648 acres of untenanted land. Turning now to pages 86 and 87, we find that the Board has divided amongst migrants 23,160 acres, and given 1,617 in new holdings to evicted tenants. There is also an entry showing the area of holdings enlarged by parcels of untenanted lands, but it does not give the area of the enlargements. But from data given one can estimate it at about 4,600 acres. There is a further amount of 1,991 acres put down for enlargements under 10A Form. I cannot find out at the moment what that means. But in any case the amount is not enough to change the calculation very much. Adding all together, we find that within the past twenty-four years the Board has divided 30,000 acres of land. It has purchased 430,000 acres and divided 30,000!

If we now turn back to page nine we find that the Board makes the modest confession that it had on hand on the 31st of March 297,000 acres of untenanted land. It purchased 430,000, divided 30,000, and has on hand 297,000. Puzzle? What became of the other 103,000? I have searched in vain through the blue book for any trace of the lost land. I suppose there are people here and there through the country who know what became of bits of it. Can it be possible that the jobocrats gobble up ten acres for every three that reach the people?

But let us be generous and not look too closely into the 103,000 acres that have been lost in the mazes west of the Shannon, and let us see what is to be the fate of the 297,000 acres which the Board has on hand. If 20,000 acres are divided in 24 years, how long will it take to divide 297,000 acres? That is an exercise in simple proportion. Long ago at school we used to solve it in this way: As 30,000 is to 297,000, so is 24 to the answer. And the answer is 237 years and some months. So the Congested Districts Snail has got land enough on hand at present to keep it going until the year of our Lord 2153. It is also negotiating for the purchase of another 106,000 acres, so that the officials of the Board may have something to do from A.D. 2153 to A.D. 2241.

At the playactors' tillage meeting in Sligo I made the statement that it would take the Congested Districts Board over two hundred years to divide the grazing ranches. I spoke as a child. The only source of information I had got was my own observation in cycling through the West of Ireland. I was anxious to be on the safe side. But now I have the official statements of the Board itself. Out of its own mouth does it stand condemned. Only one-third of the land in the West of Ireland has yet been even bid for by the Board. So that if it does not hurry up it will take it over 1,000 years before it is ready to cross the Shannon.

Abraham Lincoln said that "you cannot fool

all the people all the time." But Abraham Lincoln did not live in Ireland. If he did he would know that the whole government of Ireland rested upon the ability of Dublin Castle and its Boards "to fool all the people all the time."

M. O'FLANAGAN, C.C.,
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1 'OTAOB NA ZEARMÁINE.

(Airté do léig Liam Ó Urian ór comair
Craob an Céitinnig)

Annpoin do éuaib Napóiteon pé déin na bPáiríneac. Uí na Páirínig calma, cróda mar bíodar riam. Le linn Frieorich, leac-éasó bliain poimip rin, mar adubairt, bí na raigóirí agus an armáil do b'feairi ran Eórais aca. Aéc mar adubairt leir, bíodar 'na scoilao ó roin. Uí na rean-nóra cogair aca ón ainmip rin agus ní raib fear mar Frieorich aca ór a geionn ac ní ruarac zan máic. Sa mbliain 1806 do éuaib na Ffranncaig tríota mar adheirio, ra scaé as lena, mar raicéad faol-cú tré ríata caoraic. Seal gearr 'na diaib rin bí na Ffranncaig i mDeirlin. 1 'otoraé na h-aiébliana 1807 bí ní na Páiríne as géillead do Napóiteon agus as déanamí ríotéana leir as Tuiric, taob éoir de'n Páirí i n-aice na Rúire féin.

1 rúic don bliana amáin bí ríac na Páiríne bairte ar fao. Bíodar ceangailte mar a béad gíalla nó príorúnais do éarbaó ríog nó ro-plata ran ainmip iméim faoó. Dá 'otagaó éasócar oirra an uair rin níor tógta oirra ró-mór é, mar do réir sac deáiraim, níor b'éirioi buadócaint ar Napóiteon go deó agus leanao rmaéc na b'franncaic oirra go bráic na b'péite.

Aéc ní h-éasócar na mí-meanna do sab íao. Cé go raib ceannrmaéc as na Ffranncaig oirra do rágaó raiclucaó a oirre ríca féin. Tréir tamailín táimig na ríir do b'feairi ran tír i 'steanna a céite, daoine mar Napóiteon b'eir asúr Steín, féadaint cao do b'feairi doib a déanamí. Tusaóar pé tréo níor fearr do éur ar an ríac. An éasó ruo a deineadair, ríeim do éarao éun taicige éigin ar armáib agus ar raigóiríreacé do tabairt do sac fear ós ran tír. An dapa ruo, ollrgoil Deirlin do éur ar bun. Da léir doib gur b'éolar agus oirreacair ceair ir mó do bí as teairtáil ó na daoinib. Do bí, ar an gcéad ollam do cuiread as múnad ran ollrgoil reo, fear dar b'ainm Fíchte. Feallrannac ba móir cáil do b'ead é. Dume b'feallrannac móra na Gearmáine, pé rin, an 'romain, ir ead é. Ac ba mó ná roin é. Gearmáineac go calmáin go raib mear agus móiróil aige ar rean-íarrmaib, ar lírreacé, ar tean-gain a rínpair. Do tuig pé go cruinn cao do cáill íao, do tuig pé go cruinn leir cao do rábáirreacé íao agus do plánócaó íao. U' é an léigear a bí aige ná—mar a éus pé féin air—an Gearmáineacair. Tug pé éurra léigearca uair ran ollrgoil nua i mDeirlin nuair a cuiread

ar bun í. Sé ainm a éus pé ar na léigear-éatib reo ná Reo en an die de ut-riche Nacion—oírreanna nó asallma don náiríun Gearmáineac—mar ir i gcóir an náiríun ar fao agus ní i gcóir na mac-léiginn amáin a bí pé as labairt.

Da máic uim ruim na léigearc do agus gíotaí arta ainno agus ainno do tabairt doib mar cáio go h-iongantac. Tuigear arta an teacé ainair agus an fáo do-éiríote do deineadair ran naomáó doir oéas. Tuigear arta an ríoríao acá taob éiar don ógaó ro féin mar tá na h-asallma ro Fíchte mar bun-éioic don móó oirreacair go léir ran h'Gearmáin agus ir ón oirreacair roim adheirio féin go b'ruil sac h-aon ní dá b'ruil aca.
(Tuillead te teacé).

THE IRISH LEGION.

The memory of the Irish Brigade in the service of France lives in Ireland. That famous body practically originated with the fall of Limerick, when the Irish troops, refusing all offers to serve England, joined the army of France, then England's arch-enemy. It was constantly and surreptitiously recruited from Ireland—the recruiting officers being, when they fell into the hands of the English here, hanged. But France was not the only country whose armies were augmented by Ireland. Spain, Austria, Russia, and to a minor extent Portugal, Sweden, and Prussia recruited from Ireland. The names of O'Donnell and O'Neill in Spain; Nugent, Taaffe, Brady, O'Byrne, and Lacy in Austria; O'Rourke and Lacy in Russia, and O'Dunne and O'Neill in Portugal still survive, and in some of these countries flourish. One of the leading Austrian Generals at the present time—although his name is never mentioned in the English and pro-English Press—is an O'Donnell. A certain number of Irish were in the seventeenth century in the Swedish army, and the famous Prussian Guards were in the early eighteenth century largely sprinkled with Irish—a considerable number of whom a hundred years later were also impressed by England into the Prussian service. There must indeed, at the present time, exist in Prussia, apart from Westphalia where a number of Irishmen settled to work in the famous Hibernia coal-mines,—a number of families whose great-great-grandfathers came from Ireland to join Frederick's giant guards, or whose great-grandfathers were captured Wexford '98 men whom England expatriated to Prussia for service in the Prussian army.

But although something is remembered of the Irish Brigade in the service of France—the Irish Brigade that smashed English power in France in the eighteenth century, when it charged at Fontenoy to the cry of "Remember Limerick and English Faith," the Irish Legion is almost wholly forgotten. The Legion was formed in 1803 to co-operate with Napoleon in destroying the British Empire to the end for the legionaries that Ireland might regain her national independence. The names of Emmet, O'Connor, Byrne, Corbet, and Allen—the illustrious fugitives of 1798—are indel-

ably associated with the glories of the Legion. The English army at the period was recruited, as usual, from anything but Englishmen. The Irish and the Scots formed the majority of it—as John Mitchel says in his history:—

“Of the armies which triumphed on the field of Waterloo, about one-fourth consisted of British troops, and of these ‘British’ troops nearly one-half were Irish. It is a shame to be obliged to confess it. Their country can take no pride in these Irishmen; Irish history refuses to know their names. They fought to perpetuate a domination which oppressed and despised them; fought against their own enfranchisement and their own right to land and life on their own soil, and to establish on an immovable basis that odious British system which has since degraded, impoverished, and almost depopulated their country. While a vestige of genuine Irish feeling remains amongst our people, Irishmen will speak with pride of the Irish Brigade at Fontenoy and with shame and repugnance of the Irish regiments at Waterloo.”

The patriots who formed Napoleon's Irish Legion carried the renown of our country through Europe. To them alone of his foreign troops Napoleon entrusted an Imperial Eagle, which was carried in triumph on a dozen battlefields. The flag of the Legion was green with the golden harp uncrowned and “Ireland Free” inscribed upon it. By 1814 the Legion had lost two-thirds of its gallant officers and men, mainly on the battlefields of the Peninsula. Its remnant followed Napoleon loyally in the Hundred Days, but after his fall England made it a condition with the Bourbons that the Irish Legion should be disbanded, its flags and memorials destroyed, and its officers exiled from France.

The hatred and malignity of England then exemplified was characteristic, but after Louis XVIII. passed, the French Government, ignoring England, invited the Irish officers back and restored them to their ranks in the French army. There they served—hoping that a day would come when France and England would be again at war and they would be destined to lead an army of liberation to Ireland. In the memoirs of Colonel Miles Byrne much is told of the hopes and prayers of these gallant Irish gentlemen. But one by one they passed to their graves—General Lawless, then General Corbet, then General O'Connor, and last of all the chivalrous Miles Byrne, without their hearts' desire being satisfied.

“So,” wrote John Mitchel, when nearly 70 years after Colonel Byrne died in France, as true to his country's cause as on the day when he marched with the insurgents of Wexford, “so,” write Mitchel, “the wholesome tradition is handed down unbroken; any and every foe of England is the Irish exile's friend, and the power of Britain must be indeed broadly and deeply based, if it forever withstands the long-gathering tempest of just wrath which has been laid up against the day of wrath.”

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THE WHITES OF JOHN BULL'S EYES.

It is important for Ireland to remember that in dealing with England at present we are dealing with a penitent. John Bull has donned sackcloth and ashes. Like all old and hardened sinners who repent, the temptation to relapse will come on him from time to time. He may even be guilty of relapse now and again when he forgets himself, but he will not go back and wallow in sin as he did in the past, at least as long as the motives that led him to assume the role of penitent are as strong as they are at present.

When a man becomes a penitent, all the evil instincts in his nature do not yield at once. The spirit may be willing, but the flesh remains weak. The case of a repentant country is similar. The majority of the people may be penitent, but the minority may not. The Government may have admitted the crimes of the country and promised to amend, but the Opposition may still glory in its shame.

That is the way things are in England. Some of the newspapers, such as the “Manchester Guardian,” admit that Ireland has been treated badly in the past. But a great many is a very satisfactory sort of England to deal papers, like the London “Times,” do not admit any such thing. Ireland, they say, always got what it deserved and what was good for it. The Coalition Government represents England pretty well. Asquith represents the penitent spirit of England, and Bonar Law the rebellious flesh. Will England remain in the presence of Asquith with bleeding feet and head bowed in shame before the nations, or will she go back to the debauchery of the old days with Bonar Law? It depends upon whether the willingness of the spirit, or the weakness of the flesh is the more pronounced.

When there is any doubt about the sincerity of the penitent, the question is somewhat modified. It may be that England merely finds it with. If she assumes the part at all she will convenient for the present to pretend repentance. That does not concern Ireland so very much as it might appear. An England that finds it convenient to play the role of penitent have to play it well. And she has assumed it. But she has not yet played it well, merely because we have not kept her to the part.

Two things are demanded of every penitent—amendment and restitution. England has starved us in the past. Let her make such arrangements now that there will be no danger of our being starved again. England has robbed us. Let her cease to rob us. Let her give us back all that she has stolen and plundered from us. England has driven the people off all the rich lands of Ireland and given them to Bullocks. Let her now drive off the Bullocks and give the land back to the people. It will be said that the Estates Commissioners and Congested Districts Board are doing this. They are, but at their present rate of progress it will take 1,000 years to do it. We cannot afford to wait 1,000 years. A German Congested Districts Board would have it all done in twelve months.

But that would take money. Of course it would take money. It would take as much

money as would keep the war going for two or three weeks. But is Ireland worth as much money as would keep the war going for two or three weeks? Well, if not, God help the Irish fools who have filled every gap of danger in the war for the past seventeen months.

John Bull is now doing the swank all over the world at a tremendous rate. He is like a big rich swell on the spree. He is going the pace. When a country has got £5,000,000 a day to spend, it is sure to have a large following of friends, of a certain type. There are people in every country that are prepared to sell anything for money. There are some of them in Ireland. As far as they can they have sold Ireland. But if they sell Ireland they ought at least to get a decent price.

How much is Ireland worth? It is not hard to estimate. How many Irish soldiers has England got? How many English soldiers has she got? How much of the £5,000,000 a day is spent in Ireland? How much is spent in England? These four numbers ought to form a proportion. As the number of Irishmen in the army is to the number of Englishmen, so ought the amount of war money spent in Ireland be to the amount of war money spent in England. How much money is being spent in England? I don't know. I can only guess. But John Redmond could find out if he had courage enough to ask the question in the House of Commons. Suppose the army has one Irishman to ten Englishmen, then one pound ought to be spent in Ireland for every ten spent in England. If £3,000,000 are spent every day in England, then £300,000 ought to be spent every day in Ireland. If £300,000 a day were spent in Ireland, it would not take long to divide the grazing ranches.

Anyhow, John Bull is in a pious mood. He is terribly shocked at the destruction of cathedrals. His heart bleeds for the persecution of priests and nuns. The spirit of nationality is sacred to him. John's eyes are cast upwards towards heaven. That gives us a chance to do many things that were not allowed in Ireland for a long time. Let us work hard while we have still time. John cannot see us with the whites of his eyes. C. C.

THE BODENSTOWN SERIES.

Nos. 1 and 2 of the Bodenstown Series have now been re-printed. No. 1 is Mr. P. H. Pearse's “How Does She Stand?” and No. 2 his “From a Hermitage.” The former is issued at a penny, the latter at twopence. Both can be obtained wholesale from Whelan & Son, 17 Up. Ormond Quay, Dublin.

ΔΙΟ-ΣΤΑΘ—Sinn Féin.

A series of INTERESTING LECTURES will be resumed at 6 Harcourt Street, to complete the second half of Session. Alderman T. KELLY will Lecture on “STREET BALLADS,” Wednesday January 26th. Chair at 8-30.

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NOTES.

(Continued from page 3).

bring the English working men under military law in order to assure English Capitalism against him after the war. We have now had an opportunity of reading the Bill, and find, as we expected, that it is not limited to the 650,000 men it was ostensibly introduced to provide for—it applies to *all* single men. Furthermore, it gives the military service tribunals full power to decide the status and badge every single man, and finally it places in the hands of the employer the power to get rid of any employee who happens to make himself obnoxious, on Trade Union matters for instance, and by getting rid of him automatically bring him under military law. The Bill is the most ingeniously devised measure to get rid of Trade Unionism we have yet read. Of course it must be and will be, if it successfully operates, in a few months time, extended by an Amending Bill to include married men. Meanwhile the price of bread continues to rise because the ship-owners are further increasing their freights, and no English Government proposes to conscript ships to carry wheat and let bread be sold at its ordinary price. "We need Conscription," said the cousin of King George V. a few months ago, "because the people are getting a little out of hand." Precisely. When they are under military law, the millionaire profiteers in food and fuel will enhance their wealth.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGONS.

Infamous a person as the present Kaiser of Germany is—inhuman a monster as those who read and believe the English and pro-English press know him to be, it is the regrettable fact that he is not unique. During the Christmas holidays I passed some of my time pleasantly in looking rapidly over files of English newspapers—particularly "The Times" and "Punch"—of ages past, and discovered that every few years England had been plagued with similar monsters.

Only a century ago there was Napoleon. Impelled by the devil, he fought England, and England discovered in its press that from the creation of the world no such demon in human form had appeared on earth. He was—we quote its own description—"the Enemy of Man," a "brutal ogre," a "monster of Iniquity." In due time Europe was delivered from him, and Daniel O'Connell became his successor.

O'Connell, according to the London "Times," was "a mercenary and skulking demagogue," "a big beggarman," a robber of the credulous Irish poor, a double-dyed knave. In time England found a more dangerous opponent, Dost Mohammed, and transferred its invective to him. Never had there been a worse scoundrel than Dost Mohammed—who fought England in Afghanistan—until his son, Akhbor Khan, appeared. Akhbor Khan not only fought the English, but he beat them. Human nature shuddered at Akhbor Khan. The English press could only account for Providence having permitted so foul a creature as Akhbor Khan to exist by explaining that the ways of Providence were inscrutable.

No sooner had that scoundrel Khan vanished

as England's arch-enemy than the villainous Commissioner Lin appeared. Commissioner Lin was a Chinaman who carried out the infamous order of his Government to seize the opium that English merchants smuggled into China. Those who desire to know to what depths of atrocity human nature can sink should study the English press on Commissioner Lin.

John Mitchel more or less supplied Commissioner Lin's place for a brief period. One respectable English paper thought so base a man might with profit to humanity be boiled. "Punch" was more merciful. It showed that Mitchel was not a human being at all, and therefore should not be judged by human standards. It represented him pictorially as a hideous ape whom the British lion, with stern and virtuous indignation in his glance, was crushing with his paws. So passed Mitchel. And yet England was not at the end of her task of ridding the world from monsters.

The Czar Nicholas became engaged in war with the Champion of Civilisation. We are too shocked to record what an inhuman rascal the Czar was discovered to be. His atrocities were as the sands upon the seashore. He passed away, and his place was taken by the Indian Mutineers. After them quite a small crop of monsters, such as King Theodore of Abyssinia and King Koffee of Ashanti, were disposed of. The Emperor Napoleon III. then began to be discerned as Antichrist, as he got busy building a fleet.

But the Third Napoleon was lured off to regard Germany, not England, as France's real enemy, and succeeded in losing his crown and leaving a legacy of woe to his country. James Stephens for a couple of years filled the vacant place. He was a Brutal and Ignorant Adventurer and a Person of Evil Life. All good Englishmen shuddered with disgust at his name. A little later Horrible Monsters were discovered to rule in Afghanistan and Zululand, but my first recollection of a really Infamous Person is of the Czar Alexander. Alexander had his eye on Constantinople, and faintly in my ears rings the echo of the song of England:

We don't want to Fight,

But, by Jingo, if we do,

We've got the men, we've got the ships,

We've got the money too.

We swore that they should not,

To our word we shall be true,

The Russians shall not have Constantinople!

The Czar Alexander, at that time, was depicted to us as a combination of Gilles de Rais, Bluebeard, Attila, and Nero. As a small child I heard it said that he secretly preferred infants' flesh to the very best beef and mutton. However, he did not go to Constantinople, and it was discovered in the English press that he was a Christian and a respectable married man after all.

The next scoundrel who excited England to war was King Theebaw. This miscreant possessed a beautiful country, peopled by a civilised and amiable people who, however, despised arms. The infamies of King Theebaw—(nobody now remembers what they were, not even the English India Office, which invented and sent them around to the English press with instructions to write them up) forced

the English to annex his country *Vi et armis*. So Burmah is now part of "the British Empire."

Perhaps earlier in date than poor King Theebaw, Parnell supplied England with an object for its hatred. I do not believe a man has ever lived who more utterly despised English opinion and the English nation than Parnell. England knew this—felt this—and hated Parnell with all the venom of her nature. Her vocabulary was exhausted in finding epithets of denunciation for the scornful Irishman. Anybody a thousand years hence who finds a complete file of the English press from 1877 to 1885 will find a picture of Parnell painted therein which shows him to have been a villain whom the devil would have blushed to own.

About 1885 Parnell began to give place to The Mahdi, a miscreant who successfully defended his own country. After his death, the English succeeded in annexing his country. Carrying the banner of Civilisation and Christianity, Lord Kitchener advanced to Khartoum, and disinterring the bones of the great Arab leader, caused them to be cast to the winds.

President Kruger was the next awful monster to dawn upon this earth. He ruled over a country whose total population was less than that of Dublin city, and the richest gold-mines in the world were discovered therein. Up to that time very little attention had been paid to him, but it naturally led to some investigation into his fitness; and the English press discovered

(1) That he oppressed all foreigners.

(2) That he Robbed the Treasury.

(3) That he was grossly Ignorant.

(4) That he Beat his wife.

(5) That he had murdered a child by sawing it in two.

(6) That his people insulted and injured women and children.

(7) That they were dirty.

(8) That they were lazy.

(9) That they were Liars and Thieves.

(10) That they were bullies and cowards; and

(11) That God plainly intimated that it was England's duty to Christianity and Civilisation to put an end to them.

And so England, announcing to the world through the mouth of its Premier that "We seek no goldfields—we seek no territory," went to war, and rescuing the Boers from their barbarism, annexed their territory with its goldfields.

Having rid the world of the Monster Kruger, it might have been supposed that Providence would have permitted England to repose—but, no. Once again the call of Christianity and Civilisation comes to her. Once again a Demon in human form appears on this planet. Napoleon, Mitchel, Akhbar Khan, Commissioner Lin, Parnell and President Kruger are reincarnated in the Kaiser.

There are some who doubt what the English and pro-English press says about this horrible monster—some who, in despite of the Defence of the Realm Act, believe the Kaiser is a human being, a great man, and even a good man—a man whose Court has been a model in morality and simplicity to the other Courts of

Europe, and a man who has worked hard for the moral and material betterment of his people. But there are people who never will believe that the English and pro-English press is the mirror of Truth—cynics who openly declare that it is the most lying and defamatory press in Europe. Everyone who credits it knows, on the contrary, that what it writes about the Kaiser is as true as what it wrote about Napoleon and Parnell and Kruger. They know that the Kaiser is a Ravening Wolf, an Ogre, and the Antichrist. Could he be otherwise and be England's enemy?

S. L. R.

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THE IRISH VOLUNTEER

EDITED BY EOIN MAC NEILL.

Vol. 2. No. 59 (New Series).

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22nd, 1916.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

NOTES

In the art of subtracting millions, the British Treasury can always give me points. Last week I stated at £8,830,000 the additional taxation of Ireland according to the Treasury figures supplied to Mr. Ginnell by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The correct amount is £7,830,000. That, however, is not the whole bill. There are more War Budgets still to come.

There are signs that the people are beginning to understand what it means to be taxed with an increase of two pounds a nose, man, woman and child. Ireland is not a consenting party to this taxation. We are nominally represented in the Imperial Parliament, but when it comes to any critical question like this our representation is annulled. Irish Members of Parliament have no mandate or authority, express or implied, from their electors to consent to this ruinous taxation. The electorate has never been consulted about it. This taxation has no more claim to respect than the taxation that caused the American people to assert their independence and to win it. The British Government does not impose a war-tax of two pounds a head on the people of Canada or Australia or South Africa, because it dare not.

Mr. Birrell, Chief Secretary for England, took in on himself to lecture Irish people about loyalty. He handed over the government of Ireland to a foreigner, an ex-military satrap from the Gold Coast. Now he is lecturing us about patriotism. In the presence of Ireland's "representatives" he told the Imperial House of Commons that "Patriotism in Ireland was much too local an affair. **We all want** to adopt the wisest course to **convert** and to extend that local patriotism into a wider patriotism. (No dissent from Mr. Redmond.) Without that the Empire becomes nothing more than an enlarged Hanseatic League of greedy commercial communities (cheers). We want more than that—we want to introduce into it a real Empire patriotism." Yes. Mr. Birrell and those who

cheer him want to steal the name and insignia of patriotism to glorify a league of commercial greed. "And yet patriotism begins at home. "In dealing with a country like Ireland they must consider how best they could help, and not hinder, the slow but gradual progression that was noticeable in Ireland, whereby its somewhat **narrow patriotism** was gradually extending into a wider one." "You object to our way of dealing with the Irish question," said a member of the defunct "Home Rule" Government to a critic. "No," said the critic, "it is not to your dealing I object, it is to your shuffling."

Mr. Birrell shuffled along with his lecture on the New Patriotism. "Patriotism is the most potent mixture the world has ever seen. But it is a mixture. It is the oddest compound. It is made up of prejudices, of passions, of memories, of little scraps of history, imperfectly taught for the most part, but partly remembered and frequently completely misunderstood (loud laughter). It is far truer of patriotism than it is of ambition, that it is 'like a circle in the water.' It widens and widens, beginning at home, until it contains within its glorious ambit far distant lands and populations long since emigrated from their own shores, but still retaining much of the old feeling (cheers). Mr. Birrell forgot to complete his quotation from Shakespeare:

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceases to enlarge itself
Till by broad spreading **it disperse**
to nought.

This is what Mr. Birrell, a political souper without the soup, wants to do with Irish patriotism, and what, in the face of Mr. Redmond and his followers, he claimed to have succeeded in doing for them, if not for the people who elected them. "But," he continued, "it is a most delicate affair—a most difficult operation. We might easily injure it and thrust it back for half a century by hasty, ill-considered, and unsympathetic treatment (hear hear). It is a plant which requires to be nurtured and watered and watered, and never, never, to be pulled up rashly by the roots."

War has its good points after all. When war is in, truth is out. Only for this war we should not have heard from a British Minister this cynical avowal of the purpose of British Home Rulers in their "dealing" with Irish Nationalism. What have Mr. Redmond, Mr. Dillon and Mr. Devlin to say about the doctrine openly uttered in their presence by their Liberal Home Rule confederate? Will they venture to repeat this doctrine to any audience in Ireland? We may thank the war for it that the net is now spread openly in our sight. We are to disavow our Nation and all its sacrifices in the past, and the "delicate" inducement is the privilege, among others, of paying a fresh war tax of two pounds a year in future from every man and boy, from every woman and girl and baby.

Mr. Birrell's "Empire patriotism," to which he wants, "they all want," to "convert" Ireland, is not patriotism even in England. No Empire ever did or ever can take the place of a Nation in the love and reverence, the passionate affection and self-denying devotion of a Nation's children.

All the time, the delicate and difficult operation is going on here in Ireland. The war tax is being extracted. Alastair MacCabe has been in jail for four months without trial. Ultimately, perhaps, he will be brought before a suitable tribunal to be tried for a crime of which no Irishman, Nationalist or Unionist, is ashamed, the crime of being in possession of "munitions of war." Terence MacSwiney, Irish Volunteer captain and organiser, was seized in his bed the other day by Mr. Birrell's police and thrown into Cork jail without any charge whatsoever; as was also Thomas Kent, Irish Volunteer, of Castlelyons. The "evidence" will be laid before the Castle lawyers, and the crime formulated when they have found out the most suitable course to adopt. "A delicate and difficult operation." The Irish people will want to know whether those who hold **their** commission are secret partners in this operation or remain true to the trust confided to them. The war has unmasked Mr. Birrell. We now know what he is here for. We want to know what the Irish

Party is there for. We know what Mr. Birrell's Plant is, and we have seen something of the "watering and watering." Is it the policy of Messrs. Redmond, Dillon and Devlin—we need not ask about Mr. T. P. O'Connor—to aid and abet the watering of Irish Nationalism "till by broad spreading it disperse to nought?" The accusation is not mine. Their assent to the delicate and difficult programme has been publicly claimed by their ally, Mr. Birrell, in their presence and in presence of the whole British Parliament.

EOIN MAC NEILL

The Dublin Brigade

ORDERS FOR WEEK ENDING 23rd JANUARY, 1916.

1. Signalling Class will in future be held at 8.15 p.m. instead of 8 p.m. Other classes as usual.
2. Lectures for senior Officers commenced on the 15th and will be continued till 22nd inst.
3. Lectures for junior Officers on Tuesday and Saturday at 8 p.m.
4. On Thursday the 3rd Battalion will assemble at Camden Row. The 4th Battalion at Kimmage at 7.45 p.m. sharp. Practice in night operations.

TIME TABLES OF CLASSES.

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

Cumann na mBan

Since the new year two new branches have been started: one in Killeeneen, Craughwell, Co. Galway, and one at Carrickmore, Tyrone.

At the last meeting of the Executive the Secretaries were asked to notify branches as soon as possible about Cumann Na mBan flag day. Flags, boxes and all requirements are in preparation, and a leaflet containing full particulars will be sent to all branches. It is hoped every branch will take up the idea with enthusiasm. The Executive expects to hold a very large Whist Drive on Thursday, February 3rd. Tickets will be issued immediately, and all lovers of Whist and beautiful prizes are cordially invited to come.

TRAINING.

SIGNALLING SQUADS.

When signalling squads are able to send and read correctly words, figures

A MILITARY CAUSERIE

Since the inception of the Volunteers two definite and opposed points of view have been generally held among them, and by the majority have been held in alternation, according to the persuasive power of the prominent supporters of each. It is a pity to attach labels to them, especially such worn-out and mis-used labels as those I have in mind, but in the interests of brevity—a military virtue—I shall refer to these views as Optimism and Pessimism.

To put the thing in a nutshell, the Pessimists are those who think the Volunteer cause hopeless because they are not all armed with modern magazine rifles, with a million rounds of ammunition per man, and because they have not sufficient machine-guns to give one to each Company, and are destitute of howitzers, aeroplanes and dreadnoughts. The Optimists, on the other hand, think that a Volunteer armed with a loy is a match for a well-equipped foreign soldier. Both parties are equally wrong, and if the rank and file of each persuasion has interpreted these columns, or any other part of the VOLUNTEER, as supporting their point of view, they have only themselves to blame. They have not read us properly.

Take the Pessimists first. They feel that we are on their side because we have consistently upheld the principle that a single man in his shirt is no match for a battalion of trained infantry with machine guns. We stick to that doctrine still. Nay, more, we are prepared to go further and say that a battalion of men with pitchforks will be beaten in a stand-up fight by a couple of Companies of trained infantry armed merely with rifles. And yet we refuse to be numbered among the Pessimists, for, as we shall afterwards point out in dealing with the Optimists, we know of circumstances which can go a long way towards reducing the enormous odds on fully-trained and fully-armed men who are fighting less fortunate troops. For the present it is sufficient to say that whereas under the ordinary conditions of modern warfare the long-range weapon has a decided advantage over that with a short range, nevertheless, given certain other definite

conditions, the two types of weapon can compete on terms approaching equality.

The Optimists, for their part, fancy that they have been very usefully backed in these columns. They can point to our advocacy of pistols, pikes, and even stones as weapons of warfare, and conclude that we, like themselves, are of opinion that any old thing will do to beat a foreign soldier. Again, we must protest that we are not Optimists. True it is that we said that a revolver is as good as a rifle at thirty yards, and that a well-directed stone may stop a man with a bayonet at ten; but we never said that either was any use at five hundred. Any optimism we possess is due to the fact that we recognise that in Ireland the ranges are generally short. The point of this is too obvious to dwell on. Suffice it to say that this does not support the Pessimists' fear that all the fighting will be done at several thousand yard ranges, or the Optimists' confidence that it will be all hand-to-hand.

We have thus been thoroughly misunderstood, and the fact that both sides claim our advocacy is a clear proof that we really side with neither. We hope that we have now made our position clear, and that, by showing the inevitable proviso that must accompany every statement on Volunteer military questions, we shall succeed in adjusting the balance between "Pessimism" and "Optimism."

Meanwhile, there are a few general rules of tactics that apply to Volunteer activities as much as to others. First, your enemy is seldom obliging enough to do what you expect him to do. Second, if the enemy finds you are not going to oblige him by doing what he wants he will try to make you: don't let him. Third, if you decide on a definite line of action, stick to it and don't let minor considerations lead you to abandon what you consider to be the right course. Fourth, if you decide to act on the defensive, don't allow the killing of a few of your scouts to draw you into a general attack. Fifth, certainly use your men as cannon-fodder in war time; that's the way to win. But in peace time regard them as potential soldiers whom you have to train, and treat them as such.

E. O'D.

and miscellaneous signals which will be found in books dealing with the subject, they should be divided into two stations having three persons in each, each person taking a turn at the different duties. This requires a lot of out-door practice at various distances so as to become accustomed to the different flags used, and learn how to post the stations to the best advantage. Branches should arrange

for practice with each other, especially the country ones, as they will find plenty of use for good signalling. When the distance to be signalled is too great for two stations a transmitting station should be used. This would be posted about midway, and if necessary more may be used. By this means messages can be sent a very long distance, and by hard practice speed will be assured.

The Victories of Peace

That every country requires towns as centres for industry and other activities there is no need to argue. The relative scantiness of town life in Ireland is one of the arguments used to splint up the case against allowing Irishmen the rights and liberties of a nation. Let us see at whose door the blame is rightly to be laid.

To supply what can be called town life we may safely take it that no group of dwellings containing together less than a thousand inhabitants may be called a town, and that any smaller group is to be regarded as a village or hamlet and as belonging rather to rural life.

In the second part of the pamphlet, "Daniel O'Connell and Sinn Fein," I have shown the complete mistake of supposing that the catastrophe of the Great Famine seventy years ago was the original or main cause of Ireland's decline in population and prosperity. The Famine was itself a consequence of the government of Ireland by England and for England, and its results were the results of English government; but the Census returns prove that, without the Famine and without the Repeal of the Corn Laws, Ireland would have been depopulated and her industries destroyed by the normal operation of English government. We shall now see that the Union is wholly to blame for the destruction of town life in Ireland. The facts we have to consider are recorded by the officials of the English Government in that Government's official publications.

The impetus given to Irish prosperity during the brief duration of the independent Irish Parliament was not exhausted within the twenty-five or thirty years that followed the suppression of our financial and legislative liberty. The Great Famine did not come until the middle of the fifth decade of the Union. But the depopulation and impoverishment of Ireland under the Union can be seen plainly at work during the fourth decade, accompanied by the introduction of "National Education" and of the English Pauper System. We shall be able to trace the rapid decay of town life in Ireland during that decade, 1831 to 1841, and we shall follow up the process to the year 1901, when the Union had been on trial for a full century. During that century, the reader will bear in mind, the Pax Britannica ruled supreme in Ireland. There was no seige or bombardment of any Irish town. No town in Ireland was stormed or sacked or given to the flames. No new invader landed on our shores. No ancient law was revived, forbidding Irish people to inhabit the towns of their own country. The whole business was transacted according to the strict principles of Law and Order and Civilisation, things of which the Irish people have no proper conception.

In the year 1831, which some people

still alive can remember, there were in Ireland 278 towns of over a thousand inhabitants. Ten years later their number was reduced to 266. After a hundred years of the Union the number of such towns was 171. The Union accounted for the other 107—one for every Irish member in the Union Parliament, or one for every year in the century, and a few to spare.

Of these towns reduced to villages, 17 are in prosperous Ulster. Four are in Co. Down—Ardglass, Killough, Hillsborough and Saintfield. Three of these have lost more than half their population in the Irish peace. Four are in Co. Derry—Dungiven, Kilrea, Maghera and Moneymore, all reduced by from a third to a half. Three are in Tyrone—Aughnacloy, Caledon and Stewartstown, with a similar rate of casualties. Three are in Co. Armagh—Hamiltonsbawn, Market-hill and Newtownhamilton. Hamiltonsbawn must have come through the very thick of the peace. In 1831 its population was 1,014; in 1841 it was 217; in 1901, there were still 70 left to shout No Surrender. The Kaiser has no terrors for such people. Markethill and Newtownhamilton have lost nearly half their population. Two of the ex-towns are in Co. Cavan—Killeshandra and Kingscourt, each having about half of their former population. Fermanagh had only two towns. Irvinestown, having lost 600 in the peace, has become a village; and old Enniskillen, which also lost 600, is now the only town in the county. Monaghan keeps its five towns—Monaghan, Clones, Carrickmacross, Castleblayney and Ballybay—but all greatly reduced. Antrim, too, had lost no town within the century, but since 1901 my native town, Glenarm, has become a village.

In Leinster 47 towns have gone under. They are widely distributed throughout the province, but the county that made the greatest sacrifices in Ireland's last war has come best through the terrors of the Peace. Wexford has lost only two towns, Newtownbarry and Taghmon. Peace has her victories, and with the exception of Hamilstownbawn, few trophies of war can compare with the town to which some hopeful Angliciser gave the auspicious name of Prosperous. In 1831 Prosperous had 1,038 inhabitants; in 1841, 526; in 1901, 84.

In Munster, 29 towns have become villages. The town of Carrickbeg had 2,704 inhabitants in 1831. In 1901 it was no longer returned among the villages having 500 and upwards. The blessings of the English language, along with the English peace, are boasted in Killenaule, whose 1,786 inhabitants in 1841 were represented in 1901 by 560. In Connacht, thirteen towns have become villages. Among these Eyrecourt has made the most rapid progress towards perfect peace; its population was 1,789 in 1831, and 414 in 1901.

Peace, like War, sometimes disguises her operations. The list of towns that have been would be still larger but for

the fact that since 1831 a fair number of towns have been presented, at the cost of the country, with prisons, lunatic asylums and poorhouses, and Peace has provided these palaces of hers with plenty of inmates. There are five general ways of escape from a peace-beleaguered town like Prosperous or Hamiltonsbawn, death, emigration, the prison, the poorhouse and the asylum.

E.OIN MAC NEILL

ṬÁ 'NA LÁ.

Ír fáda ar fáil ar ndaoine bréag
 A tús a n-ghrád do tír a n-ácar
 Áct reo cuḡaimn lá ó Ríḡ na n-ghár
 Nuair bainfid rárám ar na gallaib.

Beir 'na lá, beir 'na lá
 Beir 'na lá arís go ḡaimo
 Beir 'na lá ó beir 'na lá
 Ír bainream rḡúid ar cuirp na namáid

Ṭá Fianna Fáil, ír a ḡclú go háir
 Áḡ cnuaract fear go tuis ír arim
 Mar táid áḡ bráit go dtiocfaid tḡat
 Nuair ruaspar uáinn le faobair ar namáid.

Beir 'na lá, beir 'na lá
 Beir 'na lá arís go ḡaimo
 Beir 'na lá, a beir 'na lá
 Ír ruaspar namáid na n-ḡaeḡeal go deaib

Cuḡaib anoir a Clann na ḡaeḡeal
 Cuḡaib anoir an ḡman áḡ taitneam
 ḡḡairéad an Ceóis 'reáid cím ḡan ḡó
 ḡlacaid úar n-ḡléur ír tḡiall cun caḡa.

Ṭá 'na lá, Ṭá 'na lá,
 Ṭá 'na lá ó Ríḡ na bḡlaitear,
 Ṭá 'na lá, ó Ṭá 'na lá,
 Ír ruaspar Clann Séáin Duíde tar
 caluit

Do pḡeab na ḡaeḡil le n-ḡirige lae,
 'ḡa n-ḡléuráid féin go dían cun caḡa,
 Ír críoc don rḡeul ro áḡum féin,
 Sur raorruigeáid éire ó a namáid.

Ír Ṭá 'na lá, Ṭá 'na lá
 Ṭá bróid ír ácar ar ḡac pearra
 Mar Ṭá ar mácar raor ó'n m-bár
 Ír rinne raor ó rḡmáct fé ḡallaib.

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HEADQUARTERS BULLETIN

Τιονόλ το βί αγ Κομάρτε Ζνότα Φέιννε
Ράιλ ινα ν'Ούνπορτ τράτνόνα Ο. Céadsoin
an 12 ad lá de'n mí ro, agus an Ceann
Cata Pádraic Mac Diarmair ina cátaoirleac
oréa.

Οο φρίοτ δεαξ-δυντταρ αρ ζλουρεαδτ
να ηοιβε ι ζConntaeτiβ Cille Όαρα,
Cορκαίξε, Cιαρραίξε, Luimniξ, an Cláir,
na Sailleime, agus an Cábáin.

Δ ουβραδ ζο παδταρ cum Όορτ Conntae
το ευρ αρ dun ι ζConntae an Cláir.

Όο ροτρυίξεαδ Δ λán ceipteann το θαιη
te harrmáil na Féinne.

Όύνπορτ να Φέιννε,

Δτ Cliaτ, 12 Ean., 1916

The Central Executive of the Irish
Volunteers met at Headquarters on Wed-
nesday evening, the 12th inst., Com-
mandant P. H. Pearse in the chair.

Satisfactory reports of the progress of
organisation and training were received
from Counties Kildare, Cork, Kerry,
Limerick, Clare, Galway, and Cavan.
It was reported that steps were being
taken for the formation of a Co. Board
for Clare.

Decisions were come to with regard to
a number of matters connected with
armament.

Headquarters, 2 Dawson St.,
Dublin, 12th Jan., 1916.

Notes from Headquarters

GENERAL COUNCIL.

The General Council of Irish Volun-
teers met at Headquarters on Sunday
last, 16th January, Eoin MacNeill pre-
siding. There was a large attendance
of members from all over Ireland and a
considerable amount of business regard-
ing the training and equipment of the
Irish Volunteers was transacted.

The following statement was adopted
unanimously and issued for publication:

"The British Government, having
failed in the policy of deporting
Irish Volunteers, is now pursuing
a policy of arresting men and de-
taining them without trial and in
some cases without charge. This
action is an infringement of the
elementary rights of Irishmen to
which Irish Volunteers will not
submit."

CASUALTIES.

The enemy has released Alfred
Monaghan, who will immediately resume
his work as a member of the Organising
Staff. Almost simultaneously with this
release the enemy has seized Captain
Terence McSwiney, the devoted and
brilliant organiser of Co. Cork. He has
also seized Thomas Kent, of Castlelyons,
the soul of the local Volunteer Company.
The wobbly tactics of the enemy would
seem to indicate a certain amount of
panic on his part. Our business is to go
on with our organisation, training, and
arming, and to perfect our mobilisation
schemes.

MOBILISATION.

Mobilisation is a real weakness with
us. Yet it should present little difficulty.
Some careful thought, with the map of
his district and notes as to the addresses
of his men before him, should enable
any Battalion or Company Commander to
perfect a little scheme for his unit. Then
test it, and see where it fails. Repair the

faulty parts, and test it again. Keep it
in working order by making use of it
from time to time, but do not try it so
often as to make it a bugbear to your
men. Be reasonable in your demands on
all your subordinates, remembering that
they have businesses to look after and
also that they require a little leisure.
Our Volunteer tests must not be too
severe. Just severe enough to keep the
officers and men up to a reasonable
standard, just frequent enough to keep
them alert and active. But tests there
must be. And an occasional mobilisation
test is of the utmost importance. Every
Commander must be satisfied that he is
in a position to call out every man in his
unit, with full arms, ammunition, and
equipment, in the minimum time.

A RESERVE.

All those who for one reason or another
are unable to drill with the Irish Volun-
teers should enrol themselves in the
Auxiliary. Single enrolment forms and
enrolment sheets for use by organisers of
the Auxiliary, with spaces for ten names,
can be had from Headquarters. The
Auxiliary can be looked upon as our
third line. We are anxious for the
creation of a second line, a body of able-
bodied reserves who, while not drilling
openly with the Volunteers, will under-
take to acquire a certain amount of mili-
tary training and will be ready for
service in a crisis. We commend the
creation of such a body to the attention
of all Company and Battalion Com-
manders.

MORE TARGET PRACTICE!

Again we return to the importance of
more and more target practice. So im-
portant is it that nearly every other
branch of training sinks into significance
beside it. Let there be a weekly target
practice in every hall. Let opportunities
for open-air practice be availed of as
often as possible. Spare the service
ammunition. Good practice can be got
with miniature ammunition and even
with air-guns. "Snapping" without any
ammunition at all is also of the greatest

benefit. Practice sighting in your own house. Take a sight and "snap," holding the sights on the target for a few seconds after "snapping." Company Commanders should see that every man in their command is training himself to shoot, and Battalion and higher officers should see that the Company Officers are doing their duty in this vital matter.

Improved Field Work at Santry.

On Sunday, January 9th, the 2nd Batt. Dublin Brigade had a very instructive field-day near Santry. A considerable advance in the training of the men and the work of the Company Officers was observable. The country was much broken up by enclosures and hedges, and all ranks exhibited some idea of how to turn such country to account. Between one-third and one-fourth of the strength of the battalion was told off to defend a strong post on the road about a quarter of a mile to the south of the village, the attack being assigned to the remainder.

The defenders expected the attack along the main road from Dublin, but only a feint attack by one section was delivered there. The main attacking force marched up the Malahide Road, and then wheeling to the left, attacked from the general direction of Artane. It is worth noting that the fact of being attacked from an unexpected direction did not cause the disorganisation of the defender. His outpost service was well enough performed to enable him **to form a front against the attacker in time.** The likeliest route for the attacker was organised for delaying action, possible but less likely routes were watched by small, well-posted parties, one route was regarded as negligible. On the whole a very accurate calculation of his own means and the attacker's was made.

The attacker's design was good: in addition to surprise he gained an advantage by moving over the best ground. The forced march to gain his adversary's flank was well carried out, and the different attacking columns were handled so as to get the best value out of such covered lines of approach as existed. The feint attack, however, did not impose on the defender: it would have been better to have pressed it briskly, so as to attract as many of the enemy as possible to that front and thus weaken opposition to the real attack. In the course of the action the different detachments became mixed up very much—an inevitable thing—and when the umpires called it off it had not been fought to a decision. At that time the attackers had made considerable headway.

The men on both sides showed an improved idea of the necessity and manner of taking cover. The defender's outposts were very well concealed for the most part. But both sides still displayed lack of caution in **keeping under cover when moving**, whether to carry information or

to fight. The defender's outposts gave frequent information and, with one ludicrous exception, it was accurate. The different attacking columns were in fairly good touch, and that **without using up too many men.**

The N.C.O.'s as a whole displayed a higher standard of training and a better idea of the use of ground. Especially they had their small units much better under control. Evidently the systematic training of the Dublin N.C.O.'s is beginning to bear fruit, and it is only reasonable to look for still further improvement in this respect.

The number of cyclists who turned out was small. The only use that arose for them was on outpost and as despatch carriers. These duties were performed with intelligence and speed. The umpires were some officers of the 1st and 2nd Battalions. The practice of officers umpiring is good training for them, and the bringing in of officers from other Battalions in such cases tends to spread agreement on tactical methods, besides bringing about an esprit-de-corps among the officers in general.

Recruiting

Some Volunteers resident in Dublin have recently supplied the Director of Recruiting with the names and addresses of sympathisers in provincial districts where there is a likelihood of corps of Irish Volunteers being formed. The Director of Recruiting would, however, like far more information of this kind, and he requests the assistance of all Volunteers in Dublin possessing it. Remote country districts are placed at a disadvantage as compared with Dublin, the centre of so much National endeavour, and this is not always sufficiently recognised. Dublin Volunteers should, therefore, set themselves to help the movement in the provinces in every possible way. Sympathisers should be sent propagandist literature, such as the IRISH VOLUNTEER; Headquarters should be supplied with details in regard to such districts, and Volunteers themselves going from Dublin on holidays should constitute themselves apostles, rousing the more apathetic, spreading a knowledge of military organisation, and drilling recruits wherever they can get a few together. Even a short lesson on firearms to a few friends will be of benefit. Those who have acquired military training in the big centres of population should not keep that knowledge to themselves. They should burn with a desire to impart it to as many others as they can.

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Strategic Points of the Irish Counties.

XXIII. MONAGHAN—CLONES.

Clones is a centre through which many important routes pass: it is, in fact, the junction point of all the lines from the midlands of Ireland into Ulster. Into Clones two lines of railway run from the southward: from Cavan to Belfast by Armagh, and from Dundalk by Enniskillen to Bundoran. The first of these lines is paralleled by an excellent road: the second is also accompanied by a road, though less good.

Clones is also the last town of importance on the Ulster Canal before it reaches Lough Erne. This canal, however, does not admit barges of the same size as the Lagan Canal at present. Still it would prove a very valuable secondary communication.

XXIV. QUEEN'S—MARYBORO'.

Maryboro' is situated at the junction of the two most important lines of the Great Southern and Western Railway—the main Dublin-Cork line and the branch line by Abbeyleix down the Nore valley to Kilkenny and Waterford. There is also a short branch to Mountmellick, only half-a-dozen miles long.

By road Maryboro' is connected with Portarlinton, Mountmellick, Mountrath and Abbeyleix, in short, all the towns of importance in the country of which it is, indeed, almost the exact central point. There is also a good road by Stradbally and Athy to Grange Con and the western borders of County Wicklow.

XXV. ROSCOMMON—ATHLONE.

Although Athlone is as much in Co. Westmeath as in Roscommon, still it is so much more important than any other point in Roscommon that it is probably best placed there. In all the Irish wars Athlone has been a place of absolutely vital importance, and the number of assaults and sieges it has experienced is almost beyond counting. And at the present day also it retains this importance unabated: it is the inland key of the Shannon line as Limerick is the maritime. Situate on the direct line from Galway to Dublin, it is about half-way between by railway and road. There is also a railway line by Roscommon, Castlereagh and Ballyhaunis to Claremorris, and numerous roads branch off all over South Connaught. As the Shannon is here about 100 yards wide the two bridges, railway and road, are of the highest importance: and the place has also such an abundance of river craft that a considerable force could be passed over the river in this way. On the northern flank Athlone is completely protected by Lough Ree, and most of the surrounding country is low-lying and often flooded. Besides the old castle there are other more modern works designed for the defence of the place, and altogether possession of Athlone would render most of the country west of the Shannon untenable by an enemy. In

technical phrase, the old works on the Roscommon bank form what is known as a "bridge-head" for an army operating from the Leinster side of the river.

XXVI. SLIGO—COLLOONEY.

In 1798 Collooney was worth a battle; to-day it is still more important, and the establishment of a transatlantic harbour at Blacksod and a railway between the Slieve Gamph Mountains and the sea would render it one of the most important military points in Ireland. It is situated about half-a-dozen miles from Sligo on the Dublin railway, and there is also a line to Claremorris and the South and another through the Leitrim mountains to Enniskillen—the only line from Connaught to Ulster. There are roads along all these lines, and others to Ballina, Boyle and Leitrim: while there are numerous small bridges, the demolition of which would sever all these communications. The road to Sligo and that to the North run through narrow passes near Collooney, and are thus capable of being effectively blocked. The neighbourhood is part mountain and part woodland.

XXVII. TIPPERARY—CLONMEL.

Clonmel is a very important strategic point for several reasons. It is a railway centre—being the most important town on the Limerick-Waterford line, and having a branch line by Fethard to Thurles on the main Dublin-Cork line of the Great Southern. These lines are paralleled by good roads, and in other respects also Clonmel is an important road junction. North-west a road runs to Cashel and southward is another, branching to Youghal and Dungarvan. But by far the most important road is the main Cork-Dublin road by Fermoy-Clonmel-Kilkenny-Naas, which crosses the Suir at Clonmel and again at Knocklofty, four miles above the town. Clonmel also dominates the passages of the Suir at Caher and Ardfinan on the upper river and at Carrick on the lower. In the town itself there are two bridges.

XXVIII. TYRONE—OMAGH.

Omagh, situated at the junction point of three valleys in a mountainous country, is naturally a place of great military importance. The three valleys are: first, that of the Strule, leading towards Strabane and Derry; second, that to Enniskillen; third, that towards the mountains of Pomeroy and thence to Dungannon. A railway follows each of these routes and each railway line crosses some stream or river within close reach of Omagh. The same remark applies to lines of road that more or less follow the rail routes. There are also several other roads: one to Pettigo and South Donegal; one due east to Cookstown; and three striking south or south-east over the mountains to Clones, Monaghan and Aghnacloy.

XXIX. WATERFORD—WATERFORD.

Waterford is a town of considerable size, an important port, and the centre of

a very considerable trade. It is situated a fairly considerable distance from the sea, and the Suir, about seven miles below the city, makes a sharp bend to the south. Several important lines of railway converge at Waterford: along the north bank of the Suir from Limerick, from Cork by Mallow, Fermoy, Lismore and Dungarvan, from Wexford and Ross-lare, from Dublin by New Ross and Bagenalstown. There is also a short line to Tramore. There are roads up both banks of the Suir and one down along the south bank to Passage. There are numerous other roads of which the most important is that up the right bank of the Barrow to New Ross.

XXX. WESTMEATH—MULLINGAR.

Mullingar, midway on the neck of land dividing Lough Owel from Lough Ennell, very largely resembles Enniskillen in its character as a military position, but its actual importance is much greater than that of Enniskillen, because the routes it dominates are much more important. The railway lines from Connacht all unite at Mullingar: that with Sligo at its terminus, and that to Galway. The branch line to Cavan and the north strikes into the first at Inny Junction ten miles away, and the branch line to the south meets the Galway line at Streamstown twelve miles out. The Dublin line is paralleled by the canal for its entire length, and the canal is continued to the Shannon at Clondara. The neck of land between the lakes is only about three miles wide, so that many roads from the west converge on Mullingar and the main Galway-Athlone-Dublin road—flanked by the place on the north at a distance of half a dozen miles—passing as it does by Tyrrellspass and Rochfort Bridge.

XXXI. WEXFORD—NEW ROSS.

Wexford is a peculiarly-situated county, being practically isolated from the rest of Ireland. On the north is the mass of the Wicklow Mountains, and this system throws out a branch range to the south-west, consisting of Mount Leinster and the Blackstairs range. Near the southern end of this chain lies New Ross and over the range there are only two routes, by Newtown Barry and Suillogue Gap. At New Ross there is the last bridge over the Barrow—except the Campile Railway bridge—before it joins the Suir, and ships of fair size can come right up to the town. A little above the town is the railway bridge of the Dublin and South-Eastern line to Waterford. New Ross thus commands the only important passages out of the county.

XXXII. WICKLOW—NEWTOWN-MOUNTKENNEDY.

Newtownmountkennedy is a point of military importance for a very special reason: it is the most suitable point from which to protect the Dublin Waterworks at Roundwood against a raid by a party landed on the coast. Such a landing could only take place between Bray Head and Wicklow; and a force moving inland

on Roundwood from any point in between could be anticipated from Newtownmountkennedy. The roads inland from the coast are few and could easily be watched in time to allow of the centrally-placed force to move in time. Newtown is served by plenty of roads, some of which are excellent.

Strategic Importance of Ireland

The above is the title of an article in the "Irish Times" of Sunday, January 16th, giving a review of a lecture by Dr. Vaughan Cornish on "The Strategic Geography of the War in Relation to the British Empire." The subject is not as important as the tactical handling of a section, or even as forming fours turned about but it is interesting none the less. The lecture displays a careful study of the writings of Admiral Mahan, in whose pages the military, or rather naval, importance of Ireland is most convincingly set forth.

Ireland is the most westerly country in Europe, being a kind of outwork thrust out towards America, flanking all the transatlantic routes at a longer or shorter distance. From Cork to Ushant in France is about 250 sea miles, and through this narrow gap—ten hours steaming for a cruiser—all the sea-borne commerce of Northern Europe passed in times of peace. And this means not only vessels to America but to Asia as well.

So much for the importance of Ireland in position. That importance is increased by the nature of the harbours on the west coast of Ireland from Lough Swilly to Bantry Bay. Dr. Vaughan Cornish thus emphasizes this point: "The south, west, and north coasts of Ireland are indented by long, sheltered, deep-water inlets which afford magnificent shelter for fleets, though their advantage as harbours is apt to be forgotten by civilians owing to the circumstance that most of them are distant from any manufacturing or trading centre, and have, therefore, no commercial use. The strategic importance of Ireland is not realised by the average citizen because its foreign relations have long been merged in those of the neighbouring island."

Ireland was often a theatre of military operations between England and continental powers—France and Spain. In all these wars England had an advantage owing to her nearness to the scene of operations. The Irish Sea is only 150 miles wide at its widest point—between Dundalk and Liverpool. The North Channel at one end is only about a dozen miles wide, and the southern inlet, the St. George's Channel, about 50. Hence, as Admiral Mahan points out, the Irish Sea was more an estuary than anything else—it was nothing like such a breach in the communications as the expanse between Cork and Brest or Corunna. As a matter of fact, it was so narrow that in

50150/2190 (33)

LEABAR DRILLE DÓGLÁDAIB NA héIREANN

(Ar leanmáint).

Sa rang deirid, cuirfidh gac uimhir corra a
Tairtíú—Sunnaí. Sunna ina luide i
A Ceatáir. scoinnib an éairn or
A Ceatáir. a ceomair agurleisfid
ré a dá lámh ríor lena dá taob.

Druidíú—riar. Raíad gac rang coir-
céim ar gcúl agur
iomrócaio i ttreo cliaclám veir an ranga

GLACAD SUNNAÍ.

Druidíú—irtead. Iomrócaio gac tuine
ra dá rang irtead 7
raíad ré coircéim ar aíad.

Glacaid—Sunnaí. Deurrad gac doinne
A hdon. spreim ar a sunna ag
an mbanna.

Scaoilrean na cnocha ar a céile tré bora
na ngunnaí o'áirad,

Glacaid—Sunnaí. 7 do élaonad irteadí
A Dó. 7 cuirrean na sunna
ar an noul ar a mbíó

caréir "Írlighe."

Sa rang toraig, áirócaio rean an élaclám
Glacaid—Sunnaí. éle an lám a veir
A Trí. folam. Nuair a éiríó
ré gac doinne veit
uillam áirócaio ré a lám agur carraio
gac doinne ra rang toraig timceall agur
raíad an rang deirid coircéim ar gcúl.

Le linn na n-arrm do glacad tabarran
an t-óirócaio "Scairad" caréir an
óirócaio "Druidíú—riar." Nuair a "bail-
eochar" aríar raíad gac doinne ran ionad
ran óiréad ina foim ré foim "rearrad" dó.

cum "uimlaighe" agus an sunna
"áirócaio."



Leagtar an lám veir ar éaol baire an
gunna, i ttreo go mberó an lám, ón uillinn
ríor, trearna an éleib óiréad, agur orom
na láime iompaighe amac 7 na méireanna
rinne amac lena céile.

Strategic Importance of Ireland.

those days of sailing ships no French or Spanish Admiral ever ventured his fleet into it. Nor would any good sailor in these days of steamers go in either, unless he were much superior in the strength of his fleet. Indeed, we have seen that all the Germans attempted was occasional raiding by submarines, just as the French and Americans only attempted raiding by frigates in the older wars.

Dr. Vaughan Cornish in his lecture made out a powerful case for a ship canal across Scotland between the Firth of Clyde and the Firth of Forth, thus bringing the eastern and western British ports in touch. It may be remembered how some years ago the question of a transatlantic harbour at Blacksod Bay was discussed at great length. The aim was to have a train ferry across the North Channel and improve railway communications, with a view to completing a through route across the Atlantic quite free from chances of hostile raiders.

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NA FIANNA EIREANN

MAP READING.

It is important that every scout should be trained so as to read a military map quickly and accurately. Maps are of great importance in military operations not only to scouts but to leaders of every rank from the Field-Marshal down to the dispatch-rider. A military map reveals a mass of ready-made information without which the scout would be compelled to spend much valuable time in ascertaining for himself. The scout who is practised in map-reading is able to read a map not merely as a representation of the roads from town to town, but he can visualise the country represented by the map, noting the roads, hills, rivers, villages, and the nature of the country as a whole. The map will show him not only the shortest route from one place to another, but also the route by which he may best conceal his movements.

Scales.

To read a map correctly you must first find out the scale to which it is drawn. By the term "scale" is meant the proportion that the distance between two points on the map bears to the distance between the same points on the country it represents. For instance, if the scale of your map is "two inches to a mile," it means that a road ten inches long on the map is five miles long in reality. The scale of a map may be shown in three ways:—(a) By a statement in words, such as "six inches to a mile." (b) By a representative fraction, thus: R.F. $\frac{1}{63360}$, which means that one unit on the map represents 63,360 units on the ground. On all our maps the unit taken is the inch; therefore R.F. $\frac{1}{63360}$ means that the scale is one inch to a mile (63,360 inches). If the scale was "six inches to a mile" the representative fraction would be marked on the map: R.F. $\frac{1}{10560}$ (c) By a scale line divided into parts, each representing a certain number of units.

In ordnance survey maps and military sketches the scale is usually shown in all three ways.

Definitions.

It would be well if you would memorise the following definitions before we proceed further:—

Basin.—(a) A small area of level ground surrounded by hills; (b) a district drained by a river and its tributaries.

A Col or Saddle.—A depression between two adjacent hills or mountains.

Crest.—The edge of the top of a hill or mountain.

Knoll.—A low detached hill.

Nullah.—The dried up bed of a river.

Plateau.—An elevated plain—a flat surface on top of a hill.

Ravine.—A narrow valley with steep sides.

Spur or Salient.—A projection from the side of a hill or mountain, running out and down from the main feature.

Undulating Ground.—Ground consisting of alternate gentle elevations and depressions.

Watercourse.—The line defining the lowest part of the valley, whether occupied by a stream or not.

Watershed.—A ridge of high land separating two drainage basins, the summit of land from which water divides and flows in two directions.

Bearing.—True bearing is the angle a line makes with the true north line.

Magnetic Bearing.—The magnetic bearing is the angle a line makes with the magnetic north line.

Contour.—A contour is an imaginary line running along the surface of the ground at the same height all the way round. Each contour represents a fixed rise or fall of so many feet from those next to it. This fixed rise or fall is termed the **Vertical Interval (V.I.)**.

Form Lines.—Form lines are approximate contours sketched in by eye work.

Gradient.—A gradient is a slope expressed as a fraction: thus a gradient of $\frac{1}{30}$ indicates a rise or fall of 1 ft. in every horizontal distance of 30 ft.

Meridian.—A meridian is a true north and south line.

Magnetic Meridian.—A magnetic meridian is a magnetic north and south line.

Plotting is the process of laying down on paper field observations and measurements.

Setting a Map is the process of placing the map so that the north line points north.

The Compass.

The dial of the magnetic compass is divided into 360 equal divisions called degrees, and 32 equal divisions called points of the compass. There are four cardinal points of the compass—namely, north (N.), east (E.), south (S.), and west (W.); and four intermediate points—namely, north-east (N.E.), south-east (S.E.), south-west (S.W.), and north-west (N.W.).

PADRAIC O RIAIN.

[These Notes on Map Reading will be continued in next week's issue.]

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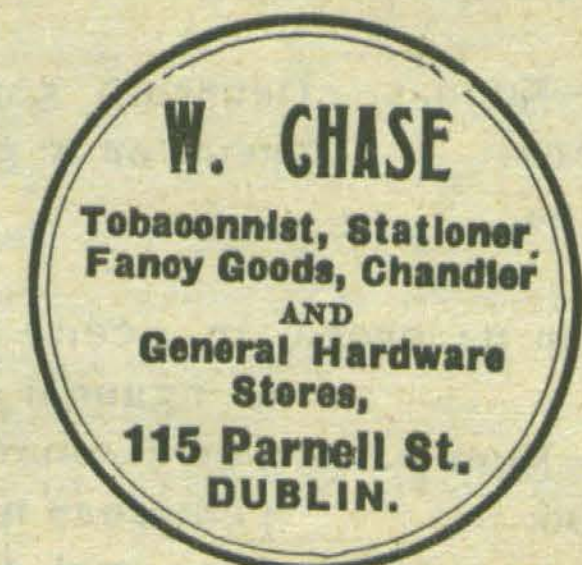
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CSO/50/2/190 (35)

HONESTY

An Outspoken Scrap of Paper.
Edited by **GILBERT GALBRAITH.**

VOL. I. No. 15. DUBLIN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1916 ONE HALFPENNY

"HONESTY."
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY.

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

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

SOME RECRUITING CELEBRITIES

Some recruiting celebrities "took the flure" at Ardfert, Co. Kerry, recently, and made the air thick with denunciations of all the Empire's foes, the Sinn Feiners and Irish Volunteers having the first place in the Hymn of Hate, with the Germans a bad third. On this engrossing topic, the following wordy thunderbolts were heard from:—

- Rev. P. Barton, P.P., Ardfert.
- Tom O'Donnell, M.P. (of "who was Desmond Fitzgerald's father?" fame).
- Lieutenant O'Leary.

Father Barton, however, did not attend the recruiting meeting in question. Nevertheless he delivered his views on the questions at issue by means of a letter. The feelings he thought fit to express are worthy of notice. His letter declared regret at being unable to attend because "he considered it quite out of joint with his profession as a minister of the Gospel of Peace." He then went on to extol the Irishmen who have already enlisted in the British Army, forgetting apparently, that these compatriots of his are setting at naught the self-same Gospel of Peace whereby he and his fellow labourers had endeavoured to instil into mankind, principles of humanity and universal sufferance. "They are fighting for

Ireland," he declared, "better than those who with spurious plea—at best a cover for cowardice—proclaim that they are only prepared to defend Ireland on Irish soil."

Now a question may safely be put to Father Barton, as to how far he deems a statement like this will be conducive to the universal acceptance of the Gospel of Peace as preached by him. Is Father Barton going to limit the field for the exercise of that doctrine? Is he concerned only with the Gospel of Peace in so far so it concerns the military operations between the Allies and the Central Powers, and has he no regard for the internecine strife which his words are liable to cause here in Ireland? Is it in keeping with the Gospel of Peace to incite angry passions between Irishmen who think differently on matters of national policy, and does Father Barton consider that his accusations of cowardice will have any other result? If we are to adjudge this clergyman's attitude of mind by the sample presented, we have grave fears that he has lost the true perspective of a Peace minister—his preaching is so sadly out of tune. Why, oh! why could he not have followed the precedent adopted by his fellow labourers in God's vineyard and preserved an even neutrality on these weighty matters?

Tom O'Donnell was the "big gun" of the meeting. He shook the threat of a German invasion at the farmers, and gave them due notice that in such a contingency they would be deprived of their lands, which would, in consequence, be planted by German settlers. Then, he digressed somewhat from his subject, to deal with the Sinn Feiners who, he said, "were going to defend Ireland with pop-guns, cabbage stumps, and potatoes." Now friend Tom quite overlooked that on more than one occasion public orators have been put to ignominious flight with less harmful missiles than cabbage stumps and

potatoes. If a few Sinn Feiners could attend every meeting of the type promoted by Tom O'Donnell and his class, and make judicious use of the articles so lightly referred to, they would certainly be defending Ireland capably from her very worst enemies. Verb Sap.

To his credit, be it said, Tom O'Donnell brought his remarks to a close without once expressing any curiosity as to who anybody's father was.

Lieutenant O'Leary, the next speaker, brought good tidings. "Anyone joining now," he said, "would never see a shot fired in battle, for the Germans were exhausted and would be wiped out before these men could be trained." Why, in such circumstances, he thought it necessary that men should put aside their ordinary avocations and careers for the temporary and precarious profession of soldiering does not appear. Lieutenant O'Leary told how, after the battle of Ypres, he saw a German soldier bayonet an innocent child in the streets (cries of "Oh"). If they wanted to keep Home Rule on the Statute Book, and to keep their homes and their farms, the only way to do it was to meet these Germans on the battlefields of France and Flanders. The Sinn Feiners he described as worse than the Germans, because they were traitors to Ireland.

What was Lieutenant O'Leary doing when the German soldier was bayonetting the child at Ypres? Did he regard the matter in the light of a theatrical exhibition in which he had only a spectator's interest and could not actively interfere? Is or is not Ireland entitled to Home Rule on its merits as an individual nationality, and if so, what have the battlefields of Flanders and France got to do with the argument? Who are the greater traitors to Ireland—those who are ready to defend another country first and then, with the remnants of their strength, their own, or those who keep their full powers of resistance in reserve for the single object of defending their own land? Ask yourself these questions Lieutenant O'Leary before you scatter another hair-brained and probably unsustainable charge against either your military or political opponents!

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ANOTHER "SMALL NATIONALITY" GOES UNDER

The fate of small nationalities who attach themselves to the cause of the Allies has a startling uniformity. Belgium and Servia have already been wiped out, and Montenegro is fast following. Last week the capture of Mount Lovtchen by the Austrians sealed the fate of this little mountain Kingdom, and the London "Daily News" refers to it as being "a very sorrowful, and to speak plainly, rather a disgraceful fact."

"It has long been apparent," says the "Daily News," "that the final struggle for Montenegrin must be fought out on Mount Lovtchen. The Allies have had both time and opportunity to get up guns and reinforcements which would have made the capture of an incomparable position almost impossible."

"Hold out for a few days," said England and France to Belgium at the commencement of hostilities, "and we will come to your help to repel the invaders." Belgium tried desperately hard to hold out as instructed, but sufficient help did not arrive, and Belgium was wiped out.

"We are sending out an Expeditionary force," the same Big Nationalities confidently announced to Servia later on, "and all will be well." The Servians expected 300,000 men, and the Allies proceeded to despatch less than half that number at the rate of 5,000 a day. The story was repeated, and Servia's military power was smashed, and the country overrun by the invaders. Now an identical fate has befallen Montenegro, because, as the "Daily News" sorrowfully informs us, the Allies did not afford sufficient help. As a result, the Kingdom of Montenegro is now contracted practically to the environs of one large town.

It is a matter of speculation as to how much longer these small nationalities will be fooled and led to the sacrifice, unconscious of their incongruous position. The three weaker nations of the original Allied Powers have now been virtually wiped out, while the stronger nations, though impaired in vigour, are still the arbiters of their own destinies, and are still in possession of all the fundamentals of nationality. If France, England, Italy and Russia had paid any regard to the welfare of their weaker allies, Servia and Montenegro, at least, could have been saved. If the Central Powers can hold up all four with one hand while it wipes out the smaller powers with the other, it becomes convincingly clear that the war is already decided. Irishmen should take careful note of the fate of these small nationalities,

which, at any moment, may become their own. By flattery, by specious promises, and by false appeals to their sympathies, the Allies enlisted the support of these three nations. They have now played them false. Was there ever a better case presented for Ireland's neutrality and the advisability of maintaining that attitude towards the belligerents? Irishmen have seen the precipice, occasionally cleared from the mists of war. Why not avoid it?

THE HIGHWAYMEN.

The Highwaymen have decreed that the Irish language must go overboard to save the British Empire from financial worries. This is the unvarnished meaning of the "Department's" withdrawal of the grant for the Irish language. It does not matter that the Irish people contribute the funds from which this grant is drawn—the Highwaymen want it all, and more, to maintain the butchery which is proceeding apace in various parts of the world. The "Department," like the English Government, whose policy it has carried out, had never any real partiality for the Irish language. The "grant" was extorted from them under a fear of the alternative. In latter years it was not England's policy to openly oppose the Irish language, as it did in those would-be-forgotten days when she organised a hunt for Irish manuscripts, which commonly ended in their discovery and destruction. The Highwaymen were replaced by more suave and persuasive individuals, who were always prepared, temporarily, to bow to the inevitable. But the Highwaymen have again appeared on the scene, and seized on a very slight pretext to make further depredations against the National tongue. But if we know aught of the temper of the Irish people in this crisis, the "stand and deliver" attitude will not be an unqualified success either.

The British Government that calmly tells us that there has been no violent hands laid upon the grants for English education, and at the same time pilfers the Irish language grant for an English war, deserves nothing from Ireland—neither moral nor material support. This principle can be extended to any length, and ought to be extended to militate against England in such a fashion as will hurt her most. The Irish people should see to it that the most effective steps possible should be taken to safeguard the national tongue from this further insidious attempt to work out its destruction.

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THE DUBLIN CASTLE £10,000.

Mr. Laurence Ginnell's curiosity in the British House of Commons is in refreshing contrast to the indifference displayed by Irish members of Parliament generally as to how the government of this country is being administered. Since the war commenced he has probably asked more questions in the House than the whole Irish Party combined, and the replies which he has extorted not infrequently provide the public with some novel and interesting information on questions of moment.

Last week Mr. Ginnell asked the Chief Secretary for Ireland for what purpose two cheques from Dublin Castle, one for £3,000, and the other for £7,000, had been given to Mr. Kevin J. Kenny, of Kenny's Advertising Agency, Dublin. Mr. Birrell, in reply, stated that he was quite sure they were not given to secure the co-operation of the Press, which is a not unheard of way of shelving a question asked, by giving a gratuitous reply to a question which is not asked.

Mr. Kenny, however, came to Mr. Birrell's aid, and explained the phenomenon in a letter to the Press. He resented the inference that he had received the large sum of £10,000 from Dublin Castle "for some purpose unspecified." As a matter of fact, he had not received one penny piece from Dublin Castle.

Mr. Kenny then went on to qualify this statement. "It is quite true," he declared, "that when the new recruiting campaign was opened in Ireland some months ago, under the direction of the Lord Lieutenant, the Recruiting Department for Ireland decided to avail itself of the services of Kenny's Advertising Agency for the purpose of issuing recruiting advertisements to the Press. Now Mr. Kenny does not actually state anywhere in his letter that these cheques for £10,000 were in payment of these advertisements; but as the gentleman, from timidity or incompetence to express himself properly, may have overlooked this little point, we will assume for the sake of argument that this was the purpose of the payments. Let us, in courtesy to Mr. Kenny's claim that it was a "commercial transaction," examine the deal on its merits as a commercial transaction, and ascertain how well or how ill the public funds were utilised on this occasion.

Advertising agencies, in the gross, might, at the first blush, be mistaken for philanthropic institutions, whose special mission it is to simplify the worries of business men. The majority of them undertake the placing of Advertisements with newspapers, entirely free of charge to the advertisers, except for cash incidentals actually paid out. They carefully draft and word the

HONESTY

advertisements, conduct correspondence in connection with them, and incur postage charges, etc.—all free so far as the advertiser is concerned. This is what Mr. Kenny means when he says he never got a penny piece from Dublin Castle, who graciously permitted him to place their advertisements for Irish recruits. It is only a quibble, but a rather ingenious quibble, and worthy of the reputation of its author.

Now, it is evident that advertising agencies must look to someone for their remuneration—otherwise the services of the bailiff would be soon required. Someone must pay for all this seeming philanthropy, and that someone must pay pretty stiffly, too, to balance the astonishing lightness with which the other party to the transaction (the advertiser) is let off. The “someone” is found in the newspaper publishers, from whom the agencies receive usually from 20 per cent. to 25 per cent. by way of commission on orders received. Now this rate of commission on £10,000 amounts to the tidy approximate total of from £2,000 to £2,500. Not a bad stroke of business for Kenny’s Advertising Agency. Not quite so good, though, for the public purse that so extravagant a fashion of advertising should have been employed.

It has been Mr. Kevin Kenny’s humour to pose as an Irish Industrial revivalist. It was, perhaps, on these grounds that he took up the congenial Home Industry of helping to export Irish flesh and blood to distant climes for war purposes. It is consoling to hear, as his letter declares, that the Recruiting Department was entirely satisfied with the manner in which his work was performed. But it is more consoling still to know also that his work was very well paid for.

THE MEDDLERS.

The meddlers against whose impertinent censorship the Bishop of Kerry recently entered an energetic protest have vanished. Their principal function, during the period of their activity, appears to have been the opening of the correspondence of priests and nuns, and the interruption of harmless business correspondence. The area covered by this depredations included practically the whole of the province of Munster, but particularly the City and County of Cork. Why “Rebel Cork” should have been particularly subjected to this nuisance, it is difficult to actually determine. It is not unlikely that its well-known hostility to the cult of Redmondism—which now appears to be the only Nationalist cult considered as being “loyal”—has earned for Cork the distinction involved in this petty persecution. However, the bogie men have now vanished, which is an excellent testimonial to

the weight attached even in these degenerate days, to the protest of a Catholic ecclesiastic. It is not certain whether any gigantic plot against the safety of the realm or the Allied cause has been discovered in the neighbourhood of Cork, but if the British Government would pay a little more attention to their own incompetent military blunderers and a little less to the correspondence of Catholic priests and nuns, the resultant saving in human lives and money would constitute a distinct gain to the cause of the “Small Nationalities”—Rebel Cork included. What more could be desired?

THE ATHEIST-PATRIOTS.

The French Chamber has appointed a committee to look into the widespread system of graft that has been in progress since the war began. It seems that those “patriots,” upon whom the country has been depending in the hour of its agony, have been carrying on a progressive campaign of graft. Unless reports and accusations are at fault, the evil has reached fearful proportions; so huge, indeed, that even the fear of scandal will not deter the Chamber from making investigation.

It is certainly an extraordinary business and one that makes a man despair of his kind. Here is this unfortunate country, with the invader in possession of its choicest territory, and a much hated invader he is. The men of France are sacrificing everything that is dear to them in an effort to drive out the detested enemy. And while they are doing this the deposed oligarchy that rules the country is fattening upon its miseries. This shows what kind of patriot an atheist usually is

THE WOBBLERS

Redmond wobbled badly on the question of Conscription, as might naturally be expected from a champion political gymnast. Even at the risk of imperilling the sacred cause of national “unity,” he wheeled his party round from Anti-Conscriptionist to the Conscriptionist faith. John Dillon growled much, but gulped the bitter draught, making a wry face. Other clamourers in the Party wanted to fight Conscription, too, but the threat of Redmond’s resignation brought them down to heel. Alfie Byrne, their latest recruit, was not, however, quite so tractable, and he voted against the Bill, thereby incurring the wrath of the gods. Redmond’s view is that it was none of Ireland’s business what England did in matters of her own government. Why, then, is it England’s business what Ireland does in matters of *Irish* government?

Printed for the Proprietor at the Gaelic Press, 30 Upper Liffey Street, Dublin. Trade Union Labour. Irish Paper and Ink.

The Hibernian

Incorporated **NATIONAL** with the **HIBERNIAN**

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE PARENT BODY OF ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS IN IRELAND IN ALLIANCE WITH THE A.O.H. IN AMERICA.

Vol. II. No. 34. New Series

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22nd, 1916

One Penny

The HIBERNIAN

[With which is incorporated The National Hibernian] PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

Offices:
 Hibernian Hall, 28 North Frederick Street, Dublin.
 All literary communications must reach the Editor not later than the first post on Monday morning.

THE LIBERAL RUMP

According to present-day Parliamentary amenities, political parties are said to be non-existent in that august assembly. The House of Commons has become essentially homogeneous—all actuated with the one desire; to push the General Powers off the map. Though it may seem to us here in Ireland that in his capability to effect this end the Britisher has bitten off more than can chew, yet, at the same time, we cannot but view with disgust the lickspittle attitude observed by a section of that same British Commons in arrogating to itself the title of the Irish Party! In the days of Parnell, there was certainly a Party rightly denominating itself Irish, but since that mighty figure passed beyond the bourne whence no one returns, the progress of the so-called representatives of Ireland has been trending downwards, and at the present moment they are but the appanage of words, the Liberal rump. Verily, facilis the Nonconformists of England—in other est descensus Averni.

In our last issue we gave an extract from the "Daily Chronicle"—the official organ of the Radicals—which, evidently inspired as it was, prepared the way for the somersault which the "Irish" Party took on the second reading of the Compulsory Service Bill. This was done by the "Chronicle" for the purpose of showing to all and sundry that, when their taskmasters so decided, the representatives of Ireland could be brought to heel like a cur dog, that they dare not utter a whine in protest, but cower submissively the while the crack of the whip rang in their ears. Can there be any wonder that wherever an honest Irishman is found he views with contempt and loathing the action of such men? The lure of gold—the chink of the money bags of the Imperial Treasury—has so taken possession of the wretched lot that they enact the part of slaves for pelf, seemingly unconscious or reckless of the fact that the mere mention of their apish antics is abhorrent to the meanest of their countrymen. Why, even the poorest peasant in Ireland, eking a precarious livelihood, would prefer Hell's bottomless pit to the cushioned lounges of Westminster rather than finger the Sassenach shekels that would wean him from Dark Rosaleen and make of him a traitor to her sacred cause. He, though knowing and acutely feeling that poverty, would spurn such an offer. Nature's gentleman, he would scorn to play

the part of Judas. His Celtic imagination would conjure up the plight of that sin-empupled soul wandering ceaselessly through the baseless realms of boundless space

All vainly seeking to evade the Christ
 Whose blood-stained astral haunts him
 evermore!

No; no lure of gold would draw that whole-souled peasant from his allegiance to Banba of the Streams—no withering taunt would assail his ear.

But so lost to all sense of shame is Mr. Redmond that he had the brazen effrontery to stand up in his place in the House of Commons, and, with an air of assurance oracularly proclaim that he and his precious Party had decided not to oppose the Compulsion Bill in its further stages. The impression he sought to convey was that such decision had been reached the previous evening. Chicanery of that sort may go down in England, but the people of Ireland have passed the period when it was comparatively easy to throw dust in their eyes. They appraise Mr. Redmond at his true worth. On the same occasion the Melancholy Humbug, we are told, delivered a passionate speech! The idea of the gombeen man of Ballaghaderreen working himself into a passion is too funny for words—unless indeed it be the loss resulting from the non-sale of emigration tickets that rankled in the mind of that neurotic individual. Oh, no, the "Irish" Party won't hamper the Government; they are too anxious for the welfare of the Empire. The country they misrepresent, to their view, is non-existent. Tom O'Donnell, suddenly attacked with Sinnfeinitis, has to return to his native hills, where his cure is being effected by his working off of a superabundance of froth on the recruiting platforms. Jean D., always so anxious for the suffering Dublin ratepayers, shakes the dust of Westminster from his feet so that he can support and help to carry an increase of salary to an official of the North Dublin Union. Nothing like making hay while the sun shines.

In the meantime, thanks to our Sheeny Under-Secretary abetting the designs of the Treasury upon our country, and by the pilfering and plundering of Irish grants and services, the fell attempt is merrily proceeding to totally bankrupt Ireland. Even the "Independent" is forced to protest. That journal says:—"The Development Commissioners proposed in August last that their grant of £10,000 for horse-breeding in Ireland should be reduced by £5,000, and within the past week they have suggested to the Department reasons why the grant should be stopped altogether. But instead of a like suggestion being made in regard to horse-breeding in England, it is actually proposed that in the next financial year the Treasury shall find £40,000 for the promotion of horse-breeding in England, instead of the £5,000 granted in the current financial year. The Exchequer will not,

however, be drained of a single penny to make good the grant withdrawn by the Development Commissioners from Ireland. The importance of the Irish horse-breeding industry is recognised the world over, yet it is this industry which the Government are endeavouring to throttle." Again we read that £145,000 have been specially granted to Universities and Agricultural Colleges in England in respect of losses during the war, while Irish agricultural grants are being cut down or stopped altogether, which prompts the "Independent" to express no surprise, when the motive is understood, that it is all the more necessary and useful Irish grants which are being attacked, while the salaries of officials who could be easily dispensed with, if real economy were the object, are not touched. We cannot refrain from quoting the "Independent" further:—"The vote for afforestation in Ireland in the current year has been reduced by £21,800, and that for fishery development by £16,604. With respect to fisheries, the Department were obliged to suspend loan operations almost entirely towards the end of the previous year. The Departmental Committee on Food Production referred specially to this matter in their report. They said that the restriction and interruption of the loan system would undoubtedly reduce the normal supply of fish at a time when an increase of food production should not only be continued, but extended. The Treasury has followed an exactly opposite course. In England a paltry sum of £1,205 was taken off the fisheries grant, but the Board of Agriculture gave an entirely new grant of £20,150 for vegetable drying, fruit preserving, and other emergency experiments. Land Purchase has been stopped in Ireland. Last spring the Congested Districts Board had to stop work and dismiss a large number of workmen, and this had an extremely bad effect upon their land improvement operations. Sir Matthew Nathan was directly responsible for reversing the policy of Parliament in regard to land purchase in the districts where it is supremely necessary that it should proceed most rapidly. It is the merest cant to talk about the necessity for increased production of food when the people are deliberately kept off land which could be utilised for the purpose. Loans for housing schemes, so vital in cities like Dublin, have been refused. A grant for the relief of distress in Dublin is also denied to the city this year, and there has been a withdrawal of grants for labourers' cottages and sanatoria." The foregoing extracts do not nearly exhaust the litany of Ireland's present-day grievances. They are sufficient for the purpose we have in view—viz., the utter futility of the people of Ireland relying upon a number of subsidised individuals in the British House of Commons who, instead of safeguarding the interests they are returned to represent, have become the tail-end of a discredited political section in that assembly—the rump of the Liberal Party.

Why the Allies are being Beaten.

New York "Times" Hands Out Straight Facts.

The pro-British "Times" of New York recently published an amazing article. If the authority were not given one would be inclined to say that it emanated from the "Berliner Tageblatt" or was written by the military expert of "The Fatherland." The following extract is from the paper in question, signed by the "Times" military expert:—

"In view of the sure defeat of the Allied forces in Macedonia it would seem a logical military move for the Allies to anticipate matters by retiring without further sacrifice. As a military move, considering only the forces already involved, it would be the course and wisdom. But, unfortunately, there are for the Allies, other considerations besides military.

The principal of these is Rumania. Were the Allies to abandon Serbia, the loss of prestige throughout the Near Far East would be as great as to have incalculable results. Both Teutons and Allies are exerting every influence on Rumania to take up the sword. As Rumania sees the probability of her sister States in the Balkans being greatly augmented in territory, wealth, and population, her future peace, and indeed, her salvation may force a decision.

The Allies, as long as they can maintain themselves in Macedonia, may postpone Rumania's action. They certainly cannot dictate it. Rumania already sees before her a nation which, deluded by false hopes and deceived by broken promises, has been crushed by the heel of a conqueror. Promises will not stir her, nor will dreams, engendered by the Allies of a Rumanian Bessarabia and Bukovina, assume a form sufficiently real to be a temptation.

Acts, and acts only, can give the Allies hope of ultimate assistance. And the only territory in which such acts can be sufficiently patent is Macedonia. There seems, therefore, nothing for the Allies to do but to send and to keep on sending troops to Salonika as long as they can keep the railroad open.

This does not take into account the effect on Egypt and India. In the case of Egypt, it is not apparent why she should be a source of worry. As was pointed out some weeks ago, the incomplete Bagdad railroad, the long march over the desert sands of the Sinai Peninsular, and the addition of nearly a thousand miles of battleline—combined to make Suez and the Suez Canal an almost impossible addition to the Kaiser's objectives. In India, however, where there has already been evidence of decided unrest by reason of Britain's pre-occupation in the West, serious revolution might result.

It was noticeable that at the council of war held in France . . . General Joffre was the accepted leader, not Earl Kitchener or General French. This is interesting as indicating possibly the passing of Great Britain as the dominating influence in the Allies military affairs.

Neuve Chapelle saw the beginning of what should have been a great victory,

truly important in its results. But its end saw the infantry disrupted and disorganised by an advance of only two miles, the British artillery pumping shrapnel and shell into their own infantry as fast as the artillerymen could work the guns, and utter lack of co-operation between the arms.

Somewhat later the German counter-stroke came and the French saw the lines of the British thrust back around the Ypres salient, saw their first line of trenches occupied by the Germans, and the entire position at Ypres threatened, and this after numerous thrusts against the French line in the Argonne and elsewhere had been thrown back.

Then came the operations against the Dardanelles. If history comments on this move at all it will be only to point out its impossibility. No nation but an England led by a popular superstition to believe in a navy to which anything was possible would have for a moment even considered an operation against land fortifications without a thoroughly worked-out co-operative plan between the military and naval branches of the service. England's realisation came too late, and the fighting on Gallipoli has disposed of over three British army corps with absolutely nothing to show for it but another inglorious defeat. . . .

The next blunder made its appearance in the latter part of September in the drive in Artois against Lens. Here the mistakes of Neuve Chapelle were repeated. The British went forward at Loos and advanced some distance east of Hill 60. The British Commander at this part of the line selected the time when the British advance line was over a mile to the east of the present position to go to sleep—mentally, if not actually. The result was that when the advance troops had penetrated deeply into the German lines and were exhausted by their efforts, British reserves were nowhere to be found, and a movement which should have shaken, if not broken, the German hold on Lille was almost entirely fruitless. How the Black Watch was left unsupported to bear the brunt of the German counter-attack which followed immediately was told in detail shortly after the battle. The discouraging feature was its effect on the French plans. For months the French had been preparing for this advance at a not inconsiderable sacrifice of men and shell. All the fighting in the Labyrinth, in front of Souchez, and at Notre Dame de Lorette that marked the late spring and summer had for its object an advance against Lens and the German communications at Lille. But the incompetence of British leadership nullified it.

Lastly—and this affects England alone rather than her Allies—there is the British defeat by the German-led Turkish troops in the region of Bagdad. Late in September the British forces under Gen. Townshend won a decided victory over the Turks in Mesopotamia between the towns of Kut and Nakhailat on the Tigris. But in the week past the tables were turned and it was the British Army that was in retreat.

IN THE GLENS OF DONEGAL.

I know a spot where the wild waves break
With music on the shore,
Where the crested tops of the billows make
A mighty battle's roar;
And the minute guns from the stream that runs
Through the sandhills out to sea
Keep a cannonade in the pleasant shade
And a sound of mystery.
A blue sky looks through the clouds above
Like the eye of God o'er all;
And far away o'er the inland bay
You can hear the curlews call
Thro' the brake and fen of the fragrant glen
As they circle out to sea—
And the purple mist of the day, sun-kissed,
Means the world and all to me.
There are peaceful homes in that far away
'Neath the Irish sky of grey,
Where the wild birds' nest on the frowning crests
Send a welcome to the day,
As it breaks and sheds o'er their lonely beds
An answer to their call—
Oh! to hear once more the dismal roar
Of the surf in Donegal.
O birds that fly thro' the evening light!
O winds that come from heaven,
To an Irish heart, be it high or low,
There is nothing grander
Than to feel the foot on the sacred soil
As the blood of martyrs made it,
And to see the sheen of the Irish Green
Where the Hand of God has laid it.
Dear land of mine! when the mists come down,
And God's angel bending over,
Shall lay his hands on my failing
That the weary life may cover;
He will hear me pray—"Just a little stay,
Ere I answer to the Call—
Let me look once more on an Irish shore—
On the glens of Donegal!"
—E. Cecilia Fitzpatrick.

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A HUMBLE HEROINE

THE STORY OF ANNE DEVLIN.

Mrs. Mary F. McWhorter, Chicago, Chairman of Irish History, Ladies' Auxiliary, Ancient Order of Hibernians in America, is no stranger to our readers. The following beautiful article on Anne Devlin—the faithful servant of the martyred Robert Emmet, who dared death to save him from the scaffold—is from her facile pen:—

On the 20th of September, 113 years ago, Robert Emmet paid the penalty of loving his country by giving his young life—because he desired to see that country, once so glorious a nation, free and a nation again among other nations. The robber nation, the outlaw, who has forcibly ruled Ireland for so long, decreed that he was a traitor and therefore not fit to live; so, on Thomas Street, Dublin, his head was severed from his body by a butcher hireling and the dogs came later and lapped up his sacred blood—sacred truly, for was he not a martyr? What a fate for the young patrician, who was gently reared in the lap of luxury, and what a heart-break for parents, sweetheart and relatives, but, thank God, his spirit still lives on. In all that has been said and written of young Robert Emmet, the name of the sweetheart whom he loved so well—the gentle Sarah Curran—is coupled. Poets have sung her sad story and orators have waxed eloquent over her woes, while there is hardly a word about the woman who guarded him with her life—who suffered tortures rather than betray him, the humble Irish colleen—the faithful servant, the woman who is worthy to rank with Ireland's warrior queens—Anne Devlin. I am thinking now of an inspiring occasion. It happened during my first visit to the land of my birth. While in Dublin, I had the privilege of visiting Glasnevin Cemetery, that sacred spot wherein reposes the bones of so many of our illustrious dead. I went out in company of some members of the Clan-na-Gael of Dublin and other members of that same patriotic body, who had come from England, Scotland, and the Continent, to participate in the 100th anniversary of the death of Wolfe Tone, another brave young patriot, whose bones rest under a simple stone slab in Bodenstown churchyard. We were taken in charge by the superintendent of the cemetery, who ushered us over to the patriots' corner. I was shown this hallowed grave and that, until my heart was well nigh bursting. Finally, being overcome with the strength of my feelings, I wandered away from the others down a little bypath, thinking—thinking. I stood for a little time gazing at a moss-covered Celtic cross. When the tears left my eyes, I was astonished to read the follow inscription on the cross:—

“To the memory of Anne Devlin (Campbell), the faithful servant of Robert Emmet, who possessed some rare and noble qualities, who lived in obscurity and poverty; and so died the 18th of September, 1851; aged 70 years.”

After reading the above, you may be sure my tears flowed afresh. Ah, noble Anne Devlin, what a dreadful arraignment your inscription is against an ungrateful and forgetful country. Why is it that though reams have been said and sung about Sarah Curran, you were, for a time at least, forgotten and even buried in a pauper's grave? True the glamour of romance centres round the sweetheart. Sarah Curran, too, was a patrician, while poor Anne was a plebeian. But though Anne was nothing but the daughter of a poor struggling County Wicklow dairyman, she had the blood of patriots in her veins. That brave, intrepid man, the hero of the romantically beau-

tiful Wicklow mountains, Michael Dwyer, was her uncle. Her own father and her brother, too, died because they loved Ireland and wanted to see her free.

The Irish nation owes an undying debt of gratitude to that gifted son of Dublin, Doctor Madden. He it was who came to Anne's aid with monetary assistance during her later life, and still later when he had lost all trace of her, he discovered, after many a weary search, that her remains rested in a pauper's grave. He it was who had her moved to the patriots' corner, and later he gave to the world her life, the work of his gifted pen, to help and inspire generations of Irish women to come after.

There is a dear white-haired old lady living here in my own parish. She is cultured and kindly—a gentlewoman of the old school. She is a cousin to Anne Devlin and many a time have I sat and listened to her while my heart throbbed as she told story after story of the life of Anne Devlin, for she remembers her well.

Anne was about twenty-six years old at the time the Yeomen bloodhounds were thirsting for the life of the young patriot Emmet. He was living at the time in Butterfield Lane, Rathfarnham, under the name of Mr. Ellis. Anne was his trusted housekeeper and general servant. The clouds were gathering thick and fast over the head of young Emmet, still he was planning for the great struggle which he hoped would set his country free. It will be remembered that in Emmet's speech from the dock, he said that other and greater minds than his were concerned in the struggle. Presumably it was some of those men Emmet was entertaining one night in his house in Butterfield Lane. The notorious Major Sirr in a nearby house was entertaining some of his friends the same night. He had for a servant a young Irish lad, who was a great friend of Anne Devlin. This young lad while waiting on table overheard his master tell his guests that all was ready to spring a trap that night for the arrest of Mr. Ellis, who was suspected of being Emmet. The poor lad's heart was in his mouth and he scarcely knew how he would find an opportunity to run across and warn Anne of the impending danger to her master. Irish wit does not lack inventive genius—he accidentally (Moryah!) upset the cream; the cook was hurling all sorts of maledictions on him for his blundering. She did not have a drop in the house and where could she get some at this hour of the night, etc., etc. The lad finally succeeded in placating her and said he would run across and borrow some from his friend, Anne Devlin. He flew on wings of wind and breathlessly told Anne of the plot. Anne lost no time, but rushing into the presence of her master and his guests and said, “Fly for your lives, you are discovered.” Needless to say, they delayed not, their horses saddled were outside, and in a short space of time they were safe among the fastness of the Wicklow mountains. But poor Anne was left to face her “way of the cross.”

When the Yeomen arrived, they found only Anne in charge of the house, whom they commenced to torture with a torture that only the Yeomen butchers of those days knew how to inflict. Men may be great in daring, but woman is great in suffering. Never was this aphorism so truly exemplified as it was by this humble Irish girl. She was immediately taken in charge by four of the Yeomen as their prisoner, while the balance searched the house for her master. Failing to find him, they proceeded to question Anne. All in-

(Continued on page 8.)

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Owing to unforeseen circumstances, we have been reluctantly compelled to abandon this competition.

DRAWING FOR RIFLE.

Those of our readers having blocks and money in their possession for the above are requested to send in same not later than Wednesday evening, as the draw will take place the following night. The winning number and name will be published in next issue.

:: A CURRENT CAUSERIE ::

The War Situation.

I have received a copy of the "Washington Post," which, in a leading article devoted to the war situation in Europe and Asia, says that "the retreat of the British forces in Mesopotamia, the withdrawal of the forces at Suvla Bay and what the Allies know as Anzac, the defeats of the Allies on the Vardar River and at Lake Doiran and the subsequent retreat to Salonica, the crushing of the forces of the Allies in Montenegro, Serbia, and Albania, the utter failure of the Italians to move the Austrians from their defences in the Alps and on the Carso plateau, combine to make a most disheartening ending of the Allies' campaign of 1915. The disasters at Gallipoli, at Bagdad, in the Balkans, have deprived the Allies of all hope of assistance from Greece and Rumania, and turned those countries toward union with the Central Powers. The weakness of Russia becomes more apparent with every month, the snap of reaction is no longer visible in its armies, and the evidences of discontent, riot and revolt are too numerous to be overlooked in any impartial review of the actual conditions of the belligerents."

France and Italy.

The "Post" continues: "France, noble France, gallant France, is bleeding to death at home and palsied in her efforts to retain her hard-won colonies in Algeria and Morocco. Not at the close of the Napoleonic wars, after twenty-two years of battles, was France reduced to calling boys to arms as now, nor were her financial debts so great. Italy faces military and naval defeat, financial ruin and revolution; and her officials know it, and the people of Italy will soon be aware of their armies' tremendous losses in battles destitute of either gains or advantages for them. Her forces in Tripoli have been driven back to the very edge of the Mediterranean, and Albania, the much-coveted province—the dream of Italy for centuries in the past—is slowly but surely to be a prize of war to Austria, Bulgaria and Greece. Italy from this time forward becomes 'the sick man of Europe,' and the expert national surgeons that are ready to give attention to her case will be in favour of operations for a long time to come."

England's Part.

The "Post" further says: "As Lloyd George bewailed the lateness of Great Britain's arousing to the dangers surrounding the cause of the Allies, it is evident that at last the British Cabinet and the British people perceive the folly that induced the Russian alliance and precipitated Great Britain into this deplorable and unnecessary war. Great Britain as the mighty maintainer of the peace of Europe, Asia and Africa was a much more powerful, influential and imposing nation, a more respected and higher esteemed country than she is to-day, allied with despotic Russia and heathen Japan, and waging a war for what? Not for the liberty and independence of Korea; not for the liberty and independence of Poland; not for the liberty, independence and integrity of China; not for the freedom of the seas for neutral nations; not to preserve and maintain the neutrality of Greece; not for the freedom of the Fins; not for the liberty of the oppressed Hebrews. What advances for civilisation, what results for freedom, liberty or religion, can any nation hope for by uniting with Russia and Japan to wage war upon their antagonists? Why

is Great Britain at war bound up with such allies? For liberty? Absurd! For freedom? Ridiculous! For civilisation? Nonsense! Against militarism, and with Russia and Japan? Preposterous! Is it not time that the people of Great Britain ask the British Cabinet what they are at war for?"

A Colossal Defeat.

Another article in the same journal is entitled "How Islam may Regard Britain's Colossal Defeat." Therein it is stated that the withdrawal of the troops from the Gallipoli peninsula may have the most serious consequences throughout Islam for the withdrawal "is nothing else than a colossal defeat for Great Britain." Says the "Post": "The policy of Great Britain up to the beginning of the present war was to conciliate the Mohammedans, while at the same time impressing them with the pomp and military power of the British Empire. Like the Romans, the British have carefully respected the religions and religious worship of subject peoples. Any god, worshipped in any fashion, was agreeable to the conquerors so long as their grip upon territory and government was undisturbed. At the same time insurrection was broken with a ruthlessness that made the Roman name a terror throughout the world. When the Romans were found to be mortal, and insurrection went unpunished, the Empire went to pieces in a dozen places. The present war compelled Great Britain to attack the very heart of Mohammedanism. The attempt to take Constantinople meant the intended overthrow of the capital of Islam and the humiliation, perhaps the execution, of the head of the church. There was apprehension throughout the Mohammedan world, which the British governors and agents met with consummate skill. They were forced to cope with German propagandists everywhere, but succeeded in preventing any serious revolt in the Empire. That all was not well, however, was proved when the Arab tribes in Arabia and Mesopotamia turned traitor to the British after leading them against the Turks and nearly destroyed the expedition against Bagdad. The British forces in Mesopotamia are now fighting for their lives in consequence of the Moslem revolt."

Britain but Mortal.

"Now," concludes the "Post," "comes the defeat of the British operating against Constantinople, after the loss of at least 100,000 lives. What are the Mohammedans in Egypt, Arabia, Persia and India to think of this collapse of hitherto invincible arms? Are they not likely to conclude that Britain is mortal and about to be defeated? They believe what they see, and do not count upon such remote and invisible resources as finances and economic pressure. In a struggle between Mohammedan and Christian at the gates of Islam the Christian has been beaten back with enormous loss. This news will reach the farthest corners of the British Empire in the East, and the effect of the news may be worse than the actual defeat at Gallipoli. Nothing but dire necessity could have forced Great Britain to take this step, which so greatly impairs her prestige throughout the East. The certainty that greater losses were in prospect, that the men at Gallipoli were in danger of death by thirst and exhaustion, and the fear that the reinforced Turks might at any time actually drive the British forces into the sea, were the causes for the withdrawal.

Constantinople stands, and the crescent floats defiantly over St. Sophia. The most formidable attempt ever made to drive the Turk from Europe has failed, at least for the time being, and every believer in Mahomet from Constantinople to Borneo may hail it as a signal for revolt."

Nun's Quiet Bravery.

Says "The Columbian": "Again the nun shows radiantly amidst all the carnage and wreck of the battlefield. The International News special announces Sister Rosina of Kempton as a heroine, lately decorated with the Iron and Bavarian Military Crosses. In one of the battlefields, near St. Mihiel, this gentle disciple of the gentle Christ carried no less than seven maimed soldiers from the firing line and staunch the wounds of an officer bleeding to death. And yet in this home of the brave we have males who smirch the character of these brides of the Lord who quietly lead in this tumultuous world lives of self-sacrifice and prayer, and, like Christ before Pilate, never open their mouth in self-defence, when their exalted characters are traduced by the infamous."

What has become of those Alpine climbers who were going to destroy Austria in such double quick time? Judging from the meagerness of reports concerning them, it would seem that they are "all pining" away in the Alps. — Denver "Catholic Register."

Conquest v. Aggrandizement.

A writer veiling his identity under the signature "S" thus writes in the Denver "Catholic Register":—"A country always begins its history by paying attention only to those things that are essential to its continuance. Its wars are wars of freedom. But freedom makes it dizzy, often, with its own power. Then it begins measures of aggression, either for more territory or for individual aggrandizement of its citizens. In Europe, the tendency has always been towards conquest. In America it is for individual aggrandizement. The American people do not want empire. They have plenty of it. But show me one who does not want wealth. Outside the religious orders, he does not exist. At least, the writer has never met him. There is danger that, if the present European war does not prove a tie, the victors will dream of extensive empire. The first dream of a Roman empire came from success in fighting off enemies. The wars of Louis XIV, first waged only in self-defence, turned into campaigns of aggression. It was the dangerous position of Prussia as a border state which gave her confidence in herself and urged her to make her king emperor of Germany. From the beginning, it has been the same story in history."

War-Torn Europe.

The writer goes on to say:—"Give an American one million and he wants two. Give a European nation great power and she immediately begins to dream of the day when the sun will never set on her dominions. From a sturdiness born of defending herself, she learns how other men can be vanquished by a determined study of their weak points and thru timely attacks, military or diplomatic. The English journals have been preaching that Germany must be watched if she proves victorious in the war. They have been silent about what England would like to do to Germany. It is the writer's opinion that the greater danger lies in the Slav nations. Were it not for Slavish dreams of empire, the spark which set off the present

mighty conflagration would not have been struck. There is no doubt that Russia was a warm backer of Serbia in the preposterous dreams of that little nation. Hence, Russia will be a more potent menace than ever if the allies win, particularly if she gets Constantinople. If the Teutons win, Bulgaria will have to be watched. There is no doubt that Serbia will vanish from the map if the Germans are victorious. Bulgaria will likely get more of her."

* * *

Our New "Knight."

The Dublin Corporation now numbers two "Sirs" amongst its members. One of them has borne his dignity for quite a long time—viz., Sir "Dough"-soph Downes, who earned at the time he bartered his principles for the doubtful honour, the scorn of the Nationalists of the capital. Now the High Sheriff, for services rendered (?), has had conferred upon him a Knighthood. And much good it will do him, I feel sure, for it has only evoked a smile on the part of the soreheads, cranks, factionists, etc. However, I have been amused at a par appearing in an English paper which was evidently supplied by Sir Pat himself, who evidently believes in the doctrine that if you don't advertise yourself no one else will. The inherent modesty of our High Sheriff can be traced in every line of the following:—"Sir Patrick Shortall, who has received the honour of Knighthood, is a gentleman of very (sic) high-standing in the commercial life of Dublin. He is one of the most (sic) important of the city building contractors, and has carried out some very (sic) extensive works. He is at present engaged upon an important contract in connection with the rebuilding of the Carmelite Church and Friary, Whitefriars Street. He has been for several years a most (sic) useful and active member of the Corporation, and is greatly (sic) esteemed by all sections of the Municipal Council. He was appointed High Sheriff in January last, and his conduct of Parliamentary elections which has been held during his term of office, has been characterised by the greatest impartiality." The would-be Knight of some years back—"Sirloin" M'Cabe—must be green with envy.

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NICHOLAS II.: TYRANT.

TSAR'S REIGN A COMPLETE FAILURE.

The Tsar of Russia's reign has been a complete failure, asserts the Rev. Adolf Frenay, of Santa Fe, New Mexico. Moreover, the reverend writer charges Nicholas II. with being ever a tyrant towards the Catholic Church. Fr. Frenay writes:

"Since 1894, Russia has been ruled by Emperor Nicholas II. His empire embraces one-sixth of the land surface of the earth. That means Nicholas II. governs a country which is nearly three times as large as the United States, exclusive of Alaska. Thus Russia has the largest continuous area of any realm in the world. Although the area of the Russian Empire is far more extensive in Asia than in Europe, this immense realm includes more than one-half of Europe's area. The extent of European Russia in comparison with that of the United States is a little more than two-thirds of the latter. While Germany, the second most populous realm of Europe, has a population of nearly seventy millions, the Russian Empire has not less than 170 millions, according to the last census. Considering the immensity and greatness of Russia's area and her population, we might believe that the ruler over such a realm is the most powerful, the most successful in the whole world. But this is not so. At the present time there is probably no monarch or president on earth whose reign has been more unfortunate than that of the present Tsar. I will not say that his administrative acts have not exhibited energy and a certain amount of decision and strength, but, in spite of that, his internal and external policy has not been everywhere successful. Especially, Nicholas II. has not shown a constant resolution to adapt himself to a more moderated regime. His attitude toward the Catholic Church can be considered as an entire failure.

"The beginning of his reign was inauspicious. On the occasion of a feast given in honour of his coronation, a thousand people were killed by crowding. During his reign, Siberia has been developed by the building of the Trans-Siberian railway, which gave to the Russians a free way to the Pacific Ocean. By convention, Russia was able to obtain from China the lease to place Port Arthur under her control and to connect this port with the Trans-Siberian railway, which led to the permanent occupation of Manchuria.

"War broke out in 1904 with Japan as a direct result of her aggressive advance in Manchuria and her plan to conquer Korea. Port Arthur was conquered by the Japanese, Russia was driven out of Korea by the same, and the Russian fleet was annihilated. While Russia did not want to continue her disastrous war with her enemy on account of outbreak of revolutionary movements, Japan was weakened and nearly exhausted in consequence of her finances and economical conditions. A treaty of peace was signed at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, U.S.A., and the two Powers, Russia and Japan, agreed as follows: Russia recognised the paramount position of Japan in Korea and transferred to Japan her control and possession of Port Arthur and one-half of her possession of the Island of Lghalien.

"Far more interesting than the progress and defeat of Russian expansion in Asia will be for us the internal history of the Empire of the present Tsar. The chief aim of the domestic policy of Nicholas II. was 'Russification.' In this policy he has followed the inspirations of de Plehve and of Constantine Pobredonostseff, Procurator-General of the Holy Synod. Naturally, this policy interfered with the interests of the different nationalities in Russia. The population of the Russian Empire is not of one and the same nationality. There are

different nations living within the borders of the Empire. Out of all these different peoples we may mention the Poles, with about eight millions; the Germans, with about two; the Jews, with about five; the Finns, with about two or three; the Lithuanians, with about three or four millions of souls, all together resisting elements of the Tsar's policy to absorb them. This policy of Russianisation brought about the systematic tendency of fierce repression of the Polish elements and of the deprivation of Finland's autonomy. Outbreaks of revolutionary movements were the natural consequence.

"Till the government of Russia was an absolute hereditary monarchy. The whole legislative, executive and judicial power was vested in the Tsar alone' (New International Ency., XVIII., p. 372). Already his title as 'Autocrat of All-the-Russias' shows us his unlimited authority. The whole system of the government was in the best sense of the word autocratic and not less bureaucratic. The people were excluded from every shade in internal and external policy of their country. To a Zemstvo deputation (to give only one example) which voiced the desire of the country that the people be given a share in the management of public affairs, the Tsar, early in 1895, replied that 'such hopes were only "senseless dreams"' (Ibid. 381).

"But this system of an autocratic Empire did not longer correspond with the wishes and aspirations of the Russian people. At the closing of the century the Russian people underwent a social transmutation. Manufactures were established in great number. The industrial system was developed rapidly and created or increased a new industrial population. In order to understand the fact that the revolutionary movement was spread out all over the country, we are obliged to point out that the industrial system of Russia is very different from that of west European countries and America. Our manufactures are mostly situated in big towns, where we find thousands and thousands, even ten thousands, of workmen employed in one and the same factory. That is not so in Russia. The Russian manufactures are mostly very small. Only in large towns like Petrograd, Warsaw, Moscow, Sodz, and so on, we find manufacturing centres. The factories in Russia, contrary to our industrial system, are scattered around all over the country. During summer time the Russian peasant cultivates his farm, but during the long winter he is accustomed to make his money by working in a factory. The rapid development of the Russian industry was naturally accompanied by the usual evils.

"We find that wherever there are formed new social classes there arise also new social questions. And this is more than ever the case when there is a transition from agriculture to industrialism. There will rise difficulties and strifes between the owners of the factories and the employes, between the boss and the workman. Dissatisfaction and revolutionary ideas are already evils under regular conditions—I mean under conditions like in the west European countries and America—and can do much harm. But inasmuch as the factory workers return to their farms in summer-time, the discontent is spread all over the country, and the revolutionary movements are carried from the factories into the little places and the plain country. Moreover, at that time the Russian Government, unfortunately, paid all its attention to external policy. Some time ago a European periodical pointed out that there were in the Russian Government, so to say, two departments, an Asian and a

European. Now, if there were preponderating the Asian department in the court of the Tsar, very little attention was paid to European affairs. And if the Tsar were interested in European affairs, the Asian policy was neglected. But everybody knows that at the time when Russian industry developed rapidly the Government turned to a policy of expansion in Asia, especially in Manchuria, Persia, Tibet, and so on. The social questions of the working class were neglected, the exasperation about the tendency of Russification among the different nationalities poured oil into the fire. The Russian revolution was the natural result.

"Having seen the causes of the Russian revolution, it will be needless to give in detail the events of this movement. It is too recently that we were told by newspapers and numerous periodicals about every detail of that excited time. It is still in everybody's memory. It may be only recalled that the Russian Tsar, under the pressure of the revolutionary events, was forced to grant a constitution. By Imperial decree, liberty of conscience, of association and of the Press was proclaimed. Finally, promises were given to re-establish the ancient privileges of Finland. The Duma—the House of Russia's representatives—was opened. It seemed the Tsar's absolutism and autocracy were broken for ever. There were great hopes of making use of the guarantees of liberty of conscience and of that of the Press and association. The Poles and the Finns expected a new golden century. But they found out that their hopes were no more than illusions. As soon as order was re-established, the Tsar's Government returned to the old methods of repressive policy. The Imperial proclamation was not formally recalled, but the rights of the Duma and the liberty of the people were more and more limited. Now suppression of Polish national movements and the abolishment of Finland's self-government was the aim of Russia's imperial policy, and it did not fail.

"Now we will also understand why at the beginning of the great European war there were issued several imperial decrees promising once more liberty of conscience, alleviation of the conditions of the political rights of the Jews. All these Imperial proclamations are not more than an open confession of the duplicity of the Russian Government.

"Considering Russia's domestic policy, it will not be very difficult to understand the attitude of Russia's government towards the Catholic Church. The reader will remember my statement that the internal policy of the Tsar was chiefly inspired by Constantine Pobrednosteff, Procurator-General of the Holy Synod, who was a fierce adversary of Catholicism. The chief aim of his policy was Russification, but, according to the train of Russian ideas, there is no real Russification where there is no Orthodox faith. Orthodox faith and Russian state are inseparable. To prove this assertion, I do not need to ask for scientific explanation of the ecclesiastical law of the Orthodox Church; a look at Galicia after the Russian invasion proves everything. The Catholic faith of the Poles was supposed to be the greatest obstacle of the Russification. For this reason the Catholic Church was oppressed, or at least abandoned, to the caprices of the officers. The consequence of such treatment was a reduction in number of the clergy. The exercising of the apostolic ministry was consequently rendered more difficult.

"This condition lasted until, in consequence of the outbreaks of revolutionary movements in Russia after the disastrous war with Japan, the Tsar was forced to grant a constitution and to alleviate the condition of the non-Orthodox faithfuls. We know already that the time of guaranteed liberty of conscience in Russia was extremely limited. It last but for two years. But during this short space of time Catholicism in Russia developed wonder-

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fully. Three hundred thousand United Catholics, compelled by the Russian Government to declare themselves Orthodox, returned to the Catholic Church. Two hundred thousand other conversions increased the number of Roman Catholics. The Catholic clergy devoted themselves to works of social questions, and developed great activity in the education of youth. The Orthodox Church cried out against the danger of the development of Catholicism. The clergy of the Orthodox faith began to become jealous, to protest and to lament about the 'arrogance' of the Catholic Church and the development and rising up of Catholicism in a Russian country. These lamentations of the Russian clergy did not fail to be heard by the Government. And that is quite easy to understand when we consider the indissoluble union between the Orthodox Church and the Russian State. The Russian State Church was in danger, and the Russification began to cease. To protect both, Orthodox faith and Russification, the Imperial decrees proclaiming liberty of conscience were 'revised and modified,' or practically abolished. In order to show to the reader the suppression of our Holy Mother Church by the Russian Government, allow me to point out the following: Priests who baptise children of mixed marriages are imprisoned or punished with fines. Conversions to Catholicism of former United Catholics are not recognised by the Government. Catholic social organisations are dissolved and obstacles placed before Catholic priests in the exercise of their apostolic ministry are innumerable. One case may be alluded to. The writer of this article was told some years ago by a Catholic student, a citizen of the Russian Empire: 'I was forced, when I was a student of a Russian high school, to attend every Sunday the service in an Orthodox church.' In spite of this suppression of Catholicism in Russia, the Catholic Church is respected among the cultured classes of the Empire, and exercises such a great influence upon them, that a Russian writer came to the following conclusion: 'It seems to be justified by the facts that if liberty of conscience were established in Russia, the upper and the cultured classes would embrace Catholicism.'"

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III.

From this picture of the Surrender we pass to the event of May 22, the Grand Review:—

"It was a clear, bright morning, such as had so often ushered in quite other scenes than this. At 9 o'clock the head of column moved. First Meade—commanding all—our old Fifth Corps commander, knightly in bearing as ever, grave of countenance now, thoughtful perhaps with foreshadowings.

"With him rode his principal staff: chivalrous 'Andy' Webb, in earlier days familiar friend, inspector of our corps—since that, meeting with his superb brigade the death-defying valour of Pickett's charge—now rightly chief of staff of the army; grim old Hunt, chief of artillery, whose words were like this shot, whose thundersweeps had shaken hearts and hills from Antietam to Appomattox; Ceth Williams, Adjutant-General, steadfast as the rocky crests of Maine, from which he came. And following these heads of staff, all the gallant retinue well known to us all.

"Now move the cavalry: survivors and full-blown flower of the troopers Joe Hooker, in the travelling winter of 1862 and 1863, had redeemed from servitude as scattered orderlies and provost guards at headquarters and loose-governed cities, and transformed into a species of soldier not known since the flood times of Persia, the Huns of Attila, or hordes of Tamerlane; cavalry whose manœuvres have no place in the tactics of modern Europe; rough riders, raiders, scouts in force, cutting communications, sweeping around armies and leagues of intrenching lines in an enemy's country—Stoneman and Pleanton and Wilson, Kilpatrick, Custer, and, alas! Dahlgren.

"Sheridan is not here. He is down on the Rio Grande—a surveyor, a draughtsman, getting ready to illustrate Seward's diplomatic message to Napoleon that a French army cannot force an Austrian Emperor on the Mexican Republic. Crook, so familiar to our army, is not here, preferring an 'engagement' elsewhere and otherwise; for love, too, bears honours today. Soldierly Merritt is at the head, well deserving his place.

"Leading the divisions are Custer, Davies, and Devin, names known before and since in the lists of heroes. Following also others whom we know: Gibbs, Wells, Pennington, Stagg, of Michigan, Fitzhugh, of New York, Brayton Ives, of Connecticut. Dashing Kilpatrick is far away. Grand

Gregg we do not see, nor level-headed Smith, nor indomitable 'Prin.' Cilley, with his First Maine Cavalry; these now sent to complete the peace around Petersburg."

At greater length than we can follow him Gen. Chamberlain reviews the marching line and calls the roster of conspicuous heroes. But at last—

"My bugle calls. Our horses know it. The staff gather—Col. Spear, Major Fowler, Tom Chamberlain, my brave young brother of the First. The flag of the First Division, the red cross on its battle-stained white, always aloft, the hand of its young bearer trembling with his trust more than on storm-swept fields. Now they move—all—ten thousand hearts knitted together. Up the avenue, into the vast arena, bright with colour—flowers, garlands, ribbons, flags and flecked with deeper tones.

"Windows, balconies, housetops, high and far, thronged with rich-robed forms, flushed faces, earnest eyes. Now it seems a tumult of waters; we pass like the children of Israel walled by the friendly Red Sea. Around us and above, murmurs, lightnings and thunders of greeting. The roar of welcome moves forward with our column. Those in the streetways press upon us; it almost needs the provost guard to clear our way.

"Now, a girlish form, robed white as her spirit, presses close; modest yet resolute, eyes fixed on her purpose. She reaches up towards me a wreath of rare flowers, close braided, fit for viking's arm ring or victor's crown. How could I take it? Sword at the 'carry' and left hand tasked trying to curb my excited horse, stirred by the vastness, the tumult, the splendour of the scene.

"He had been thrice shot down under me; he had seen the Great Surrender. But this unaccustomed vision—he had never seen a woman coming so near before—moved him strangely. Was this the soft death angel—did he think?—calling us again, as in old days? For as often as she lifted the garland to the level of my hand he sprang clear from earth—heavenward, doubtless—but was not heaven nearer just then?

"I managed to bring down his forefeet close beside her, and dropping my sword point almost to her feet, with a bow so low I could have touched her cheek. Was it the garland's breath or hers that floated to my lips? My horse trembled. I might have solved the mystery, could I have trusted him. But he would not trust me. All that was granted me was the Christian virtue of preferring another's good and passing the dangerous office of receiving Mizpah token to the gallant young aide behind me."

So, with splendour and cheers and bands playing and flags waving goes on one day's farewell march of the Grand Army. And the next day it is the turn of the men who marched across Georgia. We read:—

"Down the avenue poured the shining river of steel, gay with colours and rippling with cascades of mounted staff and burnished cannon. At the head proud, stern Sherman, who with thoughtful kindness had brought brave Howard, now ordered to other important duty, to ride by his side in this pageant. Following next is swarthy John Logan, leading the Army of the Tennessee, and Hazen with the Fifteenth Corps. Each division is preceded by its corps of black pioneers, shining like polished ebony, armed with pick and spade, proud of their perfect alignment, keeping step to the music with inborn stress. Significant frontispiece.

"Almost equally interesting was the corps of foragers, familiarly known as Sherman's 'mummers,' following each brigade. There were characteristic representatives of the career of that army, and they tried to appear as nearly as possible like what they were in that peculiar kind of service. Their dress and free and easy bearing, as well as their pack mules and horses with rope bridles, laden with such stores as they had gathered from the country through which

they passed, was a remarkable feature in a military review.

"We were told that Gen. Sherman witnessing our review, had told his leading commanders that our military appearance and even marching could not have been surpassed or even equalled by their own men, and it was resolved that they would not make the attempt to rival us in this regard, but would appear as nearly as possible as they looked while 'marching through Georgia.' But they did both. As was to be expected, their marching was superb, both steady and free, not as if forced for the occasion, but by habit or second nature, distances maintained, lines perfectly 'dressed' on the 'guide left,' eyes steady to the front."

THE END.

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A HUMBLE HEROINE

(Continued from Page 3).

quiries were fruitless. They could get nothing out of a woman who was faithful to her trust and firm in her purpose. The threat of death certain and immediate, did not daunt her. To all such threats she answered that she knew nothing, and would tell nothing.

The brutal magistrate then ordered his still more brutal followers to take Anne to the yard and there execute her as one participating in the treason of her master, and for refusing to reveal the secret they knew she held.

With the greatest of savage glee, these men, disgracing man's form and nature, dragged the brave girl to the place of her appointed death. They placed her back to the wall, where she could see the preparations for the scaffold whereon she was to be executed. Some of them hastened to erect a temporary gallows by elevating the shafts of a common car and securing a rope to its back band (a chain of iron which went from shaft to shaft, which fitted into that part of the harness of a horse known as the straddle). Those in charge of Anne kept the points of their bayonets resting on her naked breast. They kept saying: "Tell us where the traitor has gone to," each time emphasising their question by pressing the bayonet points into her tender flesh till the blood flowed in streams to the ground. Did she quail? Ah, no, never did Christian maiden of Rome face the lions braver than did Anne face her brutal torturers. Talk of the bravery of the mothers of the Macca-bees and Gracchi, of Judith, of Esther, of all the brave women of Ireland from the days of Banba down to our own day, never was braver woman than this humble peasant girl. Fidelity, honour and a deep love for her country were part of her very nature. Her pulses did not quail. She sickened not under the tortures inflicted, or the contemplation of the ignominious death they were preparing for her. All this only nerved her the more to that stern firmness which will die ere it will betray. And so tortures only elicited the one reply, "I know nothing. You may murder me, but I will tell you nothing about my master."

She was then dragged forward. Some of the executioners placed the rope around her neck, while others seated themselves on the back of the car to steady it on the ground. She uttered but a single cry: "Lord Jesus, have mercy on my soul." She was raised aloft. Her body suspended in the air for several minutes. Her senses failed. She thought she was entering eternity. But this did not suit the policy of her brutal captors. They would not gain their purpose by murdering Anne then and there; they must devise other and more brutal tortures in order to gain their purpose. She was lowered to the ground amid the yells and laughter of her heartless tormentors. After she was fully recovered, she was brought before that archfiend of torturers, Major Sirr. Learning that tortures had failed, he tried cajolery and bribery. Soft words and gold could not corrupt a nature that torture had failed to intimidate. The girl who had already willingly faced death rather than give up her secret, could not be bought by gold.

She was then cast into solitary confinement, where she remained utterly ignorant of the fate of her young master, who had in the meantime been apprehended and placed in the same prison with Anne. They were still unable to identify Ellis with Emmet, and one day Anne was ordered into one of the jail yards for fresh air and exercise; but when she entered the place, her shrewdness told her there was some reason for this seeming mercy. She was conscious of the eyes of the officials glaring at her from one of the grated windows. She knew what it meant, as she beheld a solitary figure walking up and down the yard—in a word, her beloved, but unfortunate young master—Robert Emmet. She knew then she had been sent out to identify him. With an in-

ward prayer for strength, she passed him by as though she had never seen him before, at the same time, by a quick frown, she deterred him from recognising her. God help her, she was only at the beginning of her journey to Calvary.

A few days later she was sent for to come to Dublin Castle for further examination and torture. She was utterly ignorant of the awful tragedy that had taken place in Thomas Street. By direction of her jailers, she was taken and shown the fallows whereon young Emmet had died. Her way led past it. Fresh blood dabbled over the boards, and from the boards to the pavement, but only stains remained on the pavement, for only a few hours before the dogs had come and lapped up the blood that lay there. Anne was told by her captors that it was the blood of a young traitor. She knew then that it was the blood of her beloved young master and she shuddered as she gazed upon the fearful spot. Forty years afterward, when Anne was old and feeble, she used to shudder and moan as she talked over those incidents. What a fearful strain it must have been for the young girl to be suddenly confronted with the blood of the young master she had loved and suffered for.

Anne remained nine years in prison after the execution of Emmet. All during which she was subjected to the vilest tortures that the minds of fiends could invent. For the honour of English women, be it told that the English wife of one of the prison officials, who shuddered at the atrocities inflicted on Anne, who would have perished for lack of sustenance, but for this kindly soul, she sought to mitigate her sufferings and prolong her life by many an act of feminine kindness. It was no doubt owing to the kindly intervention of this good woman that the attention of parliament was brought to the conditions of the political prisoner of the day and a "Commission" was appointed to investigate. It was owing to this that Anne was brought before a member of this "Commission" one day, after nine years' solitary confinement. She was half blind, covered with rags, reeking with vermin; her body covered with sores, and only a strand of hair here and there remaining of her once glorious black locks. Such a loathsome appearance did she present that the Commission exclaimed at sight: "Is this a human being?" The humane (?) Major Sirr, who accompanied the Commission, and who was still thirsting for the names of Emmet's fellow conspirators, thought that surely now Anne would weaken and confess. In a soft, soothing voice, he said: "Now, Anne, don't you think you have been foolish long enough? You are still a likely girl; with a little rest and care, you will soon be yourself again. I'll give you £500—a fine fortune for a girl like you. It will enable you to marry some comfortable farmer and live in ease for the rest of your days. I'll give you this amount if you tell me the names of the men Emmet used to entertain in his home." But Anne; brave, inrepid Anne; nine years of hopeless prison torture had not daunted her spirit or dulled her ideals; needless to say, she spurned this tempting offer. The gallant (?) Major was so annoyed with her obstinacy that he raised his stick to strike her. The Commissioner, however, must have been a humane man; he intervened, saying: "God knows this poor girl has suffered enough." Shortly afterwards Anne was released a pauper. Her comfortable home was a thing of the past, for her whole family had suffered for their devotion to their country's cause. At the time of Anne's arrest the whole family was arrested, not a soul was left to look after the cattle. The neighbours were forbidden to milk the cows, whose udders burst open in the meantime for the want of milking. Think of it! You pharisees of to-day, who prate of tortures inflicted on small nationalities; think of it, you well meaning slaves of Irish blood, who seem to have gone over body and soul to our ancient as well as modern enemy.

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The world passed on while poor Anne was in prison. As is usual, she was forgotten. Through some kindly intervention, a small sum was raised for her through appeals published in the "Nation" and she was then forgotten.

To the end of her days she never complained. She never seemed to think her country owed her anything. Forty years after the sad period of her sufferings, Doctor Madden was eliciting from her the details of same. When she came to the part where Major Sirr offered her the £500, the Doctor said (no doubt to tease her):—"You took the money, of course?" He relates in his "Memoirs": "The look the woman gave me would have made an admirable subject for a painter—a look in which wonder, indignation, and a misgiving of the seriousness of the person who addressed her were blended." "Me take blood money," she said; "no, I spurned the rascals offer." And this noble woman lived and died in poverty, making her living to the last by doing fine washing. No doubt, if she made an appeal to some Nationalist of the time, she would have received ample assistance; but Anne was as proud as she was brave. She was not like some professional patriots we have with us to-day. She did not consider that she had any claim for doing her duty. Oh, brave Anne Devlin, you are dead, but we need your spirit with us to-day! We have the traitor who is willing to sell his country for gold to-day as in your day. We have the well-intentioned Irish slave, who bids use to forget the past and take the viper to our bosom and help her to continue on her wicked course, as you had in your day. Well may Irish women look to you as a shining example of all that is pure and noble in Irish Catholic womanhood, well may Irish men find in the story of your life, not merely matter for praise, but imitation, too. And if the epitaph of your beloved young master is ever written, it will be as much through the aid of your noble spirit, breathing courage, endurance and hope into the hearts of your countrymen and women, as it will by the example of pure, noble patriotism left us by Emmet himself. Should the day come, Anne, that your beloved young master's ambition will be realised and his epitaph be inscribed by IRELAND A NATION, it is to be devoutly hoped that your name will not be forgotten.

MARY F. McWHORTER.

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