

THE IRISH VOLUNTEER

EDITED BY EOIN MAC NEILL.

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NOTES.

The Gaelic League is getting lectured by people who are uneasy about politics. The Gaelic League is not wide and free enough for these counsellors. The Unionist *Irish Times* has taken a hand at the lecturing. So have the Live-on-Hope Home Rulers. When did the *Irish Times* ever give a lecture on wide and free tolerance to its own party? If it wants a clean street, let it begin sweeping at its own door. And what about the Live-on-Hopes? None of these people can venture to bring any definite charge against the Gaelic League, which remains what it has always been—a National organisation, not a party organisation. The lecturers of the Gaelic League would like to see its work watered down to linguistics. The Gaelic League is for Irish as the National language, in the spirit of Davis, who said, "a nation must guard its language as it would guard its territories"; in the spirit of Douglas Hyde, who, speaking as President of the Gaelic League, has declared a hundred times that his aim and the League's aim is "the de-Anglicisation of Ireland."

The Live-on-Hope people have also a bit of the street in front of their own premises that might be attended to before they carry their brooms to the Gaelic League. Last week I asked why Mr. Murnaghan, of Omagh, was shelved in favour of a gentleman whose chief distinction is that he has picked up one of the H's that are dropped so freely on the other side of the water. How many others have there been whose presence was not tolerated in the temple of wide and free tolerance? Mr. Tim Healy may have been hard for flesh and blood to bear, especially when flesh and blood was bearing Lord Rosebery. But why was the ban extended to all Mr. Healy's kith and kin? How do the tolerance lecturers explain the ostracising of T. D. Sullivan? They are anxious about the open door of the Gaelic League. Is the other door to be open only when somebody who does not see eye for eye with Mr. T. P. O'Connor is to be kicked into the street?

I remember well when Mr. Dillon's difference with his old comrade-in-arms began to develop. Mr. Dillon opened the case in public at a meeting in Kilrea, on the Banks of the Bann. I remember asking Mr. Patrick White, M.P.,

what was the meaning of it, and was it going to be another firing out. It turned out so. The Irish Party had and has a programme and a mandate which, though not absolutely definite, is clearly enough defined within certain limits. The Irish electorate, on a celebrated occasion, in opposition to the Party leaders—who now demand to be exempt not merely from opposition but from criticism, and to be empowered to settle the National demand in private conference with those whole-souled Home Rulers, the members of the late Home Rule Cabinet—the factious, critical, cranky, croaky, mischief-making Mrs. Gummidge who constitute the Irish electorate laid down the law to Mr. Redmond that no mere scheme of glorified Local Government was to be accepted, and Mr. Redmond had to go back and tell the Liberal Government, and the Liberal Government had to take the law from Mr. Redmond's masters—the Irish electorate. On the other hand, the Irish electorate has fixed no maximum, but has the right to be consulted about the main lines of any settlement that is proposed.

* * *

Now within these limits there is room for a great deal of diversity of opinion among the Irish electorate, and there ought to be room for much diversity of opinion among their representatives; just as there ought to be room, tolerance, and full liberty within the Gaelic League for any man or woman who aims at securing the position of Irish as the National language and at the de-Anglicisation of Ireland. The vast majority of Gaelic Leaguers have always stood up for that liberty, and will always maintain and respect it. But is the same sort of liberty respected in the Irish Party? If not, why not? What exactly has been gained by the policy of setting up orthodoxy within orthodoxy? Why are Mr. O'Brien and his adherents outside? I don't believe in Mr. O'Brien's policy of conciliation in the circumstances; but if Mr. O'Brien was in the Gaelic League and proposed to conciliate the enemies of the Irish language, to confer with them, and to win their consent to something favourable, whatever I might think of his prospects, I should certainly never imagine that his proposals should bring him under the ban of the Gaelic League.

Majority rule is one thing, and compulsory uniformity is another. There is nothing sacred in majority rule. The Divine right of major-

ties is no better established than the Divine right of kings. A majority can be tyrannical, and its tyranny can be of a very oppressive kind. The French Secularists, of whom Premier Viviani is now the head, have acted with as little regard for liberty as any despot. There is nothing sacred in the power of fifty-one men over forty-nine—not even in the power of ninety-nine men over one. That the decision of a majority should hold good is merely a principle of order, not of liberty or justice. Political majorities, if they are sane, must recognise that they are not infallible, and that minorities have a right to exist, and liberties that should be respected. For the life of me, I cannot understand that there is any reason—except, perhaps, personal reasons, that ought to be squashed—why the Irish Party should not consist of a majority that favoured the Dillon idea and a minority that favoured the O'Brien idea, or *vice versa*. To insist on uniformity is to trample on liberty. Besides being tyrannical, it is insane, for it is a policy that is perpetually defeating itself.

* * *

The O'Brien-Dillon feud becomes complicated when we see that Mr. Redmond and Mr. Dillon have outflanked Mr. O'Brien by the sharp and sudden curve, and are now Super-Conciliationists. There is joy in Heaven over the repentant sinner, but Mr. O'Brien does not rejoice. It would appear that each side thinks Conciliation is the right thing, provided that it is not advocated by the other side. Then, of course, it is factionism. "Orthodoxy is my doxy, heterodoxy is the other man's doxy." Patriotism is my faction, and faction is the other man's patriotism. Mr. O'Brien says—"Mr. Redmond and his friends are now all sighing for a settlement by consent, and all their energy is confined to jockeying the All-for-Irelanders out of any credit for it." That must be in the *Freeman*, whoever reads it. So both sides are claiming the credit for the settlement by consent, to the amusement of the Kaiser's guest in the Cabinet. Would it not be well to get something first, and then fight about the credit for it? Now that we are all allies, it ought to be a good time for another Buckingham Palace conference. If Mr. O'Brien had only been there the last time, Sir Edward would never have said what he did say.

Mr. O'Brien turns from his sorrowful contemplation of Mr. Redmond to make a solemn

appeal to the young men of Ireland. He gives his reason:—"The fear that the Constitutional movement might go to pieces altogether seemed to him one of the most alarming symptoms of the situation." That sounds very like what Mr. Dillon would say. Perhaps advancing age is drawing these former comrades together again. Why does not Mr. O'Brien have the courage of his convictions and walk boldly up to Mr. Dillon and conciliate, confer, and consent with him? Mr. O'Brien says "nothing could be further from his mind than to break up the Redmondite party until something better could be put in its place." Now that there is nothing in dispute except who is to have the credit for doing what neither party has done, securing a settlement by consent, why should they not join hands? The young men of Ireland, who have joined hands, will not object. Meanwhile, Mr. O'Brien had better address his alarm cry for Constitutionalism to the Coalition Ministry, of which one part established the armed Volunteer movement in Ireland, while the other part looked on approvingly. Let him address Mr. Birrell, who has publicly approved of Civil Servants being armed Volunteers, on condition that they are consenting parties to the coercion of Ulster nationalists—otherwise they must be sacked, leave Ireland, or go to jail. Let him address Dr. Starkie and the Board of Imperial Education, who approve of National Teachers being armed Volunteers on the same condition as Mr. Birrell—otherwise they also must be sacked and their places filled by others who will give real National education to Irish children. While these eminent authorities, statesmen, judges, and bishops approve of the rifle as a substitute for the ballot-box, Mr. O'Brien cannot expect the young men to accept him as the one wise man in all Ireland.

Let us hear Mr. O'Brien's appeal. "He would appeal to those young men in the most solemn words he could command, not in a fit of impatience to throw constitutional action to the winds merely because one particular ring of Parliamentary politicians have gone politically bankrupt, and above all not to throw away the last chance of Home Rule in any shape for our time by looking to Germany for that freedom the smallest scrap of which the Kaiser has denied to his own German people." As a young man, not yet fifty years old, I meet Mr. O'Brien's solemn appeal with an equally solemn answer. The constitutional movement in Ireland depends on the free exercise of the franchise. The franchise was annihilated in Ireland by an unconstitutional movement, armed by Imperialist politicians, backed up by Imperialist parties and the Imperialist Press, by powerful influences in the British Army and Navy, and by powerful influences at Court. A year and a half ago the Liberal Party not unwillingly surrendered to that unconstitutional movement, and compelled the Irish Constitutional Party to surrender to it. Mr. O'Brien and his adherents dissented, but of what avail was their constitutional dissent? They, too, were disfranchised. Their votes and the votes behind them were reduced to a mockery. What is the sense of talking with fear and alarm at this hour about the constitutional movement going to pieces? The time for fear and alarm, if there is ever a time for them, was when Ireland was disfranchised and her constitutional representatives were tied hand and foot; rather, I should say, when the real state of Ireland since the Union

was made known to her—that she is outside of the Constitution. There can be no Constitutionalism that is not based on free citizenship, and there is no free citizenship in Ireland that is not based on the readiness of men to place their lives in peril.

I will answer Mr. O'Brien's rhetoric about "looking to Germany for freedom." He says the German people have not the least scrap of freedom. The solemnity of his appeal to the young men of Ireland is not enhanced by such a statement. The first element of freedom is the right to live. In Mr. O'Brien's lifetime, one half of the rural population of Ireland has been wiped out, and the other half has been systematically plundered of wealth enough to buy out their feeble many times over. I will not ask whether this has happened to the German people, but I will take the case of the conquered peoples attached to Germany by force, the peoples of Prussian Poland, Schleswig-Holstein and Alsace-Lorraine. Has it happened to any of these? Let us pass on to Austria. Hungary is no longer subject to Austria, as she once was. During her subjection, did she suffer depopulation and plundering in any degree comparable to what Ireland has suffered and still suffers? Let us pass on to Turkey. Gladstone roused Britain to indignation against the Turkish regime in the Balkan States. Did those States lose half their population under the Turk in Gladstone's time? We used to hear hard things said about Russia, which held Finland and Poland in subjection. Will Mr. O'Brien institute a statistical comparison between the state of these nations under Russian rule and the state of Ireland under British rule? Are the Irish people fools that they should be asked to listen to the solemn tomfoolery of these veterans of rhetoric? I repeat here what I said the other day in Tyrone, that Ireland would be better under a government of Irish tramps than under any government she can expect from the Imperial Parliament—and that is a better reason than Mr. O'Brien's for not scrapping the constitutional politicians he denounces and himself along with them. I have not the slightest doubt that an Irish legislature made up of Mr. O'Brien and his friends, Mr. Dillon and his friends, and Sir Edward Carson and his friends—free from English interference—would make Ireland prosperous and respected.

"Looking to Germany for freedom!" Perhaps I shall some day be spared the necessity of repeating that, if ever Germany becomes the arbiter of Ireland's freedom, on that day every single man of our Imperial patriots, from Bushmills to Bantry, will be found "loyal," by the same instinct and the same logic that makes them "loyal" at present.

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But I would remind Mr. O'Brien the young men took up the defence of Ireland's constitutional franchise against anti-constitutional conspiracy as far back as October, 1913, and that they knew no more about the war with Germany until August, but that between these dates they did something about an Arms Proclamation, seizures of arms and ammunition, about the arms announced in the press to be on their way from Germany to Ireland for the purpose of disfranchising Ireland and killing Home Rule. Of the due arrival of that cargo without interference, and of its distribution without interference, of the Curragh Camp demonstration of an English Volunteer force being organized to invade Ireland to kill Home Rule, of a military expedition against the Irish Volunteers at Clontarf, and of the deaths at Bachel Walk. Mr. O'Brien is aware that during those months the young men of Ireland did not the faintest notion about a war with Germany. He himself had not as yet discovered that the Liberals whom he attacked and the Tories whom he hoped to conciliate were the devoted champions of the world's liberty. He knows well that during that time the young men of Ireland were looking to Ireland—and to Ireland alone—for freedom.

On the day of the first Volunteer enrolment meeting in Cork I read Mr. O'Brien's paper which he has now suppressed. I found that Mr. O'Brien had chosen the occasion to fill his paper with columns of matter intended to discredit the Irish Volunteer movement. It did not occur to him then that the young men of Ireland were looking to Germany, but he condemned them all the same. Then, as now, the only sort of arms he approved of were folded arms—at a time when his constitutional votes no less than Mr. Redmond's were being nullified. Apparently it has not yet got into Mr. O'Brien's head that Sir Edward Carson has rendered Ireland the inestimable service of proving to all the world that the British Constitution in Ireland is a hypocritical sham. Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall, etcetera. The young men adhere to the self-same policy and programme as they adopted in Cork that evening, and if there was no Germany and no war, they would still be solemnly appealed to by disfranchised Mr. O'Brien and they would go on with their own policy and programme.

Mr. O'Brien like the people he calls "Parliamentary bunglers," is harping on "the labours of the past thirty years," and the inexperience of the younger generation. What is this but the usual fogeyism of "what is the world coming to?" Our Parliamentary veterans are evidently beginning to feel oldish. They are disputing with each other about the credit for what they hope to do, and are afraid that the young featherheads of forty and fifty will do something rash. Really it is the old gentlemen themselves that are in all the hurry. The young men remember the words of Davis:

Bravely watch and wisely wait,
Toil, join and educate;
Man is Master of his fate;
We'll have our own again.

EOIN MACNEILL

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How the Act is Administered.

We print below a report of some proceedings under the Defence of the Realm Act in England. The report will be found in the *Times* of August 27th.

Our readers will be able to contrast the procedure in England and in Ireland for themselves. They will note with pleasure that while in England such cases are delayed waiting for the cumbersome machinery of the courts to be got moving, in this more business-like country the military dispose of such trifles as a weekly paper with a stroke of their very autocratic pens. It does not matter here if a paper is "an official organ of a large section of the community"—it is only in England that such trifles are considered. The proprietors of no Irish papers have been summoned "to show cause why the police should not destroy" their property. The police in Ireland are much too thorough to waste valuable time that way. No! These methods are all right for a dull people like the English who need to be pampered in the cotton wool of civic liberty. But among the quick-witted Irish such devices are not to be thought of.

God bless the officials and their relations,
And keep us in our proper stations.

DEFENCE OF THE REALM ACT.

The hearing of summonses under the Defence of the Realm Act against owners of premises in Blackfriars Street, Salford, occupied by the National Labour Press as offices of the *Labour Leader*, was resumed yesterday at Salford. The summonses called upon the defendants to show cause why certain documents seized upon their premises by the police, and alleged to contain statements likely to prejudice the British Government's relations with foreign Powers and the recruiting and discipline of the British Army, should not be destroyed.

At the conclusion of the case, the Salford Stipendiary directed that the copies of the *Labour Leader* which had been seized by the police be restored to the owners. The pamphlets seized by the police he ordered should be destroyed. No order was made as to costs.

In announcing his decision, the Magistrate said he was asked to make an order for the destruction of the copies of the *Labour Leader* of August 5th, because they contained an article entitled "Comrades." Two constructions could be placed on the article, and he could not say that its contents would deter any man from enlisting. Then he was asked to suppress the paper because it contained an article headed "Trades Union Notes," and those notes were very offensive, unnecessarily offensive, but not sufficient to stop any ordinary man from enlisting. The most difficult problem arose out of the no conscription fellowship advertisement. He was told the advertisement would not appear again, and he did not think the appearance of the advertisement itself was sufficient to warrant him in stopping the paper entirely, bearing in mind the fact that it was an official organ of a large section of the community. The objection to an article headed "Jean Jaures' Last Day" he thought he might put on one side, as it had

been passed by the French Censor. On the want of taste displayed in the articles he made no comment.

Sir William Cobbem, for the Director of Public Prosecutions, asked that a reasonable sum be allowed for costs.

Mr. Desquesner, for the defence, objected. He said the proprietors of the newspapers were attacked in respect to their newspaper, and they had succeeded. Costs had been incurred on both sides, and the equitable thing was that on this point there should be no order.

The Stipendiary Magistrate concurred, and no order as to costs was made.

Pride of Race.

There are sins we feel are unforgivable, and one that stands out is that meanness of soul that admits itself inferior to the enemy. A man who has opposed us with the vigour of a man we can sometime hope to find agreement with on the basis of manhood and freedom; but one who will not look for equality because he is too slavish to rise to it—he is definitely beneath us. He fawns on his conqueror, and we want some name, any name, that will distinguish us from him. That is why we of the old tradition take a fierce pride in the name, "Wild Irish," given to our fathers by the garrison of the English Pale, because "Wild Irish" stood for the unconquered and unconquerable people of this country; and more, it stood also for the whole-hearted contempt by our people of the men of the English Pale. The men of the Gael knew from their bards, and story-tellers, and law-makers, of the antiquity of their line and the glory of their achievement, and they scorned these new upstarts who came with no tradition and inspired only by greed. The Gael had something to be proud of, and you can always know him by his splendid pride of race. And those others who fawn on the upstart and cringe to the petty authorities of the hour, you can always know them to be alien or degenerate. Let us give up wailing that there are a few amongst us: there are degenerates in every land. And let us cultivate pride of race.

And with the best of us that pride of race needs to be stimulated and made to carry its message to friend and foe. Some of our friends must be made to recall that we once stood first amongst the peoples of Europe—not one of the first, but *the first*; and they must be made to know that they are unworthy of our comradeship if they have not faith in a future for Ireland that will be equally great. For there are some who hate English hypocrisy with an abiding hate, and they want an alternative to English rule, because they think it particularly degrading, and they would accept overlordship from America or Europe that would end the regime that has made for such degradation. Their feelings can be understood; but these also are wanting themselves from the point of view of the Gael. Their spirits are not quickened by the knowledge of our achievements in the past, and they do not rise to the possibilities of our achievements in the future. They lack confidence. It was excess of confidence, not lack of confidence,

that lost Ireland temporarily to the Gael: excess of confidence is always dangerous when dealing with a subtle and treacherous enemy. But we have learned our lesson now, and it is a lesson not merely for now, but for the future. Our place, then, must be with the first, if we do not take our old place as *the first*.

The pride of the Gael—let us cultivate it; and let us keep the word Gael as the link with our heritage; but give it its simple meaning—Irishman. The succession to our line is in the spirit, and every man who loves the name Irishman and gives his allegiance to the freedom and rights of Ireland is the true inheritor of the privileges and rights of the Gael. You will know the man worthy to be called Irishman by his haughty rejection of alien rule and his splendid pride of the Gael.

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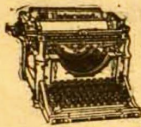
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The Irish Volunteer

SATURDAY, SEPT. 11th, 1915

**Oglaigh na hEireann
(Irish Volunteers).**

DEFENCE OF IRELAND FUND.

The Executive of the Irish Volunteers have decided to hold a collection in aid of the Defence of Ireland Fund. The collection will be held in every district, and will begin on Saturday, 2nd October, and conclude on Sunday, 10th October, 1915.

The money subscribed to this fund, in each district will be applied to the arming and military training of the Irish Volunteers of that district.

In order to give everyone an opportunity of subscribing, house-to-house collections are to be undertaken by the various companies, and, with the permission of the local clergy, collections are to be made at the church doors.

The various companies are, therefore, directed to take immediate steps to have this decision of the Executive Committee carried into effect. The members of each company will nominate five of their number (to be called the Company Collection Committee), whose duty it shall be to arrange for the company collection and appoint (from among their number) a treasurer, who shall receive all monies collected by the company and who shall forward all monies so received, with a correct return thereof, to the Treasurer of the Irish Volunteers, at Headquarters, within one week of the date assigned for the closing of the collection, on the forms supplied from Headquarters.

The collection will start in all districts at the same time, and the Company Collection Committee should be formed on or before 14th September, 1915.

Immediately the committees are formed, a return giving their names should be filled in and returned to Headquarters.

By order,

Central Executive I. V.

BULMER HOBSON, HON. SEC.
Headquarters, 1st Sept., 1915.

Volunteer Auxiliary. Cork Section.

A meeting of company delegates was held in the Cork Volunteer Hall on the 1st inst., for the purpose of forming a Volunteer Auxiliary. Mr. Sean MacSeánin was appointed chairman, and Mr. Tadg Barry secretary.

The chairman explained that a local Auxiliary scheme was in existence for some time, whereby those likely to be victimised were able to keep in touch with the organization without being openly identified with it. Headquarters had now inaugurated a similar scheme, and their purpose was to extend our scheme and make it known to sympathisers of both sexes.

It was decided to ask those knowing of sympathisers to communicate with the secretary, who would forward all information.

Subscriptions will be received by the hon. secretary, Volunteer Hall, Sheares Street, Cork.

The History of the Crossmaglen Conspiracy.

BY ONE DIRECTLY COGNISANT.

(Continued.)

From the time the Forster Coercion Act of 1881 came into operation there had been nothing in the Crossmaglen district in the shape of crime or outrage—nothing, at least, which could in any way be attributed to Land League agitation. On the night, however, of the 24th January, 1882, shots were fired over the house of Mrs. Kelly of Crievekeeran, a tenant on the Reid estate living about half a mile from Crossmaglen police barrack, and quite convenient to the spot where Maulaverer was murdered on the 23rd May, 1850. On the Reid estate, in January, 1882, there was some trouble, the tenants seeking for a reduction of rent, which, as already seen, was afterwards conceded, and withholding payment until a settlement was arrived at. An unfounded report was started by a local bailiff—not, however, the bailiff of the estate, but one who will soon appear again on the scene—that Mrs. Kelly was false to the other tenants, and betraying them. No one believed the report, coming particularly from the source it did.

The following declarations and sworn depositions, which were forwarded to Earl Spencer, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, by Alfred Webb, Esq., M.P., in October, 1884, will now fully explain the nature of this bogus outrage.

Declaration of Mrs. Kelly herself, made and signed in the presence of three witnesses on the 18th September, 1883. This was at the time when the case of the Crossmaglen

prisoners was first being prepared for House of Commons, whose attention, as shall see, it frequently occupied afterwards.

I, Peggy Kelly of Crievekeeran, declare as follows: I am a widow and a tenant on the Reid Estate. I remember the month of January, 1882. Two policemen (names given to me by my house, and asked if I had threatened on the Sunday night previous. Nothing of the kind had occurred, and I told them so. They still insisted that the thing had happened, one of them alleging that with another policeman he had been in concealment and saw men approach my house and hear them use threatening and angry words on the street or at the door. They wanted me to sign a paper saying that something of the kind had occurred, and that I desired to have police protection or something to that effect. I refused to sign any paper. A few nights after this, shots were fired over my house, and we were much terrified, as there were none but women about the place. The shots were fired from a car. And next day I learned the names of the two men who I was told fired the shots, and also the name of the car-driver. I told the facts, and gave the names to the police, also to members of the Land League. I am prepared to prove above facts at any enquiry that may be instituted.

Here is the affidavit of the car-driver, sworn at Crossmaglen, on the 26th April, 1884, before Thomas Morris, commissioner of affidavits:—

I, John Maguire of Glassdrummondahy, Co. Armagh, make oath and say: I remember the year 1882. In the commencement of it I remember driving N. N. (two names here given) from Crossmaglen to Castleblayney, and back to Crossmaglen by Culloville. I remember when they were about three-quarters of a mile from Crossmaglen, one of them took a revolver from the other (names given) and fired three shots with it. It was just as we passed Mrs. Kelly's of Crievekeeran. We passed two policemen between that and Crossmaglen. It was about eight o'clock at night.

On the 23rd April, 1884, Peter McKenna of Crievekeeran swears in the same way as follows: I remember in the winter of 1881-2 having heard that the police went to the house of Mrs. Peggy Kelly of Crievekeeran Hill, and asked was there any threatening language used to her on the Sunday night previous, and that when she said there was not, the police maintained there was. I remember there was a general report among the neighbours that I would be arrested on the suspicion of having threatened her, but I never threatened her or anyone else. I only live about ten perches from Mrs. Kelly's house. I remember a night about the time of the above report, a car passed by, and shots were fired off the car while

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passing between our houses. Owen McNulty told me, that same night, that the car passed him on the road, that two men (names given) were on it, that the police were on the road, and that one of the men who were on the car jumped off it at the Crossmaglen police barrack and went into the barrack.

Deposition of Bryan McNulty, sworn at Crossmaglen before Thomas Morris, commissioner of affidavits, on the 21st April, 1884: I remember a night in the winter of 1881-2, I was coming to Crossmaglen between eight and nine o'clock at night. My cousin, Owen McNulty was with me. We heard a car coming behind us, and a number of shots fired off the car. The shots were fired as the car had passed Peggy Kelly's of Crievekeeran Hill, and at the time the shots were fired we were about 80 perches before the car. We had only proceeded a little distance further when we met two policemen and told them the shots were fired off the car. When speaking to the policemen the car passed us, and we were only a few perches from the Crossmaglen barrack at the time. I saw one of the men jump off the car and go into the barrack. There was only, as far as I could see, three on the car, but the car drove so rapidly past I could not be sure. My companion told me who two of those on the car were (names given). I had myself recognised them, but could not be sure.

This is corroborated by Owen McNulty, who says: I remember coming to Crossmaglen on a night of the winter of 1881-2 in company with Bryan McNulty. When we were a little less than a quarter of a mile from Crossmaglen, we heard shots fired about Mrs. Kelly's of Crievekeeran Hill. A little after a car, driving rapidly from where the shots were fired, passed us on the road very near Crossmaglen. Two (names given) were on the car. Constable Gartland and Sub-Constable Dempsey were on the road at the time, and enquired of me who fired the shots. The transaction took place about forty perches from the house of Mr. Thomas Murphy, uncle of Michael Watters, with whom young Watters lived; and it was about the time of his arrest.

Watters was arrested on the second night or third morning after the shooting.

One of the two persons on the car—out on this shooting expedition—was then bailiff on the Ball Estate. He was a County Clare man, had been a detective in Fenian times, and was now an ex-head-constable on pension. He is long since dead. The other was a landlord in his own locality, and shortly after this was honoured and entrusted by Dublin Castle with the justiceship of the peace for his county. As this bogus outrage was well known to have been committed for the purpose of having coercion introduced into the district; the facts and circumstances as above stated, with names of witnesses to prove the same, were, long previous to these depositions and declarations, forwarded the very day after the occurrence to the Chief Secretary in Dublin Castle and to Mr. Parnell for future use in Parliament.

The Devine family kept a large shop and public-house at Creggan, about three-quarters of a mile also from Crossmaglen on what was known as the Newry road. About the time of the bogus outrage at Mrs. Kelly's this house, too, was attacked by night. The windows,

window-cases, and fanlights were completely smashed, and the doors of the shop and residence. Dozens of stones, many of them weighing eight or ten pounds, were flung into the parlour and the sitting-rooms, and particularly into the bedrooms where the inmates were sleeping. No shots were fired, evidently because this might rouse some of the neighbours who lived close by. It happened that there was nobody in the house this night but two girls and an old man; so that they could make no resistance whatever, but concealed themselves in a safe compartment whence at times they were able to discern the attacker. The attack lasted from about 11 o'clock at night until near two in the morning, and ceased only on the approach of some cars on their way from the neighbourhood of Crossmaglen to the market of Newry. When visited by the police and others next day, the place seemed a veritable wreck, the floors of the rooms, the bedrooms especially, being strewn with the debris of the demolished windows, the smashed looking-glasses and mirrors, and the broken furniture, and with the stones and other missiles, mostly short blocks of sticks, that had been flung in, some of which were found in the beds where the inmates usually lay. This seemed a case of indubitable moonlighting, and some of the local police authorities, who were so much interested in such things, sought to make the most of it.

Two of them—one a Protestant, the other a Catholic—went to the Parish Priest, and told him that they had information from the Skyhill and Silverbridge police barracks, that some of the moonlighters who had wrecked the house had come on cars by way of the Ballsmill and Silverbridge roads, which converged at Creggan; but that both parties had left the cars at some distance from the place, and proceeded on foot to an old unoccupied house, whence, with others, they had issued for the attack. They begged the Parish Priest to warn his parishioners against this moonlighting

business. His answer, however, to both of them was that, for many reasons, he had grave doubts about stories of this kind; because he could not understand how it was that they had failed to trace any of the culprits, seeing that they knew so much about their movements and doings; and that nobody could believe the thing was done out of ill-feeling or enmity to the Devines, as they had never injured any one, but for the purpose of blackening the locality. He, furthermore, caused enquiries to be made at the Skyhill and Silverbridge barracks, and found there that the whole story of the moonlighters on cars was a fabrication.*

The author of the moonlighting and its object soon became well known in the locality; and, as in the Kelly or Crievekeeran case, the facts were immediately reported to the Chief Secretary in Dublin Castle, as a police protected outrage; the object of making the report being, of course, to hold the authorities, when the time came, responsible for these crimes. Nothing however was done, nor could any satisfaction be obtained on such subjects in the House of Commons. Some of the members of the local constabulary, however, not being involved in what was going on, and being indignant at it, yet afraid or powerless to move themselves, gave the hint that all this that was going on at Crossmaglen was the work of two or three members of their force, who were playing an occult and lawless game for higher authorities, and that the County Inspector in Armagh, who had no part in it, should be communicated with. This was done, and action had to be taken in the matter against the bailiff or assistant bailiff on one of the properties already referred to. The evidence proving his guilt could not be questioned. But what was the result? what was the punishment? A fine of 2/6 and costs by the Crossmaglen bench of magistrates!

A good many other things, however, resulted from this case. Among others, it was now discovered—a thing which became public and patent afterwards—that whatever secret plot was on foot was limited to the Sub-Inspectoral

* Without, as the reports of the trials show, attempting to produce any proof or evidence for it, or having any evidence or proof whatever of it, Mr. Murphy—rent down specially as counsel from Dublin Castle—made the following false and unfounded statement at the trials in Belfast:—"I believe that over and over again the clergyman of that neighbourhood (Crossmaglen) warned his unfortunate flock to guard against the terrible guilt that was yawning before them when they entered into secret societies of this kind." Now the fact was that the clergyman of Crossmaglen never spoke a word of the kind to his flock; nor, for two reasons, would he allow anyone else to do so. His reasons were—first, that there were no such societies in his parish; second, that if a priest dropped even an unguarded word on the subject from the pulpit, Dublin Castle myrmidons would be capable of turning it into anything from a Ribbon lodge to a gunpowder plot. He used afterwards to quote these words of this unprincipled lawyer as a proof of the lying and scoundrelly ways of Dublin Castle officialdom, showing from the full context how falsely and fully this Dublin Castle renegade tried to make him represent his pious and exemplary people as a band of murderers and assassins. The full text of Murphy's infamous speech on this part of his subject is too long for reproduction, but may be seen in the Belfast papers of 22nd March, 1883.

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police district of Newtownhamilton, and that the whole thing was being manipulated from Dublin Castle through occult and illegitimate channels and agencies operating mainly through the Crossmaglen police barrack. The part being played by the local Sub-Inspector himself could not yet be known for certain; that came afterwards. This case also put a stop to police-protected outrages; so that, for years, Crossmaglen remained free from anything of the kind, one of the most crimeless and peaceful districts on earth. And this fact made the advocates of the Crossmaglen prisoners in the House of Commons in 1883, 1884, 1885, and particularly in 1888, invincible, and enabled them to expose the infamous misdeeds of Dublin Castle and its agents, as such things had never been exposed before. These exposures, however, being piecemeal, it is now only, when compacted, that their full enormity will be revealed.

Nevertheless, for the present, they had two bogus outrages; and however bogus they might be at Crossmaglen, they were quite good enough—as no truth could get through—at Dublin Castle when they got there. So that there were soon six suspects arrested and in jail from the Crossmaglen police district or the County Monaghan district immediately adjoining it, the whole thing, however, being manipulated through the Crossmaglen barrack, for the police and police authorities of the other district had little hesitation in denouncing the whole business as a palpable fraud, as far as they could discern.

So far these arrests, with what we have already seen, may be regarded as mainly the effects of mere landlord greed and rapacity acting through Dublin Castle and its occult agencies. But the dread or rather the bitterness of the landlord and ascendancy party at seeing themselves losing all their old political influence and power had much also to do with them. At this period there had occurred a vacancy in the Coronership of South Armagh, and, heretofore, this position, without a single break or exception, had been in every corner of Ulster a political perquisite of the Catholic or Protestant Whig, or of the Landlord and Tory Ascendancy parties. These two old parties had already canvassed over and over again every elector in the entire district of South Armagh. They had held meetings also in every little village and at almost every public-house, distributing plenty of money for whiskey and tobacco to any who would accept it, and the Coronership seemed to be in the hands of one or other of them. Everybody now seemed for the present either a Whig or Tory and nothing more. It must have been a mere struggle, too, for party ascendancy, for there was already more money spent on both sides than the Coronership was ever likely to realize for anyone.

Suddenly, only a couple of days or so before the polling, Mr. Small, Solicitor of Newry, issued an address claiming the votes as an Irish Nationalist. Crossmaglen League was in the main Nationalist, and having so successfully defended the rights and interest of the tenant-farmers, Protestant and Catholic, on so many estates, a good number of which branched out into other districts of South Armagh, it had now a somewhat predominating influence far

beyond its own limits. But would the Protestant Land Leaguers rally to the poll for Irish Nationality against everything? Here was the touchstone, the real test as to whether their hearts beat true to their native land; or were they still the dupes of designing sectarianism and of selfish landlordism? To win them to their side in the contest, and thus partially at least break up the Land League, everything possible, particularly by endeavouring to excite sectarian and old party prejudices, was now done, or attempted, by the landlords and their allies.

Their efforts, however, had no appreciable results. The Coronership polling station for Crossmaglen was then, in the early eighties of the last century, at Newtownhamilton, in a more or less anti-national district, six miles from Crossmaglen. On the morning of the polling, a long line of crowded cars, sixty or seventy in all, left Crossmaglen, carrying every Land League elector of the district, Protestant and Catholic, to record their votes for the Irish Nationalist, who, largely in consequence, was returned triumphantly, far at the head of the poll. With their cars decked in green, and waving laurel boughs themselves, the Crossmaglen electors had entered Newtownhamilton in the morning, singing "God Save Ireland" and "A Nation Once Again," so that when national victory crowned the day the result and the whole scene loomed as ominously for landlordism and the sectarian strife and bitterness of the past as even Burnham Wood itself marching on Dunsinane. Things had been bad enough before, but it was this last scene now that, in the eyes of Dublin Castle and the landlords, filled to overflowing the cup of iniquity on the part of the Crossmaglen Leaguers. They were rebels and Fenians now as well as French revolutionists and communists.

But the Land Leaguers being as yet not only unconquerable but unassailable, new artifices and new agencies, or, as we would say in these war times, new munitions and new allies, had to be requisitioned to bring Crossmaglen to due submission.

This therefore brings us to the foundation and the real origin of the Dublin Castle and landlord "Crossmaglen Conspiracy."

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Cumann na mBan.

At a committee meeting held on 31st Aug. minutes were read and signed, and it was regretfully decided to abandon the camp, a word was not received in time from those wishing to participate, owing to the unaccountable delay and the delivery of letters from the office, and the fact that to put it off further would be to camp out under conditions of weather a good deal less favourable.

Miss Blockam reported the starting of a flourishing branch in Ath an Righ.

Correspondence was dealt with. On Wednesday night there was a meeting of all those from three Dublin branches proficient in first aid to hear a scheme propounded by Captain O'Connell, in conjunction with Miss Plunkett, for the linking up of first aid squads to Dublin battalions of Volunteers.

Ireland and the War

Read that you may know.

Life of Rossa.

Dean Swift on the Situation.

Daniel O'Connell and Sinn Féin (O'Connell's Alternative).

Daniel O'Connell and Sinn Féin (How Ireland is Plundered).

Ascendancy While You Wait. (Newman.)

What Emmet Means in 1915. (Newman.)

Shall Ireland be Divided?

Why Ireland is Poor.

How the War Came.

The Spanish War. (Wolfe Tone.)

When the Government Publishes Sedition. (Griffith.)

Persia, Finland and the Russian Alliance.

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Secret History of the Irish Volunteers. (O'Rahilly.)

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Organising Co. Dublin.

Glencullen and Tallaght are the latest districts in the County Dublin to fall into line. A meeting was held in the former place on Sunday, 22nd August, at 4 p.m., under the presidency of Seosamh Mac Cathmhaoil, and was addressed by The O'Rahilly and the Director of Recruiting. Over forty recruits joined after the meeting, and were drilled by Captain Padraic O'Kain and Lieutenant Liam Tannam. Drill now takes place each Sunday at 4 p.m.; the men fall in at the Glencullen cross-roads. New recruits can join at each parade. It is expected that residents in Enniskerry, Sandyford, and district will join this Company.

Tallaght was organised on Sunday, 29th August. Lieutenant Tannam presided, and the meeting was addressed by O'Rahilly and Lieutenant Cosgrave. As in Glencullen, a large number joined after the meeting, and they were drilled on the spot by Lieutenant Tannam and Padraic O'Rafferty. The Volunteers then formed in column of route, and marched through the district by Tallaght and Balrothery.

Headquarters are anxious to complete the organisation of County Dublin. Sympathisers with the movement living in the county area are asked to communicate with the Director of Recruiting, I.V., 2 Dawson Street.

Training in Infantry Attack.

The following system was followed with good results by the Volunteers attending the Munster Training Camp, for the purpose of training the men in the proper manner of crossing the country towards a defensive position.

A point of direction was indicated for the entire company, and the original deployment took place on a fairly extended front. Prominent landmarks were pointed out for the purpose of indicating the limits of greatest extension to the flanks. This was to keep the entire command within approximately the frontage it would occupy in battle. The point of direction was a considerable distance off, and care was taken to insist that the rate of advance should not be hurried, but should correspond to service conditions.

Observation of the manner of advance was carried on by a half dozen of picked men sent forward to observe the different stages of the advance. These observers did not act as if they were hostile scouts or an outlined defending force: they simply took post wherever they had the best facilities to observe the ground—sometimes standing up on banks, using field-glasses, &c. This, of course, was a far more exacting test for the advancing force than any they would be subjected to in actual fighting. The reports of the observers were very useful for the correction of mistakes in the advance.

The attacking force consisted of three sections, each of which was commanded by an officer with the actual rank of captain attending the camp. A general indication of the measures

to be taken was given, and then a signal given for a simultaneous advance, the leader of each section being left to the use of his own discretion in deciding on the measures for advance. Contact between the three attacking sections was maintained by a directing officer moving from one to another and preventing any one from moving ahead and getting isolated or dropping back out of touch—in short, his function was to co-ordinate the advance.

Full option was allowed the section commanders as to formations, use of cover, rate of advance at each stage: and many valuable lessons were gained.

Evidently the exercise was not to be regarded as in any way exemplifying war conditions except in respect of the time allotted. But the enforced slowness, the care in working forward under cover, the great need for contact in the attack—all these points were emphasised in a possibly more effective way than would have been possible if the exercise had been conducted on the same lines as an ordinary manoeuvre operation.

Competitions at the Galty Camp

There took place at the Galty Camp competitions in tent-pitching and tent-striking. It was found on these occasions that not only was the work done much more quickly, but it was done much better and more tidily.

The tent-pitching entailed the following points: taking interval, running up the tent, spreading the ground-sheet in front of the tent with kits neatly placed on it, and standing to attention in front of the tent. The winners were Capt. O'Connell, Sergt. O'Connell, and Private O'Riordan, all of the Cahirciveen Corps.

The tent-striking meant taking out packs, striking and folding the tent and ground-sheet, and having tent in bag, ground-sheet, pole, guy-rope, and pegs all together ready for inspection. It was won by Capt. Fahy (Dublin), Private Davis (Dublin), and Private Kennedy (Cahirciveen).

A Model Raid.

Although the operation described below was actually carried out by cavalry, it will serve a useful purpose by indicating the type of operation that in different circumstances might be more suitably carried out by cyclists. The operation was so well carried out in all respects that it might serve as a perfect model.

Shortly before the battle of Mukden two Japanese squadrons succeeded in getting to the rear of the Russians, and partly blowing up the railway bridge of Juntschuling, which was protected by fortifications.

Resting by day and marching by night, this weak raiding force succeeded in pressing forward quite close to the object without being perceived. Here they dismounted to fire in order to attract the attention of the garrison at the bridge-head; while a few specially selected men, in spite of the drifting ice, succeeded in reaching the middle arch of the bridge, where they laid the charge. As this exploded, and a great part of the roadway of

the bridge flew into the air, both squadrons quickly disappeared in the darkness. In spite of a zealous pursuit from the enemy, they succeeded in getting safely back to their own troops.

"This bold stroke produced a sort of panic in the Russian headquarters. Kuropatkin became so anxious about his rear communications that, besides the Frontier Guards, which were meant for this duty, he ordered an infantry brigade and the whole of the division of Don Cossacks to the north for the defence of the railway line.

"This brave deed, therefore, of the two squadrons rendered useless during the decisive battle about 8,000 of the best troops of the enemy."

When we realise that two squadrons on service and hard worked would scarcely number more than 250 sabres at the highest we get a more perfect idea of the actual value of the work of the Japanese horsemen.

Many points in the actual carrying out of the raid deserve notice: the silent and secret nature of the advance, the feigned attack to divert the enemy's attention from the matter in hand, and the entrusting of the real work of demolition to a few picked men. Finally, observe how the raiders eventually made their escape—though this was an entirely secondary matter: the detachment had accomplished its mission, and in that case it mattered little whether a single man belonging to it ever got back.

Diary of the Galtee Camp.

By J. J. B.

Saturday, August 21st.—The men, mustering forty strong, fell in at Limerick Junction about 8.30 p.m., and set out for the camp, which had been pitched earlier in the day at Galbally by three Mitchelstown Volunteers whom the Quartermaster had "commandeered" on their way to join the main body. The cycling section reached camp at 10.45, and the infantry came up an hour later. Tea was ready for the men, and the men were ready for the tea. The men were assigned to their tents; guards for the night were appointed; orderlies were told off for the next day; and, having put their "houses" in order, the camp turned in—to rest, if not to sleep!

It should be mentioned that the local Corps of Irish Volunteers, headed by a fife and drum band, marched out to meet us, and the welcome the people of Galbally gave us would please an Emmet or a Tone, and do any Irishman's heart good. In these days of "Home Rule on the Statute Book," and the "Small Nationalities" in France and the Dardanelles, the people of Galbally have not forgotten Ireland, and they never will, because every inch of the country around proclaims aloud, "It is a land worth fighting for!" It is a land

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worth living in, and it is a land worth dying for!

Sunday, 22nd—Reveille at 6 o'clock. In the sunshine of a glorious morning, the Galtee Mountains, at the foot of which we were encamped, looked magnificent in its uniform of green—not unlike the colour of our uniforms. It was an ideal spot for a camp. In front of us flowed a river; nearer to hand was a well; and near by an unoccupied cottage, in good repair, in which we stored plain and motor bicycles. This building served also as a kitchen, in which most of our cooking was done while we remained in Galbally. On the left of the camp stands the stately ruin of Moor Abbey—the local Louvain!—which Cromwell and his Huns destroyed. While breakfast was being prepared the men had a morning “dip” and general wash up. After church, some attacks and counter-attacks in extended order were carried out. In the evening we had a visit from the Mitchelstown Cycling Corps. A rearguard action—cyclists (Mitchelstown Corps) versus infantry—was fought, the cyclists being outflanked all along the line. We had “high tea” this evening, the Cumann na mBan having presented the camp with cakes (fancy and plain) galore, and some of the Mitchelstown men accepted our invitation to stay over for tea. The C.O. showed his appreciation of the great reception we had received the previous evening, and the kindness of the Cumann na mBan, by allowing the Volunteers an extra hour and a half off to-night to attend a dance at the Old Abbey. The Galbally Volunteers, and band, as well as all the villagers, were there, and we had the time of our lives.

Monday 23rd—As soon as Reveille sounded two of the R.I.C. evacuated a position on the bridge to the left of the camp which they had succeeded in occupying while we were asleep. Breakfast as usual. A “forced march” with full equipment, followed by rifle practice and drill, came before dinner. In the evening a body of cyclists set out for Bansha, and the infantry were sent in pursuit. The latter came up with the cyclists in the Glen of Aberlow, but the cyclists, by a series of rearguard actions, easily succeeded in holding the attacking force at bay all the time. Returning to camp shortly after seven o'clock, we had our tea. Another very enjoyable dance took place to-night, and some Irish songs and farewell speeches wound up the night.

(To be continued.)

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