

CALVANIZED ROOFING.
SHEETS
PORTABLE BOILERS
FENCE WIRE
WIRE NETTING

Gleeson, O'Dea & Co.

— Limited —
21 & 22 CHRISTMURGH PLACE,
DUBLIN.
Telephone: Dublin 281.

Éire Ós The Irish Herald

Moore & McCormack Line
DIRECT SAILINGS
NEW YORK & CORK
DUBLIN & BELFAST

Reduce freight accounts and
minimize transit losses by availing of this
route. For particulars of rates and
sailings apply to the agents.

Dowdall and Co., Ltd., 21 Broad
Parade, Cork.
Weatherill, John, and Sons, 2 O'Connell
Chambers, Dublin.
Burke, John, and Co., 75 to 77
Corporation Street, Belfast.

Vol. 5. No. 48. [New Series (A)].

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1920.

PRICE THREEPENCE.

Current Comments

According to a press message from Washington, the American Association for the Recognition of the Irish Republic has opened its headquarters in that city. It is also stated that Mr. De Valera has started a fresh campaign in the United States, via a series of engagements, including Washington, New Haven, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Paul, Omaha, Denver, Kansas City, and St. Louis. His campaign will then be directed to the southern cities.

The British offensive against this country continues to intensify. Last week, in addition to the customary shootings, hundreds of arrests were made in Dublin alone, and all over the country there was a corresponding increase in arresting and raiding activity. The policy of striking terror, coupled with economic strangulation, is in full swing.

The whole of it is, of course, directed to the object of breaking the moral of the people. That, and not defeat in battle, it was which beat Germany, and that it was which was the main object of both sides in the war. Spirit, courage, to endure, that these which counts, and all the physical oppression which we are at present undergoing is only an attempt to reach the spirit within us. English calculations that she can conquer the nation. Well, as things are, we cannot prevent her trying.

But we can, and we will, prevent her succeeding. More than 70 years ago Fintona Laid down the resolution: "Somewhere, and somehow, and by somebody, a beginning must be made." That is true of revolution, and it is true also of surrender. So long as every individual is determined to stick it out, the nation is impregnable. Unless we ourselves breach that determination, we may be slain, but we cannot be beaten.

The strength of a chain is the strength of its weakest link. The strength of our chain is the strength of the weakest point of it. That is the secret of war. And that is what England is feeling for, for our weakest point. She thrusts with all her strength now here, now there, just as she and Germany thrust at one another during four years of war, but here every thrust she makes is a boomerang, and recoils upon herself with redoubled force. She has discovered that our chain is really as strong as it looks.

The issue in this contest is perfectly clear. Either England has a right to govern this country against our wishes or she has not. If she has, then everything she chooses to do is legal, her raids, arrests, imprisonments, deportations, shootings. If she has not, nothing that she does here is legal. The question of reprisals looms large at the moment, but it is a side issue. It only helps the English radicals to concentrate on a red-berring, and side-track the real question. The real question is not whether England has a right to reprisal, but whether in Ireland she has a right to exist. The question of reprisals is only a very faint echo of the main question.

In a contest of this sort reprisals are inevitable. They form a part of the policy of every strong nation which tries to throttle a weak one. Japan in Korea, Russia in Poland, have had to fall back on reprisals, to govern by reprisals, just as the English are doing in Ireland. And we will have to recognize the fact that we must expect reprisals as an ordinary matter of government policy. We must make up our minds to them, and concentrate on the things on strengthening our own defences. For example, English thinks the only way to stop reprisals is to stop shooting and raiding.

No reprisal can reach the soul of man. No reprisal can hurt or claim the soul of Ireland. No Empire can permanently withstand the accumulation of vengeance which we are piling up for England, and no government can go on permanently governing by reprisal, when that policy of reprisal is attempted to be enforced against a people of at least equal capacity, leadership, and courage with their own people.

Recall that England has never held Ireland of her own strength, but because of our weakness. She has maintained her Government here because we helped her to maintain it. When we stopped helping her to do that, her Government, abolished already in the sight of God, collapsed in the sight of man, and she was forced to fall back on the policy of reprisals as a substitute for government. The great secret of organised government is this, that no governmental machine can go on unless the people who are governed suffer it. For a long time we both worked that machine and suffered it. When we refused to do either, it collapsed.

That is the truth which has emerged to us out of the world war—a truth which was foreshadowed seventy years ago by John Mitchell and Fintona Laid, when they advocated "harping the machine of government of every point." When we refused to work English Government, England has nothing to fall back upon except the torch and the rack. Scratch an Empire and you find a Degenerate. We have found that. Degenerate. But we are not afraid of him.

The question of reprisals, then, is a side issue. What we have to concentrate on is the maintenance of our best refusal to work or to suffer British Government in Ireland.

The "Times" during the week threatened Ireland with the wrath of the English people. As if we do not know that already. As if we had not groined under that wrath in general for 250 years, and in particular for the last six years. We do not threaten England with the wrath of the Irish people—but we do threaten her with the wrath of the Most High God. For this people has blasphemed, and sacrificed to strange gods. They have put them on the Altar of Sin. And they shall fall, even as Babylon fell. Look to it, oh, murderer. And look to that liar and sander you bring news from Dublin. He, at least, shall be well judged in the Seventh Hell.

Messrs. Henderson, Adamson and Co. are at present busy in attempting to turn our flag. They are concerned with "moral and material," and they raise a mighty blarney about them, and attempt to arrange a conference to end them. So far, so good. But what, oh, Henderson, and oh, Adamson, about the main question, the question of the right of England to exist in Ireland. That is the permanent question on which we await your pronouncement; the other is only a temporary one. If you want to end reprisals, then is an easy way, the way you know, that way, ended the supply of munitions to Poland. If you want to end reprisals, you can end them at once by stopping supplies to the people who carry out reprisals, by stopping the supply of men and munitions. For recollect, and recollect that we recollect, that 99 per cent. of the Army of Occupation in Ireland is drawn from the classes which your party represents. Stop these, and you stop reprisals, without any power.

As we go to press, the word Peace is in the air. And about it we have only this to say. Mr. Lloyd George, and his country, know perfectly well that they can have peace any time they please, the more of one

nation with another nation. That is the only peace we will consider. If they want the peace of the robber with his prey, they will never get it. We have begun this thing, and we are going to see it through. For generations all intellect, all effort, all strength, in Ireland has been directed from its natural purpose to the purpose of politics in one shape or form. We have, none of us, been able to do any of the things we want to do, because in a country like this nobody can turn attention to his own things while the question of government remains unsettled. That has got to end. All that waste and stupidity and ill-regulated activity must end. This nation must get a fair show. It must get freedom. It must get the chance of living. And we of this generation are going to give it a chance.

During the past week the raids and arrests, the burnings and shootings, and the well-known symptoms of militarism and militaristic despotism have continued. The assault on the Irish nation reached a high pitch of fury last week. The whole of our space could not hold a small part of the story of the events of the week, or of the measures taken to "conciliate" us or to make a "truce of God" with the Irish people.

Early on Saturday morning, West Bourne, Ennis, the residence of West Rev. Dr. Fogarty, Bishop of Killaloe, was raided by four men armed with revolvers, two of whom had masked and blackened faces. The narrative is clearly told by the housekeeper, Miss Murray. She was awakened at three o'clock in the morning, a time which was not exactly the one which should be chosen to visit a bishop. A loud knock was heard at the front door. She hastily dressed and came downstairs. She asked who was there, and the reply came "Military." When the housekeeper opened the door, four men entered, three of whom wore trench coats and gaiters, two having blackened faces. Two of the nocturnal visitors are described as having "a superior manner of speaking and wearing wristlet watches." The fourth man wore a plain overcoat.

One demanded was the Bishop in, and when she replied that he was not at home, one roughly asked where was he, and she replied "at my aunt's." She said he had gone that day. One then asked for a lamp, and she got a candle.

Two of the party then proceeded upstairs, accompanied by her, and the spokesman, who had a trench coat and blackened face, asked, "Where does he live?" She replied that it was the Bishop's. He asked for the key, and she called up the man, who came immediately with the key. They looked in, and, of course, there was no one there. Where they examined the room, and even looked under the bed. They then questioned the man and asked what he was doing there. He replied, "Working." They asked what job had he there, and he replied, "General." They then proceeded to a smaller study, where they examined the desk. In the search some private documents referring to parochial matters were taken and perused. In the larger study also the desks were examined.

The cellar was also searched. The man who appeared to be in charge stated that the papers taken would be returned if not wanted. The raid lasted about an hour and a half. Such are the facts about this, the first raid we believe that has yet been made on a Bishop. It looks very like something more than a raid on His Lordship. Why, for instance, should the two men have their faces blackened. Very significant is the statement that the papers would be returned if not wanted. This evidently refers to the men's "authorities" to whom the papers were to be submitted. Read in conjunction with the death notices received by Dr. Fogarty, and the fact that the Bishop's residence was raided by the same men, it is a way Mr. Lloyd George has of

light of the assassination of Father Griffin, and the treatment accorded to others, it was fortunate, perhaps providential, that a telegram had been sent calling the Bishop away suddenly.

In addition to the outrage on the Bishop of Killaloe, there occurred during the week various acts of violence to Irish priests. On Thursday last week the Rev. M. J. Conroy, Parish Priest of Kilmenea, near Westport, was arrested at the parochial house at four in the morning, and taken to the temporary barracks at Westport Quay. There are three other priests also in custody—the Rev. J. J. Glynn, C.C., S.T.L., Drumlumry; Rev. J. Roddy, C.C., Bredogue, Boyle; and the Rev. P. H. Delahunty, C.C., Callan.

When the motor conveying the latter to Kilkenny came up with a number of uniformed men who were repairing a car, and who signalled for assistance, the signal was misunderstood, and two of the uniformed men on the roadside were wounded, one of them seriously. Father Delahunty's captors evidently had the wind up.

In addition to the arrest of Mr. Arthur Griffith, T.D., which we chronicled last week, we have to add the names of Messrs. Eoin McNeill, T.D.; Wm. Sears, T.D.; Joseph McGrath, T.D.; Michael Staines, T.D.; and each to the value of £500 extracted therefrom. In addition to the Sinn Féin Bank, the advertising premises of the "Freeman's Journal" have also been burned out.

In addition to the attacks on the lives and liberties of the Irish people, there was a deliberate and carefully organised plan to destroy the City of Cork. During the past fortnight there have been upwards of twenty fires in Cork City alone, not to mention the destruction that took place in outlying towns. The damage in the City was estimated on December 2nd to be well over a million sterling. Amongst the places destroyed are—Messrs. O'Dwyer and Co., Ltd., Wexford Street; for Messrs. S. J. Heald, 56 Grand Parade; Pipers' Club, Bandon; Hardwicke Street; Sinn Féin Club Rooms, North East Ward and Shandon Street; Messrs. Forrest's, Patrick Street; Regent Hall, H. Hughes, St. Michael's Parochial Hall, Douglas; St. Michael's Parochial Hall, Blackrock; Messrs. Cahill and Co., Patrick Street; Blackthorn House, Patrick Street; American Shoe Co., Patrick Street; J. T. and G. W. T. O'Hare, Candler Street; Thomas Ashe, Sinn Féin Club, Father Quay; the City Hall, Albert Quay; O'Gorman's, MacCurtain Street; Dalton's Restaurant, MacCurtain Street; Royal Liver Assurance Society, MacCurtain Street. Since then another attempt was made to continue the work of destruction. The premises attacked were the Irish National Insurance Company in Marlboro' Street, and it is stated that, on previous occasions, five masked men operated. The Fire Brigade was, however, quickly on the scene, and succeeded in checking the fire before any considerable damage was done. It is well known that all these fires have been the work of five men who were overcasts and blind their faces, partly covered. Most of them carried something bulky under their overcoats. One of them getting in through Mr. O'Gorman's shop was seen to go through a glass door, and, when inside, tin of petrol was handed to him. Meanwhile the Curfew restriction is imposed, and any citizen venturing to protect his property at night is liable to be shot at sight, so that there could be no interference with the men at it. The Curfew is now as effectively burned as Derry or Belfast. It is a way Mr. Lloyd George has of

"restoring order." We notice that his salary is to be raised from five thousand to ten thousand a year.

In addition to innumerable raids, six hundred arrests have been made in the vicinity of Dublin during the past few weeks. Various shootings of civilians have taken place. Another Clancy has been done to death by the armed forces of the Crown. This time it was Patrick Clancy, who was shot dead at Newswater, near Carrigrohane. The military at Kilmenee, near Carrigrohane, killed a police sergeant named T. Keighly in mistake. Three young men named J. Begley, Jas. J. O'Donoghue, and John Galvin were shot dead at Brunny, between Cork and Bandon. There are various versions of the affair.

On Saturday Joseph Howley, of Oranmore, stood to his head as a prominent Sinn Féiner, and "on the run" for a considerable time was shot and dangerously wounded on leaving the Broadstone Station. Mr. Howley arrived by the mail train from Galway. He had walked about 100 yards from the station, and was crossing the bridge when four shots rang out. An eye-witness told us "Independent" representative that he distinctly heard four shots and saw a tall man in civilian dress fall on the right side of the Canal bridge. Immediately afterwards he heard a whistle and saw a motor approach at a fast pace, and a number of men whom he could not distinguish as being in uniform or in civilian dress jump into it and drive off towards the city. The ambulance was summoned, and then came an armoured car with military, who took away the wounded man. The Press Association, which apparently got information from those in touch with the shooters, states that Mr. Howley is described as a prominent Sinn Féiner, wanted for complicity in outrage and murder in County Galway. These two stories are quite different. But, as we have never heard of anybody being "wanted" for the shooting of Father Griffin or Mrs. Quinn, or the various men shot in Galway.

Another victim in North Dublin district has been added to the list. It is now known that Mr. Thomas Hand met his death at his brother's house at Ballynass, last Saturday. He was the local Secretary of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, and for many years took an active interest in the Gaelic and Labour movements. On Saturday night he went to confession in Skerries. Charles Hand, his brother, states that about 1:30 a.m. on Sunday morning he was awakened by heavy pounding at the door, when the door was forced open and a party of men rushed in. They were all in uniform, says Mr. Hand, except one who wore an overcoat and cap. Some of them, he stated, had something rubbed over their faces. The rest of the story is best told in his own words—

"They said they wanted to bring me out. I was brought to the kitchen, where they put me on a chair and began questioning me. They asked me what I knew about my brother. I replied I knew nothing about his business, or what he was. At the time I was awakened by the hammering on the door I looked over to where Tom slept, and saw he was gone."

"In the garden behind the house, I also saw a number of uniformed men. The house seemed to be surrounded. While I was kept sitting on the chair in the kitchen I heard two shots. The party then entered the house, including a small boy, and even the thicket. My two sisters ran to a neighbour's house for help, and when they came back, we went out to the back of the house and found Tom lying on the ground. He had several bullet wounds in the head and neck, and his face was covered with blood."

Miss B. Hand stated she was awakened by the knocking at the door, and heard the men rushing in. "When I looked from my room across the house," she said, "I saw Tom getting through the window. I heard him being hauled outside, and the last I saw of him—until we found him dead—was standing outside the house with his hands up."

Last week saw the triumphal landing of Mrs. and Miss MacSwiney, the widow and sister of the immortal martyr. They arrived in New York last week-end. The press messages state that a great demonstration had been arranged in honour of the bereaved relatives of the martyred Lord Mayor of Cork. Mrs. MacSwiney travelled on the "Celtic," which was escorted to the pier by a flotilla of tugs and boats crowded with American sympathisers. The first passenger to disembark was Mrs. MacSwiney, and there was a brief silence, which was broken by the assembled throng hursting out into deafening cheers, while the hand struck up the "Sinn Féin Anthem."

A large police escort was provided to make a passage through the immense and excited throng. The two ladies, Mrs. MacSwiney, and the representative of the Reception Committee, were driven away in an automobile, which led away a large procession. Mrs. MacSwiney was officially welcomed by the City of New York at the hands of Commissioner Whelan, representing Mayor Hylan.

According to another report the process of the procession escorting Mrs. MacSwiney was triumphal in character, the crowds gathering round her carriage in great eagerness. The dockers of New York played a prominent part in the procession. Mrs. MacSwiney is reported as declaring that she did not wish to say anything until she had had an interview with the "Committee of the Hundred."

Amongst the many countries where the martyrdom of Terence MacSwiney evoked profound sympathy and homage to his memory must be included South Africa. "The Volante," which is the official organ of the South African Government, takes notice of the great hero's sacrifice in the leading article of October 26, entitled, "The Irish Struggle."

The following is a translation:—
"The sorrows of the Irish people are perhaps better appreciated in South Africa than anywhere else in the British Empire. The Irish struggle being waged there at present with renewed valour and increased prospects of success does not leave our part of the world indifferent. It is improbable that the Irish nation, which is an heroic creature, or that all Englishmen are satanic monsters. Yet, this much has gradually penetrated to the furthest corners of the world: that all things carefully considered and compared, there is no one more fit to compensate his Western neighbour. Today the Irish are in a position, firstly, to resist oppression in their own country, and secondly, to make themselves formidable to the assault of Britain. The Irish race overseas is numbered by millions, and makes itself felt in a manner which cannot be ignored by any Government in London. The death of Terence MacSwiney is but an incident in the painful history of the Green Isle. As a pathological phenomenon, it certainly attracts less attention than as a sample of Irish martyrdom. MacSwiney's martyrdom is entitled to the fame given him as well as to the devotion with which his countrymen have surrounded him, and which will continue to hale his memory. It is hard that a man full of character must deliberately close his eyes to the scene from an imprisonment which the victim, with good cause, regarded as unjustified. The imprisonment was imposed for alleged offences which can scarcely be described as criminal in Ireland. The death of Terence MacSwiney will evoke much emotion, here in this country as elsewhere. We express the hope that his death will help to hasten a satisfactory solution of a painful problem. South Africa will not conceal its admiration for MacSwiney."

When the martyrdom of Terence MacSwiney is published, it will form a vast collection of literature. The first leading article in the review, "America," is devoted to him. It says:—

"He is not dead. Such men can never die. Their souls go to God, their bodies into the earth, and their memory last for ever. Freed at last, he cries out with a voice that the whole

world hears: 'Be brave, be true! Serve your country, love your God, commit your ways to Him, and in the evil day He will not forget you.'

At this name

We sorrow, not with shame. But proudly, for he is as the worm. The seed of his own seed Ireland lies hid today on Terence MacSwiney. Nay, not even the soft bosom of the little Dark Rose is his grave. For him there is no grave beneath the earth, but over all the world's earth. For the result, but he loved us, for a heart that hates oppression, there is a heart that aspires for ever with love and remembrance the man who, to the end, lived so nobly the things that are just and true. He loved us, for he gave up his life for us, for Most High God, that liberty is too precious a gift to be given over into the hands of tyrants. Therefore, with tears and gratitude, with all good men make intercession for him with God the Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ, that even as Terence MacSwiney has not been believed in God and loved in Him, so, cleansed by the saving blood of Calvary, and freed from all stain of human frailty, he may be counted worthy to enter forth into his happiness—Heaven and Earth.

Every outrage which occurs in England is now attributed to Sinn Féin. There was an explosion at a Tuesday night meeting. The "Star" came out with "Bomb Outrage in City: More Sinn Féin Plots." The "Daily Mirror" came out with "Sinn Féin Plot Suspected." The "Evening News," the bomb found in Messrs. Gerhardt and Hays' warehouse in Old Swan Lane was placed there by some person or persons with an imagined grievance against the firm. The little child who gave birth to a large mountain of myths, to "Fresh Plot Suspected," "Terrorists' Threats to Great London Undertakings," by the "Evening Standard." This, of course, is the usual English big-naming, carried by the propaganda department, of which Mr. Lloyd George's Secretary is the inspiring genius.

Whatever may have been the causes of the conflagration at Liverpool and Baitle, they provided an excuse for refusing the use of the Town Hall for the demonstration in honour of Dr. Mannix for fear of the trouble Sinn Féin might cause. Special constables were enlisted at Reading for fear of the Sinn Féin. The residence of the Governor of Brixton Prison, Clapham Park, is guarded by police against Sinn Féin. Passes are issued to officials and workmen at the House of Parliament for fear any Sinn Féin member might slip into somebody's seat. The Press Gallery are required to produce their tickets to show that there is no terrible Sinn Féin wedding in a magazine of books.

In the meantime, Mr. Lloyd George is endeavouring once more to launch the Sinn Féin and to leave the ways in May, 1918, but it is thought that the little "mystery ship" can be patched up and floated. This is not surprising. Mr. Lloyd George is a specialist in German plots. On Thursday of last week, in reply to Sir J. Butcher, he said some of the documents found in possession of Mr. De Valera when arrested in May, 1918, would be included in the documents which the "Government" would publish shortly. He further hinted that "these documents which would be published were those bearing on the implication of the Republican Army in a German conspiracy." This, of course, is a masterpiece of evasion and half-truth after the allegation and two years after the war.

The decision of the four diplomats in Paris to place the province of Bessarabia from Russia and hand it over to Rumania does not impress the observer as a good augury for the League of Nations. This is not a case of taking out a people from slavery and erecting them into an independent nation. For from it. The population of Bessarabia numbers several millions of Moldavians, Russians, and a considerable proportion of Jews, who claim a common Ruman-Jewish culture. The capital of the province is Kishinev, the theatre of the terrible pogroms in the days of the Czar. "The Jewish Tribune" asserts that this partition has been accomplished without any plebiscite, and that the partitioning will suffer the persecution which has been "smothering the Rumanian Jews for the last forty

years." We are without knowledge of what the Moldave and Russian elements of the population think, but it is clear that they have not been consulted. To hand people about in this fashion cannot produce peace. It reproduces the worst feature of the old diplomacy, which "promised" Bessarabia to Rumania in order to drag her into the struggle, thus preparing another little war in good time, and more work for the military machine.

The "Jewish Tribune" comments on this latest partition in the following fashion:—

Post-war diplomacy has apparently devised the means of producing "scrapts of paper," which may well be torn up. Surely the authors of these scraps of paper must realise that we who are onlookers cannot but regard with derision these "definite and irrevocable" verdicts. Not only because our inheritance is being divided, and that we have lost the slightest intention of acquiescing in this partition, but because one more illusion vanishes from our hearts. Wilson, the purist of idealists, believed that the old world was capable of renovation when remodelled according to the principle of self-determination. All that has been forged by force of arms must be put to the test of a free expression of the will of the cultured. The people, shocked by the nightmare of the long-drawn slaughter, were united for a brief moment in bowing to this new symbol of fraternity and liberty. But the spell of the great war has vanished, and the more reigns of oppression and has assumed shapes unknown till now. No wonder the great American people is not partaking in this orgy.

Mr. Matthew Mooney writes from Walworth, London:—

The Colliage, held under the auspices of the Self-Determination League, will, in the near future, be a successful instrument in combating peace was against peace, especially if conducted with that same order and attractive display of musical and rhetorical talent which is so marked a feature in the entertainments held at the Collier Hall, Penzance, and here, and the absence of political controversy is a relief to many who, having no opportunity of knowing our people in their native environment, gladly join in convivial communion with us here, where their own experience neutralises the invidious influence of a Press alien to things Irish.

These social defences clearly the meaning of these cryptic words, "Sinn Féin," only being understood by the thousands in England. The trend of this magic word can be gleaned to the happy abandon of song and dance of these merry votaries, who, not trusting in the mere words of the Irish Ministers, put their trust in a Higher Power to provide for present trials, and to fulfil most certainly their cherished hopes for the future peace and happiness of their country.

The evening of relaxation preserve them in patience and afford them a welcome facility to help the afflicted ones at present homeless in a land which, under normal conditions, is as much a prison as a jail. Time, the leveler of Machievellian barriers, goes apace. The protean dissensions of the Welsh Wizard only serve to widen the trench between the two peoples. A last resource of disgraced governments is "emergency," and this is now the password of the Coalition. Public attention must be diverted from Utopian promises to their own people and directed to the "gangs" in Ireland. However, in England, the froth-blowing fails. Thinking Englishmen are tired of the Pandean Pipe and Cap and Bells in politics. They wait patiently for some initiative of Statesmanship. When meridian is reached, flowery rhetoric, and other adventitious aids of the "Government" will cease to bar the chain for fulfilment of broken promises and neglected duties.

The national of Thomas Davis woke the first of our poets in the soul of a young girl, who afterwards became known through the length and breadth of the country. Writing of Sperranza on her death in 1896, William Rooney says:—She began to understand that the land of her birth was a land of demands upon her, that it would be a curse to neglect the duties which nature had placed upon her, and she began to think how best she could serve and further the interests of that country.

The funeral of William Rooney, almost twenty years ago, brought to the service of her country a woman of

whom the same words might be written. Mary Butler lies dead in Kesh, far from the land she loved so well, and served so ungrudgingly and unselfishly. From that time when she watched wondrously the grief-stricken faces of the mourners who followed the patriot, she never turned back from the service of her country. To us, lifting her talents, her time, her thoughts were given; she grieved and mourned for those who fell in the fight, more still for those who turned away from the fight. But she went on with a high serene courage in the ultimate destiny of Ireland. She married in 1905 a distinguished Irish scholar, Thomas O'Nolan. Her married life has been a life of sacrifice. Now is not the time to speak of her writings. Another day they will be done justice to. They breathe her high, lofty spirit, her noble character. In the Ireland of her dreams, gracious, kindly, high-minded, she has seen the land she loved and loved. And she acted up to her ideals. We could ill spare her, but God's will be done. Ar dheis De go raibh a-bannam.

The English are getting nervous in regard to their meat trade. Their Standing Committee on Trusts has issued a preliminary report urging the adoption of proposals for safeguarding Britain's meat supplies, and protecting their home market against exploitation by foreign countries and combinations. They hold that the tacit understanding between the American companies, which enables them all the economic advantages of an active combination, and that all questions affecting the strategy of the trade as a whole are settled in conference between the "trusts" of the business in Chicago. It appears that in the London market American companies have attempted to fix a minimum price for meat up to a particular hour of the day; they have regulated the quantity of meat which was to be put on the weekly market, and it has been their practice to fix the prices for their country sales on the basis of the London prices.

The American Companies are extending their purchases of British cattle in various centres, and in Ireland Messrs. Morris and Company are stated to be large buyers. The Subcommittee understand that the American Companies have been making inquiries into the possibilities of developing a packing-house business in the Irish meat trade. We understand this to mean the establishment of an export business in meat from Ireland. The English contract for the purchase of these goods are successful, their progress will have to be carefully watched. It is evident that John Bull is getting concerned about the monopoly of his inside. His struggle against this country has been in the long run served his interests, nor has it secured him in the safety of his food supplies. The development of the meat trade in Ireland is most essential business, but the English are not to be taken in by the way of its natural development. The policy of keeping Ireland in grass will not save John from the threatened stranglehold on his vitals.

Waterford County Committee of Agriculture has adopted a resolution received from the Limerick Co. Committee of Agriculture calling upon all County Committees to do their utmost to promote the cultivation of wheat on a large scale, and to ensure against a possible food crisis. The resolution pointed out that the final weapon which would be used by England against this country was the blockade of her ports, which had been so effective against Greece and Germany in recent times. The resolution further stated that whereas the returns for the early "sixties showed that the amount of land under wheat cultivation in Ireland totalled 653,000 acres, the return for the present time was less than 55,000.

A circular letter from the Local Government Board containing similar provisions was also received and adopted.

Messrs. Wilson, Hartnell and Co. are issuing this week "The Christmas Lady of the House," which is worthy of a place in the Christmas story. The Victorian Irish at Fontenay is a superb reproduction of Horace Verel's famous picture in the Gallery of Battles at Versailles. The episode is the presentation to the King of France of the colors captured by the Irish Brigade, the only colors taken during the campaign. Pictorially, this plate is probably the finest thing in the popular Irish annual has done in the

thirty years of national successes with which Ireland has decorated the home of Ireland. Nor is the plate the only supplement, for there is also the "Irish Daily Souvenir Album," which contains the portraits of the Irish heroes born in the year, who are competing for "The Lady of the House." Champion Cup. The literary contents are exceptionally appealing. "The Nobler Belfast" traces the evolution of the town under the Parliament of Ireland, and shows how Belfast fought the Union in 1799 and 1800. This feature is the work of the Editor, Crawford Hartnell, and throws a well-authenticated light on many dark places relative to the Union. Susan L. Mitchell contributes a poem, "The Troubles of Nations," which will probably be read with appreciative amusement by all except the Premier and Chief Secretary. "The Breeding of Irish Lions in the Phoenix Park," by W. J. Lawrence, forms a most interesting chapter, and the illustrations are wonderful. "Random Recollections of Old Galway Life," by Zoe M. Callwell, is full of curious information, quaint, and telling pictures. "The Yare Poppi" have been collected by Pellias in a North tramway car on a Saturday evening, and are both clever and amusing. "The Christmas Lady of the House," is, as usual, kindly Irish from cover to cover.

We note, with pleasure, an interesting feature in the publishing enterprise of Messrs. Wilson, Hartnell and Co. Ground Quay, of issuing a series of very dainty booklets in artistic wrappers, making a very acceptable and intelligent form of Christmas greeting. There are ten in the series, and each is a humorous kind, and one entirely in Irish. They are issued at the reasonable sum of sixpence each. In addition to these booklets, Messrs. Wilson have also issued quite a number of excellent booklets in English, and one in Irish. Griffith, Aodh de Blacum, and Miss Fogarty, M.A., particulars of which appear in our advertising columns. We have no hesitation in recommending to our readers, as high suitable and well-considered presents, the Christmas any of the books published by Messrs. Wilson, who are deserving of every support for their consistent and persevering enterprise.

Century to Century

"The Flight of the Eagle." Lost on Du of Moore, the last of the four "Century of the Century." Four vols. By Standish O'Grady. The Talbot Press, 5s. each. The first volume is "The Flight of the Eagle." The second is "The Flight of the Eagle." The third is "The Flight of the Eagle." The fourth is "The Flight of the Eagle." By Gerald O'Donovan. Complete, 3s. 6d.

These they lie, the bunch of six books, which are the last of the "Century of the Century." For they are all loaded with the one theme, however different may be the rigging under which they take their course. And they come at a time when that one theme is also the theme of every other book. The Christmas story, only that the daily newspaper is forgotten, whereas the book passes on to other shores and other times.

Let us, for example, take three of them: Standish O'Grady's "Flight of the Eagle," the first of the four, and the last of the "Century of the Century." The first of these is probably Standish O'Grady's best of tales, and in these times no better book could be read by the young man in Ireland to-day who are old in responsibility and determination, and by the old men of Ireland to-day who are young in pride and resource. It is the story of the capture of a young national leader by craft and treachery, and the subsequent imprisonment and hardship because he dared to believe in his country's freedom; of his escape from prison, an escape of peculiar resource and daring; and of his reception again amongst his people by craft and treachery, and the only alternative to dishonour.

Now turn to "The Hounds of Banba." The tale is the same, and the circumstances themselves are little different. Here are craft and treachery again; imprisonment and hardship; breathless escapes; and the constant renewal of the war for freedom as the only alternative to dishonour. The issue is the same, the methods are the same, and the manner of the scene is the same. The only little difference is that over three hundred years have rolled by between the two books, and between that of which the two books tell.

The first book we get Captain Birmingham, whom Standish O'Grady sees more greatly because he sees him at a distance, and whom he, therefore,

We join with you in demanding that a tribunal of inquiry, of unimpeachable impartiality, be set up in order to measure the public conscience.

We have no forgetting that the British Government was the first to espouse the cause of right when our country was subjected to unjust aggression, and to the atrocities of an insatiable invader.

Appeal to Priests.

The day that the inquiry which you demand has established that it is not injustice, but liberty and right, that the Irish people desire, that day will open for you a new era of consolation and hope.

We who today associate ourselves cordially with you in your trials will return to you to share your relief and your joy.

Have we not heard this morning the Church intone in its liturgy the words of the Prophet: "My designs with you are the designs of peace and of affliction. I watch over your future and will sustain your hope."

We ask our priests and our people to remember, at the altar and in their prayers, their Irish brethren.

They owe to you their gratitude. For, while we were being oppressed by the foreigner, deprived of food, of fuel, of clothing, you generously came to our aid. Hundreds of refugees have known the benefit of your hospitality; they have not forgotten it.

Your Eminence and your Lordships, in the name of the Catholics of Belgium, in the name of our clergy, and in our own, we have been to you the homage of our ardent sympathy and the assurance of our fraternal devotion.

(Signed).

D. J. CARDINAL MERCIER, Archbishop of Malines.
GUSTAVE JOSEPH, Bishop of Bruges.
THOMAS LOUIS, Bishop of Namur.
MARTIN HUBERT, Bishop of Liège.
ANDEE MARIE, Bishop of Tournai.
EMILE JEAN, Bishop of Ghent.

The Late Father Griffin

The life and character of the late Father Griffin, who was murdered at Galway recently, was dealt with by the Most Rev. Dr. Doherty, who preached a funeral oration at Loughrea on Sunday week. His Lordship said:

"I cannot allow this day to pass without a few words concerning the tragedy which has shocked and saddened, not only Catholics, but the whole civilised world. On Wednesday last we laid to rest the mortal remains of our murdered Father Griffin. I know your feelings regarding this awful crime; they were manifested in no uncertain way on the occasion of the funeral. Your prayers for the dead were frequent and fervent. Your heartfelt sympathy went out to the widowed mother and her family as they stood by the open grave. There is not a priest in the Diocese of Clonfert who does not feel the keenest personal loss such one experiences on the death of a brother. For myself, I may say that my sorrow can find no adequate expression in words. I first became acquainted with Father Griffin when he answered Maynooth's bright, innocent, promising boy. For seven years I watched his course there. No superior, no professor had ever occasion to check in the smallest particular more than three years ago he left that great College 'a priest for ever' to take up temporary work in the Diocese of Galway, and it was I who recommended him to Dr. O'Dea, the Bishop, priests, and people of Galway. I have never had the smallest reason to complain of my selection.

All of them knew how unceasingly, how enthusiastically, Father Griffin did His Master's work; night and day he was at the service of those committed to his charge, and specially when terrible epidemic brought sorrow and desolation into many a home. No wonder the people of Galway loved him; no wonder the people of Britain and the little children were his dearest friends. There are tears, there are prayers for him in the workhouse and hospitals of Galway. The little ones on the streets sadly miss the kindly priest, whom they almost regarded as a playmate. Gentle and simple, rich and poor, young and old, he has merited and won esteem and affection of them all. And if popular communion could grant him a saint or a martyr, it was a moving spectacle in Galway, when people of every class after hour filed past the open coffin and

touching his body as a most sacred thing with their hands and with pious objects, in the belief that the touch would gain for them an added blessing. Who knows? Perhaps the Church will one day make manifest that their instinct was true.

"When the news of Father Griffin's disappearance reached me I went, as you know, to Galway. People there suspected the worst, though they still endeavoured to cling to any strand of hope. I could not share their fears. I could not bring myself to believe that a man, like his Master, went about doing good had been murdered in this land and in this century.

"Political views he had held, no doubt, but as far as they were concerned his active energies were devoted mainly to the preservation and spread of the Irish language. Was this a crime deserving of death? He could not be described, even by the most venomous, as a wild agitator or a bitter partisan. He had received no death sentence, no sentence of imprisonment. Why, then, should anyone entertain serious fears for his safety? But the people of Galway were right and I was wrong. Human nature had sunk to lower depths than I had yet fathomed. Father Griffin was murdered, and there had not been even a Pilate to sentence him.

"The story of his last hours has not yet been told. Perhaps in this life it will never be known, although God has strange ways of bringing murder to light. All we know is that he was called from his bed when a gale was howling; that he cheerfully and hurriedly obeyed the deceiving summons, which he took to be the form of some claim upon his priestly charity. 'I would do more than that,' he was heard to say. Then he disappeared into the night and the storm. Nearly a week later his body was discovered in a bog with the mark of a bullet which had passed through his brain. They had buried him at dead of night and in a lonely spot. But Divine Providence directed the discovery, and thus we have had the melancholy consolation of bringing him home and burying him outside, there, in the Cathedral grounds with full ceremonial and amid the manifestations of universal Christian sorrow.

"Outsiders may say that, after all, this is but one of the many tragedies which are occurring every day and with increasing frequency. Even so, the murder of a priest causes a special shock even to non-Catholic minds. His character and his work have a certain sacredness for the most bigoted of them. We have read that when political and religious passions raged, the priests of the cities of the North, the Orangemen ceased fire while the priests attended the dying. Even they can admire the heroism of the Catholic priest and the motives which inspire him when he faces the rain of bullets or enters the houses of pestilence to bring comfort and spiritual aid to those in need. They cannot withhold their tribute of admiration to the man who is willing at all times to sacrifice his life for the purpose confided to his care. And so many non-Catholics have regarded this crime as one apart, a portent, a horror.

"But Catholics have a deeper insight into the meaning and sanctity of the priest's life. We know that the priest is another Christ, that his soul is stamped indelibly with the mark of Christ's Own priesthood. That mark gives him the power to be God's agent in the forgiveness of sin and the sacrifice of the Mass; the priest is, as it were, identified with Christ, since he uses the very words of the High Priest Himself: 'This is My Body, This is My Blood.'

"Catholics know all this and more. They know that Jesus loves the priests with a special love, just as He loved His apostles, unless they have utterly fallen away as Judas fell. And even then He would first recall them as He tried to reclaim Judas. Catholics are aware that anyone who deals sacrilegiously with a priest will have Christ Himself to reckon with in this life, or what is more terrible, in the next. History tells us that he told them that Christ's hot anger has scorched and blasted full many a time those who have dared to lay unholy hands upon His own apostles. Less clearly, perhaps, because priests themselves are reluctant to proclaim their privileges, are Catholics aware that the Church has thrown her powerful protection around the humblest of her priests and minor clerics, as well as around the dignified dignitary of her Hierarchy. She cuts off from her communion, as the branch is severed from the parent tree, not only those who murder or lay violent and sinful hands upon a priest,

but even those who treat him to any gross contumely.

"Such a mauling, by his very act, tends to be a member of the Church; he is as the leaven and the publican will be reports, makes due reparation, and is absolved. Further, even those who commit such a crime or advise it, or are consenting parties to it, or sanction and endorse it afterwards, or do not prevent it when bound by their office to do so, incur the same terrible penalty of excommunication. No trial, no sentence is necessary. The penalty is attached to the crime.

"God forbid that I should respect any Catholic of the murder of Father Griffin, or of co-operation in it in any of the ways I have mentioned," added his Lordship. "I did bring before you the law of the Church in order to prove, if anyone needs proof, that this murder is not to be classed with any other which has been perpetrated in this evil time. It is a horrible sacrilege. It stands out by itself, a fearful thing to any Catholic mind. Such a crime has not been committed in Ireland since the days of the priest-hunter. May it never be repeated.

Your prayers have been offered, and will be offered the Father Griffin, lest by any chance he should still need your suffrages. But whether in Purgatory or in Heaven, I am convinced that this gentle soul is now ever pleading for his murderers, as Christ did for His—Father, forgive them. Let this be our prayer, too.

"The Gospel of Christ is not a gospel of revenge. All its true followers seek not an eye for an eye, or a tooth for a tooth, but a law to live by. We sing no hymn of hate. Modern paganism may not understand, as ancient paganism could not understand the amazing gentleness of the Early Christians, which they misunderstood for politeness. But you and I will sincerely pray that God may have mercy on the man who fired that fatal shot, and on all those who were guilty of any co-operation in Father Griffin's death. You and I will put that on the great Accounting Day, described in the Gospel for this first Sunday of Advent, the murderers—whether the hand of human justice has touched them or not—must be judged and meet in eternal friendship at the right hand of God. This, and this alone, will be our reprisal."

The Torch of Civilisation

In his book on "Nationalism in Japan" (MacMillan and Co., 4/6 net), by Rabindranath Tagore, the celebrated Indian author, we are given a remarkable glimpse of the revival of Eastern Culture. In this work he deals with the underlying ideas of that great and numerous multitude of nations and peoples that are known as "The East." It used to be said that the East never changes. But the work of this book has convinced that this long unchanging multitude is beginning to change most decidedly. It used to be said of us, too, that we lived in the past, that we were sunk in the torpor of ages, that we had no future, and that, in fact, we were an altogether useless, helpless and feeble people that could not do anything to help ourselves, and that only for the kind and benevolent aid of the West could we ever hope to live at all. This theory was, in fact, at the bottom of the philosophy of those who have so long occupied our country. But this philosophy has no basis in the broadest of modern thought. It is true that Eastern Nations are discussed at length by Rabindranath Tagore, and the following passage gives a good idea of the progress of modern thought amongst Asiatic peoples:

"The worst form of bondage is the bondage of dejection, which keeps men hopelessly chained in loss of faith in themselves. We have been repeatedly told, with some justification, that Asia lives in the past—it is like a rich museum which displays all its magnificence in trying to immortalise the dead. It was said of Asia that it could never move in the path of progress, its face was so inwardly turned. But now, we have accepted this accusation, and come to believe it. In India, I know, a large section of our educated community, grown tired of feeling the humiliation of this charge against us, is trying all its resources to find a description to turn it into a matter of boasting. But boasting is only a masked shame, it does not truly believe in itself.

When things stood like this, and we in Asia lapsed into ourselves in the belief that it could never by any possibility be otherwise. Japan rose from her dreams, and in giant strides left centuries of inaction behind, overtake-

ing the present time in its foremost achievement. This has broken the spell under which we lay in torpor for ages, taking it to be the normal condition of certain races living in certain geographical limits. We forgot that in Asia great kingdoms were founded, philosophy, science, arts and literatures flourished, and all the great religions of the world had their cradles. Therefore, it cannot be said that there is anything inherent in the soil and climate of Asia to produce mental inactivity and to atrophy the faculties which impel men to go forward. For centuries we did hold torches of civilisation in the East when the West slumbered in darkness, and that could never be the sign of sluggish mind or narrowness of vision.

Then fell the darkness of night upon all the lands of the East. The current of time seemed to stop at once, and Asia ceased to take any new food, feeding upon its own past, which is really feeding upon itself. The stillness seemed like death, and the great voice was silenced which sent forth messages of eternal truth that have saved man's life from pollution for generations, like the ocean of air that keeps the earth sweet, ever cleansing its impurities.

(To be Continued).

Leabairt nuada

"The Labour Leader," by Daniel Corkery, 5/4 post free.
"The Yellow Bittern," and other Plays, by Daniel Corkery, 5/4 post free.
"The Lives and Times of United Irishmen," by Dr. Madden, being re-issued. Part 1 now ready, 2/8 post free.
"Carmichael's Bhurais," 1/2 post free.
"An Gheilt," 1/2 post free.

Liam Ruiseal,
Fountain Book Shop,
CORK.

Quart. per Cent. for Business or Pleasure.

FLEMING'S HOTEL.
32 GARDINER'S PLACE, DUBLIN.
Two minutes walk from Gardiner Street Chapel.
or TRAM.
SELECT. MODERATE. CONVENIENT.

Why can't the Irish be Artistic, too?
THE SINN FEIN SERIES
—OF—
XMAS CARDS FOR 1920
Are more artistic, more Original and more Irish than ever.
(Adapted by Friends of Irish Freedom in U.S.A. and Australia).

They are all the best work of hand-picked sub-artists.
They combine the highest achievement in Beauty, Originality, and Genuine Celtic Art.
They in every way maintain the dignity of the movement and the reputation of the firm.

Send 3/- at once for full sample set to—
THE . . .

CEO. A. LYONS,
125 PEARSE STREET, DUBLIN.

TAILORS FOR LASTE.
C. MARTIN & SONS
LADIES' AND GENTS' TAILORS,
Costumes and Suits of Irish material to order.
Material made and Trimmed.
Prices moderate. Established 1879.
70 WELLINGTON QUAY.
A CROÍE LE MANÉCHÉ N. 3-ÉPREUVE.

Luke Burke
—FOR—
IRISH-MADE
SHIRTS, UNDERWEAR,
SOCKS, TIES, COLLARS,
BRACES, ETC.
AT LOWEST CASH PRICES.
105 Patrick St., Cork.

THE MONUMENT CREAMERY
FOR
ABSOLUTELY CHOICEST GUARANTEED PURE CENTRIFUGAL
FRESHLY-MADE

IRISH CREAMERY BUTTER

Manufactured in the best Butter-producing Districts in Ireland, from Pure Pasteurized Sweet Cream, under the most scientific and modern methods. Always uniform in quality. First Prize Rolls (1lb. and 5lb. size, sealed or unsealed) a Specialty. Packed Post Orders punctually attended to. We guarantee full supplies to our thousands of customers during winter months, as we have done during past winters.

YOU will eventually be a Customer—why not now?
THE MONUMENT CREAMERY
76 PARNELL STREET AND 25 LOWER CAMDEN STREET, DUBLIN.

MADE IN IRELAND.
N. A. C.
—CLOTHING SPECIALITIES—
LADIES' FLEECE WRAPS. GENT'S OVERCOATS.
Ladies' and Gent's Showproofs. Perfect in Finish. Perfect in Quality.
Perfect in Style.
N.A.C. MANUFACTURING CO., BALLYMONEY.
DUBLIN AGENT—MR. WILLIAM MORE, CAVENDISH HOUSE.

National Land Bank, Ltd.,
AN IRISH BANK WITH AN IRISH PURPOSE.
£180,000,000
Few people in Ireland realise that this colossal amount of money is lying on deposit in the various Irish Joint Stock Banks and Post Office Savings Banks. It represents the hard-earned savings of Irish industry and agriculture. It is earning low rates of interest and is largely used to finance competitors of the people who earned it.

Hundreds of our young men and women are leaving Ireland weekly. Help to establish them on the land at home by depositing your savings in the National Land Bank.

Current Rates of Interest.
Office: Current Accounts 2%
Deposits at Call 3 1/2%
One year 4%
Three years 4 1/2%
Five years 5%
Carrying security of first mortgage on Irish land.
Secretary and Managers
Lionel Smith-Gorday

FULL PARTICULARS ON APPLICATION TO MANAGER.

a disunited people until the end of time, suspicious and distrustful of each other, they will be divided and subdivided into little commonwealths and principalities." Indeed, this idea of partition, of dividing and re-conquering began to be energetically expounded when the unruly states disappointed the prophets and sages by coming out finally victorious.

"It will not be an easy matter," wrote the *Knocking Sheffield*, "to bring the American States to act as a nation; they are not to be feared as such by us... If the American States chose to send consuls, receive them, and send a consul to each state. Each state will want in return the necessary regulations with the consul, and this is the whole that is necessary." A very clever plan, no doubt, but it did not work.

The "turbulent, anti-monarchical Presbyterians" were the chief avengers of the Tories who were weary of lampooning them. After the Franco-American alliance the fault of "pro-French" was used with considerable success.

Tory journals announced that great cargoes of cardinals, bishops, priests, crutches, staves, rosaries and pallions of holy men were being sent from France to convert the Puritans. Dr. Franklin had been decorated with the "Holy Cross of Jerusalem," and a contract for a Bastille in New York had been arranged with certain French experts in that line of architecture.

Band-leads of French dancing masters, too, were due to teach the Presbyterians the latest and most gallant motions and steps from Paris.

The activity of the Tories in every direction was so great that as early as 1778 Washington wrote to the British, "I am seized with indignation and indignation at all unfriendly persons."

"Why should persons who are preying on the vitals of the country," he exclaimed, "be suffered to stalk at large whilst we know that they will do us every manner of mischief?"

Whilst their menfolk were learning the arts of war, the Tory women were busy making them clothes and equipment. But some of the women went even further. In the May of 1779 Washington wrote to the British, "I am seized with indignation and indignation at all unfriendly persons." "Owing to the indignations, his soldiers, mostly of Irish extraction, were in a state of half mutiny. Immediately placards were got out to seduce the loyalty of these men. It was stated that 'the affairs of Ireland were then fully settled'; and that 'Great Britain and Ireland were united as well from interest as from affection.' Even at that time the Irish had heard the cry of 'wool!' too often, and not a single man of them betrayed the Republican cause.

Another of the many posters set out that "all aspiring men who have given a chance to distinguish themselves." The young men were exhorted to "co-operate in relieving themselves from the miseries of anarchy and tyranny."

"Any spirited young man," announced a recruiting officer, "who is not immediately present, and who is not horse and furnished with clothing worth £40." He could then do his bit in "the finishing stroke of this magnificent rebellion."

The Tories aimed at making the war as terrible and bloody as possible. They robbed, destroyed, and plundered secretly or openly as opportunity favored. They held up the mails, and many important and even private letters got into Livingston's Gazette by this means. They burnt and pillaged towns, ships, harbours, villages, and jails. The evening of the 11th of January, New York a fire broke out in a part of the city. Immediately the cry went round "the rebels have done this," and Tories and soldiers were soon busy burning innocent patriots into the flames.

A favourite plan was for a body of men to leave the British and Tory ranks, and scour the fertile country by the Hudson, carrying off cattle, horses and sheep, burning the peaceful farmsteads, killing or kidnapping the farmers, and ravishing their women-folk. Little wonder the republican farmers lived in mortal terror of the Tories "lurking in the woods in a part of the city. Immediately the cry went round 'the rebels have done this,' and Tories and soldiers were soon busy burning innocent patriots into the flames."

A raid of this sort always gave joy to Livingston's Gazette, which, on one occasion remarked that "these attacks on the rebels" would enable "the much injured Loyalists to do themselves justice on their rebellious countrymen."

although they were far from the scenes of war, they had heard the call of liberty, and most of their young manhood had gone forth to join the army of the Republic.

One day in the July of 1778, eight hundred Tories under Butler, and four hundred Indians under Brant, swept over this country, slaughtered most of the men, carried off most of the women, destroyed houses and crops, and left a bleak and bloody desolation. Those few who escaped the bullet and the tomahawk were driven through sixty miles of a fever-stricken forest swamp.

A Pennsylvania regiment avenged Wyoming by wiping out the Indian town of Unadilla, but soon this was outclassed by another havoc wrought on the peaceful Cherry Valley by the remorseless followers of Butler and Johnson. These invaders were often punished; but they returned again and again as relentless as ever, and harassed and laid waste the whole of that northern frontier.

"These are the times that try men's souls," cried Thomas Paine in the second year of the war, "the summer soldier and the sunshine patriot are falling fast away."

The Irish Glass

The wilful destruction of a collection of Waterford glass by the "Black and Tans" in Galway brings to mind the important industry which once existed in our land, and flourished in Waterford, Dublin, Cork, Belfast, and other places. We are indebted to a recent publication, "Irish Glass: An Account of Glass-making in Ireland from the Sixteenth Century to the Present Day," by M. S. Dudley Westropp, M.R.I.A. (Herbert Jenkins, Limited), for much interesting information on this industry. The author tells us that the art of making a vitreous enamel and applying it to metal work appears to have been practised in Ireland in the period known as the Christian Period; that is to say, from 400 years before Christ down to the fifteenth century. The art of time down to about the twelfth century it seems to have flourished. Visitors to the Museum can witness the work of these early Irish artists in the coloured enamels of the Tara Brooch and the Ardagh Chalice. During the thirteenth century, and in the fourteenth centuries several references occur to glass-makers, glass-workers, glass-wrights, and glaziers, but we have no means of knowing what particular objects they produced. Ireland is not a country in which much glass could be made, and the destruction of the "Black and Tans," of Elizabeth, of the Jacobite, Cromwellian or Williamite Wars. Cromwell certainly did not leave even the saints on the stained-glass windows alive. It is probable that the Irish did not think much of making glass-ware, but it is certain that they did not care for it. Gaul, Venice, Spain and Rome in former times must have made their merchants well acquainted with the glass-manufacture which flourished in these countries in ancient times.

The earliest record which Mr. Westropp mentions is that of a saint in glass-workers in Ireland occurs in the English State Papers Domestic under the year 1567, when Pierre Briet and Jean Carre from the Low Countries supplied for a licence to set up a glass-house in London, and proposed to erect one in the town of Waterford, in Ireland, near the woods for fuel, the sea for sand or seaweed, or the rivers for pebbles. In the year 1675, Giacomo Verzelini, a Venetian, obtained a licence for twenty-one years to make glass like that of Murano in England and Ireland. But we have no record until 1688 of the actual making of glass when Woodhouse is stated to have been "the first that, with any success, began the art in Ireland" (State Papers, Ireland, 1686-8). Nevertheless, it does not appear that he carried on the industry, for we find a petition for a licence for the Lord of St. John in which he states that "he has spent his time wholly in the trade, and has found stifle meet and brought to perfection the making of glass in Ireland." He states that he had spent at least £300 in procuring the patent for the making of glass in Ireland from Captain Woodhouse.

In another letter, in 1689, Stone mentions "that he does not intend to continue the making of glass in England, but if requested he would not keep more than two glass-houses in England, and one in Ireland, and in Ireland, where the woods in Eng-

land would be preserved and the superfluous woods in Ireland would set, which in time of rebellion His Majesty has no greater enemy there." Stone was a footman in Elizabeth's employment. The Irish trees were regarded by the Queen as her enemies. The destruction of the Irish woods was commenced in this way. A Venetian, a footman of the iron blast furnaces was also deliberately encouraged to destroy the woods. In fact, Ireland owes two industries, the glass and the iron manufactures, to the pretext of English arson. George knew his Queen, and he got his patent without delay. Incidentally we may mention that the application passed through Burgley's hands, and Stone said, "it gets the patent he will repair Burgley's buildings with the best glass."

In 1597, appears another petition from the same individual who stated that, "For the last year or thereabouts in the end of Drummening Woods a glass-house, There is no sign of waste, only the ways more passable. In the end of the Desmond's Woods the Seneschal lay in it when five hundred men durst not attempt to pass the place. He is a witness to it. By difference of the price of wood, farm victuals, etc., honest gains may be had to perform this without preying upon the commonwealth."

From this it is evident that the industry was started successfully, and that Mr. Stone, formerly a footman in the Royal service, had become a prosperous manufacturer in Ireland. The time and place where the modern industry of making glass originated appears definitely settled at Drummening Woods about the year 1580. The celebrated glass-works extended from Dungan to Tallow, and the glass-house is said to have been situated in the neighbourhood of Curryglass, Co. Cork, at the western end of the woods. The exact locality is not yet established, but in all probability it was in the townland of Glass, Co. Cork, to the south of Curryglass. Such appears to have been the origin of this industry at least in modern times. Much uncertainty prevails as to the growth of this industry. In 1618 Dr. John Boyce wrote in his brother in Ireland advertising that a certain man who wished to set up glass-works in the South of Ireland. It is not known whether he came over or not. It is known, however, that a glass-house for window glass was set up shortly after this at a place called in the manuscript "this is the name of the house, called 'Ballynagery.' According to Mr. Westropp, it is most probably Ballynagery, in the south of Co. Waterford, but the site has not been identified.

The manuscript contains items relating to the site of setting up the glass-house at Ballynagery, and gives us information on the materials and the sales.

The next glass-house set up was at Birt about the year 1623. It is stated by Boyle that this glass-house supplied Dublin with drinking glass and window glass. However, this glass-house was carried on by Abraham Bigo, we find that Philip Bigo, in the time of Charles II, obtained grants of land at Ballynagery, Currowmore, and Newtown in Lismagh, and is said to have established works in some of them, but no traces of this industry are found.

Now, we find that no sooner was the industry fairly established in the country when the jealous hand of English power appeared, and the inevitable proclamation was published on February 15, 1699, in 1703. This proclamation prohibited the export of glass from Ireland, and even the manufacture of glass was prohibited. Not much attention, says our author, was paid to this proclamation, and about the year 1670 a glass-house was set up near Portlanning in Leix by Ananias Henry.

Little is known of the history of these early glass-works, which were erected in the country districts on account of the facility of obtaining wood for fuel. The supply of wood, great and superabundant as it was, actually gave out, because no effort was made to clear the land of the great trees, the great areas destroyed. The English, according to Dr. Boyle, had been destroying the woods and forests ever since they landed in the twelfth century. In the year 1641, however, a Bill was introduced to stop the felling of trees for fuel, and the cutting of trees, tanning bark, etc., and after about the last quarter of the seventeenth century almost all the glass-houses were erected in or near towns, which henceforward were built of stone, instead of wood.

Some of the glass-works came from Lorraine originally, and intermarried and settled down in Ireland. It is a

curious coincidence that the traveller in the Voyages may to this day come across names which are familiar in Ireland.

The first glass-house of which any Dublin record exists was established at Mary's Lane by Captain Philip Roche who went to France with the Irish Brigade. He returned to Ireland, and, "being incapacitated as a Roman Catholic from seeking a military or civil appointment," said the "Dublin Chronicle," "he turned his attention to trade, at the instance of his brother-in-law, Thomas Wolfe, who soon after he figured as the most eminent merchant of this city." Captain Roche had acquired a knowledge of making flint glass on the Continent. His enterprise was rewarded with great prosperity, and he died rich.

We have now arrived at the period when the industry in Dublin was permanently established. Other glass-houses followed, of which the best known was the Round House at the end of Lower Abbey Street, "opposite the Ship Buildings." A full account of the various enterprises in Dublin, Waterford, Belfast, Newry, Ballycastle and other centres of the great vitreous industry, with its innumerable branches, is given in this history. The plates are admirably lithographed.

After 1780 increasingly large quantities of glass were exported from Ireland. All kinds of ware were manufactured successfully. The book contains a valuable record of Ireland's foreign trade from 1781 to 1812, giving the ports of origin and destination, distinguishing the number of drinking glasses and bottles and the value of other glass ware.

Indeed at this period supplied the United States. In 1788 Dublin sent New York 8,240 drinking glasses, Cork sent 17,280 vials to Virginia and Maryland. In the following year Dublin sent to Spain 8,244 drinking glasses, Waterford, Belfast, Newry, Derry and Cork all shared in this new market, which the removal of the Commercial Restrictions and the victory of Washington opened to Ireland. The trade progressed steadily. A few figures will tell how prosperous it was. In 1795 Dublin exported 78,320 drinking glasses to England, 28,500 to New York, 19,082 to France, and 3,384 to Pennsylvania. Waterford exported 5,000 to New York. In 1796, Dublin glass-houses sent 95,240 to the same port. In 1797, Dublin sent to New York the huge number of 240,404 drinking glasses, which works out at about ten bottles to every man. The same year Dublin sent Virginia a cool 80,000 and 76,401 to New England. Belfast sent to the latter no less than 154,980 drinking glasses the same year, so that there must have been a rare clinking of Irish glass when the great Washington rose from his seat and gave the toast—'Gentlemen, the Friendly Sons of Saint Patrick.'

After about the year 1812 the number of drinking glasses exported seems to have decreased, but a large number of bottles and other glass were sent from Waterford, Cork, Waterford and Belfast to the same places as before.

This important industry, which promised so well for the future of Irish trade abroad, was, however, brought to an untimely end. In the year 1825 the first excise duty was placed on glass made in Ireland. A duty of two shillings was placed on every 1,000 lbs. weight of glass metal for flint or phial glass made in Great Britain or Ireland. "This Act," says Mr. Westropp, "enforced most exacting conditions with regard to the payment of duty, so that not a pound of glass should be exported from Ireland. From the year 1825 the glass manufacture in Ireland seems," he writes, "to have begun to decline. In 1828 the tax on Irish glass produced £26,972, while in 1833 the amount had fallen to £17,662. The excise duty was removed in 1845, but by that time some of the Irish glass-houses had ceased working, and the output from the remaining ones had greatly decreased." He tells us that it is surprising how the flint glass works existed at all under the hard and unjust restrictions imposed by the excise regulations. The perished the flint-glass manufactures of Ireland.

The bottle industry has continued down to our own times, and there are still some of them left, survivors of a once prosperous past. Thus the flint glass manufacture must be added to the heavy list of industries which by English, French, English, regulation, English greed, and English jealousy on our industries.

There are valuable chapters in the book on the different Irish glasses, how to distinguish them, and where the materials were obtained. A study of the former industry is a very interesting and necessary. The revival of this great and most important branch of manufacture. Recent researches have

proved the excellence of native materials, and there is little doubt but that a manufacturer starting to-day would find at his disposal a greater knowledge of the materials and where to obtain them in Ireland. There is room for more experimental work and scientific knowledge and research work, in which alone the modern industry can safely be based.

The Belgian Bishops

Last week we gave a summary of the letter from the Belgian Hierarchy. The full text from "La Libre Belgique" is now available, and the following is a translation of the message of his Eminence, Cardinal Mercurio, and the Bishops of Belgium. It is given in Malines, within the Octave of All Saints—

Your Eminence and your Lordships, The letter which your Eminence and your Lordships have judged fit to address to us have moved us profoundly.

We hasten to reply to you that we are one in heart with you, partakers of your anguish, of your sorrows, but also of your hope, and of your faith. The eyes of the Catholics of Belgium have always been turned towards Ireland, full of admiration and gratitude.

It is not to the first pioneers of Christian civilisation in Ireland that Belgium owes its great measure, the signal grace of all, that of belonging to Christ? The names of the Irish missionaries who, in the Merovingian period, evangelised the north of Gaul, St. Columban, St. Foulon, St. Monon and St. Gildard, St. Leodegarius, St. Eloi, St. Eloi, and St. Plémechin, and their disciples, St. Odger, St. Frigidian also, and many others have remained popular among us. More than thirty Belgian churches are dedicated to the saints of your island.

Ireland's Faith. It seems that Ireland, even to the Faith from the beginning of the fifth century, has received from Divine Providence a special apostolic mission.

Go through England, Australia, the United States, Canada, everywhere that the Catholic Faith lives and is being propagated, and you find the name of the Island of Saints held in honour, you find the Irish priesthood at work.

And this people of heroes is always ready to become once more, what it has often been, a people of martyrs.

What else is your history but the long Calvary of a people unceasingly travelled, persecuted, despoiled, tortured by famine, yet ever unfailing in its Faith and in its passion for liberty.

Yes, we admire you, dear and venerated confères; we bless you, and permit us to say it in all simplicity, we love you.

Church in Ireland.

Your people have your sympathies, they have a right to our respect, it is you who have moulded this people. For, nowhere in the world as amongst you has the pastor been seen sharing the lot of his flock, being near them in their sufferings, sharing their poverty, guarding their national traditions, making along with them the claim for independence.

If there exists in the Catholic world a Church where the Episcopate realises to the full the motto proclaimed by the Supreme Pastor in the ministry of souls—"I am the Good Shepherd; I know My sheep and My sheep know Me," then the Church in Ireland; Ireland; there is not another Church which, from this point of view, is its equal.

Even when, at times, that dear flock is led astray by enthusiasm, you are the first to tell them, with a fine frankness, their mistakes and the perils in which they involve that cause which you would wish to keep always in an atmosphere of light and peace.

Violence Condemned.

Several months ago the Primate of All Ireland said without ambiguity to his fellow-countrymen—"We condemn crime, we condemn any use of violence. But he understood at the same time, and the Irish Episcopate condemns at this moment with him, the murders, the raids, the burnings, the acts of violence of every kind, which are daily repeated in your countryside, and in your cities, and which everywhere produce disaster and may be necessary."

Such a state of things cannot continue. The British Government will not tolerate it!

idealises into a somewhat bluff and witty soul, and his big merchant-man of the clumsy Elizabethan type, and his cargo of "vines white and red." We know the man, because we have seen his like, as the writer did not see him. Daniel Corkery knows him, and saw him. For in the second book he says, "I recognised the sergeant in charge. If I fell into Mullery's hands, it meant five years; he was a man that would swear anything." Perhaps three hundred years have made us more wise. Perhaps three hundred years have turned Mullery into Sergeant Mullery. More probably, both are true; for there are three hundred years of knowledge gained on the one side, and there are three hundred years of practised corruption and degradation on the other side. Not only is the clerk in the "The Hounds of Banba," but in a striking book, harder to deceive than was Red Hugh O'Donnell three hundred years ago, but it is also the case that the agent of the enemy he fought is less likely, and much less well equipped, physically and mentally, to practise deceit with all hope of success.

Yet here are these two books issued at the same moment to remind us that the men are different, that the minds are different, but that the subject is the same. The Talbot Press has done well to print again the "The Hounds of Banba," for it has hitherto been a disgrace that the books of an author who has a high and secure place in our literature should lie out of print. The same press has done still better to publish Daniel Corkery's book of "The Hounds of Banba," for they are so centrally round a single theme that they form one book by a cause more compelling than the fact that they are contained between the same two covers.

Daniel Corkery is an author who ranks high in Ireland's phage. He has written certain plays that are Abbey plays, and Abbey plays are a convention the accent of which was once less staid than it has now become. His tales are different goods. These is the accent of Daniel Corkery, which, if they are not, because it is his own. In this new book of his, "The Hounds of Banba," he handles the abundant material provided by the last five years, material as complete as ever lay to the hand of writers. It is told in a simple, direct, and to the point, but it is not the simple of the past five years, skilfully worked into literature, will testify more inevitably to the downfall of empires than any other single cause, or than any set of causes.

For we may note how rich that material is in human motive at its richest expression. Daniel Corkery's book is a process. We know the men of whom he writes, and we know them better for all time, because we have seen them so well in these times. Even in pure incident and adventure, what could excel the hairbreadth escapes, or what could exceed the risks wrought by him into this pattern of humanity? No schoolboy ever revelled in escapes half so thrilling. Yet these are the ordinary risks taken to-day by men in their thousands. (Even as one writes one hears revolver shots of men who are "shooting-up" the next street.) Daniel Corkery is not a writer who folds his meanings into his style perfectly and consummately. They lie on the surfaces of his sentences, and break them and disjoint them. Yet the style is his own, and by means of it he takes this material and makes it a symbol of new outlooks while keeping a full of the echoes of history.

Yet there is a difference between these two books, and the difference is explained by the third. It is the difference of thought. The incidents are the same; the cause is the same; the figures are the same; but the commentators have thought more, for good or for ill they have talked more and they know more surely where they mean to get. They have been tricked, and they know it. They are idealists, but they are also disillusioned. This is the note that runs through "Conquest." The book should be read, and it will provide excellent propaganda for Ireland. Most of the Irish case, on its negative side, is in this book. The characters in it do not live—they only talk politics. The story finds movement difficult because it has to move through such talk. But the talk is not mere talk, it is the expression of actual, if not always personal, points of view. Orangemen, English

Parliamentarian and Sinn Féinist, all argue and talk, stating out the path of disillusionment to the last resort of honour and national faith. It is the treading of this path that marks the difference between Standish O'Grady and Daniel Corkery, and the three books might well be read together, for no cause is so strong as when its lovers look behind, look ahead and look beneath its immediate aspects, for that way vision comes, and vision is the mother of faith.

D. F.

Ralahine

The issue of books on Irish economic subjects continues to gather, and it is a pity that the year will be remembered in the publishing world for the growth of literature on this subject. The Irish publishing houses are, indeed, serving Ireland well. The book which forms the subject of this review is the history of the Ralahine Co-operative Society. The history of Ralahine is adapted from the narrative of E. T. Craig. With an Introduction by George Russell (E) and Notes by Diarmuid O'Connell. (Dublin: Martin Lester, Ltd. 6s. net). It is adapted from the narrative of the secretary and trustee of an association to rent a farm, stock and buildings, and to work it on co-operative principles. The title of this great experiment was The Ralahine Agricultural and Manufacturing Co-operative Society. Its object was to provide the members of a common capital; the mutual assurance of its members against the evils of poverty, sickness, infirmity, and old age; the attainment of a greater share of the comforts of life than the working class now possess; the mental and moral improvement of its members; the education of their children. All the stock, implements of husbandry, and other property belonging to Mr. Vandeleur were to be purchased from Mr. Vandeleur, and were then to become the joint property of the Society. Any member wishing to withdraw from the Society had full liberty to do so by giving a week's notice thereof to the committee. Means were also provided by which new members could be admitted on ballot if there were not a sufficient number of persons in the society to carry on the different branches of agricultural and manufacturing industries.

Some of the laws seemed to take little heed of the difficulties of setting people to work together. Under the head of production a kind of national service was instituted by Rule 9, which reads: "We engage that, whatever talents we may individually possess, whether mental or muscular, agricultural, manufacturing, or scientific, shall be directed to the benefit of all, as well by their immediate exercise in all necessary occupations as by communicating our knowledge to each other, and particularly to the young." Rule 10 is very interesting in these days. It is headed, "No Steward," and runs: "That, as far as can be reduced to practice, each individual shall assume in agricultural operations, particularly in harvest, it being fully understood that no individual is to act as a steward, but all to work." There is much wisdom in the last words. There would not be much necessity for a steward if the "all to work" law was reduced to practice.

There are a number of other laws which were certainly of unquestionable wisdom. For instance, law eleven ordained that all youth were to learn trades and agriculture—"That all youths, male or female, do engage to learn some useful trade, together with agriculture and gardening, between the ages of nine and seventeen years." This is a law which might well have been framed and placed in the schools of our land. It is of particular interest to observe that both sexes were included in the law.

The community of Ralahine were governed by a committee. The hours of labour were from six in the morning till six in the evening in summer and from daybreak to dark in winter, with the intermission of one hour for dinner. Wages were fixed at the ordinary rates then prevailing in the country, and were expected to be laid out at the store in the purchase of provisions, or any other article the society may produce or keep there. Such was the general scheme. It was co-operative in character. Mr. George Russell, in his introduction, tells us that Craig, who founded this remarkable community, seems to have been a good business man, and from the economic point of view the co-

operative plan he devised was successful. Visitors to this strange community in Clare found that the members had a higher standard of comfort than the highly-paid operatives in Lancashire, yet all about Ralahine were rags and poverty, murders and evictions, political fury and coercion.

This was in 1881. The previous year the whole County of Clare had been declared, on the 10th of May, "to be in a state of disturbance requiring extraordinary establishment of police, and was placed under the Peace Preservation Act." The English were long as usual trying to "restore order." They are always at it. At that time the English put the blame on the landlords, who urged the Lord Lieutenant to disarm the people. "Lord Angles," we are told by Craig, "said he would not call upon the people of Clare to give up their arms until the gentry did something for their relief." The blame at that time was put upon the landlords. It is very interesting to recall now that the English Government was not opposed to the arming of the Clare farmers against the Clare landlords.

The history of Ralahine contains much inside information on the state of Clare at that time. This book should be read in conjunction with the "History of Land Tenure in Ireland" (by Patrick Dardis), which we reviewed some months ago. The Ralahine experiment was made by a Clare landlord as a result of a movement amongst his fellow proprietors to remedy the political situation, and to provide an alternative to the old policy of "repression." It was, therefore, a very tentative effort to establish a new system of land tenure. It was essentially an experiment conducted under extreme circumstances, practically under a threat from the English in the Castle. The experiment failed for reasons altogether unconnected with the co-operative movement. The owner of the property was, unfortunately, addicted to the passion of gambling, and he was involved in the ruin of his estate before the community at Ralahine could have completed their arrangements to purchase the stock and implements. The farm of over six hundred acres had been considerably improved and extended by the mutual co-operation of the members, and in time, given favourable harvests, they could undoubtedly have provided for the purchase of the property. It was in good heart for succeeding crops, and gave promise for future prosperity, says Craig. The buildings had also been extended by the erection of six new dwellings by the extra labour of the members, so that Ralahine was at least able to

solve the housing problem, which is more than can be said of existing institutions; while the people themselves had been "regenerated by the spirit of the new system of dealing with the land, the landlord, and the labourer; a great social improvement had been effected in the educational training of the young, acting and reacting on their parents and friends."

All this progress availed nothing against the law. A Limerick banker, related to Mr. Vandeleur, through some technical point in the law, took advantage of the president's position in connection with the society as a manufacturing association and a trading store, and obtained an order in the bankruptcy court against him. In short, Mr. Vandeleur, who was the President of the Society, was made a bankrupt to protect the interests of his family against the writs in the hands of the sheriff. Mr. Vandeleur's family secured priority over the assets by this manoeuvre, and they were in favour of the sale, so that the estate and farm might come under the control of Mr. James Molony, of Kiltonan, brother of Mrs. Vandeleur. At that time the law, as it was administered, did not recognise the holding of land by an Association of Labourers for a common purpose. The members were held to be common labourers, with no rights or claims of improvements, as all they had created and added to the estate belonged to the landlord and his creditors. The rent had been paid. Nevertheless, the Ralahine Society and all its members were "reputedly evicted." There was no remedy. Ralahine Social Co-operation was at an end.

Such is the history of a great experiment. Time did not allow it to fructify. In time the land question was settled on non co-operative lines, by the simple expedient of land purchase and transfer of ownership from the landlord to the tenant. The object and purpose of the experiment, therefore, has disappeared so far as the settlement of the land question was in view. It was, however, during its existence a very remarkable example of successful co-operation in Ireland under the most difficult circumstances. It profoundly differed not merely economically but socially and politically from the English system of land tenure. It approached closely to the principles of ancient Ireland, and was far more in harmony with Miesian methods. It breathed of a far-off past, and awakened in the hearts of the Clare labourers something of the secret sweetness of the days of the old clans. The tongue of our country was spoken generally as the principal

means of intercourse amongst the members. There was no lack of homely amusements, and Irish music and song and dance enlivened the winter evenings, and the fact that Ralahine was in a sense an Irish college contributed much to its success. The land, also, was remarkably well cropped, and much of it converted from green to tillage. On the whole it must be said that, as an experiment in co-operative culture, so far as it went, Ralahine was by no means a failure, but, on the contrary, was a success from various points of view.

MAUNSEL

SERMONS BY CANON SHEEHAN (Author of "My New Course," etc.) Edited with a Preface by Rev. M. J. Phelan, S.J. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net. The late Canon Sheehan was an Irish novice of reputation, and the sermons collected in this volume . . . are the sermons of a man of letters. They are packed with thought, carefully composed, and picturesque phrased.—"Times" Lit. Sup.

HOLY ROMANS. A Young Irishman's Story. A Novel by André de Blacum. Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net. From such a distinguished and versatile literary artist as Mr. de Blacum one expected much in his first novel, and it is indeed a pleasure to find that one is far from being disappointed. Holy Romans is a remarkably good novel, the work of a cultured and generous mind, with individuality and sincerity stamped upon its every page. "Irish Independent."

THE FOUNDATIONS OF PEACE. By Seamus Burke, T.D., B.L. With an Introduction by Darrel Figgis. Cr. 8vo. 6s. net.

THE OCCUPATION OF LAND IN IRELAND IN THE FIRST HALF OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Patrick G. Dardis, M.A., B.L. Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

EVENING MEMORIES. By William O'Brien. Being a continuation of Recollections by the same author. Demy 8vo. 16s. net. Complete Catalogue and Announcement list of forthcoming publications will be sent on application.

Maunsell & Co., Ltd., 50 LOWER BAGGOT STREET, DUBLIN, and 40 MAUNSEL STREET, LONDON.

EXHIBITION AND SALE OF IRISH ART AND CRAFTWORK DECEMBER 13th to 24th.

WOODWORK. METALWORK. JEWELLERY. CARPETS. EMBROIDERIES. BOOKS. CALENDARS. CARDS. PAINTINGS. ETCHINGS. Etc., Etc.

AT THE CRAFT WORKERS' HOUSE 39 HARCOURT STREET.

Strengthen the Industrial Arm of the Nation

By buying products made in Ireland you help to stop Emigration.

BUY

"LEANDER" MARGARINE

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

MADE BY

Dowdall, O'Mahoney & Co.,

CORK.

LIMITED,

"The Spirit of Christmas"

"CHRISTMAS GREETINGS."
"MY CHRISTMAS WISH."
"GLOR NA NOLLA" (in Irish).
"CHRISTMAS WISHES."
"CHRISTMAS MESSAGES."
"JOHNNY'S JOURNAL," or how a Yankee Boy met Christmas.
"FUNBEAMS." (Part I.).
"FUNBEAMS." (Part II.).
"A HERD OF BULLS."

All above are dainty booklets with different coloured covers and artistic borders, forming a splendid means of conveying greetings at Christmas from friend to friend. They will be infinitely more appreciable than the usual Xmas card, as they are much more lasting and useful, and at the same time inexpensive. They cost only 6d. each, or 1d. by post, and all are the work of Brian O'Higgins, T.D. The last four mentioned are humorous. They will fit in an ordinary size envelope, and the 10 booklets will be sent post free for 4/6.

ILLUMINATED BOOKLETS.

I. Dark Rosaleen. By J. Clarence Mangan. II. Aileen's Riddle. By Samuel Ferguson. Each 1/- net, by post 1/2.

Artistically decorated, with illuminated borders and coloured illustrations by G. A. Hogan and J. Tierney. Suitable as souvenirs for all occasions. Furnished with fancy printed envelope, ready for addressing.

"Little Stories." A very beautiful collection of short stories in English and Irish, best style. It is neatly bound in red cloth and would be very suitable as a Xmas present. Price 3/6.

Fun of the Forge. By Brian O'Higgins, T.D. Third and enlarged edition of this delightful book of humorous stories now ready. This is one of Brian's most popular works. Many a hearty laugh will be the reading of it coax from Irish hearts. Full cloth binding—price 3/6; by post 3/10.

Billy to Jack. By Brian O'Higgins. A complete collection of humorous stories. Contains a large amount of genuine Irish humour. 1/6, post free 1/8.

Fun of the Road. By Brian O'Higgins. Contains 48 stories of adventure. Cloth bound, 3/6. Post free 3/10.

Glen na Mona. By Brian O'Higgins. Poignant pen-pictures in story and sketch of the green glen in Erin. Irish in feeling and sympathy, in kindness and simplicity. Full cloth binding—1/6, by post 1/8.

A Child's Visit to the Blessed Sacrament. A really beautiful hymn. Words by Brian O'Higgins, T.D., and music by Joseph Crofts. Price 2/6.

Songs of the Sacred Heart. By Brian O'Higgins. A beautiful book of religious poems. Much praised by the Most Rev. Primate. Very much in good health written in Birmingham Prison. Price 7/6, by post 7/10.

Hearts of Gold. By Brian O'Higgins. New and enlarged edition now ready. There are sunny smiles and tears of anguish in this book, hearty laughter and sighs of pain and sorrow, but every line rings true. Full cloth binding, 2/6; by post 2/10.

Father John Kenyon—a patriot priest of 1848. By J. P. Kenyon, M.A. The life, history and writings of this heroic priest and friend of John Mitchell should be known to every Irishman to-day. Bound in cloth and well printed. Price 5/6, by post 5/10.

Gaist Bata's Fangs, or the Adventure of Claran Ryan in the Irish Republic of 1900. By M. O. Lennan. This is an excellent story for boys—full of adventure and stirring scenes, yet with good, healthy lessons running right through the story. Well printed and bound in good cover. Price 2/- by post 2/6.

THE DRUID'S CAVE—a story of mystery and adventure, by Aodh de Blascaid. This is a magnificent tale of mystery and adventure, and holds the reader's interest from the first to the last page. There are 15 full-page illustrations in good bold type and fine cloth cover, with special coloured wrapper. It should form a superb Xmas gift for the young—price 1/6; by post 1/8.

Our Mother of Perpetual Succour is a splendidly reproduced picture of Our Lady. It is entirely produced in Ireland, and has a special dedicatory hymn by Brian O'Higgins, T.D., printed at foot. See that it has this hymn, and the words "printed in Ireland" at the bottom. Price 1/6; by post 1/8.

Our Mother of Perpetual Succour is a splendidly reproduced picture of Our Lady. It is entirely produced in Ireland, and has a special dedicatory hymn by Brian O'Higgins, T.D., printed at foot. See that it has this hymn, and the words "printed in Ireland" at the bottom. Price 1/6; by post 1/8.

Our Mother of Perpetual Succour is a splendidly reproduced picture of Our Lady. It is entirely produced in Ireland, and has a special dedicatory hymn by Brian O'Higgins, T.D., printed at foot. See that it has this hymn, and the words "printed in Ireland" at the bottom. Price 1/6; by post 1/8.

Our Mother of Perpetual Succour is a splendidly reproduced picture of Our Lady. It is entirely produced in Ireland, and has a special dedicatory hymn by Brian O'Higgins, T.D., printed at foot. See that it has this hymn, and the words "printed in Ireland" at the bottom. Price 1/6; by post 1/8.

Our Mother of Perpetual Succour is a splendidly reproduced picture of Our Lady. It is entirely produced in Ireland, and has a special dedicatory hymn by Brian O'Higgins, T.D., printed at foot. See that it has this hymn, and the words "printed in Ireland" at the bottom. Price 1/6; by post 1/8.

Our Mother of Perpetual Succour is a splendidly reproduced picture of Our Lady. It is entirely produced in Ireland, and has a special dedicatory hymn by Brian O'Higgins, T.D., printed at foot. See that it has this hymn, and the words "printed in Ireland" at the bottom. Price 1/6; by post 1/8.

Our Mother of Perpetual Succour is a splendidly reproduced picture of Our Lady. It is entirely produced in Ireland, and has a special dedicatory hymn by Brian O'Higgins, T.D., printed at foot. See that it has this hymn, and the words "printed in Ireland" at the bottom. Price 1/6; by post 1/8.

Our Mother of Perpetual Succour is a splendidly reproduced picture of Our Lady. It is entirely produced in Ireland, and has a special dedicatory hymn by Brian O'Higgins, T.D., printed at foot. See that it has this hymn, and the words "printed in Ireland" at the bottom. Price 1/6; by post 1/8.

Our Mother of Perpetual Succour is a splendidly reproduced picture of Our Lady. It is entirely produced in Ireland, and has a special dedicatory hymn by Brian O'Higgins, T.D., printed at foot. See that it has this hymn, and the words "printed in Ireland" at the bottom. Price 1/6; by post 1/8.

Our Mother of Perpetual Succour is a splendidly reproduced picture of Our Lady. It is entirely produced in Ireland, and has a special dedicatory hymn by Brian O'Higgins, T.D., printed at foot. See that it has this hymn, and the words "printed in Ireland" at the bottom. Price 1/6; by post 1/8.

Our Mother of Perpetual Succour is a splendidly reproduced picture of Our Lady. It is entirely produced in Ireland, and has a special dedicatory hymn by Brian O'Higgins, T.D., printed at foot. See that it has this hymn, and the words "printed in Ireland" at the bottom. Price 1/6; by post 1/8.

Our Mother of Perpetual Succour is a splendidly reproduced picture of Our Lady. It is entirely produced in Ireland, and has a special dedicatory hymn by Brian O'Higgins, T.D., printed at foot. See that it has this hymn, and the words "printed in Ireland" at the bottom. Price 1/6; by post 1/8.

Our Mother of Perpetual Succour is a splendidly reproduced picture of Our Lady. It is entirely produced in Ireland, and has a special dedicatory hymn by Brian O'Higgins, T.D., printed at foot. See that it has this hymn, and the words "printed in Ireland" at the bottom. Price 1/6; by post 1/8.

IN CHOOSING A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

It is well to consider the question of utility as well as beauty. Any of our Gold Bangle Watches combine those requirements, as we only stock a reliable quality. Anything else in a watch is worthless.

Prices from 40s. up.

CANTER BROS.,
63 ST. GEORGE'S STREET,
DUBLIN.

CHRISTMAS LADY OF THE HOUSE

"THE PREMIER IRISH ANNUAL"
Ready To-day, 1/6. Per Post 1/11

"STARTING THE TRAIN," by George A. Birmingham.
"TROUBLEDOM'S BROTHER," by Susan L. Mitchell.
"THE NOBLEST REFRAIN," showing how better health the Union by Crawford Harrell.
"LION BREEDING IN THE PHOENIX PARK," with expert series of pictures of carriages.
"OLD GALWAY LIFE," by Zed M. Callwell.
"THE VICTORIOUS BATTLE AT FORTENY," a beautiful reminiscence of the celebrated painting by Horace Verelst.
"IRISH PLEASANT GARDENS," by W. J. Levermore.
"MARLBOROUGH GREEN," by T. P. Smart.
THE CHAMPION IRISH BABY OF 1920.

WILSON HARTNELL & CO., DUBLIN

GRAND PARADE Cigarettes IRISH MADE

P. J. Carroll & Co. Ltd.
DUNDALK

"Sire Op."
804 St. Brunswick Street,

All literary communications should be addressed to The Editor.
All business communications should be addressed to The Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Yearly 1/6, by post 1/8
Half-yearly 8/6, by post 9/6
Quarterly 4/6, by post 5/6

ADVERTISING RATES.

Single Insertions 6s. 6d. per inch.
10 Insertions 5s. 6d. per inch.
20 Insertions 4s. 6d. per inch.
30 Insertions 3s. 6d. per inch.
Larger spaces per rate. Special positions extra.

Cheques and postal orders should be sent, and made payable to "Sire Op."

6190 03
YOUNG IRELAND

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1920.

strongly what we wrote last week, that any sign of weakening would only intensify the efforts of those who design to crush the Irish nation. It is evident that the mere rumour of an alleged "truce," which was not accepted seriously in any well-informed quarter, and which had, as far as we are aware, no foundation, was, in itself, taken as a sign of weakening. The shooting and the mere rumour of a week provide a significant and cynical comment on the situation. The raid of armed and disguised men with their faces blackened, and their determined attempt to get the Bishop of Killaloe, was one of the most startling events of the week. The nocturnal visitors were certainly not bent on a truce. The destruction of property in Cork and other districts amounted to at least a million, and it is not much of a sign of a truce to have the petrol gang at work in Curfew hours without molestation or restriction. It is not a sign of a truce to slay a dozen men in various parts of Ireland. The interference with our public boards, the seizure of books and accounts, and the arrests of the members and staffs of public bodies proceeded at an accelerated pace last week. There is here no evidence of a desire to put an end to the attack on our people. The suggestion of a truce under these circumstances resembles a feint of a boxer, a mere trick to take us off our guard, so as to inflict a deadly blow unawares.

On these matters we believe that few of our countrymen can remain long deceived. The press, given this wise advice, clearly one for cautious action. The future of Ireland is being settled, not for a few years, but for centuries, aye for ages. We can still afford to wait a little and to bide our time. Speaking last week, Dr. Mannix gave this wise advice: "I wish they could have a truce of God to-morrow, but such a truce can only come when somebody was entitled to say so came forward and said, 'The cause of all bloodshed and trouble will be put to rest, further attempt to rule the Irish people by foreign guns and bullets.'" The signal to end the bloodshed in Ireland has not been given. No word has been spoken by those who are able to end the bloodshed, and who are now speaking, it is dangerous to speak or write of a truce.

The sense and wisdom of our people will not require from us any warning against plots or intrigues. The fact that Mr. Lloyd George is trying another edition of the discarded and fantastic "German Plot" proves that he is still brooding on the old stereotypes.

The future will shortly unroll the objects of the English Cabinet. They think little of our country, but they think much of certain events which are happening abroad. The wave of feeling aroused by the martyrdom of Terence MacSwiney has spread like wildfire from the west coast, from West to East. It has affected whole hemispheres. The result of the sublime sacrifice at Brixton has been greater than can be measured by any form of comparison. Every day of defiance comes from all parts of the world. This week we have received testimony from South Africa, where the official organ of the Government has tendered its sympathy and admiration. It has also received testimony from Milan, and the friendly exclamations of the whole Italian Parliament render last week memorable for our compatriots in Europe. The reception of Mrs. MacSwiney at New York was another testimony of the magnitude of the victory won for our cause by the immolation of the martyr. Everywhere there is tremendous pressure exerted on Governments abroad by the peoples themselves, and in our favour, England finds herself confronted by the widest, most extensive and prolonged outburst of feeling that the civilised world has ever expressed.

The sons and daughters of our far-extending race have risen everywhere to champion our cause, and the Irish question has become an affair of the whole world. It is particularly unfortunate for England that, at this juncture, the most critical period of Anglo-American relations should have been reached in the United States. America has yet to take her political decisions in the peace settlement of Europe. It was, perhaps, more than a coincidence that when England was violently busy jailing Irish leaders and silencing their voices, the President-Elect arrived in Washington to commence the work of making his Cabinet and formulating the policy of the new administration. American policy will, in fact, be determined normally by the selection of the future Secretary of State. It was

that anxious moment that was chosen to deprive this journal of Mr. Griffith, and to deprive the nation of its spokesman. One can easily draw the conclusion that the English Government fears Ireland, and fears her very much, and we hope, with good reason. It is clear, therefore, that we are causing great embarrassment, and that, as time goes on, the embarrassment is not decreasing. Under those circumstances, we are well advised to continue doing in the future the work that has been so well done up to the present, and, in the words of Mr. Arthur Griffith, to "stand fast."

Dublin's American Trade

Mr. George Van Dyne, American Vice-Consul, Dublin, has presented his Commerce Report for September. He reviews the agricultural, labour and port position here, and gives the following official particulars of our trade with the United States during the past nine months, which coincides with the commencement of the Direct Service—

Regardless of the disturbed conditions in Ireland, trade between the Dublin district and the United States during the quarter ending September 30, 1920, continued in an encouraging manner. The total value of exports declared at this office for shipment to the United States during that period was \$19,935 dollars, as compared with \$143,003 for the second quarter. The declared exports for the first nine months of 1919 or 1919 at this consulate. This increase is due to a great extent, to the new "brewers' dried-grain" trade, which is being worked up in a very promising way.

There is also a movement on foot to establish a rag business with the United States, and the shipments helped to swell the total. Further, a considerable quantity of whiskey was shipped to New York for medicinal purposes, and the exportation of Irish poplin, woolsens, and aerated water showed a steady improvement throughout this period. The declared value of the articles invoiced at the Dublin consulate covering shipments to the United States during the first three quarters of the present year was—

Articles	1st Qtr.	2nd Qtr.	3rd Qtr.	Total
Alcoholic liquors	1,000	1,200	2,800	5,000
Grain	1,000	1,200	2,800	5,000
Meat	1,000	1,200	2,800	5,000
Woolens	1,000	1,200	2,800	5,000
Other goods	1,000	1,200	2,800	5,000
Total	1,000	1,200	2,800	5,000

Ireland's direct trade with the United States also progressed satisfactorily. The Irish representative of a New York company, operating a freight service between New York and ports in Ireland, stated that both the inward and outward business had exceeded his company's expectations, as they had worked up a trade in less than a year which they thought would take two or three years. It is important at this time to procure complete statistics of this trade, but it might be of interest to mention that direct imports of general cargo discharged at Dublin during the three months of July, August and September last amounted to \$8,929 tons, valued at \$282,757 (1,376,987 at normal exchange). During the same period 1,463 tons of hops, valued at \$763,720 (\$716,643 dollars), were imported. Other direct imports, which are not available, are 1,840 tons of barley, 1,150 tons of flour, 11,818 tons of wheat, 1,500,000 feet of timber, 40 boxes of automobile parts, 7 boxes of automobiles, 160 barrels of lubricating oil, 13 cases of clocks and watches, 82 cases of electrical apparatus, and one case of shoes.

The general cargo included automobiles, motor cycles, agricultural implements, silks, confectionery, iron, steel, and copper manufactures, shoes and shoes, hosiery, underwear, and knitted goods.

The direct exports, amounting to 3,198 tons, valued at \$45,236 (220,190 dollars), consisted chiefly of dried grain, rabbit skins, Irish poplin, woolsens, underwear, and knitted goods.

Thus about two-thirds of the declared exports at Dublin were shipped direct to the United States instead of via Liverpool, Glasgow, or Manchester.

France and Ireland.

Paris, Saturday

The attitude recently adopted by the Continental press towards Ireland has caused no little uneasiness in English political and diplomatic circles. Only last week the British Ambassador at Madrid had to disavow the Spanish press on the Irish question. The Spanish press, as the Irish question has been so long ago his communications were inserted as ordinary news, whereas to-day his subsidised organs are obliged to give the name of their distinguished correspondent. In France, too, some of our English officials unsuccessfully endeavoured to counteract Irish propaganda. Certain venal organs of limited circulation were acquired for this purpose, but to its credit be said, the French press, as a whole, rejected with scorn the attempts that were made to corrupt them. Some of the principal newspapers sent men of undoubted ability and of high standing in the journalistic and literary world to Ireland. M. Jacques Maritain, represented "Le Journal," M. MM. Jean Vignaud and Henri Bernard "Le Petit Parisien," M. Jules Sauerwein "Le Martin," M. Kessel "Le Journal des Debats," M. Maurice Bourgeois "Le Temps," and M. d'Honnin "Le Figaro." Those are the men who by their impartiality have so irritated Lloyd George that he does not refrain from describing them as perverters of truth and calumniators. The English Prime Minister, it is said, has been most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only the lowest and most repulsive form of animal life avoids the light of day. Disease and crime are hatched in darkness. It is easy to understand why the English Government seeks to prevent the truth being known regarding Ireland. We feel confident, however, that by attacking the writers abroad who are most probably have them otherwise recompensed if they placed their pens at the disposal of Dublin Castle, eulogised the light of day in Ireland, and told the world their readers that the destruction of Irish towns and villages, as well as the burning of crops and farmsteads, was a blessing to humanity. Only

Ulster every Irishman is a Sinn Féiner and almost all are republicans. To be a Sinn Féiner is to be a partisan of the independence of Ireland. Thus the Government of Lloyd George commits one of the greatest mistakes if it thinks it has finished with the Irish movement. To annihilate the Irish nation it must begin by imprisoning the members of Dáil Éireann and its ministers; then the municipal, rural and county councillors, and afterwards the Priests and Bishops who have unanimously protested against the crimes of the British Government. And this is a cruel house of sin, because if all the Irish people in Ireland to the number of four millions are arrested, the Sinn Féin movement, which is supported by the Irish race throughout the world, will nevertheless survive. It is not sufficient to arrest four members of the Dáil who are suspected of being the leaders of the movement. It is necessary, in order to achieve success, to suppress also every native because each individual Irishman has the soul of a chief.

"Ireland," says "La France Bordeaux," "is but a battle field, or if you will, a field of slaughter. To-morrow, if hostilities continue, it will be a charnel house. Passions have been stirred that all notions of humanity and clemency seem to be banished. From day to day, from week to week, the intensity of the struggle increases and continues accordingly the opposing parties. The measures of repression have been proved to be ineffectual and many are convinced that they have only served to hasten the success of the Sinn Féiners. The Irish race has given ample proof of its indomitable character. Suffering exalts instead of depressing this people. Fighting for what is undoubtedly their right, they defend their claims with a mystical intensity. It is strange that London has not yet understood what it is so well known elsewhere. Lloyd George places his confidence in coercion notwithstanding the results contrary to his purpose which it has already given, and the Parliament of Westminster, as its vote is so well known, has shown, abstains from seriously tackling the question. In reality the cause is judged. The domination of Ireland by England is dead. The day when the Cabinet of London proclaimed the Irish people to govern themselves it furnished an invincible arm to the Irish separatists."

M. M.

The Irish Cause in Italy

Rome, December 11, 1920.

For many months the heroic struggle of the Irish people to regain their independence has aroused considerable interest in all parts of Italy and among all classes of its people. This interest was greatly stimulated as a result of the visit to Rome in May last of His Eminence Cardinal Logue and seven other Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, together with the delegates sent by Dáil Éireann and the principal public boards of Ireland to assist in St. Peter's Basilica the consecration of the martyred Oliver Plunket of blessed memory. The remarkable reception given by Mr. Sean T. O'Connell, at the Grand Hotel in Rome in honour of the Cardinal, the other members of the Irish Hierarchy and the delegates from Ireland, which was attended by several hundred persons, including, besides all the Irish colony in Rome, many American, Australian, and Canadian Archbishops, Bishops and church dignitaries, caused the Italians prominent in Roman society caused a great stir in political as well as ecclesiastical circles. It also brought home to the whole diplomatic world in Rome the strength of the Irish Republican movement, and convinced them in a very striking manner of the unity of the Irish people in their demand for independence. To those in the know, the chagrin of the English Ambassador to the Holy See at the magnificent demonstration in St. Peter's Basilica was a revelation. The English representative would give a great deal to be able to report to his masters that he had succeeded in getting one half of the dignitaries who attend this gathering to accept an Irish point of view.

Since that date the Irish cause has made great strides in Rome and in general throughout Italy. The Very Rev. Dr. Hagan, Rector of the Irish College, has lost no opportunity of following up the remarkable impression made by the visit of so many of the Irish Hierarchy and the other delegates to the Oliver Plunket ceremonies. Many articles dealing with the history of the first fight have since appeared in the leading papers of Rome and in northern Italy continued and most successful press campaign has for many months been kept going by Mr. Hales, the Irish Consul in Genoa. On the ground this well prepared the Irish unanimous manifesto of the Irish Bishops containing such grave charges

against the English Government made a profound impression. Such an important document could not be ignored, especially by the Holy See. So even though the influence of the English is known to be most powerful in Vatican circles, it is not surprising that the Bishops' letter was published in full and with high headings on the front page of the "Osservatore Romano," the official organ of the Holy See. What did cause surprise was the strength of the editorial comment which was published in the same issue, which emphasised the gravity of the charges made by the signatories to the letter against the English Government, and called upon the English Government to grant the impartial inquiry asked for by the Bishops, and at the same time forcefully reminded them that they ought not to forget their recent war maxims, but should extend to Ireland the same rights they had helped to secure for other oppressed nations during and after the war.

Again this week the Vatican organ returns to the Irish question. It publishes in full the powerful letter of His Eminence, Cardinal Mercier and other Belgian Bishops who have so courageously and with such warm sympathy of the Irish cause, and to the appeal of their Irish confreres for an inquiry into the savage conduct of the English Army of Occupation, and at the same time, have raised their voices in an eloquent appeal for a recognition of the Irish people's right to answer the fight to freedom. The "Osservatore Romano" approves of the Belgian Bishops' letter, and trusts its eloquence and justice will move the hard hearts of the English Cabinet.

The attention thus called to the barbarity of English methods in Ireland and the gallant fight being waged by her tortured people against such tremendous odds has naturally called forth many expressions of sympathy with Ireland from press and platform. It is noteworthy that these have come from all sections of political thought, from the strict and respectable "Corriere d'Italia" at one end to the iconoclastic "Avanti!" of the belated left at the other. All have stigmatised the British savagery of the English in Ireland, and all have equally declared their belief in the right of the people of Ireland to decide their own destiny. At many meetings resolutions have been passed and speeches expressing this sympathy, and pledging the support of the Italian people to Ireland in its heroic fight. The most remarkable of these meetings was the one held last week in Milan. It was organised by the Italian Catholic Young Men's Society, and was attended by over six thousand persons. The chief speaker was Signor Mauri, Deputy for Milan, who is one of the leaders of the Popular or Catholic Party in the Italian Parliament. Signor Mauri raised his audience to wonderful displays of enthusiasm by his eloquent account of Ireland's gallant struggle. He described the recent meeting of himself and several other colleagues in the Italian Chamber to resist the Irish Envoy on the Irish people of all classes, made a firm resolve to carry on, throughout Italy, a vigorous campaign in favour of the Irish cause, and until justice and liberty had been secured for her long-suffering people.

Last Saturday's most remarkable demonstration, of which Ireland was the cause, took place in the Italian Chamber of Deputies. During the discussion on the ratification of the Treaty of Rapallo, Signor Mauri, in the course of his speech, said that liberty should be for all countries, without exception, and cried dramatically, "What about martyred Ireland?" Immediately an extraordinary demonstration ensued. This remark of Mauri seemed to touch a tender cord in the heart of almost every member present. There was at first rounds of applause from every part of the house, then the applause grew in volume until it reached a point where the Chamber rose to their feet, shouting enthusiastically, "Evviva l'Irlanda," and "Long live the Irish Republic." A journalist who witnessed the scene said he never, in his twenty odd years' experience, had seen a more enthusiastic and entirely spontaneous outburst by members on a subject so remotely connected with their own country. This same gentleman told the writer that this demonstration was a great tribute to the work done by the Rector of the Irish College in Rome in combating the anti-Irish propaganda of the English Embassy, as well as to the efforts of Mr. O'Connell, Speaker of the Irish Parliament, during his recent stay in Italy.

Murder of Priests

The torture, arrest and murder of Irish priests by the armed forces of England under the orders of their officers is not a new weapon in the hands of our enemy. Records from the sixteenth century show that even from that date efforts were made to break the spirit of the nation by murderous assaults on their beloved priests. It failed then, as it will fail now, because the gravity of the charges of the Lord's anointed were selected then, as they are now, by the English for their victim, but let us remember, for our consolation, that every great deed offered for Ireland brings the dawn of freedom nearer.

We give herewith a partial list of Irish priests who suffered torture and death at the hands of the English.

1540—Guardian and number of friars of the monastery of Monaghan beheaded by the English.

1590—Fr. Walsh, Bishop of Meath, imprisoned in chains for twelve years in a subterranean dungeon.

1595—Conor MacCarthy, Roger MacConell, Eoghan Ward, Franciscan Friars of Armagh, bound and brutally flogged by English soldiers, who left them laid dead. The priests' offence was that they refused to give up their religion.

1598—Rev. David Wolf, S.J., loaded with chains and thrown into Dublin Castle dungeons for four years, when he escaped.

1599—Daniel O'Duignan, Franciscan of Youghal, tortured by soldiers under officers' orders; finally he was hung head downwards, and slowly shot to death by soldiers, who were ordered not to use a bit of lead.

1570—Dermot Mulrooney and two other Franciscans, of Aharlagh, savagely beaten and wounded by English soldiers, who then beheaded them.

1576—Thaddeus Daly, Franciscan of Roseau, killed by a mercenary while attempting to escape.

1577—Father Fergal Ward, Franciscan of Donegal, was scourged by English soldiers, and then hanged from the branches of a tree with his arms outstretched.

1577—Fr. O'Dowd, of the same convent, tortured because he refused to state if a "rebel" had told him anything of a plot in confession. A kneedown was tied round his forehead, and a piece of red cloth was fastened through it, the latter was twisted until the skull was broken and the brain crushed and he died.

Another priest (secular) was hung.

1577—Rev. Thomas Lorcova, or Lorc, Bishop of Killdare, driven from his Cathedral See, he died in poverty and a hunted man.

1577—Rev. Thomas Courtney, Vicar-General of Kinsale, hung.

1578—Rev. Fr. Patrick O'Leary, Bishop of Mayo, and Rev. Cornelius O'Rourke, Franciscans, were loaded with chains and cast into public prison in Limerick. Refusing to acknowledge the English Queen's authority over the Pope, they were placed on the rack, their arms and feet beaten with hammers, so that their thigh bones were broken, and sharp iron points and needles thrust under their nails. They were then hanged.

1578—Right Rev. Maurice Gibbon died in prison, killed by a mercenary.

1578—Right Rev. Edmund Tawner, Bishop of Cork, shockingly tortured in prison, and died of his sufferings eighteen months after his arrest.

1578—Phelim O'Hara, Franciscan, stayed alone in the convent to meet the enemy, and was murdered by English soldiers before the High Altar.

1578—Rev. John O'Lochan, Edmund Simmons, and Donat O'Rourke, Franciscans, tortured and strangled by English soldiers.

1579—Right Rev. Thomas O'Herraghy, Bishop of Ross, thrown into prison with heavy chains on his neck and legs, then deported to England, where he was confined in a dark cell under Tower London for three years and seven months.

1580—Right Rev. Hugh Lake, or Lacy, Bishop of Limerick, thrown into filthy Cork prison, from which he escaped. Re-arrested when over sixty and died in prison.

1580—Rev. Laurence Moore, Oliver Plunket, an Irishman of gentle birth, and William Walsh, an English soldier, tied to stakes and shot by English soldiers, their arms and legs having been first broken in three different places.

1580—Rev. Gelasius O'Quellanan, Eugene Crone, and Hugh Melkaran were first tortured by the breaking of their arms and legs and their feet burned; they were then executed.

(To be Continued).

Valley Forge

"The most dangerous period in the struggle for American Independence was in the winter of 1777. In the east of Pennsylvania General Washington led the remnants of his worn and wasted army into the Valley Forge, a dead level, but very deep hollow on the banks of the Schuylkill, and twenty miles from Philadelphia, which was now sealed up by the British. It was a terrible and instructive work, 'The Making of a Republic,' to which we have referred in past issues, the author (Kevin R. O'Shield) gives the following account of this episode of American history, in which our countrymen played an important part, constituting, as they did, one-half of the army of the Revolution, and it can bear on our history today, and it can serve as a message which can be read clearly in the light of the events which are occurring in our midst today."

It was the month of November, and there were vivid signs of the coming of that awful winter of 1777.

As in the Jersey campaign of the preceding winter, one could trace the way of the Americans by the blood from their feet in the snow.

Congress had made a sad muddle of the national finances. It had issued bills of credit for twenty million dollars since the war began, and this, by means of the printing press, had done nothing to help the situation. The country was in a state of bankruptcy. Seven hundred paper dollars were the price of a pair of boots. It took a wagon load of wheat to purchase a bushel of wheat. Consequently, there was no money for this poor army builded up in the raw, dingy hallow behind the Schuylkill. They were without shelter, without ammunition, almost without clothes. Some wore shirts without sleeves, some trousers with one leg; others were but half covered in torn great-coats; and not a few had to contrive a suit for themselves out of blankets and sackcloth. Three thousand were without shoes, and barefooted and otherwise naked.

Arrived in the Valley, these gaunt, emaciated men, with arms not much better than the barrels of their muskets, set to work to build a town of log huts. They could not get enough material, and the overcrowding brought on disease and sickness. They had a hospital—a horrible receptacle—the terror of the whole army; and the dying preferred to end their sufferings outside on the frozen snow. As the General moved his daily visit round his army of ragged skeletons, encouraging, sympathising, pacifying, even pledging them his own fortune for their pay, their plans and hardships filled him with a keen anguish. And it took all his great reserves of will-power to prevent him giving way to the general despair.

He beseeched Congress again and again for food, clothes, building material and money; nothing came but promises.

Efforts, it is true, had been made to provide the stricken army at the Valley Forge with succour. Contracts had been made with certain clothiers in Boston for ready money, at a fluctuating rate of from ten to eighteen hundred per cent. The contractors "manifested," Congress complained, "a disposition callous to the feelings of humanity, and untouched by the severe sufferings of their countrymen. They exposed to a winter campaign in defence of their country the men of their country." Despite this crushing expenditure, the supplies were frequently lost and always much delayed before they reached the famished soldiers, so great were the difficulties of transport in that exposed region.

To keep his men alive, Washington was obliged to force contributions from the reluctant farmers, whose patriotism stopped at giving of their plenty to the starving soldiers.

The winter of 1777, the infant nation were not the British with their slowness in civilised methods towards "rebels"; or the Indians with their scalping knives and slow fires; or even the schemers and profiteers amongst the patriots. Harmful, indeed, as all these were, there was none of them so injurious, so cruel, so utterly remorseless as that great army of their own flesh and blood, who, under the misnomer of "Loyalists" worked with their zeal for the success of the British army.

They far outlasted the republicans as a body in enthusiasm and in thoroughness. Since the beginning of the struggle nothing was too despicable, nothing too inhuman, for them to do in furtherance of their ends. With a wild hate in their hearts they thought every means fair that would drive the "rotten rebels" from the Continent. They never doubted the ultimate triumph of the King, and they had longed for a second opportunity of termination and confiscation when

that day would arrive. The gracious Madame Higginson expressed a wish to celebrate the occasion by "driving through rebel blood to the halls of her carriage."

In 1775 a man from Billerica, contrary to the Trading with Soldiers' Regulations, bargained with a soldier for his musket. When he had paid his money, he was seized by soldiers and Tories, tarred and feathered, and conducted through the streets with a placard round his neck bearing the motto, "American Liberty, or a specimen of Democracy."

Many diversions of this nature had happened, and the chief men of Billerica wrote in high wrath to the British commander, May. It pleased your Excellency, we must tell you we are determined if the innocent inhabitants of our country towns must be treated with the most brutish ferocity, we shall hereafter refuse a soldier for that of petition and complaint."

The firm nature of the New Englanders was traditional, and General Gage was shown enough to know that they seldom gave two warnings. He stopped at this time this particular kind of barbarity.

After the capture of Boston in March, 1776, Washington led his army to New York. That city was a stronghold of Toryism, and the General rightly suspected that Lord Howe would make it his objective in his next attack.

At this time the Republicans held the city, and it was administered by a local committee of public safety. The Tory Governor, Sir Henry Clinton, but not far. He was on board a ship at Sandy Hook, and kept up a constant and uninterrupted correspondence with his friends. The first thing that struck Washington on his arrival was that open and general communication between the citizens of all parties and the British ships riding at anchor in the roadstead. He vigorously remonstrated with the local committee. "Gentlemen," he said, "the advantages of an interference of this kind are on the side of the enemy whilst we derive not the slightest benefit. Even the enemy themselves must despise us for suffering it to continue."

Even so, notwithstanding any benefit, the guileless patriots were soon to learn that grave danger was to spring from it. The General was not long established in New York when a secret Committee, which had been formed on the night of the evacuation, began to kidnap him. Tryon's Tory agents had made good headway, and had corrupted a considerable section of the American army with British gold. They had been successful, with Washington's own guard, and the British had been escorted by court-marshal and executed. Many were flung into prison, including Mayor Mathews himself. The plan was wrecked, but the great Tory element was stronger even and close enough to give the Government and justify a strict vigilance.

In truth, this matter of British gold was one of the strongest weapons in Tory hands. John Adams had aptly said that England was trying to bind the sword of the Republic "by the golden snail of corruption."

They distributed the gold plentifully on all sides, and thus wrought great havoc on American organisation. They counterfeited, too, very cleverly. When the Continental Congress issued, advertisements appeared in Tory journals announcing that people going into the interior could receive large amounts of this paper money by merely paying for the paper. This had, of course, a terribly depressing effect on Republican currency, and gave rise to the well-known expression, "not worth a continental."

The Tories had a large and influential press, and they used it with vigour. Falsehoods, from seven o'clock in the morning till midnight, were regularly poured on the Republican cause by this machine.

The propaganda did much to damp the ardour of patriots, but it had most effect on the great class of half-hearted people who were ready to side with the victors in any civil or social struggle.

The hopelessness of breaking away from the night of England, and the impossibility of establishing a central government on so vast and varied a continent, were favourite themes.

"The American Revolution," wrote a revered and very positive pamphleteer, "and its being a rising empire under one head, whether Republican or Monarchical, is one of the illdest and most visionary notions that ever entered the mind of any writer of romance. The mutual antipathies and clashing interests of the Americans indicate that they will have no centre of union and no common interest. They never can be united into one compact empire, and they had longed for a second opportunity of termination and confiscation when

any species of government whatever;

