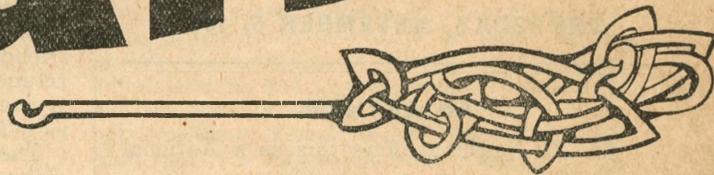


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Θια Θιαρθοαοιη, Σαμαιν 5, 1914.
Thursday, November 5, 1914.

Leat-piçinn.
One Halfpenny.

ENGLAND AND EGYPT.

ARREST OF NATIONALIST LEADERS.

Turks Advancing on the Suez Canal.

The Nationalist leaders at present in Egypt were all arrested on Monday. No charge has been made against them.

A Turkish force under German officers is believed to be advancing on Ismalia, the capture of which would place Turkey in control of the Suez Canal.

THE "EMDEN" OF THE ATLANTIC

Yesterday we published the announcement of the sinking of three further British merchant vessels by the German cruiser "Karlsruhe," off the coast of Brazil. The vessels sunk are:—

The "Vandyck," the most valuable, was a steel twin-screw steamer, 10,328 gross, and 6,490 nett, built at Belfast in 1911, and belonging to the Lamport and Holt Line. She was valued at about £230,000. Her cargo, from the Argentine and Brazil, included meat and coffee, and was worth about £100,000.

The "Hurstdale," SS. cargo steamer of 2,752 gross and 1,756 nett; built 1902; was owned by Lambert Brothers, of London. She was homeward bound from the River Plate with grain. Ship and cargo were worth about £60,000.

The "Glanton" SS. cargo steamer of 3,021 gross and 1,941 nett tons, was built in 1894; owned by Steel Young & Co., London, and was outward bound to The Plate with coal. Ship and cargo together worth about £24,000.

The "Karlsruhe's" captures so far are as follows:—

"Cervantes," "Condor," "Cornish City," "Farn," "Glanton," "Highland Hope," "Hurstdale," "Indrani," "Lynrowan," "Maple Branch," "Maria" (Dutch, but British cargo), "Niceto de Larringa," "Pruth," "Rio Iguassu," "Strathroy," and "Vandyck." This represents a gross tonnage of 71,000 odd, against a total of about 74,000 odd gross tonnage by the "Emden," including her two warship sinkings.

The SS. "La Corrienta," 5,183 nett, 8,529 gross, homeward bound from The Plate, is heavily overdue, and 65 guineas was paid on her yesterday for war risk. She is owned by Houlder, Bros., of Liverpool and London.

The crews of the sunken English liners state that the "Karlsruhe" has steamer scouts at each point of the compass. They said the Germans treated them well.

LOGICAL.

At the last meeting of the Delvin District Council the most logical resolution yet put forward in connection with Mr. Redmond's recruiting campaign, was proposed by Mr. Thos. Kelly, who moved:—"That all the members of this Board who prefer to follow the leadership of Mr. John Redmond and approve of his doctrine should place their services at the disposal of the War Office." None of Mr. Redmond's supporters on the Board could be found to back the resolution.

A CONTRAST.

MILITARY DRUNKENNES IN DUBLIN.

Civilians to be Penalised.

Yesterday the Recorder granted the application of the British Authorities in Dublin to close the public-houses, to reduce the drunkenness amongst the British troops in the city—who now number 11,000, against 4,000 in normal times. It transpired, in the course of the evidence, that the normal garrison in Belfast and Edinburgh—1,500—had not been increased, but additional troops were at Holywood and Carrickfergus, near Belfast.

His Honour ordered the closing of the Dublin public-houses at 10 p.m. on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, and at 9.30 p.m. on Fridays and Saturdays. In regard to clubs and hotels a similar order was made, but no order was made as to theatres and music halls.

In the course of the case a violent altercation took place between the Solicitor-General and Mr. T. M. Healy, who referred to the Under-Secretary at Dublin Castle as "a German Jew," and said the adjournment was for the purpose of the Solicitor-General consulting him.

MILITARY DRUNKENNESS IN BIRMINGHAM.

Public-houses Placed Out of Bounds.

To cope with military drunkenness the public-houses in Birmingham were placed "out of bounds" by its Military Authorities there on Monday, before mid-day and after 7.30. In Birmingham they are shut against the military. In Dublin against the civilian.

"DAILY MAIL" AND CONSCRIPTION.

We called attention a couple of days ago to the efforts of the inspired Press to sound the pulse of the public with regard to conscription. A leader in yesterday's "Daily Mail" is quite explicit. It is headed "Lack of Brain in the Recruiting Department—Better Methods or Compulsion?" and calls for "a strong Army" at all costs. It points out that "Germany, under her compulsory system, is automatically adding each week and each month. She has vast reserves upon which to draw. In addition to some five million trained men aged from 20 to 46, she has nearly four million untrained men. Each year at least 600,000 Germans who can pass the stringent tests of fitness imposed in the Fatherland reach the military service." The conclusion is striking:—"More men must be forthcoming. They can only be obtained in two ways. Either the Government must permit the people to know about the war and appeal to their sentiment and their imagination, or a very speedy resort to compulsory service will become inevitable."

It is not likely that this call of the "Daily Mail" for conscription will evoke much enthusiasm among its English readers except those not of fighting age. But this admission by the "Daily Mail" of the failure of recruiting in England—and Ireland—is significant.

THE MYSTERY OF THE OLYMPIC.

Yesterday at Belfast Police Courts, Albert Lear was charged with an offence under the Official Secrets Act. He was employed as a steward on the White Star liner "Olympic," and was arrested on arrival of that vessel in Belfast on Tuesday, after it had been interned for a week at Lough Swilly, and communication with the shore forbidden. Formal evidence having been given he was remanded for a week.

LORD MAYOR & GERMAN GOLD.

Letter from Prof. MacNeill.

The following letter from Prof. Eoin MacNeill appeared in yesterday's "Independent":

Sir,—The Dublin public, who know the cordial union of hearts between Lord Mayor Sherlock and Mr. John D. Nugent, will amuse itself with the declarations of these gentlemen at Monday's meeting of the Corporation. Each of them is still of opinion that the grand duty of their school of patriotism is to humbug the public, and that they are the men to do it. Each of them belongs to a certain committee which, like the Tyrone Place Board, calls itself National. You printed some time ago a statement by that violent Home Rule organ, the "Daily Mail," on the authority of certain members of the same National committee, about German money. The accuracy of the "Daily Mail" receives corroboration from the Lord Mayor and his friend, and we now know who the people are whose new affections lead them so far on the road of loyalty.

The Dublin public will not fail to endorse the resolution of these Imperial patriots which expresses nothing less than "unbounded satisfaction" at the present condition of Home Rule. They will also admire the Lord Mayor for saying that "Dublin, practically to a man, is behind Mr. Redmond," and therefore cannot be at the front, and for saying that "England has not re-enacted the Treaty of Limerick." The Treaty of Limerick was broken just after it was signed. The treaty which has won "unbounded satisfaction" was broken in the same public and unabashed manner before it was signed. Still one more vote of confidence.

EIOIN MACNEILL.

19 Herbert Park, Dublin.

POLES AND RUSSIANS.

The Federated Polish Nationalist Societies have distributed a manifesto in Russia-Poland, in which they say:—

"The most dangerous enemy of the Polish nation is Russia. Our victories and the rights which depend on this war, and which we shall obtain after it, depend on our strength; they will be determined by our decision and our unity. Our password must be: He who is not with us is against us. We must form a uniform political camp, and, above all, reduce to silence by our strength, our unity, and our action, those whose words and deeds gravitate directly or indirectly towards Russia. From the Confederation of Bar till to-day, the Russian party has been our evil genius in Poland. They were responsible for all the failures which are the cause of our present crushed position."

"IRELAND"

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NOTICE.—All literary communications should be addressed to the Editor, "IRELAND," 12 D'Olier Street, Dublin. Business communications to the Manager.

In sending matter for publication the writer must enclose real name and address; otherwise it will receive no attention.

IRELAND.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1914.

AN ANTHEM.

Mr. A. Newman offers this as a National Anthem:—

Mother of martyrdoms,
See! every true man comes
Offering his sword.
Traitors shall bend the knee
When we have set thee free.
Pledged is our word!

Safe is thine honour now;
Never again shall bow
Sadly thy head.
If of our ancient race
Some men deserved disgrace,
Hope never fled!

Ireland! our Queen, our pride,
Lo! all thy tears are dried;
Sorrow has flown.
Joy is thy portion now:
Hear every Gael vow
To guard thy throne!

A musical setting is being arranged, and will be published shortly.

ENGLISH ARMY AND IRISH LANGUAGE

The English Army Council is apparently anxious to conciliate the Gaelic League. It has notified its desire "that no obstacle shall be placed in the way of soldiers conversing on duty or otherwise in their native tongue, whether it be English, Welsh, or Irish." No doubt this intimation will give unbounded satisfaction to Lord Ashbourne. The Council, however, are careful to add that "on parade all orders must be in English." So far we have not heard of any rush of Irish speakers "to the Colours."

GERMAN "CRUELTY."

There arrived at Liverpool on Tuesday over 1,400 sailors, the crews of about a dozen of the British merchantmen sunk by the German cruiser "Karlsruhe." The English papers are unusually candid in reproducing the tales of these men as to their experience of Germans at close quarters. An officer said:—"Whatever the German military may be like, the naval officers are, without exception, so far as we saw, thorough gentlemen, who took the war-like part of their duties as a sort of painful necessity, and who were anxious to balance matters by the exercise of every courtesy."

Another officer said:—"Our crew of thirty were put on the 'Rio Negro,' and for eighteen days we had a very enjoyable time. We played deck quoits and other games and were treated like gentlemen. On the night before we were transferred to the 'Crefeld' we were given an extra special dinner accompanied by champagne and other wines, and the master and other officers of the 'Rio Negro' came down and wished us luck."

These are the people who are being represented by the corrupt Irish daily Press as monsters of cruelty! Even the English papers occasionally publish the truth concerning Germans and the war, but the pretended Irish "Nationalist" Press—never!

ENGLISH "CULTURE."

Mr. H. G. Wells, the English novelist, in a letter to the "Times," gives his opinions as to what would happen in England should the Germans succeed in landing.

Should the German raiders, cut off from the sea from their supports, try reprisals on the Belgian pattern, Mr. Wells forecasts the action which would, in his view, be taken. He says—"We, irregulars, will, of course, massacre

every German straggler we can put a gun to. We shall hang the officers and shoot the men. A German raid to England will, in fact, not be fought—it will be lynched. War is war and reprisals and striking terror are games that two can play at."

**AN ENGLISH CLERGYMAN ON
"CAPTURING GERMAN TRADE."**

Canon Horsley has written a remarkable article in the "Daily Chronicle." In it he exposes what he calls the sordid aspect of the war in England. The first and chief thought in many letters and articles in the Press, he says, is not that Belgium may be liberated but that England may capture German trade.

Canon Horsley also makes another grave point in his article. "I know," he says, "from friends actively engaged in helping the Belgian refugees in England that a certain number are trying to exploit their miserable condition so as to secure cheap labour for themselves."

The "Church Times," a leading English clerical paper, commenting on the cry, "Capture German Trade," says:—"It suggests a sordid aspect of war and encourages some of the sharpest criticisms of English policy."

HOW ENGLAND TREATS HER SOLDIERS

In the pages of the English journal "John Bull" we find the following information, which may prove useful to the Irish Parliamentary Party in their recruiting campaign:—

"The typical married soldier has usually three children. His pay is 1s. 1d. a day. Out of this, sixpence a day is stopped for his wife and one penny for each child. By a little arithmetical calculation, it will be ascertained that 2s. 4d. a week remains. From this there is a further stoppage of 1½d. for National Health Insurance—although the soldier receives no benefit whatever. Thus we find the married Tommy, with three children, in receipt of 2s. 2½d. a week, after all expenses have been paid. It is not a large amount, but it is all his own. Should his health, however, break down, and he be cast into hospital, he must pay 7d. a day for the luxury. In the case which we have taken, the account will stand in a very unsatisfactory position—the man being in debt to the extent of 1s. 10½d. a week. If the information we have given is not satisfactory to our correspondents, we are sorry."

**STARVING DEPENDENTS OF IRISH
SOLDIERS.**

An interesting letter from Mr. Thomas Harrington, J.P., Co.C. of Urlingford, Co. Kilkenny, appeared in yesterday's "Independent." He tells us that upwards of 40 men "volunteered and went to the war" from the little town of Urlingford, of less than 500 population, and goes on: "Will it be credited, although such, unfortunately, is only too true, the dependents of these brave soldiers are left to starve in Urlingford, and are compelled to seek outdoor relief from the Guardians of the Urlingford Union. Only on Thursday last the father of Private Cane and his brother, a poor man beyond his time of labour, and almost totally blind, was put on the outdoor relief list. There are other parents of brave soldiers in the same position in Urlingford who have not received one penny either from the War Office, Prince of Wales's Fund, or any other source since their sons joined the British Army three months ago. Is it any wonder recruiting should be falling away under these circumstances?"

It will be a consolation to the Irishmen who have taken Mr. Redmond's advice, as they lie dying on a French battlefield, to reflect that the generous British Empire for which they have shed their blood, is kindly providing for their helpless dependents—in the workhouse!

THE GALWAY POGROM.

"M. J. A." writes from Galway that "In the description of what occurred in the 'Galway Riot' in to-day's issue of your paper your correspondent makes some statements which are not exactly true. I was present during the whole proceedings and was one of the five whom your correspondent describes as being left at the Shambles Barracks, and was one of those who passed over the canal bridge after the attack on the houses in Dominick Street, and I can safely say that no one was thrown into the canal. There were other incidents that are obviously overdrawn, and such a description can be calculated to have no good effect

on the relations between the people of Galway. Your readers all over Ireland will be pleased to know that the state of political feeling which your correspondent's letter would lead one to expect does not now exist in Galway."

IRISH VOLUNTEERS.

The Limerick City Regiment of the Irish Volunteers have secured a magnificent rifle range, and a firing party 250 strong marched to the butts on Sunday last, and spent the day firing at ranges from 200 to 1,000 yards with the Mark 3 Lee-Enfield Rifle. The men of the Limerick Regiment claim that they are the first organised body of National opinion to carry out this work since 1782. They had previously received good experience with the miniature rifle and full training in the use of the Service rifle, with the result that the accuracy of the fire at all ranges was remarkable. Previous to the firing an advance party scoured the mountains for miles to prevent accident. The firing party were a fine body of men, and with their ammunition waggon and appliances looked very businesslike. It may be safely said, no matter what way the wealth and power of the political machine may operate in Limerick, that the manhood and womanhood of the City by the Shannon stands for Ireland above the interests of any man or combination of men.

CUMANN NA mBAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF "EIRE."

November 3rd.

Dear Sir,—As there seems to be a great deal of misunderstanding in the mind of the public as to the attitude of this organisation, we wish to make our position perfectly clear.

We are an independent organisation of Nationalist Irishwomen, founded in sympathy with the Volunteer movement, to advance the cause of Irish liberty. From the beginning we have been strictly non-sectional. Although during the recent crisis we felt bound to give expression to our view that "to urge or encourage Irish Volunteers to enlist in the British Army cannot, under any circumstances, be regarded as consistent with the work we have set ourselves to do," yet we are not directly or indirectly connected with either of the existing Volunteer Committees—and in all cases, when consulted by our Branches, we have advised them not to take sides.—Yours faithfully,

LOUISE GAVAN DUFFY,

Joint Hon. Sec.,

Cumann na mBan Prov. Comm.

8 D'Olier Street, Dublin.

THE LONDON AONACH.

The twelfth Annual Aonach, or Exhibition of Irish Goods, organised by the Gaelic League of London, will be held this year at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W., from Saturday, 7th November to 14th November, inclusive.

Most of the well-known Irish manufacturers are sending over exhibits. Owing to the fact that the Committee were able to secure the Horticultural Hall again the Exhibition will in many important respects be more representative than last year.

The social side of Irish life has not been neglected, as Mr. Cathal O'Byrne is coming from Belfast with his inimitable singing and story-telling; the Gaelic League Orchestra, under the direction of Miss Agnes MacHale, will discourse selections of Irish music at intervals daily. Plays in Irish will also be produced by one of the many dramatic companies of the Gaelic League.

LEINSTER COLLEGE OF IRISH.

At a special meeting of the Managing Committee of Colaiste Laighean last Friday, Mr. T. Morrissey, LL.B., M.A., presiding, the Principal of the College, Rev. T. O'Kelly, B.A., B.D., intimated that he had been appointed to the new Chair of Education in University College, Galway, and that consequently he was retiring from his position in the Leinster College. Mr. Eamonn O'Tuathail, M.A., was unanimously appointed the new Principal. Mr. T. MacDonnell was appointed to take charge of the Mullingar Centre, and vacancies on the staff were filled by the appointment of Mrs. MacDonagh Mahony and Sean MacGiolla an Atha.

"Tom" Gallon, the English novelist, died yesterday.

THE WAR DAY BY DAY.

ENGLAND AND TURKEY.

All the English jingo papers, including the two "Nationalist" dailies in Dublin, have been puzzling themselves over the Turkish situation. In reality it is quite simple. England does not want Turkey in this war. She is straining every nerve to try and prevent it. Needless to say, it is not for any love of the Turks. Nor is it that she much cares whether the Turks can or cannot hamper Russia. The real reason is the spectre-like dread of future complications. The manifesto of the Tsar of Russia is perfectly clear. At last Russia sees a possibility of becoming possessed of Constantinople, master of the Black Sea, and in possession of the Bosphorous and the Dardanelles. England simply cannot afford to allow this. With Russia in Constantinople a war with Russia for the possession of India, of Persia, and possibly of Egypt would become almost as great a certainty as, say, the war that is bound to take place sooner or later between the United States and Japan for the mastery of the Pacific. It is because Russia's and England's interests completely and utterly diverge that England is making superhuman efforts to keep Turkey out of the war—if she can. Events, however, seem to be too much for her, and Russia is forcing the pace at a great rate. In reality Turkey has been at war for some days with the Allies, but England would like to be blind to it as long as she can. She can hardly however go on ignoring plain facts.

In Poland.

With regard to the Russo-German campaign in Russia-Poland, I do not expect that anything decisive will be recorded until the Spring. In East Prussia, in Russian-Poland, and in Galicia the winter is appallingly severe. The most any army can do is to keep on the defensive or attempt minor offensive operations. To attempt to march hundreds of miles into an enemy's country with heavy guns, transport, and ammunition waggons would be very hazardous. An army lives on its lines of communications, and to attempt a long march in mud and slush would be to court disaster. Besides, it is difficult to conduct huge operations in Arctic winter conditions. The feeding of large bodies of men and their protection from the weather are also two things much more difficult in winter than in summer. To cap all, a retreat would be terrible. The loss in men, guns, and transport over snowy roads, trodden into slush, would mean catastrophe. Both the Germans and the Russians know what happened to Napoleon's army on the retreat from Moscow. On the whole I do not anticipate the Germans will try and capture Warsaw this winter, or that the Russians will attempt their belated march to Berlin. Both sides will content themselves with defensive tactics on the frontier.

"The Western Theatre."

In France and Belgium things are different. The French climate is not so severe in winter time as the Russian or East Prussian. There is no reason why operations in this theatre of the war should not be fought to some kind of a definite issue before Christmas. At present both sides seem not to be able to break one another's lines. But there are minor successes here and there on both sides. As usual, the unfortunate Belgians get the severe fighting to do. They are always forced in the post of honour. Even then there are English critics who hint that they might have done more. I do not see what effect the winter will have on the opposing lines save in one respect. The thing undoubtedly that has saved one side or the other from defeat up to the present has been the aeroplane. It has been everywhere. It has revealed the movements of troops on both sides. What effect the wintry winds may have on its sphere of usefulness remains to be seen. I fancy victory will come to the side that has the most efficient air service during the next couple of months.

On the Sea.

The air is full of rumours as to operations at sea. The big liner "Olympic" has discharged her passengers at Belfast. Yesterday's papers told us these passengers are pledged to secrecy. The reason given is not assigned. All we know officially is that mines were found off the northern coast of Ireland. About the North Sea affair, when a German squadron came out and bombarded a British gunboat and sank a large British submarine, little officially has been allowed to leak out either. The Germans have a peculiar sense of humour. On the very day when Winston Churchill's speech was reported about digging out the German fleet like rats, one of the German submarines crept out

and sank three large English cruisers of 12,000 tons each. On the day when the North Sea was officially closed by order of the English Admiralty a German squadron comes out almost up to the very coast of England, fires at an English gunboat and sinks a submarine. As in the case of the Emden, the German form of humour is decidedly sardonic—and unpleasant for the English.

THE GERMAN ZEPPELINS.

WHAT AND WHERE THEY ARE.

Up to the present very little has been heard of the Zeppelin airships, those gigantic dreadnoughts of the air which were expected to play such an important part in the terrible struggle for existence in which Germany is now engaged.

The scouting airships of the French Army—about 16 in number—carry nothing more offensive than bombs, and are powerless to defend themselves against an attack by an armoured Zeppelin or by an ordinary German aeroplane. This explains the reason why there are so few German airships at the French frontier. The dispositions of the German airships at the commencement of the war (probably also their disposition at present) affords the clearest insight into Germany's aerial strategy and what she intends to do with her powerful aerial forces. This disposition is as follows:—

At the French frontier were three Zeppelins, viz., the Z VII., Z VIII., and Z XI.; two Parsevals, and two non-rigid air-ships of the "M" type. The Z XI. is one of the latest and most modern of Zeppelins, being built in the style of the new Marine Zeppelins.

The Military Zeppelin.

On the Russian frontier, between Russia-Poland and Germany, there are eight Zeppelins and three large Schutte-Lanz-ships of rigid type, eight large Parsevals, non-rigid type, and the Veeh I., a semi-rigid air-ship. The Z II. is at Ratibor, near the extreme south-eastern frontier separating Germany, Austria, and Russia; the Viktoria Luise, a converted Zeppelin, at Gaudenz; the Z V. at Koenigsburg; the Z VI. at Breslau; the Z IX. at Allenstein. A glance at the map will show that all these places are along the Russian frontier. In Koenigsburg, however, there are also the Zeppelins Z V., Z X., the Schutte-Lanz II., the Veeh I., and three Parsevals, all intended for service on the Russia frontier and the Baltic. As a matter of fact there are altogether 13 airships of the most modern construction and of the largest possible offensive powers arranged in front of Russia, which can be brought rapidly to the front at any time to harass, impede, and destroy Russian army trains when necessary. This use of large airships is what Germany relies on to bring disaster and defeat on the Russian Army, and to strike a decisive and crushing blow suddenly and at any time, and it explains why she has built airships much larger than those required for scouting. For military work of this latter kind very much smaller airships are sufficient, but it is only gigantic and colossal aircraft such as Germany now possesses that are able to destroy the vital forces of a hostile army. This massing of airships on the Russian frontier is one of the surprises of the war, and shows how carefully Germany has worked out and thought out her plan of campaign. These colossal units are now being turned out at the Zeppelin works on Lake Constance at such a rate, that Germany's air fleet in all probability amounts at the present moment to about 50 Zeppelins. The new ships have over one-fourth greater capacity than the largest Zeppelins hitherto built. They meet in every item all the demands required for fighting airships which can carry a cargo of 20 tons of weapons and ammunition, and are capable of remaining in the air for seventy hours. The demands alluded to, as calculated on the original specifications submitted to, and adopted by the German Admiralty twelve months ago, are 30,000 cubic metres (and more) displacement, that is to say, 1,590,000 cubic feet, an increase of over 10,000 cubic metres over the largest Zeppelin or Schutte-Lanz airship hitherto built. These offensive airships are, of course, all designed larger than scouting airships, for they must navigate at greater altitudes beyond the point blank range of artillery. They must also possess more space into which their gas can expand when they rise suddenly into the lower air pressure of higher regions. An airship of this kind, when making an attack, will not fight from a lower height than 6,500 feet, a distance which renders it safe from gun-fire, and

it will make its attack going with the wind at a speed of more than 60 miles an hour. The attack is very rapid, and does not last long, as it is able to do most effective work and commit terrible execution with its specially perfected Krupp airship artillery. Its gas bag is not one chamber, but arranged in a series like a honeycomb, so that if one or more gas chambers happen to be perforated by a shell or solid shot, it will not sink. A French, or Russian, or English airship, on the other hand, when ripped by a shot, will be destroyed at once. It plunges to the earth directly, for it is nothing but a single gas bag. All the stories told by the English Press and the kept English Press in Ireland as to the destruction of German Zeppelins, according to which three or four were destroyed in Russia and over half a dozen in Belgium—are fiction. Apart from the reasons just given, every Zeppelin is accompanied on its expeditions by a flotilla of from six to twenty-two aeroplanes. These act as scouts and defenders, and a perfect code of signalling and methods of transmitting messages exist between them of such an efficient and perfect kind that it is impossible for a Zeppelin to be surprised. This has been the German system from the very beginning, the relation of the airship to the aeroplane being exactly the same as that of dreadnought and torpedo boat. The best possible way, therefore, of obtaining the highest power and greatest services from a Zeppelin is to surround it with a fleet of swift aeroplanes.

Mobility.

The mobility of the Zeppelins, that is, the advantage attached to their capability of going from one part of Germany or one scene of action to another, is a matter which German military experts have thoroughly appreciated from the very first, and which they have arranged for, establishing airships' sheds throughout the country. At the commencement of hostilities the number of sheds scattered throughout Germany was 46. They were to be found at Bitterfeld, Braunschweig, Bickersdorf, and Nipper near Cologne, Cuxhaven, Dresden, Frankfurt, Friedrichshafen, Gaudenz, Gotha, Hamburg, Hanover, Heligoland, Kiel, Koenigsberg, Lahr, Leichlingen, Leipzig, Mannheim, Mainz, Metz, Oos, Posen, Potsdam, Ratibor, Schweidmuhl, Tegel, Trier, Wannsee. France has 22 airships' sheds and Russia 19. None of the German sheds are less than 160 meters in length, while in France there is no shed larger than 130 metres. The airship sheds show the power of the different aerial fleets and demonstrate at once the immense superiority of the German not only over any of her rivals but over them all combined. In her fleet of modern and perfected Zeppelins Germany possesses an extraordinary power. Fully equipped for offensive work with guns mounted all over the hull, top, sides, and bottom, these gigantic aerial dreadnoughts, which are now being turned out in the German workshops with ever-increasing efficiency in speed, radius of action, armament, carrying capacity, and endurance, are all mainly intended for the assault on England.

CATHOLICS AND RUSSIA.

"Whatever may be thought of other aspects of the European War, the destruction of Austria and the aggrandisement of such a confirmed anti-Catholic Power as Russia is a matter that must fill Catholics throughout the world with concern." This is the opening sentence of a very ably written article by the Rev. Thos. H. Burbage in the current issue of the "Catholic Bulletin," which is in every respect an admirable and interesting number. Father Burbage examines Russia's attitude towards the Catholic Church quite dispassionately, and cites innumerable instances of the galling restrictions which not alone the religious orders, but more exalted dignitaries of the Church have to submit to under the rule of the Czar. Even lay associations like the Third Order of St. Francis, and the Apostleship of Prayer will not be tolerated; and since 1820 no Jesuit has been allowed to enter Russia even for a brief visit "without the special permission of the Czar." Nor is the promulgation of Papal Decrees allowed unless the Czar approves of them, with the result that up to the present day such purely internal and disciplinary decrees as those concerning the reduction of feast days, modernism, the removal of parish priests, and the "Ne Temere," relating to mixed marriages, have been refused sanction. These are but a few instances taken at random from Fr. Burbage's article of the treatment meted out to Catholics by the most formidable of the Allies in this terrible war, in which Irish Catholic young men are coolly invited to sacrifice their lives.

THE GERMAN IN IRELAND.

Herr Venedy, the German traveller, from whose now forgotten—in Ireland—work on this country, we have quoted his interview with the then Orange leader, curiously describes the system of Government espionage that then, as now, prevailed over foreigners coming to Ireland, and the gradual Anglicisation of Irish social circles. In the fourth chapter of his book, "Ireland and the Irish," published at Leipzig in 1843, he writes:—

The Spy System.

"I had been recommended to stop at the Imperial Hotel, which is opposite to the Post Office in Dublin, and I found there that the arrangements were in the English manner, and the attendants, for the most part, English also. I advise everyone who considers as indispensable a good bed, a well-served table, neat bedrooms, and perfect English cleanliness, to betake himself to this hotel. Any one, on the other hand, who pays a visit to Ireland for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the Irish, I recommend to seek for entertainment elsewhere. As long as I remained in this excellent hotel, I must say, that I was able to acquire but very little knowledge of the country; and yet I was not one day there until I heard that I was watched by the police!

"What! police supervisors in England!—no—not in England, but in Ireland.

"One of the servants—an Irishman—and as such, one who always began to chat with me whenever any business brought him to my room—knocked gently at my door, and approaching me with light and stealthy steps, in a mysterious manner, whispered cautiously in my ear, 'as we are alone, I can tell you, sir, that since you came here this morning, there has been a police officer in coloured clothes, who has twice been to the hotel, and has been seeking for intelligence about you; who you are; what you are doing; where you came from; and whither you are going, etc., etc.'

"I could not refrain from indulging in a hearty laugh, and assured my informant he might tell the policeman all that he knew about me, only to be particular, and not forget anything. He might have hoped to have gained for himself double pay—from the policeman for his information, and from me, that I should not be betrayed by him. And yet I ought not to say this—I do him, most probably, wrong, by entertaining such a suspicion, for in Ireland the police are detested, and the French are very much beloved.

"Yes, the French; for that I could be a German seemed to enter into the thoughts of no one. In Ireland, every foreigner is a Frenchman, and therefore I must be either a French priest or a French officer. For the first, because there was 'the secret intelligence' from France, that French priests had come to Ireland as emissaries, and for the second, there were as the proofs—my moustaches!

"And then this was so suitable to myself; with me this was so customary: so like what it is at home. Of my fatherland—of Germany—the thought was forced upon me—my moustaches!—they had created quite an uproar amongst the police. A strange traveller had set in motion the entire machinery of the Irish government! good heavens! is this for ever to be my fate! fatherland! Germany!

"From that time I observed that the eye of the police was directed towards me, at every turn. I saw even the same policeman watching me, twice at the Repeal Association, and last, at the meeting at Dundalk. To me the matter was simple enough; but as it bears upon the circumstances of Ireland, it is deserving at least of being mentioned, although I may not deem it requisite again to refer to it.

Hospitality.

"During the week that I stopped at the Imperial Hotel I had frequent opportunities of learning how to prize as it deserves the hospitable, friendly, unsuspecting, cordial nature of the Irish. They are a good people. There are to be found in this world great varieties in hospitality—by the one your stomach is destroyed, with another your purse is exhausted, in a third your reasoning powers are unsettled; but the hospitality of the Irishman comes from the heart, and goes to the heart. He shares with you that which he has, and with all this, you have an open, friendly, kindly word and manner, to make it doubly welcome. I have had the good fortune, in different countries, to have found friends—real friends—men ready to aid me in sorrow and misfortune—but never yet did I feel in any country where I was, in only two or three days, completely at home amongst the people, but in Ireland.

"In France, months had passed away before I became reconciled to the strange society into which I had fallen. I was half a year in London, and I do not suppose that there it would

be ever possible for me to feel myself at home; whilst in Ireland, two days were sufficient to remove from me the impression that I dwelt amongst strangers. The coldness of the English appears to me to be peculiarly suited to give an additional zest to the warm-heartedness of the Irish. If I were an Irishman I would oppose every direct connection with the continent. England and London seem to me to be made to give the tone to the feelings of foreigners, and to induce them to prize, even to their uttermost extent, the innate virtues and intrinsic value of Irishmen.

"The first question that an Englishman puts to a stranger, who comes recommended to him, is,—'what can I do for you?' It would be difficult to discover anything more inhospitable than this phrase. To the man who has a heart in his body, an answer to such a question is unnecessary, for he must know himself what he can do for the stranger, without forcing him to ask for the favour, as if it were an alms. I never heard the question put, except in England, and my letters of introduction in London afforded me an opportunity of hearing it constantly repeated. I brought some fifty or sixty such letters with me, and through their means I made two or three acquaintances! I never yet knocked at the door of Ireland that it was not kindly thrown open to me; yes, they there throw open not their state rooms merely, but their family parlours to the stranger that accident sends amongst them, uninvited, unintroductory, unknown, and almost without a name.

"The accident of being united on two or three occasions with Mr. McC., in the order of the 'Morning Chronicle,' for admission to the Italian opera, had made us acquainted with each other in London, and that circumstance alone was sufficient to secure me attention from his family, so that I felt, from the first day that I was in his house in Dublin, as if I were at home. Every word addressed to the stranger aids in divesting him of his feelings as a stranger. I know not how they accomplish this, but no one can perceive it, but in its results; they have open hearts and kindly dispositions—all that follows is but a natural consequence.

"My first visit, after establishing myself in my hotel, was to Mr. McC.'s. I found at home the lady of the house, her sister, and her children, and with them I chatted away an hour.

The Anglicisation of Dublin Life.

"We chattered away about this, that, and a thousand other things besides. And now, I may remark, that in these chatting moments, in these idling, objectless conversations with the women, and the men of Ireland, I have learned more of the country, than I ever yet was able to glean from the most elaborated discussion I ever yet heard in England. I remember, for instance, in one of those conversations to have learned from Mrs. McC., a complaint set forth in the most charming phrases, against the annoyances endured in keeping up society in latter times in Dublin. Even in this respect, it seems, that poor Ireland sighs under the heavy yoke of England. The English fashion is—that is, its amusement is—a display of its wealth, and a parade of its 'respectability,' or consequence. The host invites his guests to a feast, because it gives him the opportunity of exhibiting his plate, his servants, his rooms, his carpets, his pictures, and the number and grandeur of his friends; whilst the guest goes to show himself, and to prove by his presence, that he has a right to be, where so many are invited. As to social happiness, that is not even thought of.

"This style of seeing company—'soirees' with 'souters'—has even taken root in Dublin. Such a feast costs £50, £100, and often £200 and £300 or more. In London it is easier to bear this, although I have often thought that even in London such feasts cost those who gave them more than their own money. In Dublin, however, such an outlay is still more difficult to bear. One such feast in the year is the utmost that a Dublin family of the higher order of the middle class can bear. They are the grand races that can only be run once in the year with them, the runners are sure to exhaust themselves for the year to come; perhaps for two or three years; perhaps for life. A spendthrift family that thus wastes its substance suddenly disappears from society, and no man asks what has become of it? It was a wave on the ocean of life—it has disappeared, and another swells up in its place. It is not missed. On a small, friendly, social party—on friends assembling together unostentatiously, no one now thinks. A couple of friends, with their wives and sisters seldom now meet together, for—'it is no longer the fashion to do so in London.' Heaven guard the world! and France particularly—the land of the sweetest conversation, of the most refreshing, spiritual idling—from the English fashion, prevailing amongst its people.

"The complaints of this young and charming lady sounded to me like the sweet notes of a coming rescue to a heart that was wounded, weary, and exhausted in its struggles against the cold forms of society. There was in her complaints something more serious, than at the first glance appeared; for it was plain that in a question that regarded what was 'the fashion' there was the willing slavery of 'the Celt' to the dominion of the Saxon.

"One of the first evenings I passed in Ireland I dined with Mr. McC.—at Kingstown. The meats were good, the wine was not bad, the prospect before us was faultless. It was a charming Sunday evening. The bay of Kingstown is guarded on both sides by rocks and mountains. The sea was smooth as a mirror; and in the harbour there lay a steamer ready to depart, and the thick dark smoke was pouring from its funnels—there were two, a few skiffs, and from one of them could be heard the notes of sweet music. Around the harbour there were quays, and walks, and these were occupied by pedestrians. Gazing upon such a scene as this a feeling came over me, such as I had not for a long time experienced. The sea air, the sea view, reminded me of my dear friends in Havre. The kindly, confiding manner of my new acquaintances in Dublin opened my heart, and I felt pleased, in peace, happy. In England many things had occurred to annoy me—many things to afflict me deeply. Everything around me looked so dark, so dismal, that I at last asked myself the question—'are then, in sooth, all things as black as they appear to you?' In London the thought often occurred to my mind, that I should cry out against myself—'strike him dead, the hound, he is nothing better than a carping critic.'

"But here, in Ireland, my heart revived—its soundness and its health were restored to it; and I rejoiced that I had still enthusiasm enough to love all that is worthy of love.

"A summer evening, and inspired with such feelings, and in the presence of the awful sea, and in this enchanting, peaceful scene, and by the side of good men—yes, all this is rich recompense for so many harsh, dark, and loveless days. Thanks to thee, Ireland!

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