

NATIONALITY

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SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1916.

One Penny.

THE UNWRITTEN EPITAPH.

Far more than death or any pain of dying
He feared degenerate days,
When men upon the grave where he is lying,
Should come in throngs to gaze,
Heedless of Erin, in her fetters sighing,
And idly read his praise.

And reading, say: "Such love and valour
blended

 Availed for Ireland naught.
Then how can we by victory be attended
 Where he in vain hath wrought?
Nay, with this noblest victim strife hath ended,
 Be peace hereafter sought."

But, no! whilst Ireland enslaved and fettered
 In shameful bondage lies,
The voice that bade us leave that stone un-
 lettered

 Throughout the ages cries
Till England's strongholds in the land are
 shattered,
 Demanding sacrifice.

This his appeal, whose heart was Ireland's
solely!

 Hear him! he died for you.
Hear him! he fell in Freedom's battles holy,
 When Freedom's friends were few.
His voice, Oh, Irishmen! ye high or lowly,
 Is calling unto you.

To work in bonds of brotherhood uniting,
 Till victory's certain year;
To wait the Sunburst o'er the ocean smiting,
 And, oh! the dawn is near!
And in the dawn by freemen's hands a writing
 To have engraven here.

Notes.

The Plunder of Ireland.

"Ireland," wrote Junius, a hundred and fifty years ago, "has been uniformly plundered and oppressed." The public meeting in Dublin this week, which chose an Irish Finance Committee, guarantees that the plundering will no longer be carried on without public attention. In the last fifteen months the Irish Parliamentary Party—as the Candid Placehunters style themselves—has voted an increase of thirty-three shillings a head on every man, woman, and child in Ireland—for England's purposes. In 1896 when the English Government appointed Finance Commission reported that Ireland was being overtaxed by two and three quarter million pounds a year, the taxation per head in Ireland was £1 15s. od. It is now £4 4s. In 1896 Ireland was taxed for

English purposes £8,000,000 sterling. It is now taxed £18,000,000 sterling. In the same period Ireland has lost 300,000 of an actual population.

The steps by which England compassed the end of reducing Ireland from prosperity to poverty and decimating her population were six. In 1800 Ireland was a solvent State with a State debt of £5 7s. od. a head, while England tumbled on the brink of insolvency with a State debt of £42 18s. per head. There were five Irishmen in Ireland to every eight Englishmen in England at the time. But there were 135,000 armed English troops in Ireland, and with their aid England forced the Act of Union upon this country. Sixteen years later, having overcome Napoleon, and being delivered from fear of a European rival, she seized the Irish Exchequer and declared Ireland equally liable with herself for her debt. Having tied this millstone around our neck, England proceeded by steps to her grand stroke—the Artificial Famine. The Irish Quit Rents were taken to London and expended there, the Irish Fisheries were deprived of the grants which the Irish Parliament had given them, the Irish Custom House was closed up, the Irish tobacco trade was prohibited and a fine of £500 denounced against any Irishman found in possession of Irish tobacco, and the Irish Forty-Shilling Freeholders were disfranchised to the end that they might be exterminated by their landlords, to whom they became no longer of political value.

Thus it was that the Ireland which in the 20 years 1780-1800, on the admission of Pitt, the English Contriver of the Irish Parliament's destruction, had increased in opulence and splendour above the increase of any other nation of Europe for the same period, fell back in the 20 years 1801-1820 into poverty and misery. Her Parliament, her Treasury, her Custom House were gone; her trade and commerce, her manufactures and her fisheries were following her. The landed proprietors of the country fled the land and drawing their rents after them sent them in the English Capital. Yet one source of strength remained to Ireland—her agriculture. The splendid Corn Laws of the Irish Parliament kept the soil producing abundance of food, and the population multiplied. England's first interference with these laws increased the poverty, but did not check the natural increase of the people. And so the Artificial Famine of 1845-9 was engineered by English statesmanship till a million lay dead of hunger in a land teeming with food and another million fled to America to escape their fate—fled there to nourish a hatred and transmit it to their children which is bearing the ripe fruit of God's

vengeance to-day on the heartless tyranny that compelled the old man, the mother, and the child—old men, the mothers and children of our blood and race and nation—to die of famine in a land that abounded in food.

Ireland's Obituary Notice.

When over the famine graves of our grand fathers and grandmothers and the coffin-ships which sailed with fugitives from our shores, the London "Times" exultingly cried, "The Celts are gone—gone with a vengeance—the Lord be praised!" it expressed the English heart and mind for ever to us. "Free Trade" swept away the last economic bulwark of Ireland—the Irish Corn Laws—and raised cheap beef for England on the "amalgamated" farms which had bred Ireland's sturdy men and winsome women. Seventy years ago we had more men and women in Ireland than we had cattle and sheep. To-day we have one bullock and two sheep to every human being. In addition we have five times the amount of taxation, and yet we survive, and our kinsmen and our kinsmen's children whom England drove out survive, a great political power across the Atlantic, paying the debt. Eternal Justice owes and always sooner or later pays.

1896 and Now.

In 1800 when England destroyed our Parliament our population was denser than hers. We had 166 men and women to the square mile. She had 152. To-day we have 135. She has 618. On this 135 she now imposes an increase of £2 9s. od. (much more if, as it seems, "non-tax" revenue has not been included in the English return) per head in taxation over the taxation they suffered under her when in 1896 her own Commission convicted her of extorting nearly three millions a year more from this country than she was fairly entitled to plunder. To-day the Irishman is forced to bear three times the indebtedness he bore at the time of the Act of Union, while the Englishman bears only two-fifths of what he bore then. It is no fault of English statesmanship that Ireland is alive—humanly and infernally speaking she should have been dead sixty years ago. But between the trenches of Flanders and the new taxation England is not without a prospect that the nation whose obituary notice Mountjoy wrote in "Carcasses and Ashes," Cromwell wrote in "To Hell or to Connacht," William and Anne wrote in the Penal Laws, Pitt wrote in the Union, Russell wrote in the Famine, the Defence of the Realm Act and the English Treasury will write to-day. Vain hopes, for the Irish nation will be when that New Zealander arrives on the site of London with his sketch-book.

The Timeserver.

The present Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Bernard, has written rebuking the Irish for complaining of being robbed. It is no time, His Grace argues, when the Plunderer is in difficulty for the plundered to complain. The clear business of the Plundered is to help him out of his difficulties. This specimen of Dr. Bernard's Theology to suit all occasions, proves at least that he is doing his Bit for England. The following is the letter—a record one in sycophantic submission to oppression:—

(Copy.)

"Dear Sir,—The Archbishop of Dublin desires me to acknowledge your letter of 29th Feb., and to express his regret that an attempt is being made to excuse Ireland from taking her full share in the financial burdens which the war must impose on every class in every part of the Empire.

"The war cannot be brought to a successful issue without heavy taxation, and the price does not seem to His Grace too great to pay for the defence of our homes, the honour of our women, and the liberty of independent nations.

"For these objects Irishmen have shed their blood freely, and it is the duty of those who stay at home to see to it that their lives have not been sacrificed in vain.

"I am, yours faithfully,

"(Signed) JOHN OLIVER."

What an admirable English Treasury Archbishop! Because Irishmen have died for their England therefore Irishmen must not oppose English plunder of their finances!

The Late Irish Archbishop.

It is just 20 years ago since the Financial Relations Agitation—consequent on the finding of the Commission that Ireland was being over-taxed 2½ millions yearly—opened with a meeting in the Dublin Mansion House at which all the prominent Irish Unionists attended. Some of them are dead since, and those who are not are now deaf and dumb. Lord Monck was there—Lord Mayo was there—Mr. A. W. Samuels was there—all dumb as oysters now. Lord Holmpatrick moved the resolution. This was it:—

"Resolved—That this meeting of the taxpayers of the City and County of Dublin hereby declare that the excessive burden of Imperial taxation on Ireland disclosed by the report of the Royal Commission on the Financial Relations of Great Britain and Ireland constitute a serious national grievance affecting all classes of the community, and demands the immediate attention of Her Majesty's Government, with a view to such legislation as will meet the just claims of the country at the earliest possible date."

The Government paid immediate attention to the Unionists—it proceeded to bribe or intimidate them to silence. Take Mr. Dodd, for instance—he was a "Liberal"—but he spoke that day as one who would break through the doors of Dublin Castle itself if Justice were not done. Ten millions have been added to Ireland's yearly tax since Dodd threatened England on the 28th of December, 1896, and Dodd has broken into Dublin Castle—as a Privy Councillor and Judge for England at a stipend of £3,500 per year levied out of the Overtaxation of Ireland. Mr. Samuels is still however outside, and for him Mumm's the Word.

The Protestant Archbishop of Dublin seconded the resolution. We quote from the

Unionist organ of the period, the "Daily Express" (Dec. 29, 1896):—

"Lord Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin, who was received with loud applause, seconded the resolution. He said—'My Lord Mayor and Gentlemen—I am keenly alive to the responsibility—the grave responsibility—that I incur in seconding this resolution. . . . I have fully satisfied my own mind that the question with which we have to deal this afternoon is one which does not lie within the region of party spirit, into which it would not be right for me to intrude, and on the other hand that it does concern itself with questions affecting the welfare of my native land, with which as an Irishman and, I hope, as a patriot I am bound to have sympathy. Under these circumstances, I feel that it would be a cowardly act on my part were I to sit upon the fence and were I to shrink from a duty with which it would seem in the providence of God has been placed directly in my path.'"

Archbishop Plunket was a Unionist, but an Irishman. His successor is a Timeserver—and a West Briton.

"The Archbishop of Dublin," wrote the "Daily Express" of Dec. 29, 1896, "lent the weight of his exalted position and illustrious name to the expression of the national will, and imparted a tone to it which appealed to the patriotic instincts of Irishmen and awakened their feelings of earnest devotion to the interests of their country. His Grace's cogent reasoning showed in a clear light the allusive nature of the objections which have been made to the all but unanimous findings of the Commission." No paper could write thus of the Archbishop of Dublin's successor. The spirit of prophecy moved in Archbishop Plunket, and he foresaw Dr. Bernard when he wrote of the sycophants of England:—

"Ye sons of Ireland who despise
The Motherland that bare ye,
Who nothing Irish love or prize,
Give ear—I will not spare you.
The stranger's jeer I do not fear,
But can I pardon ever
Those who revile their native isle—
Oh, never! never! never!

That persons so refined and grand
As you are should belong to
This very low and vulgar land
Is sad, and very wrong too.
But 'tis too late to mend your fate,
Irish you are ever—
You'll wipe that shame from off your name,
Oh, never! never! never!

When strutting through some larger town
Than your own native city,
Some bigger men you may hunt down,
And bare them, more's the pity;
But 'tis not state that makes men great,
And should you fawn for ever,
You'll never rise in good men's eyes,
Oh, never! never! never!"

Yet it will comfort Archbishop Bernard to learn that his Irish predecessor wrote these reprehensible verses to the tune of "In Kohlen Keller"—a Hun tune, known to the English as "In Cellar Cool." This proves him to have been a Pro-German.

The difference between an Irish Unionist and a sycophant of English power is the distance between the late Archbishop Plunket and the present Archbishop Bernard. In life they were not united and hereafter they shall dwell apart.

Beautiful Britain.

"The beauty of the British soldier is a point that has impressed itself upon M. Egerov

He thinks the British Tommy matches the British woman for grace and distinction of bearing, if not for charm of feature."—London "Daily News."

The Dublin Solicitors.

The President of the Incorporated Law Society has sent to all Dublin solicitors an "invitation" to them to make munitions of war for the British Government. The Incorporated Law Society exercises jurisdiction over solicitors, and this circular has been taken by some of them to mean that if they decline, their names will be treasured for future opportunity. The following paragraph in the letter is regarded as minatory:—

"It is essential that we should know as soon as possible the names of all solicitors who are prepared to help in the making of munitions."

Why?

England's Irish Soldier.

In an obscure corner of a back column of the Pro-English "Independent" newspaper of February 22, we find the following paragraph:—

"The last words of Pte. Patk. Sullivan, whose death in Weymouth Workhouse Hospital we have already announced, were—'Don't give me a pauper's grave.' He had served 12 years in the Royal Irish Fusiliers, re-enlisted during the war, fell into consumption as a result of a gas attack, and died penniless. A Union grave holds his remains, the military authorities having refused him a military funeral."

Business as usual.

The Defeat of the Recruiting Man in Louth.

Mr. Hanill, of the Dundalk Recruiting Committee, has been beaten for a seat in the English Parliament by Mr. Whitty, a young man of military age who emphatically declines to join the English army. It would be unfair to the Parliamentary Party and the Unionist Party to deny them their share in the result. The whole machinery of the Parliamentary Party and some £600 to £800 of its money was set at work and expended to defeat the local Controller of Recruiting. Mr. Redmond wrote denouncing his candidature against the young man of military age, and Mr. Devlin and the "Freeman's Journal" described all who supported or countenanced him as national enemies. Better still, the Unionists of North Louth marched solidly, under the Union Jack, to the poll to vote against the Recruiting Man. It is true that in this latter instance the Unionists demanded and received from the Parliamentary Party the South Tyrone seat as the price of their support, but the fact that they voted out the Recruiting Man remains to their credit.

The canvassers of the Parliamentary Party in the rural districts of the constituency who appealed to the farmers to vote against the man "who wanted to take their sons away to the war," must receive acknowledgment. Mr. Whitty is now, at the age of 26, enrolled at £400 a year a member, not of the English army, but of the English Parliament by Mr. John Redmond, who has been exhorting the Farmers' Sons to emigrate to Flanders. The

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FILLAR PICTURE HOUSE.
MARY STREET PICTURE HOUSE,
PHIBSBORO'.—The House at Blauquiere Bridge.
THE VOLTA, MARY STREET.

Recruiting Man has been repudiated by his fellow-Louthmen for a clerk of whom they had never heard before, but whom they have now preserved from any possibility of being forced by economic pressure into the English army. Nothing which throws a more interesting light on Messrs. Redmond and Devlin and the depth of conviction on the war in Irish Unionism could well have occurred just now. The message of North Louth electorate is that no Controller of Recruiting need apply for its suffrages. Any man in North Louth who had kept a straight national course in the war would have beaten Mr. Whitty hands down. Mr. Whitty's opponents made the blunder of choosing a prominent member of the local Recruiting Committee, and when they did so they elected his opponent, whether it had been Mr. Whitty or a Broomstick.

"The Book of the Polish Pilgrims."

Giolla Eireann writes:—Apropos "The Book of the Polish Pilgrims," a translation of which is beginning in NATIONALITY, may I call attention to the great importance of this work and urge all readers who have even the least Irish to read the translation week by week, and cut out and preserve it? Strange to say, although the work is devoted to the subject of the rights, duties and destinies of small nationalities, it has never appeared in an English translation. The present translation into Irish was made on a suggestion contained in an article in NATIONALITY last summer, wherein I introduced the book to Irish readers. The translation, I may testify, is at once accurate and elegant, so that the work will probably take a permanent place in Irish literature.

In the Book of the Polish Pilgrims, called the "Gospel of Polish Nationalism," the author, Adam Mickiewicz, the greatest figure in Polish literature, spoke to the enslaved and partitioned Polish Nation, bidding his people hold fast the national faith even in the darkest hour of apparent defeat. When he wrote, Poland's end seemed to have come. He said that in spite of all if the Poles would but have faith, ultimately the justice of God would bring them liberty. "The Apostles," he reminded them, "twelve simple and untutored men, conquered an empire by faith." He foretold a cataclysm that should come upon humanity and change the whole order of things on which the materialist empires had reared their evil and seemingly unshakable dominance. Poland should then arise, and after her, all the people who suffer bondage, and "the heritage of the future should be given to those who had faith and charity, and in whom hope lived unquenched."

We have lived (buidheachas le Dia) to see the Poland that Europe callously spoke of for sixty years as lost for ever risen again. To-day the Ireland of the East has won admission of her nationhood and of her right to a place in Europe's future from even the most reluc-

tant. We shall therefore read the prophecies of Mickiewicz with a double interest—firstly, because we are seeing them fulfilled so far as his own nation is concerned, and secondly, because we yet await the fulfilment of those that concern ourselves.

THE UNSPOILED LAND.

At its best, Irish prose has a unique fulness and exactitude. No sense of unreality or congested dreariness mars the works of the four or five prominent Irish writers of to-day. We are fortunate to see a literature in its beginnings. We have the good luck to see a young and developing literature, or to express the matter more truthfully, a mature language long restrained reasserting its potency to reflect the soul and life of a people.

Anglo-Irish literature has soared to great heights in our time, but its greatest eminences have been based not only for fact and manner, but even for its vivid and beautiful speech, upon the impulse which comes from sources and places where spoken Irish is a reality, a mirror of the life of a people unspoiled and unbroken, however sorely tried and impoverished. An unspoiled people is not a people without vices and meannesses. It is a people which is neither bastard nor undecided where it was born nor what it should do.

In such a soil grow all noble and lasting literature and art, for without vision and virility art and literature die. Ireland has made great gestures at the turning points of her history. She has been an inspiration to all who have struggled for liberty from the slums of Britain to the shores of India. She has flashed from the pens of her writers telling periods of enthusiasm, piety, and cynicism. But has she yet justified and revealed herself in literature? Every dispassionate and searching inquiry answers she has only begun, that only in our day is literature coming into its own in Ireland, both as regards treatment and appreciation. Let us be honest though the heavens fall. The knights of the pen in Eire have been long balanced between the twin stools of language and politics; their falls to-day, if heavy, are less frequent. The marvellous background of Irish hill and plateau and sea, the fulness of incident in our story, the wealth of intense character have been too long lost and neglected; dreary libels and genial caricatures have been piled upon the rubbish-heap of dead and unneeded books because their authors loved not this magic and this beauty. Time is bringing us an instalment of revenge and speaking—let the three other provinces have patience!—a decided Connacht accent. Mr. P. H. Pearse, in his recently published collection of short stories, "An Mháthair" (W. Tempest, the Dundalgan Press, Dundalk, 1/-), gives us a series of penetrating and intimate glimpses into such an unspoiled land as Ireland is at her greatest, a glimpse into the inner life of one of the remotest districts of Far-Connacht. We have

been told the book deals with studies of West of Ireland Interiors, and the phrase is a singularly felicitous description of the range and purpose of the six short stories. For while the topography of the peculiar local scene is detailed, the background of bog and lake and soaring hill pronounced, the terror and glamour of the sea in evidence, the author is concerned more with the minds and souls of his characters; he appeals to wide humanity.

In "Iosagán," in 1907, Mr. Pearse portrayed the eternal miracle and quaintness of childhood. "An Mháthair" has a more tragic and deeper theme, the mighty joys and sorrows which are the lot of women. Love, the accustomed theme of the novelist, the target of Emerson's reproach, "Behold she was very beautiful and he fell in love," is absent, but maternal love, the fidelity of children, the restraint and peace of the men and women life has dealt harshly with, the terror and vicissitude of life itself, its grandeur and its sweetness, these are his themes.

In the "Mother" from which the book takes its title, we find the essence of the collection: "God loves women better than men, for He sends them the greatest sorrows and the greatest joys."

Every one of the tales is charged with sadness, not the sadness of the morbid emotionalist, but the ancient sorrowfulness of tragedy which exhilarates and purifies. "An Mháthair" and "An Bhean Chaointe" are the two finest stories of the six simple and graceful sketches, yet it would be rash to apportion praise or blame. All have a restraint and depth and style we have not had in Irish until now. Those who were charmed with the sentiment and pathos of "Iosagán" will find something of the old manner in "An Gadaidhe" and "Brighid na n-Amhrán." Those who prefer the subtler and sterner order of "The Master" will discover a similar picture of the tangle and pity of existence in "An Bhean Chaointe" and "An Dearg Daol."

Lovers of dialectical peculiarities and idiom will have another interest in "An Mháthair." The language of the stories, although extremely simple, is the distinctive dialect, wielded with an easy literary grace, of the West of Ireland district where the stories' scene is laid.

Altogether Mr. Pearse has added to his good works. He wanders with his readers through an unsuspected and self-contained portion of this island and brings them some of its rugged beauty and much of its human appeal. He throws across our darkness something of the memorable lesson a Russian writer threw when he called upon us to work steadfastly amidst the great compassion which enfolds the earth. D. R.

"Nothing wearies like an oft told tale."

To get the crowd you must cater for "fickle nature's love of change."

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Concert Items will be contributed by Sigle Ni Bhroin,
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NATIONALITY.

Saturday, Mar. 4, 1916.

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be addressed to the Editor.

All business communications to the Manager,
12 D'OLIER STREET, DUBLIN.

SUBSCRIPTION.—Nationality will be posted
free TO ANY ADDRESS for one year at a cost of 6/6;
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IRELAND AND THE PEACE CONGRESS.

For generations England has controlled the
world's news-supply, and used the control with
a skill that advanced her world-control policy
more effectively than her fleet and army could
have done had their strength been doubled.
The world's press was, and much of it still is,
at the mercy of her Cable Lords. Did French
and English interests clash, the press of
Europe was filled with news of French Govern-
mental corruption; did Russia conflict with
English designs, the newspapers of the globe
shocked their readers with news of Russian
barbarities; did Turkey demur to some
English design, Europe suddenly heard of
organised massacres of inoffensive Christians
by Turkish troops; did the Italian Govern-
ment forget its accustomed subservience, Italy
appeared to the world as a land terrorised by
venal assassins of the Camorra; did the
United States prove obstreperous the pages of
the European press were lit up by fires at which
the citizens of the States roasted negroes to
death; did Ireland prove troublesome, the
press of Europe was deluged with news of
savage murder in Ireland.

Only the younger men among us do not
remember the time when the late Empress of
Austria was urged by the English Government
not to visit Ireland lest the assassin people of
this country should, in their lust of blood,
shoot her from behind a hedge; and how the
Austro-Hungarian press was fed at the time
with news from London representing Ireland
as wallowing in an orgy of unprovoked des-
truction of life and property. The wife of the
present Austrian Emperor came to Ireland,
where the people received her with en-
thusiasm, because she had disdained their
libellers. Yet it was not the fault of the Eng-
lish Press-Conspiracy that the Austrians did
not believe the Irish to be what the English
Press-Conspiracy now points the Austrians and
the Germans to be.

France made an effort many years ago with

the Havas Agency to challenge and counteract
England's control of Reuter and the cables.
France failed. In recent years Germany made
a more formidable effort. The Wolff Agency
became a thorn in the side of the English hege-
mony of the world's news supply. In the same
subtle policy that (when the English manufac-
turer could not compete on equal terms with his
German competitor) invented the shibboleth
"Made in Germany" to connote what was in-
ferior and unworthy—"Wolff" was being in-
sinuated as a synonym for unreliability, when
the war broke out, and England cut the cables,
hoping to close Germany's mouth while the
bogies of "German Militarism" and "Bel-
gium Atrocities" to bias the mind of the
neutral nations. The remarkable and unfore-
seen development of wireless telegraphy by
Germany foiled this plan to an extent, and the
"Belgian Atrocity" invention did not sweep
Scandinavia, Holland, Switzerland, and the
United States into the net as it had been hoped.
But although the English control of the world's
news is no longer absolute, it is still strong.
Practically the only news of Ireland that
reaches America via the English-manipulated
cables is news representing this country as de-
votedly loyal to the alien hand that smites it,
and on the other hand practically all the news
that the Press of England and of the English
Faction in Ireland prints from America repre-
sents that country as being ever on the verge of
war with Germany. Every person in Ireland
knows that national feeling and national under-
standing were never stronger and clearer than
they are to-day. Every person in Ireland
knows that if the people of this island were
given the opportunity to-morrow to decide by
their vote its future, that four in every five of
them would vote for the erection of Ireland
into an independent State of Europe. Simi-
larly in the United States, the population of
Irish blood is almost a unit in such a decision,
and the greatest gathering of the Irish Race
in the history of the United States is sum-
moned for the fourth and fifth of March to
consider, among other matters affecting the
welfare of America and of Ireland, the mode
of ensuring that Ireland's claim to full inde-
pendence shall be deliberated upon by the
Congress of the Powers which at the conclusion
of this war will redraw the map of the world.

Fittingly, the venerable name of Thomas
Addis Emmet heads the summons to the
epochal gathering of the Irish race in America,
where to-day, owing to English rule in Ireland,
the majority of our race is now found. The
Four Hundred Irishmen whose names are
appended to the summons to the Convention
represent in themselves all that has made the
Irish name potent and respected in America.
Two years ago these signatories were divided
into various Irish political camps; to-day they
are all in one. The former prominent suppor-
ters of the United Irish League are joined with
the leaders of the Hibernians and the Clan-
na-Gael.

All classes—the millionaire and the labour
leader—all professions—all religious creeds
are represented. And the unbroken tradition
of Irish political nationalism is exhibited in
the name of Emmet of '98, of Dr. Carroll of
'48, and of John Devoy of '67. On the prog-

nant roll we read the names of Irish Protestant clergymen side by side with those of dignitaries of the Catholic Church like Monsignor Brann, Monsignor Yorke, Monsignor MacDevitt, and Monsignor Sinnott. Nothing in our lifetime has so demonstrated the absolute unity of the Irish Race in America, and although the English Press System will conceal, or if it cannot conceal, distort in its newspapers in this country the report of the great Convention, yet concealment and distortion will be in vain.

For the greatest Council of the men of Irish blood across the seas ever held will speak with a voice the world must hear, and in its message it will speak not only for the Irish Race in America, but for the people of unconquered Ireland.

NOTES.

Up, Cork!

On Monday, at Cork Police Court, Mr. Thos. Kent, of Coole, Co. Cork, was charged, under the Defence of the British Realm Regulations, with being in possession of firearms and rifle ammunition in the vicinity of the railway station and conduct likely to prejudice recruiting and cause disaffection among the civil population. For the prosecution, it was stated that, addressing a meeting at Ballynoe, Kent said he would maintain that if the Germans landed in Ireland to-morrow, taking it by force of arms, they would have just as much right to it as England. Mr. Healy, B.L., said if his client said anything extreme they should remember that he was kept five weeks in jail before the trial. The magistrates unanimously dismissed the charge of having arms in the vicinity of a railway, as the distance was between three and four miles. They considered the word "vicinity" implied nearness or proximity. The charges of prejudicing recruiting and making statements likely to cause disaffection among the civil population were dismissed by a majority, Mr. Starkie, R.M., dissenting.

P. H. Pearse in Belfast.

In St. Mary's Hall, Belfast, to-night (Thursday), at 8 p.m., Commandant P. H. Pearse will deliver the annual commemoration address on Robert Emmet. An Píarsach is a well-loved personality in Belfast, and his address on Ireland's noblest martyr will be well worth coming far to hear. The commemoration is being organised by the Belfast Irish Volunteers, and admission is the nominal threepence. Tickets can be had at the Volunteer Office, from the Committee and the newsagents, and at the doors to-night.

MacDermott in Dundalk.

The Emmet Anniversary celebration in Dundalk, which is being held under the auspices of the Irish Volunteers on Sunday next, March 5th, will be addressed by Mr. Seán MacDermott.

The 'Spark'

"A Gem of a Journal."

Vol. II. 108 Pages and Photo of Robert Emmet. Post free, 1/11. Order from any newsagent or the Manager, "Spark," 4 Fintlater Place, Dublin.

SEACHTMÁIN NA GAELTÍZE.

A GAELTÍZE, —Cuimhnighid anoir ar ár Deansa óir, anam ár ndáisiúin óis féin.

Tá gear-ghao anoir le airgead cum obair Connarcá na Gaeltíze do coimeád ar riuál agus do leatánúad ar fuio Éireann uile.

Tá an Connrad ag iarraid cabaib airgid oir:—

Cum na ceansan do rábáil.

Cum oideacar ceant Gaeltízeac úrúasáil do muinntir na tíne.

Cum éine do ráonad agus do Gaeltízeacuad ó bun anír.

The Gaelic League is trying to preserve the National Language of Ireland. It is trying to promote the use of Irish manufactures. It is developing in the Irish people a spirit of initiative and self-reliance. It is concentrating their thoughts and energies on their own country and native interests. It encourages a feeling of self-respect, and thereby helps the cause of Temperance.

The League now appeals to the sea-divided Gael for their support to carry on its work. Will you help? If you will, now is the time. The Collection for the Irish Language National Fund will be held in connection with the Festival of our National Apostle—during the week 12th to 19th March—and everybody willing to co-operate is requested to kindly communicate with

SEAGHAN T. O'CEALLAIGH, General Secretary.

or

STIOPHAN BAIREAD, Treasurer,

25, Parnell Square, Dublin.

THE SONGS OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN.

The approaching anniversary celebration of Robert Emmet's birth might well include in its programme the rendering of some of the songs of the United Irish movement. The music of the Young Ireland and Fenian movements is tolerably familiar, although it might well be more familiar, in our ears, but few of us, if absent from three-fourths of the United Irish men, could give an answer. There are other excuses besides forgetfulness for this. Most of the songs of the United Irishmen, unlike the songs of Young Ireland, were doggerel. Good sound Nationalist doggerel, but doggerel all the same. Literary grace and finish are absent from three-fourth of the United Irish minstrelsy. The men who wrote the songs of the United Irishmen aimed at immediate ridicule of their enemy and heartening of their friends. They took any popular tune they found, put words that ran to it, propaganda words that would be quite plain in their meaning to the least educated, and that sung by the poor and the poorest would spread the light. Such verse could not survive the occasion that inspired it, in any strong degree of life. Topical verse seldom does, but topical verse is powerful propaganda.

The rise of Irish Nationalist verse in English began with Dean Swift's ballads against English oppression in Ireland. After the death of Swift the first piece of Nationalist verse in English was a despairing imitation of

"Rule Britannia," then coming into vogue as England's anthem, by Dr. John Curry. Curry was a good Irishman—a patriot who in very dark days courageously worked to vindicate the honour of his country; but his heart despaired in 1766 when he wrote this imitation of England's boastful chant—an imitation, by the way, far more poetic than the original:

When Britain first at Hell's command
Prepared to cross the Irish main,
Thus spake a patriot in the land,
'Mid traitors' scoff and fools' disdain—
"If Britannia, Britannia cross the waves,
Irish ever shall be slaves!"

"And suffering still, with slavery bound,
Shall bruise your heart and sear your
brain;
Lost isle with matchless beauty crowned,
But lacking strength to break your chain—
If Britannia, Britannia cross the waves,
Irish ever shall be slaves!"

Curry wrote these sad verses in 1766. Wonderful are the deaths and resurrections of Ireland. Sixteen years later, had he been there to see, his astonished and joyous eyes would have been bent on an Irish Army, uniformed, equipped and commanded, paraded in the centre of Dublin, their cannon roaring salute to the proclamation of Ireland's independence of the English Parliament. He would have heard his own verses sung to the accompaniment of the Volunteer bugles and a national army triumphantly adding a sequel—which but for Irish trust in English faith would have been final. Henry Flood had added a third stanza, which ran—

In vain the warning patriot spoke:
 In treacherous guise Britannia came,
 Divided, crushed us to her yoke
 Till Ireland joined in Freedom's Name,
 And Britannia, Britannia boldly braves—
 Irish are no longer slaves!

The United Irishmen afterwards used this version, and in 1798 it was sung in Wexford.

The first Volunteer song came from Kerry, where the Tralee Volunteers in 1779 marched to the old Irish tune now called "the British Grenadiers," singing—

Some boast of Prussia's glory,
 And many Hawke will praise;
 But now we have a story
 To chant to latest days:
 Each Volunteer in Ireland
 A guardian god appears—
 With a tow-row-row-dow-dow,
 The Irish Volunteers.
 Behold, my boys, a wonder—
 A virtuous Parliament!
 Our tyrants they're knocked under
 And given all content:
 For well they know our strength, my
 boys,
 Which stirred up all their fears—
 With a tow-row-row-dow-dow,
 The Irish Volunteers.

The Cork Volunteers marched to the tune now known as "Through Erin's Isle to sport awhile" ("Oh! the Shamrock"), and then called "Ally Croker." John Sheares wrote the words—"St. Patrick he is Ireland's saint and we're his Volunteers, sir." The Dublin Volunteers and the Volunteers generally before 1782 marched to a spirited tune, the words of which recalled how England had in her day of power deliberately destroyed the great Irish woollen trade—

Wasn't John Bull a fool,
 When he took all our wool,
 To leave us so much of the leather, the
 leather:
 It ne'er entered his pate
 That a sheepskin well beat
 Would draw the whole nation together,
 together.

The official march of the Volunteers after the victory of 1782 is as jocular as Schumann's Jolly Peasant coming home from work. It reflects the mood and trust of the time. Alas! the mood in which the victorious Volunteers were trepanned to return to their homes crediting England's solemn renunciation "for ever" of her claim to rule Ireland.

The infamous breach of the Renunciation Act by England, once she had cajoled the Irish into a reliance on her written word instead of on the cannon to which she yielded, led to the United Irishman movement, which England worked to counter by instigating the establishment of the Orange Society. All the leaders of the United Irishmen at first were Protestants, and in 1798 itself two in every three of the leaders were Protestants. Many of their propaganda songs were aimed at Orangeism, which they held up truly enough as a device of English craft to set Catholic and Protestant at enmity, to the end of England's robbing and enslaving both. They also boldly essayed to rouse Scotland to ally itself with Ireland and strike for independence. When a Scots regiment stationed in Ireland and an Irish one in which there were a considerable number of United Irishmen, quarrelled, Henry Joy McCracken wrote verses to the tune of "Charley is my Darling," urging that the Scots and the Irish were of the one blood, that England was the enemy of both, and that Scots

and Irish should unite against her. This song became popular with the soldiers of both regiments, and led to good feeling between them—

The Scots and Irish kinsmen are, their wishes
 are the same;
 The English nation envy us and over us would
 reign:

But sha do wea ma wallagh, ma wallagh, ma
 wallagh,
 Sha do wea ma wallagh oh that shall never
 be.

Thomas Russell, writing to a more educated class, appealed to Scotland—

Illustrious land! in days of yore,
 Famed Caledonia now attend,
 Erin invokes you from her shore,
 Erin, your sister and your friend,
 Your faded wreaths, your blasted fame,
 Though now with anguish I behold,
 Yet hear me with prophetic flame
 Your lofty destiny unfold.

Alike our fate, no foreign force
 Could e'er our valiant race subdue;
 The Roman eagles stopped their course
 When near our rugged coast they drew.
 While union was our children's boast,
 The gallant conquering Romans failed;
 When discord hovered o'er our coast,
 A cruel sordid foe prevailed.

And can your sons for war renowned
 Endure that hostile feet should tread,
 Should spurn the consecrated ground
 Where Fletcher spoke and Wallace bled?
 Like us, united, and in the field
 Full soon shall haughty England feel
 That fraud to valour still must yield,
 And India's gold to Carron's steel.

When Fletcher's eloquence and fire
 Shall o'er your senate spread their charms,
 And gallant Wallace shall inspire
 Your generous youth to deeds of arms;
 And round your standard, once unfurled,
 Shall heroes throng with ardent eyes,
 And 'midst the nations of the world
 Again shall Caledonia rise!

LEADAR AN NÁISIÚM POLANNAIS.
 Ó Tórad An Domáin go dtí Marctaireáct
 An Náisiúim Polannais.

18.—*Asur veip Críort ra veipead: An té leanfaid mipe rianócar é, óir is mipe an Éinne agus na Ceart.*

19.—*Asur nuair a máin Críort na heite rin do gab leanfaid na breicim do veipead breicteamntar in ainm Impire na Róime agus dubhradar: Do reiomaramar an Ceart den talam agus reo arair arir é: cuipeam cum báir é agus adlacam é.*

20.—*Annpas do cuipeadar cum báir an te ba naomta agus ba neamciontaige imearc daoine agus do cuipeadar ran uais é agus do ghlaothadar: Ni múreann Éinne ná Ceart ar an dtalam fearca. Cé tógraib lám i scoinnib Impire na Róime fearca?*

21.—*Adt ba éaint baot an éaint rin adubhradar, mar ní raib a fíor aca, nuair a veineadar an éoir rin tar corraib, sup líon ní poitead tomair a n-augeóirca dóib; agus do cuir ní a scoimáct ar neamni nuair is mó cuir ní ácar orra.*

22.—*O'Éirig Críort ó mairbaib agus do muais cum riubail roimir na himpíri agus do cuir an épor of cionn a bhríomhátraca: agus tug na tigearnaí raóirre dá n-áorait agus d'admaig sup bhráirre dóib féin iad: agus ná nígte do hungad in ainm an tigearna d'admaigeadar vige De do beir of a scoinn; agus ofill an Ceart ar an dtalam arir.*

23.—*Gad treabdar daoine do gíac an crierem, Searmáing, Iodáing, Francaig, Polannais, d'admaigeadar do léir supb don pobal amáin iad agus do fairmeadar den pobal ran an Críortaireáct.*

24.—*D'admaigeadar nígte na gcineada do léir sup bhráirre dá éite iad agus do gíuairtoir féin don éomarta amáin, fé éomarta na crioire.*

25.—*Do téigtoir na cuipáirite ag troid ná bráganad ran áiria cum Críortairete na háiria do éoraint orra agus cum tuamba an tSlánaigteora do baint dóib.*

26.—*Asur eopáid an ainm a tugad ar an scothad ran na háiria.*

27.—*Asur, bíod náe cum glóire do tuilleam dóib féin ná fóp cum talam ná raióbrer do baint amad dóib féin do éomracadar na Críortairete áct cum na tíre Deannaigte do raorad, tug Dia dóib mar tuairtaral ar an scothad ran glóire agus tíortá agus raióbrer agus eagna. agus máing glóire agus órougad agus raióbrer don éorair. Tug Dia luáct raócar di óir bí ní taréir ióbearta do deunam di féin mar máite le daoine eite.*

An tÁdair Clement
 Liam Ó Rinn.
 (Tuillead le teáct).

THE EMMET CONCERT.

It is admitted on all sides that the Emmet Concert, as it is popularly known, is the chief event in Irish Ireland circles in Dublin. The popularity of this concert is due to the national importance of the event which it is organised to celebrate, as well as to the splendid programme of music, song and dance which the Committee in charge—the Wolfe Tone Memorial Committee—provides. We are prepared to accept full responsibility for the statement that this year's programme is far ahead in excess of that of any previous year's concert. Reference is made in another part of this paper to the efforts of the committee to have the songs, music and recitations in keeping with the celebration, and at the same time to revive and popularize some stirring national pieces and airs that are in danger of being forgotten.

We can only draw attention to the list of artistes, amongst whom are the following:—Messrs. M. O'Connor Maguire, Mullingar; C. ffé and Fagan, William Sheehan, Belfast; F. O'Sullivan, Sean Naoin, Gerard Crofts, E. O'Connor Cox (Feis Ceoil gold medalist and winner of Denis O'Sullivan medal, Feis Ceoil, etc.); Miss J. Owens, Miss Mairin Cregan, Miss Sheela O'Docherty, Derry; Mr. K. Leddin, Mr. Brian O'Higgins. Accompanist—Miss Ethel Leeke. The orchestra will be in charge of Miss M. Davin.

Probably the most important item on the programme has always been the address. The committee has shown great discrimination at all times in their selection of a speaker, and the audience have unmistakably shown their approval. It is doubtful if they have ever been more fortunate in their selection of a speaker than on this occasion. Mr. Jos. O'Flaherty, Loughrea, will deliver the address. Mr. O'Flaherty is not well known to the younger generation, and here we will not say more than that he is one of the few prominent men of the old Fenian movement who never wavered from the principles of Fenianism—the principles of Robert Emmet. He was one of the pall-bearers at the funeral of John O'Mahony, and never for a moment has he deviated from their principles. Not even when his old friend, Matt. Harris, was forced to join the expediency movement did he change. It is in keeping with the celebration to have such a man to deliver the address. Mr. Sean MacDermott, Vice-President of the Wolfe Tone Memorial Committee, will preside. This is the first occasion since his five months in jail that Mr. MacDermott has spoken on a public platform in Dublin.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S BIT.

I pause in my review of the Championship of Small Nations to acknowledge the receipt of "Sergeant King's Story"—published by A. J. White, Ltd., 35, 37, and 39 Farringdon Road, London, proprietors of Mother Seigel's Syrup, sold at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d. a bottle, and compounded, according to the published analysis of the British Medical Association, as follows in a half-crown bottle:—

Tincture of Capsicum—1.7 parts by measure.

Dilute hydrochloric acid (B. P.) 10 parts by measure.

Creacle—60 parts.

Aloes—2 parts.

Water to 100 parts by measure.

The cost of all these ingredients is about one farthing.

Nothing is more appropriate at present than Mother Seigel's tribute to the arms of Britain. Quack politics, quack civics, quack morality, quack religion, quack economics, quack journalism, quack law and quack medicine combined together have made Quack Imperialism. It is fitting that in a land whose Government has just made a quack pillmaker and an adulterer a baronet, that the quack medicine man whom it protects by law in selling a farthing's worth of stuff to the ignorant for half-a-crown, should do their bit to keep its old flag flying.

"Sergeant King's Story," issued to advertise Mother Seigel's Quack Syrup (Mother Seigel is a fat English Company), is the simple tale of a British hero. The sergeant's portrait is on the cover, the sergeant is shown bayoneting a Kaffir; he is shown firing a machine-gun upon other Kaffirs, and he is finally shown as being in a bad way through these exertions on his part for the Champion of Civilisation and Christianity, and miraculously restored to health by Mother Seigel's Syrup.

The Sergeant was a marine—"on the first-class cruiser *St. George*, flagship on the South African station." His first gallant exploit was concerned with fighting the "niggers" at Brass River, to whom he gave "a little civilised music" from Maxim machine-guns. The Mweles and the Beninese were helped by the efforts of Sergeant Tom King to the appreciation of British Power and Civilisation, but it is Zanzibar that interests me in this gallant story published for the glory of the British Empire and the Profit of the English Quack Medicine Industry.

Zanzibar was bombarded on August 26, 1896, by the British Fleet. The Sergeant is not accurate in his account of how it came to be done, so I shall correct his statement from the London "Times." Sultan Said Hamid died on August 24, 1896. His nephew, Said Khalid, was proclaimed. Said Khalid was suspected to be not as good a lover of England as he should be, so the English fleet gave him two hours to resign and surrender or be blown up. He refused, was bombarded, overcome, took shelter in the German Consulate, and was protected by Germany against the natural and reasonable desire of the English to take him and hang him. This is the "Times" account.

The Sergeant's is that Said Khalid was suspected of poisoning his uncle, that he encouraged the slave traffic and refused the English request that he shouldn't, that he was "impudent" indeed when urged to give up the traffic. I am sorry to contradict the Sergeant, but as I was at Zanzibar two years later and the Slave Trade was proceeding there under the English flag, he will forgive me. His graphic account of the bombardment of the town I shall quote:

"A few rounds solid shot did the business.

The native women and children ran all over the place shrieking, the walls of the palace gaped with holes, the flagstaff was shot away. . . . We took possession of the ruined palace and city—and what a sight it was. About 700 of the Zanzibaris—soldiers and civilians, men, women and children—had been killed or wounded. The palace walls were riddled with cannon shot and the harem [women's palace] and guard-house or royal barracks were smoking ruins."

True; two years later I stood in the remains of the royal palace and looked to where the British guns had been swung round and fired on the palace apart where the women and children dwelt and had smashed it to ruin. The tenderness of English feeling for women and children shown at Zanzibar and later in the South African Concentration Camps where one-fourth of the whole Boer population of women and children were helped into eternity, might be misinterpreted if we did not know now from the English Press that women and children are sacred to the Englishman and that it is the German who delights in their slaughter.

Eighteen years ago I was improving my mind by looking at the British Empire from the outside, and I find from some rough notes that I made upon the world at large and that unique edifice that on the 10th September, 1898, I came upon the tracks of Sergeant King by landing at Dar-es-Salaam in German East Africa. I am aware from the English Press that I ought to have found Dar-es-Salaam swarming with German officials and its people squirming under the Jackboot. Alas! I only saw two Germans—one a nun and the other an officer, and if it were not that I wrote the following note eighteen years ago I would almost suspect myself an Enemy of Civilisation, Christianity, and the Small Nation:—"This town is more Oriental than Mozambique, but otherwise not so interesting. The natives here, as in the Portuguese town, appear to have much more freedom than under the British or the Dutch. There is no sign of great prosperity, but neither is there any sign of poverty." However, that is an interlude. The association of Dar-es-Salaam with the Sultan whom the English drove from his throne—and therefore with Sergeant King—is that I saw the Sultan there. The Germans had given him a refuge in their territory.

"Dar-es-Salaam!" "Here is Peace" indeed. In the tropical night sweet with the scent of the gums, murmuring peace in your palms, crowned in a holy circle of stars, I stood on your shore and gazing across your shimmering waters, told you you named yourself wrongly. "Here is Peace." None more beautiful than

you have I seen, but you were not made for peace in a world where England had a mission. One of these days, I told you, the British Empire would feel divinely impelled to rescue you. And it has come to pass, though General Smuts has not embraced you yet: You should have had nothing to do with the Huns. A soulless people, they did not know how to make your simple natives cease to laugh and play. Very peaceful it all seemed, and it was hard to realise that God who made so beautiful a place did not destine it for peace eternal. But, madam, there is a British Empire in the earth, as you may realise by listening to the voices of my two English ship-companions who have quaffed not of your coconuts but looked upon the wine when it is red. They are singing to your magic night

"Oh! sir, you'll have to marry me now."

'Tis the voice of English Culture, English Civilisation, English greatness, madam. You shall hear it again. Farewell, my English barbarians await me at the boat."

From my notes I find that I left Dar-es-Salaam at 8 o'clock on September 10, 1898, and sailed through an archipelago to the scene of Sergeant King's missionary labours—Zanzibar. On one coral, palm-crowned islet I beheld the home of England's puppet Sultan—he whom she had placed over Zanzibar when she blew out Said Khalid. The prudent man feared to dwell among the people whom England had set him over. The Sergeant will be interested to read a note or two of mine.

"Two British gunboats and a German and an Italian gunboat are lying off the town with two cableships and a Norwegian barque and some dozens of Arab dhows, now carrying on the slave trade more or less *sub rosa*. Off the landing-place the masts of the *Glasgow*, the Sultan's steamer sunk by the British, rise out of the water. Half the lighthouse has been tumbled into the sea by the British guns, and the Sultan's palace and the palace of the women are existent but in ruins. Broken pillars and columns lie about."

In Zanzibar British Civilisation was triumphant. The Union Jack floated with an emphasis. But there was one square building which impressed me. It was the German Consulate to which Said Khalid fled when the British Empire blew him off his throne, and out of which the German Consul walked with him to the seaside, put him on a German gunboat, and sent him safe to Dar-es-Salaam while the British Empire had to look on at the insult to its omnipotence.

I found the countrymen of the Zanzibar "men, women and children" whom England blew to pieces, very different to their brethren of Dar-es-Salaam. They enjoyed the blessings of British protection, and where the Dar-es-Salaamers were gay and voluble, they were dour and silent. It took me two days to find one of them who would describe to me the bombardment. When he did he made no comment, but the hatred in his voice was eloquent. When I had convinced him that I was not inhabited by a British Imperial soul, he described in detail to me how the English ships fired with deliberation on the women's palace and how women and children fleeing in terror were