

NATIONALITY

EDITED BY ARTHUR GRIFFITH.

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

WEBB BY WEBB.

The dethronement of England from her place as autocrat of the "British Empire," implied in the resolutions of the Imperial Conference, has advanced another pace. The English Premier announced last week the formation of an Imperial Cabinet to be composed of the English Premier and the Premiers of the Dominions. On Friday the Premier of Canada welcomed the statement of the Premier of England as "hereafter the British Cabinet would not decide matters first and consult the Dominions afterwards, but would deliberate upon all questions of Imperial policy in conjunction with representatives of the Dominions and of India." And he added pregnantly: "This procedure, however, would in nowise infringe the power and autonomy of the self-governing Dominions, as all such decisions would be subject to the consent of the Parliaments of the various Dominions."

The meaning of this is that hereafter no war involving Canada, Australasia, or South Africa may be waged without the Parliaments of Canada, Australasia and South Africa being consulted and assenting. In other words, England henceforward cannot make war in the name of the "British Empire," and none of the Dominions may be forced into war against their will. This is the end of English Absolutism.

Somebody has sent us a marked copy of the "Mid-Ulster Mail," a Carsonite journal published in mid-Tyrone, and edited by a Mr. H. L. Glasgow—as the descendants of the Mac Cluskeys who attorned to English rule anglicised their name. Mr. Glasgow some time ago delivered himself of the false assertion that Ireland had prospered under the Act of Union, whereupon we showed the contrary, and invited Mr. Glasgow to answer questions we put to him. Mr. Glasgow did not do so. He wrote us a letter which dodged every question. We printed his letter and put the questions once more. Again he wrote dodging every question, and again we put the questions, informing Mr. Glasgow that if he would attempt to answer them we would give him space to do so. All was silence.

And now Mr. Glasgow, who slunk away from our challenge, writes in what he considers the safe obscurity of his "Mid-Ulster Mail" that we suppressed his reply. This is Carsonite journalism in Ulster.

Now, Mr. Glasgow is a person of no importance in himself, but he is useful to us as a lesson on for Irish Unionists. Ulster Unionism, so far as its rank and file is concerned, lives on ignorance—ignorance of Ireland of the type purveyed week by week by Mr. H. L. Glasgow. But it is not evil in itself. The Mid-Tyrone Unionist, for instance, is probably ignorant enough to believe what Mr. H. L. Glasgow writes. He probably believes that Ireland before the Union was a poor country, while England was a flourishing one, and he probably believes that since the Union the North of Ireland has vastly improved.

Therefore let them—or such of them as bigotry and ignorance cannot prevent from reading this journal—invite Mr. H. L. Glasgow, who will not answer us, to answer to them on these facts.

At the period of the Union England owed 450 millions, Ireland 28½ millions. Now Ireland is jointly responsible for England's huge debt. At the period of the Union there were five people in Ireland to every eight people in England. Now there are thirty-six people in England to every four in Ireland.

At the period of the Union Ireland was more densely populated than England, holding 166 persons per square mile to 152 for England. Now England has 618 persons per square mile to 135 in Ireland.

At the period of the Union taxation per head of the Irish was less than a fourth the taxation of the English. Since then the taxation of the Irish has been increased fourfold, while the taxation of the English per head has been decreased.

Under the operation of the Act of Union the Irishman is to-day paying on the basis of national wealth and population £27 in taxation for every £15 the Englishman pays.

Under the operation of the Act of Union the population of Tyrone has been cut down by more than half, and the population of the "six Unionist counties," as they are erroneously called, has dwindled by a fourth part.

Under the operation of the Act of Union Ulster has lost 800,000 people in 70 years, and is still losing them year by year. Under the operation of that infamous Act Protestant Ireland has lost one-third of its people, and the manufacturing centres of Ulster have lost in population, while the manufacturing centres of England have increased from 300 to 1,000 per cent. Under the operation of the Act of Union Ireland is the only country in the world with an annually decreasing population. Before the operation of the Act of Union Ireland's overseas trade was 100 per cent. of England's; it is now ¼ to England's 99¼.

Mr. Glasgow is shy—gloriously, piously, and immortally shy. He will not take these facts and write beneath each one of them: "Behold a proof of Irish prosperity under the Union." But hiding them away from the vision of his Unionist readers, he will repeat the falsehood on which Ulster Unionism rests—the falsehood that Ireland thrives under an Act which has made Ireland the Niobe of Nations.

The following statement on the proposal to hold a National Convention with a view to an Irish settlement has been issued by the Committee appointed at the Assembly in the Man- House, Dublin:—

Our disastrous experience of the English Government in Ireland, which after 750 years stands confessed before the world as an abject failure, compels us to view with distrust its proposal to summon a Convention for the alleged purpose of settling the Irish question. The English Government has already pledged itself to support a small section of the Irish people in their refusal to abide by the decision of the majority of their fellow-countrymen, thereby precluding the possibility of any settlement being arrived at through the medium of such a Convention.

The failure of the Convention, thus assured beforehand, would give the English Government the opportunity of declaring to its Allies, to the United States of America, and to the neutral Powers, that England had left the solution of the Irish question to the Irish themselves, that the Irish were unable to solve it, and that, therefore, England's continued occupation of Ireland was justified. We warn the people of Ireland against such a pitfall.

A Convention to have the right of formulating a system of government for Ireland must be freely chosen for that special purpose by the people of Ireland, upon a basis of adult suffrage, free from English influence, and free, if it so decides, to declare for the complete independence of Ireland.

If the English Government accepts the principle laid down by the President of the United States, that "Governments derive all their

just powers from the consent of the governed," we challenge it to agree to such a Convention of the Irish Nation.

(Signed)—William O'Brien, Arthur Griffith, Cathal Brugha, G. N. Count Plunkett, Sean Milroy, S. O'Mara, Josephine Mary Plunkett, Michael O'Flannagain, Thomas Dillon.

The basis of Mr. Lloyd-George's Convention is not to be the Irish electorate. Not only the men and women of Ireland generally, but the actual voters on the register, are to have no elective power. We like Mr. Lloyd-George's phrase that the Convention will "faithfully represent the local governing bodies." The local governing bodies in two out of three cases no longer represent the feelings of the people, who are prevented by recent English legislation from calling them to account at the polls.

Mr. Lloyd-George also includes the trade unions. Now, there are 120 Irish political prisoners suffering the treatment of common criminals in English jails, and we trust no trade union in Ireland will discuss Mr. Lloyd-George's invitation to his mark-time Convention, until Mr. Lloyd-George, who is responsible for their treatment, accords to our compatriots the treatment of prisoners of war.

The most sinister figure in Irish politics for the past quarter of a century has been Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the person who has managed the Parliamentary Party for the English Liberals. The following appreciation of him appears in an English Liberal journal—*The National*

"The normal life of the House of Commons," declared Mr. T. P. O'Connor, in the debate on the adjournment, "is boredom tempered with divisions." But his pontifical dictum was shorn of its flair by his subsequent confession that he has been a Member of the House for nearly forty years. As a matter of fact, the genial Irishman is now well in the running for the reversion of the distinction of being the Father of the House. And everybody who knows him knows that there is absolutely no spot on the globe where he is really so happy and so much at home as within the precincts of St. Stephen's. He is saturated with its spirit. To him it is, in spite of its boredom, a heaven on earth, and if by any mischance he were deprived of the right of sitting therein he would most assuredly die of a broken heart.

Mr. Joseph Devlin should be muzzled by his Party. In the debate on the Lloyd-George Convention he gave the game away by stating that a constitution might be devised that would attract in Unionist Ulster, "ultimately"—thus admitting that the Convention was but another partitionist device. Lord Curzon in the English Lords admitted that Ireland had become a world-question, and England's position at the Peace Conference would be weakened (if Ireland were there). But Lord Lansdowne was better still. "A convention," said he, "might do an enormous amount of good, and it could not do any harm." The good it would do for England would be, of course, to enable her to say to the Peace Conference—she having secretly instructed the Ulstermen to hold out for partition—that she had left the question to the Irish themselves, and the incompetent Irish could not agree. So what could a virtuous Power, passionately devoted to small nations, do?

A great meeting of protest against the partition of Ireland was held on Monday night in St. Mary's Hall, Belfast, when speeches were delivered by Fr. Convery, P.P.; Dr. Russell MacNabb, Messrs. Geo. Monaghan (Omagh), Cathal O'Shannon, D. MacCullagh, Samuel Heron, Herbert Pim, and Thos. Walsh (Bally-

castle). The meeting unanimously decided to resist partition by every means in its power, and resolved to co-operate in securing that Ireland's claim for independence would be placed before the Peace Conference.

Mr. John Dillon publishes an interview in an English paper, in which he alleges that the reason the young people of Ireland are opposed to the Party of corruption is because they know so little of the history of Ireland for the past thirty years. We can summarise Mr. Dillon's part in it. Thirty years ago Mr. Dillon returned to Ireland, when Parnell had captured the country, and re-entered the Party which he had left to retire to America in 1882. Thirty years ago, precisely, while Parnell was ill, and without Parnell's knowledge, he, for the political benefit of the English Liberal Party, helped to launch the Plan of Campaign. Three years later he repudiated Parnell's leadership and told the Irish people that the choice was between Parnell and Home Rule. In the spring of 1891 when Parnell at Boulogne agreed to retire temporarily from the Chairmanship of the Party, on condition that Mr. Wm. O'Brien be elected in his stead, Mr. Dillon, who himself sought the Chairmanship, intervened to prevent this settlement and succeeded in doing so, with the result that the country was split into two hostile factions for years. Three years later, in 1894, when the Home Rule Bill was rejected by the English Lords, Mr. Dillon appeared as the advocate of the Liberal Government not resigning, and as the advocate of Lord Rosebery as English Premier in succession to Gladstone. It was Mr. Dillon who pledged himself for Rosebery's political soundness, and who bade the people of Ireland trust that transparent enemy. From 1895 to 1905 Mr. Dillon was the supporter of the English Liberals, although they had officially erased Home Rule from its premier place in their programme. In 1905, when, owing to the Free Trade question, an English Liberal victory was certain, Mr. Dillon agreed with the Liberals that Home Rule should be barred in the election. After 1909, when Mr. Dillon's Party held the balance of power in the English Parliament, Mr. Dillon supported the English Liberals in imposing a Budget on Ireland which increased its taxation by over a million and a half annually, and supported that Government, which was absolutely dependent on the Irish vote, in promoting other legislation in priority to Home Rule. And when the bogus Home Rule Bill was passed through the English Commons Mr. Dillon announced that any Irishman who would seek for greater power than it conferred, or who would attempt to use it as a lever for more, would be a traitor. Parnell once described Mr. Dillon as a man with the vanity of a peacock, and half as much brains; and Mr. Dillon's appeal to the last thirty years of Irish history—in which he has played a part disastrous at every turn—is sufficient proof of Parnell's wisdom. Twenty-five years ago we listened to Mr. Dillon promising the people of this country speedy Home Rule if they renounced Parnell; twenty-two years ago we listened to him telling the people of this country to trust Lord Rosebery, and to-day Mr. Dillon is telling the people of Ireland exactly the same thing as he told them in 1891 and 1894—this time, however, it being Sinn Fein instead of Parnell that is to be removed, and this time it being Lloyd George that is to be trusted instead of Rosebery. If Mr. Dillon were to live to be a centenarian and the English Power continued to exist as it now exists, and the Irish people continued to be duped as they have been duped, then forty years hence Mr. Dillon would still be, as in 1891 and 1894, and 1905 and 1909, and to-day, vociferating that the way of Irish salvation was via trust in English Governments.

The Franchise Bill now before the English Parliament applies in part to this country. If it passes into law, the franchise for men, less than half of whom now possess votes in Ireland, will be extended to embrace the great majority; women over 30 years of age who are Local Government electors or whose husbands are voters, will also receive the franchise; the residential period for a vote in a particular constituency will be six instead of twelve months; all elections will be held on the same day; the principle of proportional representation will be applied to every constituency returning three or more members; the fixed sum of £150 will be the sum to be deposited by each candidate with the Returning Officer, and it will be returned to the successful candidate and to the unsuccessful one if he polls a certain percentage of the votes. The Bill, it will be seen, is the first real attempt of a

British Government to give the franchise to the people as a whole. If it passes into law some 800,000 new voters will be added to the roll in Ireland, and the Redmondite Party will be swept out of every constituency. While affecting to support the measure, therefore, Mr. Redmond's Party will secretly do all in its power to prevent its passage, or to delay it if they cannot succeed in its prevention.

There is, at least, no question of creed or politics entering into England's treatment of Irish industries at this stage. Brewing, distilling, horse-breeding, engineering, and the cattle trade have all been attacked in turn in the interest of English rivalry, under the pretence of the "Defence of the British Realm." The most open attempt to injure an Irish industry in order to profit an English one is afforded by the regulations now issued in connection with brewing. These regulations are carefully framed to the end of reducing the superiority of the Irish brew over the English one. Some time ago, at the instigation of the English brewers, the English Government made certain proposals to Messrs. Guinness, which were rejected. Now that Government frames regulations detrimental to the Irish brew. Thus the 300-year old game of the legislative undermining of Irish industry in the interest of its English rival is played to-day by means of the "Defence of the Realm Act."

Who is the official that has instructed the separation allowance officers in Ireland to inform soldiers' wives that if they did not demonstrate against Sinn Fein their allowances would be stopped? What will happen to the Postal officials in Longford who obstructed messages to the supporters of Mr. McGuinness, and who announced to old age pensioners that if Mac Guinness were elected the Government would stop the old age pensions in Longford? Will that "impartial Chief Secretary," Mr. Duke, inquire or will he continue to thus let machinery of the British Government here be used to force women into becoming rioters and to terrify old age pensioners.

Travelers and Nationalists visiting Longford are requested to note that the proprietors of the Longford Arms Hotel have discharged two young ladies employed in that establishment on the ground that they sympathised with Sinn Fein. We ask our provincial contemporaries in every county to copy this paragraph.

The return of Mr. Joe McGuinness for South Longford was celebrated by scenes of enthusiasm and cheering without equal in the annals of Castlebar. A procession was formed, patriotic songs were sung, and loud cheers were raised for Dr. Walsh and Dr. O'Dwyer. The parish priest of Castlebar is Dr. Higgins, Auxiliary Bishop of Tuam and Bishop of Temno—whose name we find absent from the list of Irish prelates who have killed partition. Dr. Higgins objects to the spirit that is being instilled into the children, and says it must be put down. We venture to assure His Lordship that the spirit that has survived seven centuries of persecution will survive his disapproval.

At the meeting of Corofin District Council held on Wednesday 16th inst., Mr. John Collins (Chairman) presiding, the following resolution, proposed by Mr. H. J. Hunt and seconded by Mr. Matt Hogan, was unanimously adopted:—"Resolved: That we congratulate the electors of South Longford at having struck a decisive blow for Irish freedom, and we call on the Nationalist M.P.'s—who claim to be the constitutional party of Ireland—to obey all constitutional precedent and resign, having manifestly lost the confidence of the people. And we further protest against the crushing load of over-taxation imposed on us by the members of this so-called Irish Party, who, though elected to protect the people of Ireland, have by their votes raised the revenue of the country from twelve millions in 1914 to the present appalling figure of thirty millions a year—an infamy for which they will be held to strict accountability." Similar resolutions have reached us from other public bodies, especially from Kerry.

Most people would not associate Mr. Joseph Devlin with the prophets—thus spelled—but this sentence from a speech of his in South Longford will prove that the gift is sometimes his. On the Sunday before the election he said: "On Wednesday (the election day) all the frauds and humbugs will be driven out of South Longford." The prophecy was fulfilled.

The Kanturk Sinn Fein Club wired to Mr. McGuinness: "Heartiest congratulations on your crushing victory over Redmondite Party." Stirring accounts of the rejoicings in Ballina and throughout the West reach us by every post, but our space is unfortunately too limited to print details.

A Novena of Masses has been offered for the souls of Irishmen who died in the Insurrection at Millstreet, a Requiem Mass was celebrated in Manchester, and Office and High Mass was offered up at Hospital, where the people marched in impressive demonstration to the church.

"Breffny" writes to us pointing out that Mr. Paul Galligan, one of the prisoners at Lewes, who we described as from Co. Wexford, comes from South Leitrim, and suggests him as the Nationalist member for South Leitrim when Recruiting-Sergeant Tom Smyth is compelled to face his constituents.

Last week Mr. O'Sheehan's concert party visited Loughrea, and Mr. Duffy's, M.P.'s, supporters, irritated at the fact that some Irish songs were sung, attacked the party. Speaking at St. Colman's Hall, Gort, on Sunday night Mrs. O'Sheehan, in apologising for Mr. O'Sheehan's absence from the entertainment, said "he had been arrested at Loughrea for defending his country and his company, and was now in Loughrea Bridewell, battered and bruised. As the company were leaving the hall on Thursday night the lights were switched off and they were left in total darkness; they were set upon by a mob, who beat them with sticks, stones and bottles. They had previous notice that the attack was to be made and Rev. Fr. O'Neill went to the police inspector and asked for protection for the company. The police were present outside the hall, and when she got the first blow she went to the police and demanded protection for herself and the company. The police ignored her and did not say yea or nea. By this time the other members of the company were being beaten and kicked. One member, Mr. O'Brien, was taken into a dark room and most mercilessly beaten until the intervention of two young men, who broke in to his assistance. All the way to their hotel they were stoned and beaten. At a particularly dark, narrow street one of the crowd shouted: 'Now rush them.' At this stage Mr. O'Sheehan drew a revolver to defend the women, who were being stoned and assaulted. The police immediately got hold of him and endeavoured to wrest the revolver from him. He was afterwards arrested and taken to the Bridewell; next morning he was in a nervous condition and bore many traces of the treatment he had received. Mr. O'Sheehan would not be allowed bails until instructions were received from Dublin Castle. Summonses were issued, and the case will be at hearing next Loughrea Petty Sessions. This was the case as it happened. Irishwomen had been set upon and assaulted by a mob of hooligans and blackguards for singing the songs of their native land; but so long as she had a voice to sing, or her company, they would raise them in the songs of the land they were born in." Mrs. O'Sheehan concluded by apologising for the standard of the entertainment, with Mr. O'Sheehan absent, and explained that her body was blackened and bruised from the treatment she had received. At the conclusion of the concert the audience all standing, the male members with hats off, joined in the finale chorus, "God Save Ireland."

The Bishop, the Most Rev. Dr. Gilmartin, speaking at Loughrea Mass on Sunday, strongly denounced the occurrence as wanton blackguardism. The priests also expressed their condemnation of the affair.

The Cumann Ui Dalaigh concert advertised in our columns, which was to have been held in the Mansion House, is again postponed. Twice the Lord Mayor of Dublin gave permission, and twice His Lordship withdrew permission at the last moment.

The green, white and orange flag, which is being variously described as the "Sinn Fein" or the "Republican" flag, is the flag of the Young Irelanders, adopted 70 years ago by them avowedly as a symbol of the union of Ireland against enforced union with England. The flag is now flying from the highest point in Swinford, in Mr. John Dillon's constituency, and its hoisting was acclaimed with enthusiasm by the people.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE "FREEMAN'S JOURNAL."

I.
1763—1790.

The history of the "Freeman's Journal" may be summed up thus: it was hired by the British Government in Ireland to disrupt the Volunteers of 1782, to traduce Grattan, to slander the United Irishmen, to promote the Union, to assail O'Connell. Later it offered to sell itself to Sadler and Keogh to smash the Tenant League, and to the British Government to help it to get recruits for the Crimea. It vilified the Fenians, denounced the Land Leaguers, fought against Parnell, labelled Sinn Fein, disrupted the Volunteer movement of 1914, and received in 1916, as it received in 1783, Government money under the guise of "compensation" for its services.

No other journal with a history so infamous as the "Freeman's Journal" has existed in the Irish Press. Birch's "World," which was paid £7,000 by Lord Clarendon, the English Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1848, to libel the Young Irelanders, was quite as vile as the present evening edition of the "Freeman's Journal," although better written, but it only lasted for a few years, while the "Freeman's Journal" has lasted for 150 years, during the greater part of which time it has been kept alive by the money of Dublin Castle.

The history of the "Freeman's Journal" began in 1763, when it was started by three Dublin merchants—Grant, Braddell and Tandy—as an organ of independent and broad views. The three founders declared that they would give the surplus profits of the newspaper to a Dublin charity—the Magdalene Asylum—but the Dublin charity never saw any of the profits. Messrs. Grant, Braddell and Tandy, on second thoughts put the profits in their own charitable pockets. The original editor of the "Freeman" was Henry Brooke, a man of some literary ability, who had been a hired pamphleteer of Dublin Castle. France was then the enemy of England, and Brooke was employed by England to write pamphlets warning the Irish farmers against the demoralised French, who, according to Brooke, coveted the farms of the Irish. These pamphlets of Brooke's were printed at the expense of the British Government and circulated free through the country. The First Editor of the "Freeman's Journal" was thus described by a contemporary writer:—

"His writing muse engages
On any side that pays his wages—
One while staunch friend to Martin Luther,
He finds pure light and Gospel truth there;
Then through the Realm makes proclamation
For Popery, priests, and toleration."

Whether this is unjust to Brooke or not, it has been the character of most "Freeman" editors since.

The "Freeman," under its first editor, was rabidly anti-Catholic. In one of its issues in April, 1767, it condemned the practice of permitting a Catholic priest to visit a Catholic condemned to death. Absolution, it stated, was purchased by the condemned thief with a part of his plunder from the priest, and therefore "no Popish priest should be suffered on any pretence whatsoever to enter the wall of Newgate, unless sent thither for his crimes, and in that case he should be kept apart and not permitted to converse, even by signs, with the other criminals, neither allowed to attend them at the gallows nor exchange a word with them on their passage thither." "The 'patriotism' of the 'Freeman's Journal,'" wrote Dr. Madden, referring to this period, "consisted in reviling the faction that was in power, denouncing the Roman Catholic religion, and denouncing the Roman Catholic people of Ireland."

But at this time there was small market in Dublin Castle for an Irish newspaper. It was not until later the English Government entered upon the Press policy it has since pursued in Ireland of secretly subsidising organs in the Press: so in 1770 Grattan, Flood and Langrishe contributed to its columns articles and lampoons against the British Government in Ireland. It is on the fact that for a couple of years before the English Government bought it secretly up some men of undoubted patriotism did use its columns the "Freeman" imposed in latter years on a people ignorant of its infamous history the story that it had a patriotic pedigree.

The Volunteer movement, which began in 1778, and succeeded in forcing England to restore for a period the independence of Ireland,

hurried the British Government into its policy of Press bribery. It approached the "Freeman" with hands full of gold, and the "Freeman" embraced it, but the embrace was secret. In public the "Freeman" continued to play the role of patriot newspaper, laud the Volunteers, and criticise and condemn the British Government. This was in accordance with its instructions from the Castle. The English Government aimed at destroying the Volunteer movement by sowing jealousy and distrust between its leaders and creating factions in its rank and file. To this end the "Freeman" laboured week by week.

The proprietor of the "Freeman" at this period was one Francis Higgins, infamous in Irish history as "The Sham Squire." Higgins, who was originally at pot-boy in a publichouse in Fishamble-treet, Dublin, became successively a forger, a convict, a brothel keeper, a gambling house owner, a blackmailer, and editor and proprietor of the "Freeman's Journal."

It was this man and his staff whom the Government purchased. Higgins, Jebb, Houlton and Brennan were the "Freeman" leader-writers and editors. Jebb received a secret pension of £300 a year; Brennan received other payments, and Houlton was appointed to a Government position. The suspicions of most of the Nationalists of the time were not aroused, for the "Freeman" of the 1782 period was written in the same style as it has been written for years past, and the majority could not credit that it was in reality a secret organ of the Castle. But a shrewd minority of the Nationalists of the period were convinced of the "Freeman's" true character, and realising the danger, founded an opposition journal, "The General Evening Post," which quite frankly (May 1st, 1781) denounced the "Freeman" as "the infamous organ of corruption," and charged it with being in conspiracy with Dublin Castle to foment dissension in the Volunteer ranks, while professing enthusiastic devotion to the cause for which the Volunteers stood. But the "Freeman" survived the plain speaking of the "General Evening Post"—for the people refused to believe that so fervid a Nationalist organ as the "Freeman" of 1782 was really directed from Dublin Castle. And "stealthily and astutely," as Dr. Madden wrote, "it worked to disintegrate the National Party . . . and to bring the state of things established in 1782 into discredit and distrust."

The manner in which the "Freeman" worked to this end was to represent Grattan as a person who did not go far enough—a person too moderate for its brand of patriotism. "From the early part of 1783 the regime of corruption in the Press and in Parliament became particularly conspicuous, and especially so in the 'Freeman's Journal,'" writes Madden. Henry Grattan was exhibited to the Volunteers continually, first as a patriotic man, but too prudent, too slow—not sufficiently extreme. When a section of the Volunteers were imbued with this idea by the Castle's secret organ, Grattan was more boldly assailed. He was, according to the "Freeman," only a pretended patriot, a vainglorious person, an incompetent. He was "a greedy little sponge." He was a "dwarfish"—Grattan being a small man, physically—"pretender." He was "little Harry." Here is a specimen of the "Freeman's" wit against Grattan:—

"LITTLE HARRY."

"I frisk or I skip, I spout and I sputter,
And strut with success like a crow in a gutter;
But, left in the lurch, as now is the case,
All gloomy my soul, and all haggard my face.
To ambition a slave, to my feelings a prey,
Sweet Robin, Sweet Robin, O chant a fresh lay.
Sing conscience to sleep, and let all friends be
steady,
And nought e'er so base but to sign will be
ready."

For stuff such as this the "Freeman's Journal" editors of the Volunteer period—Higgins, Jebb, Houlton and Brennan—received their Government pay. Of the actual amounts paid to Higgins it is impossible now to get exact returns, but although the paper, so far from possessing much paid circulation, was distributed free and sent to all hotels and places of public resort. Mr. Francis Higgins became a wealthy man, the proprietor of a house in the most fashionable part of Dublin, and a Justice of the Peace. The ex-swindler, ex-convict, ex-brothel keeper, and ex-blackmailer, through the virtue of the "Freeman's Journal" rose to wealth and eminence, although the "Freeman's Journal" sold few of its copies.

Grattan long ignored the "Freeman," but at length he asked the Irish House of Com-

mons whether a journal so base and mendacious was fit to be sustained by Government advertisements; Richard Griffith in the Irish House of Commons referred to the "Freeman" as one of the journals that scandalised and disgraced Ireland, and Forbes, another member of the Irish Parliament, sarcastically remarked that it was hard the payments to the "Freeman's Journal" should be disputed, for its proprietor was a very generous man. "An innkeeper in the town I represent," said Mr. Forbes, "regularly receives that paper. On my inquiring what he pays for it and who sent it, the innkeeper replied that he did not know. Mr. Francis Higgins, God bless him, had sent it to him and never troubled him for payment or anything else."

From 1779 until 1792 the "Freeman's Journal" worked with success to destroy the Volunteers, undermine Grattan, and prepare the way for the Union. From 1792 to 1800 its career is splashed with the blood of its countrymen—blood for which a price was called and paid in the "Freeman" office to its proprietors.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIES BRIGADE.

Leaguers, intriguers,
Hibernians, onward!
Pause not to take a breath—
Rush the Four Hundred!
"Forward, the Lies Brigade!
Charge for the seat," he said;
"Pause not to take a breath—
Dash for South Longford!"
"Forward, the Lies Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though full well they knew
Off they had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to scream and lie:
Rush to the jaws of death
For that Four Hundred!

Sinn Fein to right of them,
Sinn Fein to left of them,
Sinn Fein in front of them
Volley'd and thund'r'd.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they lied and well,
Paused not to take a breath—
Oh, sure, they'd go to hell
For that Four Hundred!

Staunch the Sinn Feiners there,
Pure as their Longford air:
Where are their comrades? Where?
Dying in prison while
Party men slumbered.
Plunged in a dungeon deep:
Women and children weep,
Sad and forlorn.
Headless, the "Party" jeers,
And Execution cheers—
Ah, but that cheer will cost
Many Four Hundred!

Ulster to right of them,
Munster to left of them,
Connaught in front of them,
Volley'd and thund'r'd.
Stormed at with bomb and ball,
Well they deserved it all,
Well they deserved their fall;
Ireland was near to death,
Ireland was near to hell—
Well she is rid of them
And their Four Hundred.

When can their treason fade?
Oh, what a mess they made!
All Ireland wondered.
Shame on the Lies Brigade,
Shame on the charge they made
For that Four Hundred!

Irish Horn Beads (Green, White and Orange), 10d. and 1s. 2d., post free.
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NATIONALITY.

SATURDAY, MAY 26th, 1917.

SINN FEIN & THE CONVENTION.

The English Premier on Monday night expressed his hope that Sinn Fein would come into the Convention he summons to—in his own words—"settle the Irish question." The leader of the discredited Irish Parliamentary Party declared for "a generous representation of Sinn Fein." We understand the anxiety of England and its Irish camp-followers to cajole Sinn Fein into this Convention. But Sinn Fein will not go there. There is but one Sinn Fein policy and but one Sinn Fein organisation. The Sinn Fein policy estops its adherents from any voluntary agreement with England while England violates the compact she made with our country when it had the National Army of 1782 to defend it—the compact by which she renounced her usurped government of Ireland "for ever." The Sinn Fein organisation will, therefore, neither delegate nor authorise any persons to represent it at the English Government's Convention.

The Sinn Fein policy is essentially the policy followed by Francis Deak in Hungary between the years 1850 and 1867, and Ireland is now in a condition similar to that of Hungary in the decade 1850-60: its constitution trampled under foot and its people governed by military law. Mr. Lloyd-George of England is but the Herr Bach of Austria, who sixty years ago sought to induce the Hungarians to accept a maimed measure of Home Rule in lieu of their national rights. Sinn Fein replies to England's Government to-day as Deak did to Austria's Government then, "Our country is a nation not a territory nor a colony; less than its national right it will not claim. It will enter into no negotiations for settlement until that right is admitted and conceded."

Let us, in this serious hour of our country's history, keep our minds cool and clear. Some men would yield up part of our territory in return for Local Self-Government for the remainder; some ask for a legislature subordinate to England; some call for what they term Colonial Home Rule—and these divided men yet agree on one thing: that by such expedients will Ireland be pacified and made content.

Adopt any one of them, and ten years hence the Irish question—as it is called—will be no less acute than it is to-day. For the Irish

question will never be solved until Ireland's separate nationality is recognised as the basis on which Irish Government must be reared and sustained. Ireland is no province; Ireland is no colony. Neither to the petty diets of Central Europe, nor to the Dominions of Canada or Australasia can any man look successfully for a clue to the settlement of Ireland. He can look to Hungary—he can look to Poland, and there he may find the clue.

Ignoring the Convention, which is called into being only to distract Ireland from the objective now before her, to confuse her thought, and to permit England to misrepresent her character and her claims to Europe, Sinn Fein summons Ireland to concentrate its mind and energy on preparation for the Peace Conference, where, citing the pledges given to the world by Russia, the United States and England's Allies, it will invoke that tribunal to judge between our country and her oppressor, and claim that the verdict which has restored Poland to independent nationhood shall also be registered for Ireland.

A SPECIAL TAX FOR FARMERS.

The farmers of Ireland are said to be a very shrewd folk, very quick to know their interests and the interests of their country. But how many of them are aware of the special rod that the Chancellor of the English Exchequer has in pickle for them?

Speaking in connection with his last Budget statement, he said:—

"I admit the fairness of having taxation on farmers. I have had everything prepared for imposing such a tax, but I found that if you took the figure of, say, £400 rent and began on that basis all you would get at the end would be £300,000, and if you went down to a lower figure, and a figure which would be fairer, it would imply so many assessments that with the present staff you could not possibly have done it, except at the risk, and indeed with the certainty, of losing a far larger amount of money than you would get."—(Hansard, Vol. 93, col. 571).

In other words, that if he placed this tax, which he had all ready, right down to the lowest-value farm—that is to say, on anything that is a farm and not a mere holding—it would cost too much to collect. There are not enough men, just at present, to collect it; but when the men return, as they will before the next Budget, then this rod that is all ready is going to be laid handsomely across the backs of the farmers, high and low, big and small.

"The staff at the disposal of the Treasury," he says, "is not sufficient to enable us to cope with new taxation. . . . From the Board of Inland Revenue alone upwards of 3,000 men have gone to join His Majesty's fighting forces. . . . My advisers have told me—and after trying to judge it for myself as well as I can I have accepted their view—that to attempt to use the existing staff for new duties which would not give a large revenue . . . would simply mean that we would lose a larger amount of revenue in the collection of the big taxes than we would gain by attempts in this direction."—(Hansard, Vol. 93, col. 379).

There the position is in a nutshell. It was not mercy for the farmer that held up this new tax that has been carefully prepared for them: it was simply that, at the moment, it was inconvenient and difficult to collect. But it is coming. Very little of the colossal expenditure of this war has been recovered in taxation, just for this very reason. It will take England another hundred years, under the most favourable conditions, to release herself from the terrific debt she has accumulated during the past three years. That is to say, for another hundred years special taxes, heavy taxes, and every sort and kind of tax will be levied by the English Exchequer in order to clear this debt. So that there seems a very cheerful prospect before the Irish farmer for some time to come—if he remains under the power of the English Exchequer.

That is not all. It is not as though the Irish farmer were to be called upon to pay just this special tax, and no more. Let us see how his "ordinary" taxation stands at the moment—the taxation, that is to say, that he has to endure together with every other Irishman. Before this war began the taxation of Ireland as levied from England amounted to an annual total of—**£12,389,500, nearly Twelve and a Half Million Pounds.** As a result of the first War Budget this advanced to—**£17,929,000, practically Eighteen Million Pounds.** The next result, up to March, 1917, has been estimated at about—**£25,000,000, Twenty-five Million Pounds.** That brings us up to the present. Under the present Budget the yield cannot be less than **£30,000,000, Thirty Million Pounds.**

Think what this means. Ireland's trade and industry are being crushed by oppressive regulations; and new industries coming into the country, such as the Ford Motor Works at Cork, are being bitterly opposed by English manufacturers. The country is less able now than in 1914 to pay the Twelve and a Half Million Pounds a year she was paying then; yet it is taxed at the rate of about Thirty Million Pounds a year. The running expenses of Ireland do not come to much more than Twelve Million Pounds a year; even reckoning in such little items as the Royal Irish Constabulary, which is a purely English matter. So that Ireland is making England a handsome present each year of **Eighteen Million Pounds**, one and a half times as much as it costs to run this country, with a garrison Constabulary and a Dublin Castle to maintain.

What does Ireland get for this? What does the business man in Belfast or Cork get for this? What does the farmer get for this? Nothing; absolutely nothing. And it will be worse after the war. The money being spent on this war by England is not being recovered in taxation. It is being put to debt. It will have to be collected after the war and for another hundred years.

Now, this is what every Irishman will have to pay—if Ireland remains England's milch-cow. It will crush and stifle the country. But over and above this, piled well on the top of this, there is to be a special little present for the farmer. For a tax has been prepared, and is all ready, to be levied on his farm. That is the pretty thumbscrew that has been prepared for this country, where we are mostly farmers.

The farmer has not only to pay as a citizen of the English Empire; he has also to pay as a farmer. There is to be a cool Thirty Million Pounds, at least, as a citizen; and a special contribution over and above that as a farmer. **That is to say, if by that time he remains under the power of the English Exchequer.**

Is it possible to find any relief from this? Is it possible to cut all this away, and to get back to a decent normal rate of taxation? Especially is it possible to escape this special rod that the Chancellor of the English Exchequer has in pickle for the farmer?

Home Rule will not help, and it is as well to look at this quite frankly. Under the Home Rule Act every tax imposed by the English Chancellor of the Exchequer may apply to Ireland as to England; and the Irish Parliament under that Act has no power to vary that tax. "except by way of addition." (Government of Ireland Act, 1914, clause 15, sec. a.)

That is to say, if the Home Rule Parliament wished to double the taxation it could; but if it wished to find any relief for the people of Ireland it could not do so. That may seem like a very bad joke; a joke almost bordering on tragedy; but it is there in the Home Rule Act.

And John Dillon stated that any attempt to alter or better the conditions of this Home Rule Act would be an act of treachery and perfidy to England. And John Redmond has repeatedly stated that Ireland must take her full share in this war, whatever England decrees that that share shall be. Never once has the Irish Parliamentary Party raised its voice against the

monstrous weight of taxation that has been imposed by England on this country. So that there is no help to be expected in that direction.

Where, then, is help to be found? How is Ireland to escape this crushing weight of taxation that will strangle the life out of her more surely than the spectre of famine could; that will ruin the merchant and the labourer, the artisan and the professional man? How is the farmer to escape the tax on his farm that has been planned to place a special and additional weight on his shoulders.

The precious "Home Rule Act on the Statute Book" will not help. It has only power to make the weight heavier. John Redmond will not help. He has declared that Ireland must bear "her share." John Dillon will not help. He has said that to try and alter the "Home Rule Act" would be treachery to England. The Irish Parliamentary Party will not help. It is pledge-bound to John Redmond and John Dillon, and has not once raised its voice in protest against the taxation of this country. Following the example of its leaders, it has been too busy discussing the affairs of Timbuctoo.

There is only one way in which help may be found; and that way is surprisingly simple and obvious. It is worth the very careful thought of every Irishman, be he Nationalist or Unionist, who has any regard for his own interests or the health or prosperity of his country. **It is to cut clear of the English Exchequer altogether.**

If that were done to-morrow, Irish taxation would at once fall from Thirty Millions a year to Twelve Millions a year; and it would fall much further yet, for the Royal Irish Constabulary, Dublin Castle, and all the other expensive items of English rule in Ireland, would at once be cleared away. For every Ten Pounds an Irishman pays to-day he would pay only Four Pounds to-morrow at the most.

If that were done to-morrow the English Chancellor of the Exchequer might prepare what rods he would, but they would fall on English, not on Irish shoulders. That is to say, they would fall in the right and proper place, not on the wrong and improper place. If that were done to-morrow, Ireland would have a bright and successful prospect before her instead of being, as she is to-day, faced by a dark road and a heavy load to bear upon it.

A number of men, new leaders of Ireland, have determined to take Ireland's case before the Peace Conference of the Nations of the world that will meet after this war, and to claim there that Ireland shall be free to choose her own destiny and to rule her own affairs without the interference of any other nation, without any other nation having the power to lay any burdens upon her of any sort or kind whatsoever.

That case is bound to be heard, and if those men can shew that they have the demand of the Irish nation behind them, that demand will be irresistible. Those men will have behind them England's claim that the "small nations" of the world should be free. It does not matter that England did not mean this claim to be applied to Ireland. England will only be there as one among many; and when those men demand that what suits Belgium, Serbia and Poland also suits Ireland, the logic of that plea will be heard by every nation in an open court—not a packed court, like the English House of Commons.

That issue has already been put before two constituencies in Ireland, at N. Roscommon and S. Longford, and each of these two constituencies has supported the appeal to the Peace Conference. The issue was put quite clearly before them; and the choice was made as clearly before them; and the choice was made as worn, and though every attempt was made to obscure the issue.

Now, it may not be possible to hold many elections before the meeting of the Peace Conference. Other means will be found to ensure a thorough and representative backing of the nation. If men

are in earnest for their own interests and the interest and wealth of the nation it is time to be up and doing. Send your name and address to 6 Harcourt St., and your part in that work will be shewn to you.

Every man who does not help is asking for an **Increase** of the present burden of taxation. If he is a business man he is asking for a ruin of his business in the dark times that will follow this war. If he is a farmer he is baring his shoulders to the rod the English Chancellor of the Exchequer has in pickle for him. If he is a labourer or worker he is asking for disemployment. If he is a banker he is asking for lean balances. For dark times are coming after this war, and a heavy and heavier weight of taxation to be borne, that will crush the nations.

On the other hand, if Ireland wins her case at the Peace Conference she stands clear of all this, and will be the only nation in Europe free of debt. The chance will never recur.

SINN FEIN.

The usual weekly meeting of the National Council of Sinn Fein was held on last Wednesday. Affiliation fees were received from clubs formed in Athboy, Mullinabreena (Co. Sligo), Mullingar. Organising Committees, to proceed with the work of establishing clubs, have been formed in the following districts:—Roscommon, Magherafelt, Galbally, Limerick City (Bishop O'Dwyer Sinn Fein Club), Cumber (Co. Kerry), Clonbrock (Co. Mayo), Liscaill (Co. Roscommon), Dromod (Co. Leitrim), Castleisland (Co. Kerry), Donomore (Co. Cork), Birmingham (England), Athea (Co. Limerick), Clogher (Co. Tyrone), Rockcorry (Co. Monaghan), Rathduane (Co. Kerry), Urtingford (Co. Kilkenny), Pallas Green (Co. Limerick), Ballysodare (Co. Sligo), Coroban, Castlereagh (Co. Roscommon).

At Castlepollard (Co. Westmeath) the local club has taken on the work of organisation in the vicinity.

The progress of the movement can be gathered when it is remembered that the above list is supplemental to those already published. Official instructions for the formation and working of clubs are now being printed and will be issued during the present week. Copies of leaflets, etc., can be had on receipt of stamped addressed envelope: all communications to be addressed to—

**THE HON. SECRETARY,
National Council of Sinn Fein,
6 Harcourt St., DUBLIN.**

A considerable amount of work has been thrown on the National Council of Sinn Fein by the numerous applications received from all parts of the country. At present it is impossible, owing to difficulties due to various causes, to answer applications by return; but no effort will be spared to cope with all difficulties. A most satisfactory feature is the fact that from numerous districts, where a few years ago the name of Sinn Fein was anathema, persistent appeals have come for literature, organisers, etc. For the benefit of those who have recently come over to the movement a series of articles will appear in "Nationality" to explain the Sinn Fein policy.

The attention of all clubs, and of the general public, is directed to the fund which is being formed to defray the expenses of organising Sinn Fein, and disseminating Sinn Fein propaganda. Instructions will shortly be issued to all clubs for their guidance in future Parliamentary contests.

It is intended to pursue a course of active, constructive work in each town and village where there is a Sinn Fein Club. Reading centres will be established for the dissemination of literature dealing with Taxation, Ireland's International Status, What Sinn Fein really is, etc. Also among the activities of these centres will be the education of our young men and women on broad National lines, in contradistinction to the vitiated programme forced by the Commissioners of National Education on our teachers. It is intended to stiffen the backs of our people, to teach them the duties and rights of citizens, and to make them look with pride on their past, and to look forward with hope and confidence to the future.

CAMPAIGNING IN LONGFORD.

It seems to be always my good fortune in election fights to be sent to operate in the most favourable districts. In Roscommon I was especially associated with the work in Strokestown, and in the McGuinness campaign I was told off to go to Lanesboro' in the parish of Rathcline, which is the Strokestown of South Longford, only more so. Lanesboro' is a tiny little village, beautifully situated on the Shannon; but it is the most progressive little place that I have struck for a long time. The district around it used to buy its goods from Longford; but a few enterprising business men in the village have changed all that. Freights to the place are low, as everything can be brought by water from Dublin and Limerick, and now a wide district buys its seeds, manures, agricultural implements, bicycles, and ordinary drapery and grocery goods in Lanesboro', and the people have hardly to go to the larger towns for anything. Indeed, so advanced a spot is it, that it actually contains a limited company (of which the Chairman is one of the most versatile men I ever met, being at once the best judge of the weight of a live pig in the district, practically the greatest authority on Omar Khayyam in the county, and several other things besides), from which you can purchase almost everything you require in your path through life, including both a cradle and a coffin; it makes its own bread, and it sends splendidly carved tombstones far beyond the boundaries of County Longford.

In addition to everything else, Lanesboro' contains Fr. Ryns and Patrick McCrann, and the parish contains Johnnie Belton: so it is little wonder that McKenna's henchmen came to the conclusion early in the South Longford fight that "Lanesboro' was hopeless." Any parish would become "hopeless" from the "Irish Party's" point of view in a very short time if you planted Fr. Ryns and Pat McCrann in it. For, of course, the fruit that we reaped in Rathcline has sprung from seed that was very carefully sown and nurtured. Fr. Ryns and Messrs. McCrann and Belton and Michael Ryan and others were, however, working on a propitious soil, for the instincts of the men and women of Rathcline were always genuinely national. They stood by John Martin in the dark days of the Greville election, and their prowess of that time is still commemorated in song:—

"Oh! the bould men of Rathcline,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
On that morning they did shine,
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
And the boys from Curraghroe,
With Clondra men in a row—
Oh! 'tis they the stones can throw,
Says the Shan Van Vocht."

If I ever sell my soul and join Mr. Redmond's fold—and you never know what a lawyer is going to do—I shall take care to select a constituency in which none of the McCrann family resides. For they seem to crop up everywhere in which there is an electoral battle now-a-days. They were very much in evidence in North Roscommon: few men did better work for Mac Guinness than Padraic of Lanesboro'; and rumour hath it that there are other members of the Clan in the places for which the most decrepit members of the "Party" now sit.

Nobody did better work than Dr. MacNabb and his friend, Tom Finnegan, all through the fight. Knowing how busy both of them are kept at home, we who know Belfast can appreciate what a financial loss it must have been to them to give so much time as they did to the election. It was little wonder after all that Mr. J. P. Farrell, M.P., should see such visions of "German gold" as he did. For that a hard-headed Belfast business man like Tom Finnegan, and so many other voluntary workers from every part of Ireland, should go through a campaign like that of South Longford at their own expense is something that is not dreamt of in the philosophy of Irish M.P.'s or of the gentlemen who take their drinks at the Devlinite club in Berry St., Belfast.

The enthusiasm of some of the old men in Longford was very fine—of course, the young people were wild for Sinn Fein and McGuinness. In some cases you would find the old men seemingly anxious to keep themselves in, as it were, lest the lads would go too far. A girl and a boy one day met a party of our canvassers and asked them to speak to their father, as they were rather doubtful of him. Our men saw him, but they found that he was as keen as his children, only he did not want them to know how strongly he felt.

The most vivid of my memories of South

Longford is that of a meeting we had one night at Lisnacuishe. We held it in the soft light of a beautiful May moon, and all the old men and young men, matrons and maidens, wee girls and boys, and even the babes in arms, of the district seemed to be there. The enthusiasm was immense, and to gaze on those eager up-turned faces in the light of that divine moon, and to listen to those ringing cheers of "the bould men of Rathcline," might have inspired the dullest man to eloquence. "After all, it's a country worth fighting for," I said to MacNabb one night as we stood on the bridge at Lanesboro' and watched the Shannon, clothed in a golden garment of moonlight, sweeping majestically towards the sea. "Yes," he responded—and I knew by his look that he was thinking more of the glory of the splendid patriotism that we found everywhere amid the fields and villages of South Longford than even of the beauty of the scene that spread before us—and a country worth dying for."

LOUIS J. WALSH.

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M.J.A., 2/6; C.H.A., 2/6, and M.F.A., 2/6 ...	0	7	6
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Rev. P. S. M'Evoy, C.C., Lurgan ...	1	0	0
J. Barnes ...	0	5	0
Tyrone P.P. ...	3	0	0
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Tyrone C.C. ...	1	0	0
Dungannon, per Mr. Danl. Donnelly ...	11	0	0
Dr. Moore, Strangford, Co. Down ...	0	10	0
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Dr. Laverty, M.D., Rathfriland ...	1	0	0
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Anon., Balla ...	0	2	6
P. Cullen, Belfast ...	1	0	0
Well-wishers, Passage West (2nd instalment) ...	0	12	0

Extreme pressure on our space this week obliges us to hold over the remainder of the Subscription List, in type, until next week. The Fund is now closed.—Ed., "Nationality".

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Feis CARMAN (WEXFORD).

WHIT MONDAY, 28th MAY, 1917.

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Prospectus free, from the Secretary,

P. Ó CAOLA,

Ring, Co. Waterford.

TO THE SENSIBLE MEN AND WOMEN OF IRELAND.

Being Some Reflections upon the "Refults" of the Longford Election.

My dear Compatriots,

Having already written upon so disagreeable a Subject as the Party that would and its brazen Half-measures, I conceived my task was at an End. But it would seem that a people long used to Hardships lose by Degrees the very Notions of Liberty. They look upon themselves as Creatures at Mercy, and deem that all Impositions laid upon them by a stronger Hand are inevitable and eternal. And so comes the Danger that a People so benumbed and listless (at any Rate till within the most recent Period) may still be sufficiently bedrugged—and this at one of the most golden Opportunities of their History—to be an easy Prey to the Bamboozling of them that is being plotted; to be easily persuaded that the Door of the Peace Conference must indubitably be flammed in the Face of poor, impotent Cinderella Ireland; and so is such a People ready at once to sell its Birthright for a Mess of Pottage.

As for the Party that would, which so glibly gives out that, by refusing to receive its Dross for Sterling, we are riding to Perdition, and risk some terrific Catastrophes—such, no doubt, as this Party's "Retirement from Public Life" (and Four Hundred a Year per Head!), that, it is manifest, would be an appalling Calamity (for the Party!)—as well as a Condemnation devoutly to be wished and, with the help of a little Longford Persuasion, more than like to be achieved. Of that Party Little need To-day be said. It is the Party that would! Once it could, if it would, but it didn't; now it would, if it could, but it can't! For is it not clear to growing Numbers of the Irish People of To-day that this Party is but the salaried Middleman of an Alien Misgovernment, the contemptible Catfaw with which that Alien Misgovernment would fain now, at the Eleventh Hour, pluck the fat from the fire, so to speak. Therefore, we can dismiss this Party and come to the Motives of its Master, whose Schemes the paid Go-between could but advance.

Now, my dear Compatriots, I have lived long in both Kingdoms, as well in Country as in Town; and therefore take Myself to be as well informed as most Men in the Dispositions of each People towards the Other. It is true that, taking the great Bulk of the English Race, there exists not under the Sun another People so smugly self-centered, so infular, so narrow-minded, so uneducated; and by "educated" I would indicate being versed in the broad, expansive Knowledge understood of the scholars of ancient Ireland, to whose Monasteries flocked the Students of the World, that Knowledge which is To-day comprised in what these English would belittlingly term "Continental" Culture; for so deliciously self-fatified are these Islanders that not only have they named their Isle "Great Britain"—puny as it is in Contrast with even individual Countries of the Continent (none of which, though possessing obviously more Right, are so foolish as to style themselves "Great"—at any Rate in their geographical Title)—but also do these Islanders, in their ludicrous Conceit, speak contemptuously of "the Continent"—with about as much Justification for such Attitude as, say, the Fleas on the Tail of a Dog (supposing such to be capable of the gross Stupidity that is second Nature to these Islanders) would have for despising the Dog.

It need not, therefore, surprize us that the Bulk of this pitifully narrow and self-centered People regard Ireland, which, of course, they have never seen (poor Creatures!) as a Bit of a Bog inhabited (save for Ulster and one or two other "Oases in the Desert," where live the Descendants of English and even Scotch Settlers) by a Race of semi-human Gorillas, lazy, dirty, wallowing in Ignorance, helpless; with but one Use, perhaps, in their miserable Existence—that of supplying Cause for the Mirth and Laughter of the superior Race of Neighbours by Apeish Grimaces and Elephantine Blunders ("so jolly beastly A-weefh, don't you-kna-ow!"); to which miserable, dirty lazy, ungrateful People England gratuitously and charitably flings Millions of Pounds annually in a noble but vain effort to reform the Wretches, to make them as near as possible to clean and pure and good and all else that is English and English only; and all this "fair" England does, forfooth, of her great and glorious Chivalry, that "disinterested" ('hem!) Chivalry that fent her leaping headlong, like

a very true Knight amongst Nations, into the Fray for the Defence of ravished Belgium (of whom we hear nothing now, she having ferved her purpose!) against the unfeakable Dragon that dared to raise its Head on High to challenge the One and Only People that, of course, has really the "Divine Right" to declare that It and God are one and the same (more English than Godly, if you please, or there may be a Henry the Eighth to reckon with; more Might than Right, or there may be a Pfalm-finging, God-flouting Butcher!).

Nevertheless, that is but the opinion of the great Bulk of this truly noble People. For there are amongst them "enlightened" Men—Men who are admittedly so much above the Bulk of the People that they are called "Thinkers"—Men like H. G. Wells and Chesterton, and the like—who after a Lifetime of Boy-Scout-like, Self-important "Tracking," pompous Groping and Searching upon Hands and Knees—make a wonderful and much advertised "Discovery" of "the New Deity"—(which bears a pale sickly resemblance to the Deity that most Irish People "discover" on leaving their Cradles!). And these—what, in England, are called "Thinkers"—these great Men, these grown-up and even grey-headed Boy Scouts—have incidentally made another interesting "Discovery." They have "discovered" that the English, their own People are, as contrasted with the Irish, "Slow and dull of Wit."

That being so, my dear Compatriots, the "Thinkers" of this Race having made this "Discovery" also, we can afford to be in the Company of the "Continental," and the "Yankees," and the Whole of the Rest of the World, and so can tolerate being "despised" as "inferior" by the great Bulk of this noble People, amongst whom colossal Circulations are attained by such Journals of the true Culture as "John Bull," "Answers," "Tit-Bits," "Comic Cuts," and the Sunday Special Editions of the (Details of) Divorce Gazette.

But, my dear Compatriots, as a Race that is "quick and bright of Wit"—for such one may assume to be the Antithesis of what their "Thinkers" describe the English, by Contrast with you, as being—are you asking yourselves certain Questions which suggest themselves at the present Juncture? Are you asking yourselves why so suddenly this People, "Slow and Dull of Wit," have become as universally anxious for Home Rule in Ireland as have ever been the Irish People? Why this sudden anxiety for "Free Institutions" and such other like brazen Half-measures for "the Irish Shirkers," who have not done their Bit?

Why is Bloody Arthur Balfour, whose Regime in Ireland was the blackest of more Modern Times; whose Castle Hacks dispensed so-called "Justice" in Courts where her very Existence was repeatedly denied by another "Peter"; whose Police, always full of Official and Ministerial Applause and Support, no matter how blackguardly their Conduct, bludgeoned a helpless People till no longer was it left to them even to weep; why is this more recently lackadaical Philosopher, whose Sophistries would fain toss to the Four Winds the mildest Claim for Irish Self-Government as a preposterous Piece of Trifling with the most elementary Principles of Reason; why is Bloody Arthur Balfour, at once the ruthless Scourge of Ireland, and the Mocker of her Tears and Dreams, why, at Washington, is he now the urbanely Sleek and Smiling Friend of more advanced Irish Aspirations?

Why is Sir Edward Carson, himself, now stated to be "in Favour of a Settlement?" Why does Lord Northcliffe—who fent his "Hamilton Fyfes" to back up Orange Drums, by vilifying and calumniating the "Papishes," just before the War—now pose as the Champion of Irish Freedom? Why is Ireland's inveterate and bitter Foe, "The Times"—that once yelped with Joy at the Prospect of a Celt being as rare upon the Banks of the Shannon as a Redskin upon the Shores of the Mississippi—why is it now "thundering" (in traditional manner) for "an Irish Settlement?"

Ah! why?—my dear Compatriots! Ask yourselves, you are "Quicker and Brighter of Wit" than the Bulk of this People, who bewildered, dumbfounded, by this amazing, this dazzling Change of Front of their Leaders and of the Prefs that think for them, are nevertheless prepared—in their fullenly docile way (that is their Leaders' Strength) vaguely conscious as they are of Some Danger Somewhere (since their Leaders and Prefs act thus curiously)—to vote for any Concession to this Gorilla-like Race of "Shirkers" who have "failed to do their Bit." Ask yourselves, my beloved Compatriots, why this sudden and wonderful miracle? Is it due to a sudden affection

for us—to a quickened Realization of our Qualities and our Worth? Think it over, my Compatriots!

My dear Compatriots, it is a Cafe of: "we must all unite, Conservative, Liberal, Radical, Labour and Socialist (for we are all John Bulls, n'eft-ce-pas?); we must all unite to back up our Time-honoured Dupes, the Redmondites, supported even by Carson and Co.; we must all, at any Cost, even of our most cherished Bigotries and Prejudices, heretofore—we must all unite to break this 'third and more dangerous Party—the Sinn Feiner—(which) has arisen!' For, look you, there is the Peace Conference!!! And, if we are not careful, we may very well lose Ireland, as we did America, by Stupidity! So!—Balfour, Carson, Redmond, Henderson!—ALL of You!—SHUN!!!! Eye-e-e-es F-r-r-r-out!! "Kill Sinn Fein with Kindness!"—is the Watchword!

I will conclude, my dear Compatriots, with a Fable ascribed to Demosthenes. He had ferved the People of Athens with great Fidelity in the Station of an Orator, when, upon a certain Occasion, apprehending to be delivered over to his Enemies, he told the Athenians, his Countrymen, the following Story: Once upon a Time the Wolves desired a League with the Sheep, upon this Condition, that the Cause of Strife might be taken away, which was the Shepherds and the Maltiffs; this being granted the Wolves, without all Fear, made Havoc of the Sheep!

I am, my dear Friends, your loving Compatriot, Fellow-Rejoicer, and humble Servant,
THE GHOST OF DEAN SWIFT.

SINN FEIN NATIONAL FUND.

Funds are required for the organisation of Sinn Fein propaganda and Sinn Fein Clubs. It is essential that Sinn Fein should be organised to secure the return at bye-elections or at a general election of candidates pledged to the principle of Irish Independence and to the policy of abstention from the British Parliament and the presentation of Ireland's case to the forthcoming Peace Congress.

The corrupt Parliamentary Party is backed by a wealthy organisation, and has the active sympathy of the foreign administration in this country. If the cause of Irish Nationalism is to triumph over this combination there must be little delay in opposing this alliance by a virile and well-knit National Organisation.

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Subscriptions should be made payable to the Hon. Treasurers, National Council of Sinn Fein 6 Harcourt St.

I gCuis na hEireann,
Arthur Griffith, President.
Pdraig O Caoimh; Chas. Murphy,
Hon. Treasurers.
Sean P. Campbell, Hon. Secretary.

Dublin, May, 1917.

(The first list of subscriptions will be acknowledged next week).

On Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week members of the Cuig Cuigi Branch will produce two Irish plays—"An Foghmar" and "Eiseirge Donnchadha"—at Hardwicke St. Theatre, which we hope will be filled with Irish-Irelanders. The admission will be 1/-.

Seumas O'Caomhanagh writes us a letter which we heartily approve. He is a young single Irishman out of work—there are still scores of released Irish prisoners in the same condition. He is, like townsmen generally, ignorant of farm work; but, unlike most unemployed townsmen, "he would be only too happy to go on the land to learn farm work." He suggests that Irish-Ireland farmers might give such young men as himself the opportunity of working on the Irish soil, rather than that they should be compelled to go to England. There are some scores of strong, intelligent young Irishmen—released prisoners—in Dublin at present unemployed, who would, we believe, willingly go on the land. We should be glad to hear from Irish farmers on the subject.

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leabhar na n-oilithreach bpolannac.

XIV.

(Continued).

7. An t-earráid a veuntar don deasáid is cormail le gráinne i; an té cuireann ar a deár-nain é 7 a terpeánann do éad é, sa rú: Sin gráinne mór aghaid, tiorpmócaíó fé é 7 ní dampró fé ploc dá tórad.

8. Aet an té cuireann an gráinne ra talam 7 a veineann foine ar fead poinnt reactmáin. éionn fé planoa as teact ar an ngráinne.

9. Agus an té tairceiseann an gráinne maraon leir an nveir i geoir na haedliadna, i geoir na beata riopparde, geodair fé ceuo gráinne ar, 7 ar an gceuo gráinne rin geodar fé na milte mile gráinne.

10. Agus riné an tát guró é fear is fia fanann le tuact raotair is mó geibeann ve tuact raotair; 7 an té ná fažann a tuarparat i d'fup, rin mar is mó veir a tuarparat tall vó.

11. Aet cao tá le rúo leo rúo a bionn as gearán, sa rúo: Veineamair so calma, 7 nil comairca onóra ná áru-céim ašainn? An ar fon céimeanna 7 comaircaí onóra a comaircann rúo, mar rin? An té comaircann ar fon céimeanna 7 comaircaí onóra, téisead fé anonn imear na Mopceobiteac.

12. Agus cao tá le rúo leo rúo eile a bionn as ceirneam, sa rúo: Sin fear ar taob na Láime veire, fear imeaslae, 7 comairca onóra air; rin fear eile, ar taob na Láime clé, fear gan ferom, 7 áru-céim fažca aise? An amlaró a veineann an veažfažcaoir, 7 é as rúo fé vein na namao, feucaint ar veir ná ar éli? Ni feucann fé ar veir ná ar éli; aet térdéann fé ar ašair. Fear meacta an té feucann ar veir 7 ar éli. Is leir an veaoipead feucaint 7 feirpint.

13. Agus cao tá le rúo leo rúo a bionn as sluaiream, sa rúo: Do meallad ar veaoipead i veaoob na gcomaircaí onóra bponnad, mar áruažseann fé céim na mopceolaine? Úir éionn žac doinne an loet a bionn ra veaoipead aet ní feiceann a veažreite; 7, ar an veaoob eile ven feul, éionn veine a veažreite féin aet bionn fé vall ar a vpoetereite. Aet is minic gur maectanažse von náirúin an maie a bionn ra veaoipead 'ná an maie a bionn ionainn féin.

14. Ná fuil a fiop ašair gur vein Críort acá ina Úia feallaire tožav mar veine ven vāpeus arpol? Mar rin ve, má veineann veaoipead, 7 žan ann aet veine, eúgear acá so noie vo tožav amac a' vāpeus cum oipic 7 comaircaí onóra bponnad orpa, tá fé žan loet.

15. Agus imear na nárról, b'é Coim an té ba rúo so raib žrúo as Críort vó cé so raib fé ar an té b'úige 7 ná raib don oipic áirice aise, ná raib fé ina fear ionair mar feavap, ná ceapca ina arpol vor na žeintib ar nóž rúil, ná ina rparánuide ar nóž lúair.

16. Agus is fé Coim amáin a earžair na neice bí le teact, ra Terpeánad, 7 tužear fiolar air; rúnuamair epioe a faožail, 7 is vóis lena lán ná fuair fé bāp in don eop, aet so bfuil fé ina beataró rú; 7 ní abarcar fan i veaoob arpol ar bit eile.

17. Éionn rúo mar rin so veirdeann feirbir žan oipic in oipreacar ó aoir so naoir.

Liam Ó Rinn.

Great pressure on our space this week compels us to hold over several articles.

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