

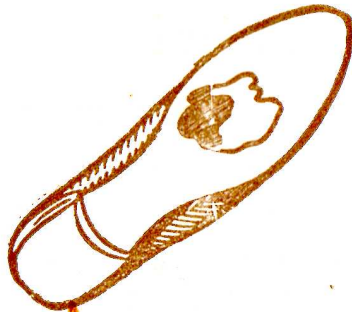
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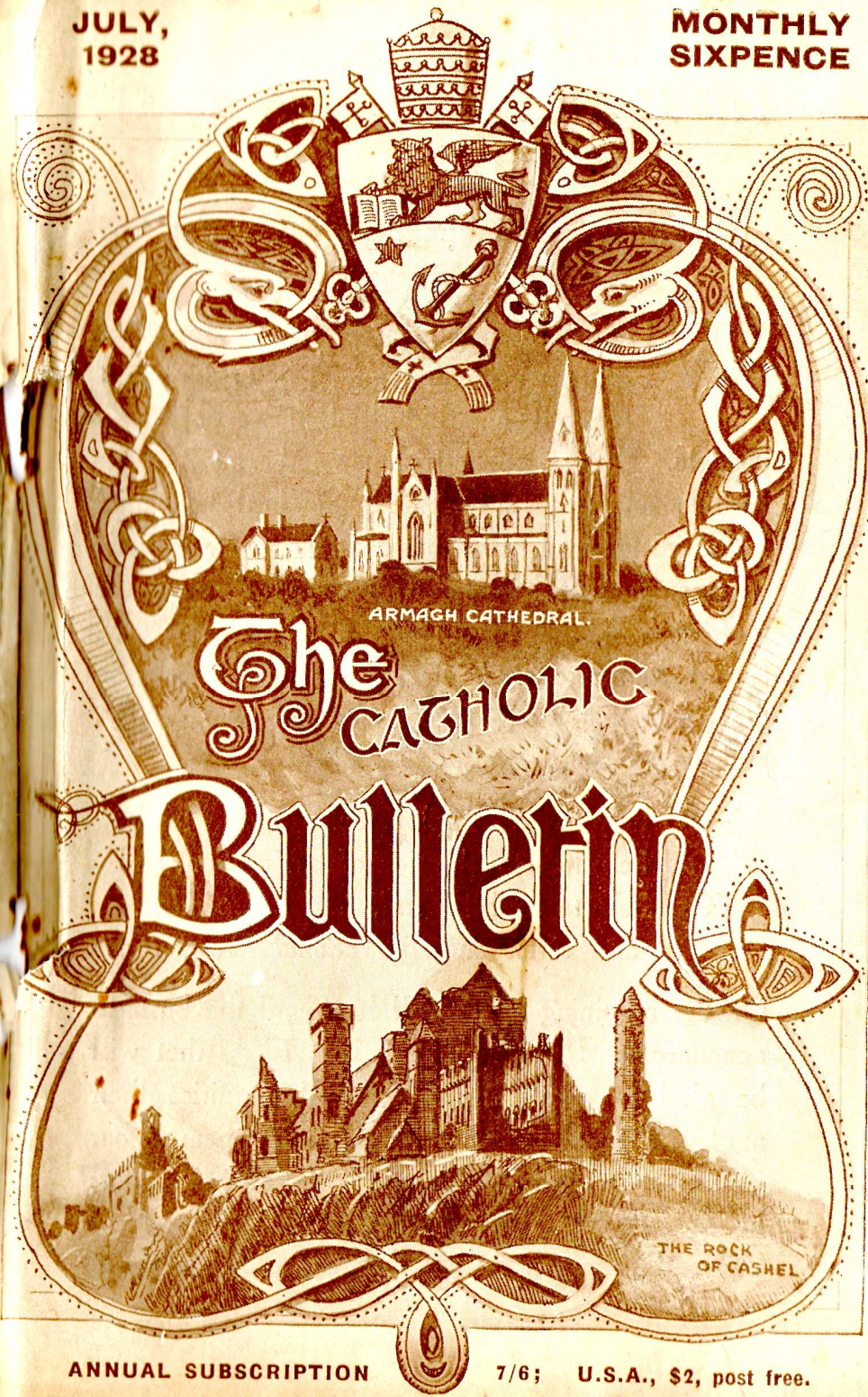
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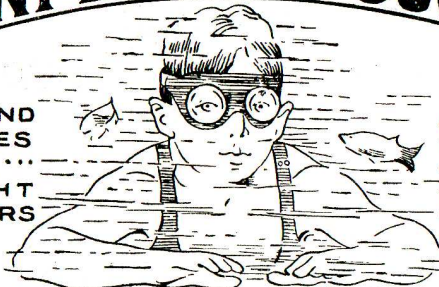
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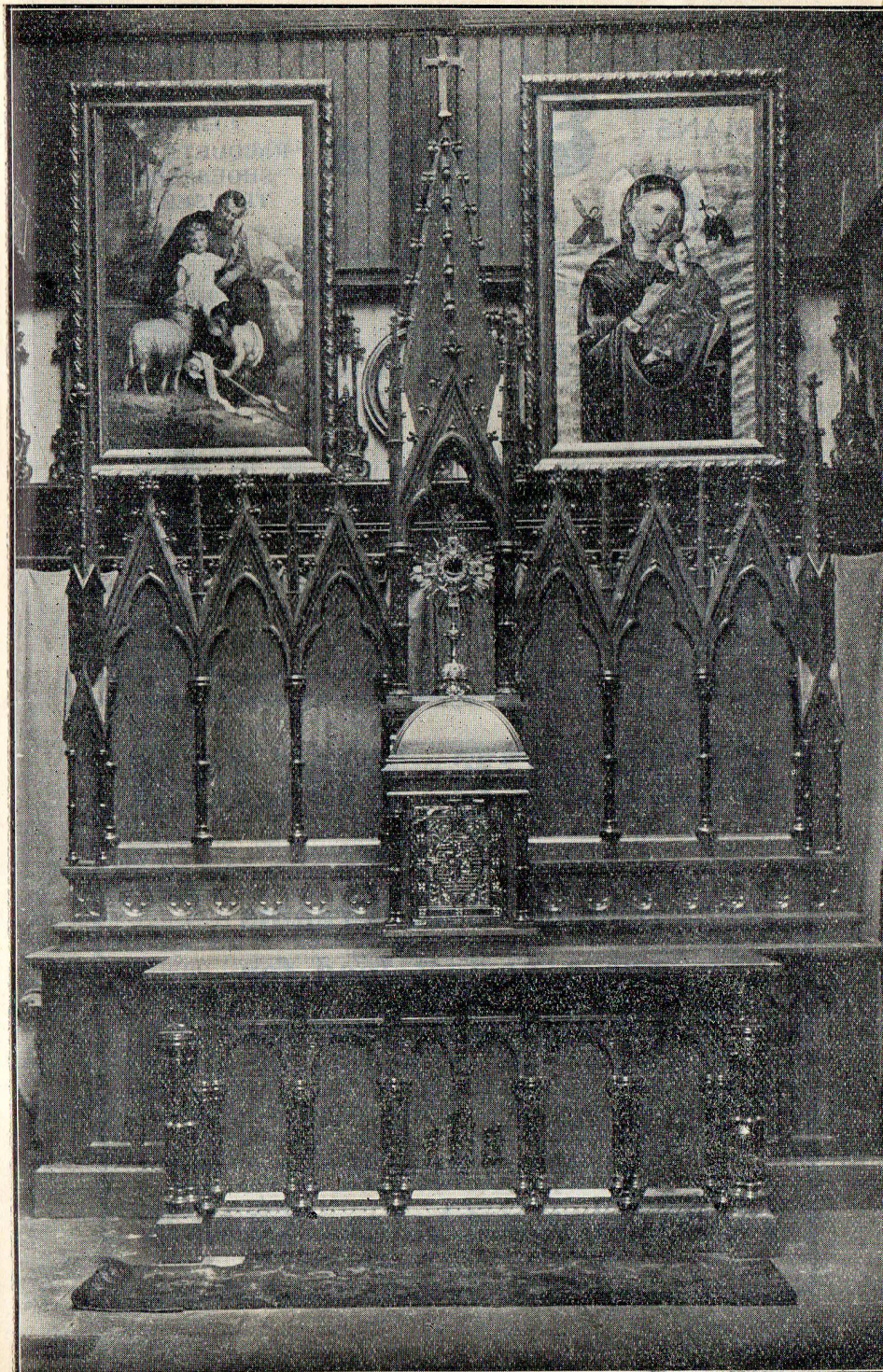
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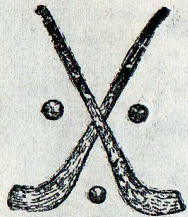
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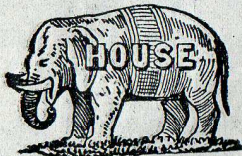


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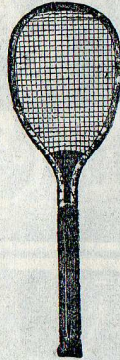


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THE CATHOLIC BULLETIN AND BOOK REVIEW

Vol. XVIII.

JULY, 1928

No. 7

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Editorial

THE VITAL NEED OF A POLICY FOR WHEAT PRODUCTION.

The economic policy for Ireland that has now been advocated in these pages for two years, is already winning a good measure of support. Action like that taken by Senator Linehan early in June, 1928, tending to compel the use of Irish wheat in the mills of Ireland, is quite significant. The one thing lacking in the Cork Senator's proposal is a real working proposition: as it stands, his motion would be unworkable, for all its good intentions. He puts compulsion on the miller. The miller could readily and fairly plead that Irish wheat is simply not there: and since it is not there, how is he to mill it? The Senator, to put it otherwise, was simply saddling the wrong horse. The compulsion to produce wheat must be put on the right people—the actual owners and occupiers of the land. It must be produced under the guarantee of a real market. It needs no other guarantee, but it does need that one. Unless the land of Ireland is tilled, there is no real expectation that we can develop true technical education and executive skill. Production from the soil, with all its accompanying activities,

provides a true outlet for trained skill, in a way that no other industry, not even the chemical industry, can approach. True agriculture is the true occupation of Irish brains and hands. Unless it is really a tilling of the soil, it does not give adequate employment to large numbers. The large numbers are now emigrating. Not a single proposal, as far as we know, has come from any political source, as to how emigration is to be stopped. Work on the land, producing food from the land, for use by the people on the land and in the towns of Ireland itself, is the only remedy that will really grapple with the emigration problem. Urban industries, it is now clear, will never be equal to any effective stoppage of emigration. Indeed, it is only when we develop real tillage for food production, for Irish people, that we can afford to combine urban industrial development with national security. To develop urban industries, apart from a progressive and thorough policy in wheat production, is to add to national insecurity. On what will an increased urban population, in Ireland, be fed? The experience of to-day is the answer. They will be fed on increased imports of Chinese bacon, on increased imports of wheat that could be very well grown at home, on increased imports of potatoes. The first aim in a true national fiscal policy for Ireland is the secured production of wheat from Irish land. Provide that policy, and you can safely undertake many lines of auxiliary action. Shirk that Irish food policy, and the country remains as it has been for fifty years past.

To accept, in all its substantial positions, the situation of the past fifty years, emigration included, is in effect the policy of two groups now operative in this country. One of these is the Plunkett party, which still has a collection of blind followers, though their numbers and their prestige is considerably reduced of late. Bankrupt in effective organisation, yet always prating about organisation, the Plunketteers are also bankrupt in plain commonsense. This is particularly manifest in the so-called economic articles which are now current in the *Irish Statesman*, especially since the close of that recent excursion westwards, that quest of the crock of gold that lay hidden under the far end of the visionary rainbow. Take this leading article in its issue of June 9, 1928. The very wording of the title is meant to be elaborately sarcastic.

"THE THEORY OF THE SELF-SUPPORTING NATION."

"There are many people who hold that Ireland should be self-supporting. This *ideal* of the self-sustaining nation seems to be accepted by Fianna Fáil. *But it is just here that we are in a very fortunate position as it is.* If Ireland was

blockaded so that not a single food-carrying ship could get into an Irish harbour we could still feed ourselves. We would have plenty of potatoes, vegetables, oats, milk, butter, beef and bacon, and we could rapidly manufacture cheese. In fact, as we assume any blockade would work both ways, and would prevent food-carrying ships leaving our ports, the result of any blockade continued for six months would be to lower the cost of living, as our food producers would be deprived of their market overseas, and Irish mouths would be the only ones they could fill, and there would be more than enough. *Ireland in respect of food is a self-supporting country.*"

It is hard to see how any sane economist could pen such a tissue of gross misstatements about the production of food in Ireland, for the Irish people. It is even harder to see that the policy enunciated gives any hope of enlightenment. "We are in a very fortunate position *as it is!!* Ireland, in respect of food, *is a self-supporting country!!* Why, the writer's arguments are most palpable absurdities. The Irish people produce the foodstuffs that Ireland very largely does not want, but which are wanted in England. Ireland does not produce the food which she consumes. Very far from it, indeed. We live mainly on imported breadstuffs. Our town and country population uses a great deal of imported bacon: Limerick dealers import bacon from China. They import potatoes, thousands of tons of them every month. Have we "plenty of beef"? Why, that is for the foreigner to use: and much of it, too, is exported in utter immaturity. Our fine soil is not used to finish what beef we do export, in any reasonable measure. It suits grazierdom, with all its lazy ignorance, to sell the half-finished beast, because that evades the need of education for skilled production, and evades the need of labour on the land. It is the calculated policy of selfish stupidity. We export bacon: and we feed the pigs on imported foodstuffs, that should be produced from Irish soil, by skilled Irish hands. But, above all, notice how the *Statesman's* calculating economist avoids the mention of the chief food, bread, that is used in Ireland. It was a calculated omission; its meaning was well-known to the writer. We should produce our own foodstuffs for our own people, and so employ them at home, in skilled work. We are not doing so. Plunkett House, Dublin, knows this, and wants this dependence for food, for the Irish people, to be perpetuated. It does not want emigration stayed, for it will not countenance the only effective means of staying it. And so it brazenly publishes its big falsehood: "Ireland, in respect of food, *is a self-supporting country!!* We shall not let this phrase be forgotten to Plunkett House.

THE HOLYHEAD POLICY.

Even worse than Plunkettism is the line taken by several Ministers of the Irish Free State, when on June 11, 1928, they went to Holyhead to confer with Sir Josiah Stamp, O.B.E. The most optimistic reader of the speeches of Manager Stamp and of Mr. W. T. Cosgrave to one another and to their 300 companions at lunch, will fail to find any glimmer of hope in any such industrial policy as was gone over in elaborate detail. The *Irish Times*, of course, was delighted with this humiliating performance. With marked accuracy it picked out, for parallel exposition, the central doctrines of Messrs. Cosgrave and Stamp. Sir Josiah, of course, was given due precedence in this presentation in *leaded type*, by that organ of Dublin Imperialism. So we give Sir Josiah Stamp's key phrases first: "The great national buying power and selling power we in England have, and Ireland being one of the great national exporters, means we can help each other. The hungry millions of England are at your doors, and if something cannot be made out of that, something must be sadly wrong with the intermediaries. Ireland has the capacity for sending beef, bacon, butter and eggs, and we in England have an unlimited capacity for consuming them, and all we want is to come together to further the trade of the two countries."

Note how the eye of Sir Josiah Stamp, O.B.E., is steadily fixed on England and her people. We have not done with his utterances yet: but we must now present the key phrases of President W. T. Cosgrave, of the Irish Free State. Where is his eye fixed? "We have the goods; we have them, or are going to have them, of the right quality; the British market will take them to the extent we can produce them so long as they conform to its requirements, and there will remain, therefore, the problem of getting cheaply, quickly and safely our live-stock and produce to the markets."

GET TO "THE" MARKETS!

Get to THE markets!! the British market will take all that we can produce!! conform to its requirements!! An Irish statesman, indeed!! Ireland is England's pig-pen, truck-farm, cattle-ranch. The whole of Mr. Cosgrave's detailed address is set in the same subservient strain. There is not even a glimmer of a notion in it that the primary function of the land of Ireland is to produce—as it so fully can produce—the food that Ireland wants for her own people here at home. No: its function is to meet the needs of THE market—the English market. A most paltry policy, indeed. We are not surprised at the presence of Ministers McGilligan, Hogan, Lynch. They are sharers in the

Holyhead policy, and make no secret of it. Nor are we surprised at the presence of numerous representatives of rancherism and grazierdom. It was their day, their lunch: they were the people that knew all about those lairages visited after the Holyhead speeches and the Holyhead lunch. Mr. J. P. MacAvin and Senator Coughlin were prominent there, and rightly so. Messrs. G. N. Jacob and J. C. M. Eason, and many others, were also in their rightful place. But what was Mr. Joseph McGrath, modestly described as "ex-T.D.," doing there? And did Mr. W. Davin, T.D., study the remarks of Mr. Thomas Johnson on the Hogan Agricultural Policies, and their relations to Labour, before he lunched with Mr. Hogan and with Sir Josiah Stamp, O.B.E.?

"We are here to think of England as a customer of Ireland," said Sir Josiah Stamp, at Holyhead, on June 11, 1928. A very neat and candid phrase, this: but it was not at all full-blooded enough for the *Irish Times*, on June 12, 1928. How was its leading article on the Holyhead Humiliation headed? "*The ONLY Customer*!" "Great Britain is the Irish Free State's only customer," is its opening assertion. With an effrontery even greater, were it possible, than that of the organ of Plunkett House, that leading article reaches the revealing conclusion that "The Free State will never enjoy the whole benefit of her natural resources until she bases her economic policy on an *identity of economic interests* between the two countries," and asserts that Holyhead will "help her to appreciate this *simple*, but *vital* truth"!!! Now, who said that the Unionists in Ireland were a thing of the past? This was Lord Clare's argument for the Union in 1800. This was Lord Carlisle's famous utterance in the era of the Clearances: "Ireland's destiny is to be the fruitful mother of flocks and herds." This is also the Hogan Policy, as it was, and is, the Plunkett Policy. Is it the policy of Mr. Joseph McGrath? Is it the policy of Mr. W. Davin, T.D., and the Labour Party? Let Mr. Thomas Johnson answer: his views would be interesting now. He provided the Irish people, on May 3rd last, with a compact definition of the Hogan Policy, as that whereby "the farming population sells all their produce at high prices in the British market, and buys all their requirements at the lowest prices, overseas." And Mr. Johnson pertinently adds his comments: "What will be the effect on the country as a whole? The agricultural population remains the same. Mr. Hogan does not aim at increasing the number of persons engaged in agriculture. Mr. Blythe, supporting Mr. Hogan, has told us that the land will not bear a greater agricultural population! What will the

prosperous Hogan farmer do with his sons and daughters? Shall they emigrate? Is this to be the end of national endeavour?" We have brought together here all the good points taken by Mr. Johnson against the Hogan Policy, now boldly paraded as the Holyhead Policy. Is it not, rather, the Holyhead Humiliation? The Free State Ministry and their luncheon associates, including even Mr. Joseph McGrath, T.D. that was, and Mr. William Davin, T.D. that is, salaamed before the Serene Stamp, as Satraps before their Sultan. England is THE market, said Mr. W. T. Cosgrave. England is the ONLY market, roared the *Irish Times*, loud above all other cries, the next morning.

MR. T. P. GILL SPEAKS AT LIMERICK.

All this promptly proved to be quite too much for Mr. Thomas Patrick Gill to endure. Mr. Gill, for twenty golden years, had harmonised his economics with those of the Plunkett Coterie. He even managed, by way of interlude, to adjust his fiscal notes to the raucous tones of T. W. Russell. Mr. Gill may long have proved accommodating as head of the Old Department in Upper Merrion Street, under whose charge Agriculture, meaning tillage, steadily declined, till within a few months after T. W. Russell had pronounced a tillage policy to be madcap foolery, he was ordered to carry it out. Then Mr. Gill produced some telling leaflets on the relative feeding values and national values of an acre of tillage, producing grain, and an acre of grass land, producing beef and mutton for THE market. The acre of grain had sixteen times, or so, the feeding power of the acre of grass. That leaflet is now, we are sure, out of print. It would not serve the Hogan-Blythe Policy at all. It would be of no use at the Holyhead Humiliation scene.

But when Mr. Gill read of the Holyhead Humiliation, something of the spirit of the now distant period of 1880-1890 revived in him. He addressed the Technical Instruction Congress at Limerick City, within twenty-four hours. He had on his platform a Free State Minister, concerned with Education, and especially then and there with Technical Training for productive work, rather than with THE market, the *only* market. Mr. Gill's words are extremely significant, coming from so discreet a man as Mr. Gill. We quote them from the opening passage of his Presidential Address:

"WE HAVE AN ECONOMIC VOID IN OUR MIDST. WE HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE MARKET FOR OUR AGRICULTURAL PRODUCE. WE IMPORT, EVERY YEAR, AT LEAST £35,000,000 WORTH OF PRODUCTS ACTUALLY REQUIRED BY, OR CONNECTED WITH, OUR AGRICULTURE, ALL OF WHICH WE SHOULD BE PRODUCING FOR

OURSELVES. IRELAND'S BEST ALTERNATIVE MARKET WILL BE HER OWN HOME MARKET, WHEN, BY DEVELOPING SUCH INDUSTRIES, SHE WILL HAVE RAISED UP AN INDUSTRIAL POPULATION BESIDE A REINFORCED AND INCREASED AGRICULTURAL POPULATION, THE LATTER PUTTING MORE LABOUR INTO, AND GETTING MORE FOOD OUT OF, THE LAND."

Excellent, save for one word, twice used. The Irish home market is, and must be, for us, *the* market. Only an outside market can be an *alternative* market. That is the only needed change. We regard Mr. Gill, like Mr. Johnson, as a promising asset. They have both distinctly, very distinctly, improved. Mr. Johnson still thinks too much of urban industry as *the* form of industrial development, capable of absorbing increased working power. Mr. Gill, an official of long standing, still thinks too much of the English market, when he speaks of the Irish home market as *alternative* to it, in the minds of Irishmen. But he has come on a good deal. He was roused, as is evident, by the Holyhead Humiliation. It will be surprising if he does not go on to the full logical economic policy of the Home Market, "Our Own Home Market," as he calls it, to make his meaning clear even to the *Irish Times* and to the Big Business and Foreign Foundation Coterie.

* * *

THE CONGRESS OF THE INEFFICIENT.

We can only hope that the Technical Education Congress held at Limerick on and from June 12, 1928, appreciated the deep significance of the views, cited fully in these pages, expressed by Mr. T. P. Gill at the opening of his Address. We are quite sure that they were not at all appreciated by the leading personages who again performed, under the baton of Sir Horace Plunkett, at his annual series of reminiscent self-laudations, held this year in the Engineers' Hall, Dublin, on Wednesday, June 13. The whole Plunkett movement, as is well known to the performers themselves, collapsed through internal weakness and widespread inefficiency. It was not the fault of Sir Horace Plunkett that at the last moment of its incompetent career, there was a stay set to its total dissolution by the introduction of new organising and directive power, in no way derived from him and his Foundation, in London or elsewhere. This year the main topic was Creameries. It supervened on the dreary drip of the usual Plunkett performance. So far as it goes, it is all to the good. But it does not, and will not, go far on its road. All the dairying and all its accompaniments, however efficient, will not effect any substantial increase in the tillage of the soil, or in the growth of a population living by

educated skill on the land. Mr. Thomas Johnson has very accurately sized up the narrow limitations of the Hogan Schemes in this vital respect. They are really no new departures. So far as the Hogan Schemes have done good, they have followed on the lines of the good household and farm work of seventy years ago, exemplified in Munster, and particularly in Cork County, long before Plunkett and the Plunketteers were heard of. The I.A.O.S., even in its latest model, is no substantial advance on the highly organised export provision trade, so finely worked by the Catholic merchants of the Irish seaports in the Penal Times. The I.A.W.S. is simply another big firm engaged in importing into Ireland what should be produced in Ireland, and thus perpetuating, by its supine indifference, the "economic void" of which Mr. T. P. Gill spoke so effectively at Limerick. There is not the glimmer of an idea about a true National Economic Policy in all the proflusions and platitudes of the Plunkett performers, and there never will be. The Horace Plunkett Foundation, of London, England, is a fair index to the situation. The Farmers of England have, as we recently showed from Sir Horace Plunkett's outpourings in the *Times*, London, measured up accurately the whole mass of Plunkettism. The main body of the Farmers of Ireland have long since done so, too; and have formed an exact estimate of the puerile patronage that the principal performer can, on any or on no occasion, pump up and pour out upon them.

* * *

THE NEED OF SKILLED ELECTRICIANS.

The Technical Education Congress, held at Limerick in the second week of June, 1928, was specially concerned with the Shannon Scheme, as its President, Mr. T. P. Gill, clearly indicated. A whole day was, indeed, not unreasonably given up to viewing the Shannon Works, and there were preliminary and subsequent lectures on it. Much, too, was said about the Report of the Technical Committee of Inquiry, which was issued three months ago. It is to be hoped that one specific aspect of the Shannon Scheme and of that Inquiry on Technical Education will have come home, at Limerick, to all concerned. It will come home soon, in any case, in every town and village in Ireland. What steps have been taken to provide a due supply of trained electrical skill for local needs? There was long and very clear evidence of the need that would come. But there has been little evidence of concerted and directive organisation and action. The production of sixty or seventy experienced young engineers on and at the Shannon Works, now declared (June 13) *well fitted for export*, is no answer. There is,

further, altogether too much delay about getting on with the reconstruction of Technical Education. Weeks and months pass by without decisions and measures becoming evident. Are the eyes of those responsible in the various Education Offices being directed, like the eyes of the Ministries of Commerce and of Agriculture, to Holyhead?

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OUR QUERIES ABOUT THE FORD WORKS.

Technical skill is one of the lines of progress on which our whole people are most anxious to enter. That came out with abundant clearness at the Limerick Congress. There was ample admission of the fact that official plans and co-operation were not keeping pace with the popular demand. But there was one aspect of Technical Education which, remarkably enough, was not touched on either at the Limerick Congress, or at the Cork Commerce Dinner, some days before, or anywhere else. It was expressed plainly, last month, in certain of our questions concerning the Ford Motor Works, Cork, and elsewhere. These questions were prompted by certain evidence given at the Technical Inquiry itself, but not stressed, to say the least of it, in the Committee's Report. In accordance with our promise, we now take up the questions referred to, and state our position on them. From the point of view of National Efficiency and of Skilled Education for work in Ireland, they raise urgent and very serious issues.

Question 1: How much skilled *Irish* work is employed in the Ford Motor Works, Cork?

Question 2: What proportion of the Ford Motor Workers, in Cork or elsewhere, are deserving of the title of *skilled workers*?

Question 3: How long does it take the average Ford Works hand, inexperienced at entry, to attain standard efficiency?

Question 4: What exact relations exist between work in the Ford Motor Works, Cork, and technical training in the schools, colleges and other industrial centres in Cork?

OUR ANSWERS BEGIN.

The answers can be put quite tersely. These big standardised American works have no use for trained technical skill among the mass of their workers. The whole equipment is directed towards the elimination of trained power in the worker. The organisers have no use for the product of the good technical school. Educational requirements for such work are kept down to the absolute minimum. The uneducated person can be taken into these pretentious works, and at a very high, but also very nominal and unreal, hourly

rate of pay, can attain maximum efficiency in three days or even less. Experience, developed mental power, is no use there. The workers in any such motor manufacturing centre, for instance, have very recently and very accurately been described by an American Educator, F. E. Bolton, as "standing almost stock-still in one position, watching the conveyors, repeating the same one mechanical turn or twist, thousands of times a day." Unskilled work, all of it, and calculated to make all who get into it unable to do anything else. They are simply tied up to that type of unintelligent mechanical operation. This serves the very selfish industrial interests of these big American works. The plight of their workers, when the works close down—as they often do, for weeks at a time—is worse than that of the 300,000 unemployed and unemployable coal-miners that England can exhibit as her chronic crux and her insoluble problem. Now, what is the effective value of such work for the Irish Technical System of Education that is to be? None. The educational administrators of twentieth-century America frankly admit that American Works are bent on limiting the chances for trained skill, for advancement in industry, and for the development of initiative. "The whole tendency has been to concentrate, in the hands of fewer and fewer men, the management and direction of industry." And again, to quote the same able writer, "Industrial workers must remain, permanently, industrial workers. For the masses, any advancement is impossible." In other words, unskilled labour is always preferred, and is alone asked for, in any city or town where these American Industrial Exploiters enter in. They have a small ring of skilled administrators. It is always kept in close touch with capitalistic interests. It is a firmly-closed ring, and it is never allowed to develop local connections and interests. As years go on, this small and exclusive and isolated ring of administrators in the works gets relatively smaller and smaller, and the mass of unskilled and mechanised workers gets larger and larger. The American capitalist has no use for popular industrial skill and training. He scoffs at National Systems of Technical Schools.

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A GREAT CATHOLIC CENTENARY.

The Centenary Celebrations of the great O'Connell Schools, Dublin, held on June 1, 1928, and the following days, were a national event, worthily carried out alike in Church, in School, on the playing-fields, and in the theatre. The hundred years of fruitful work done by our Irish Christian Brothers at North Richmond Street well deserved it all, and more. It was with special pleasure that the country saw its National University honour itself and its due position

by conferring its honorary degrees on the Superior-General and on the veteran Superior of the O'Connell Schools. Their work and service was tersely yet adequately stated in the Latin address with which Rev. Dr. Corcoran, S.J., introduced to the Chancellor of the University, Mr. De Valera, these two distinguished representatives of the world-wide organisation of the Irish Christian Brothers. By way of record and of appreciation, we cite the English version of that Latin Academic Eulogy: "At the opening of the last century our people suffered under manifold afflictions. But from their own homes, from a manhood of our own people, came forth defenders and helpers of many types. In the very front rank of merit for their loyal and devoted service must be placed the founders and the teachers of our popular and democratic schools. Foremost even among them it is our pleasure and our duty to acknowledge the great national and religious work done by the Irish Brothers of the Christian Schools. As their special province they undertook in those dark days the training in knowledge and virtue of the boys of our towns and cities, and their success in this great field of service has ever gone forward, increasing and developing. In our day these Irish Brothers have been called into action in the cause of religion and learning to every continent in the world, and even to the City of Rome itself, mother and mistress of all cities. Their schools everywhere evince the knowledge and the educational skill of their teachers; their pupils increase in numbers every year. To-day in the principal popular schools of our city, fittingly named after the great champion of Irish rights who laid its foundation stone in the summer of 1828, the centenary of their origin is being celebrated by ceremonies at once religious and joyous. The Senate of our National University has by its special vote decided that two of the Irish Brothers of the Christian Schools, men who have deserved right well of their country, of the parents of their pupils, of their pupils themselves, and of this University, should receive the degree of Doctor of Laws, honoris causa. Both have had long and fruitful careers as teachers. Both have subsequently had conspicuous success as heads of schools. One of these two, Patrick Jerome Hennessy, the Superior-General of the Order, in the execution of his great office, has made the name of Irishman a name of distinction in many distant lands; to all he has proved himself acceptable; of all he has won the highest esteem. The other, John Aloysius O'Mahony, to-day in green old age, in full use of his splendid abilities, directs the great schools where sixty years ago he began work in his youth. To-day, if ever, we have with us a noble pair of brothers."

In our issue of July, 1927, the cultured youth of Trinity College, through their election proceedings of the month of June in that year, furnished us with materials for light summer reading. This July of 1928 provides diversion at the expense of two of the Doctors of Literature, capped by that venerable academy, *honoris causa*. The young boors of Trinity College, last summer, dealt with the Reverend Robin Gwynn, F.T.C.D., and with Professor W. E. Thrift, F.T.C.D., after their accustomed pretty fashion. This year, despite all the protests made to the British Society of Authors, or to the League of Nations, by one of his victims, Mr. S. O'Casey, dramatic writer and military historian, deals for our delectation with Dr. William Butler Pollexfen Yeats, and eke with Professor Dr. Don Gualtero Fitzwilliam Starkie. This follows on what, not so long ago, the Proud Pollexfen proclaimed in the Abbey Theatre (subsidised; Government Director, Prof. Dr. Don Gualtero himself) to be "the Apotheosis of O'Casey." The Apotheosis, like the German warships lifted at Scapa Flow, has been towed into harbour, keel upwards, to be broken up. Mr. O'Casey shall by his lively (but not his liveliest) phrases furnish most of this summer's diversion.

- (1) "W. B. Yeats wasted his time in making such a suggestion—this sort of mean and petty shuffling, this lousy perversion of the truth."
- (2) "Does he think that I would practise in my life the prevarication and wretchedness that I laugh at in my plays?"
- (3) "Mr. Yeats handed the stone to Lady Gregory, and said—'Go on; you fire it at him.'"
- (4) "Mr. Yeats must try to keep to facts."
- (5) "No mortal as yet ever heard of the rejection by the Abbey Theatre of one of the plays written by the directors themselves. Some of them have been almost destitute of dramatic force—Dr. Yeats's own, for instance."
- (6) "Mr. Yeats is no master of mine. He is not the personification of the drama."
- (7) "Does he take me to be a dish of skimmed milk that I would do such a shuffling, lying thing as that?"
- (8) "Your statement to me is an impudently ignorant one to make."
- (9) "You seem, Mr. Yeats, to be getting beautifully worse. There seem to be shallows in you of which no one ever dreamed."

- (10) "Your statement, as far as I am concerned, is not only an ignorant one, but a silly statement, too."
- (11) "Do you know what you are talking about?"

We shall enlist the two literary Doctors, to make up our fourteen points. Pollexfen Yeats laments that the rejected play was sent to him at Rapallo, on the Riviera, by some mistake. The unique and inimitable Don Gualtero found the text awaiting him when he returned from two months in Spain. Blest shores, and lands serene!

- (12) (Dr. W. B. P. Yeats to Mr. O'Casey): "The Abbey owed its recent prosperity to you. I am sad and discouraged. You have no subject. The second act is too long for its material; and after that, there is nothing."
- (13) (Dr. Walter Fitzwilliam Starkie to "Dear W. B."): "He is groping after a new drama."
- (14) (Mr. O'Casey on both Doctors): "It is very hard to fix Dr. Yeats to simple statements. It is impossible to fix Dr. Starkie either. Is it altogether impossible for Doctors of Literature to express their views in plain language? I will not be kneaded and moulded by Dr. Yeats. Dr. Starkie must wait in the queue till I am done with Dr. Yeats. Dr. Starkie can criticise me, but he must not furnish me with motives. Dr. Yeats may criticise me, but he must not give me orders."

Would not Drs. Yeats and Starkie do well to join the new Trinity College Defence Association, recently founded with the special benediction of that other eminent and titled Pensioner, Sir Thomas Molony? All the cultured undergraduates there are joining, too. There is safety in numbers. The subscription, the total life subscription, is just one guinea, all told. Mr. O'Casey is quite outside the breastworks of that Elizabethan fortress: he did not penetrate into its area, even in 1916, when Military Crosses and Knight-hoods were available for its defenders.

* * *

God's call could hardly have come, to any of His devoted servants, in a more fitting and, we may say, consoling form than it did in the week of the Sacred Heart, June, 1928, to the venerable Bishop of Meath. It was given to Dr. Gaughran to spend a long and fruitful episcopate,

entered on at an age when many, indeed, begin to think of rest from toil and release from responsibility. It was also given him to spend the very last years, weeks, days of a long life of ordered activity, in the active discharge of his chief pastoral and public duties. Those who knew of and revered his unworldly mind, his deeply spiritual character, will more than all others feel that his Creator gave him, in the very circumstances and time of the final call, a promise of the fullness of his eternal reward. In these pages it is only becoming that special mention should be made of the real services to Ireland which came time and again in the Pastoral Letters and other pronouncements of the Bishop of Meath. He kept quite apart from public affairs in the usual sense of the term. But his utterances were often of marked public and civic moment. Dr. Gaughran insisted, again and again, on the need of applying man-power to the land of Ireland, the need of tillage, the urgency of restoring its population to Meath and to Westmeath, to all his very large and very thinly populated diocese. The contrast between Meath and its surrounding districts, now and in the days when Laurence Gaughran was a small boy at school, struck him forcibly. To the general economic policy advocated in these pages he gave his full approval, and from the CATHOLIC BULLETIN, to which he was a constant subscriber, the Bishop of Meath more than once in very recent times made quotations for the real use to which he put all his reading. Dr. Gaughran never failed to emphasise the honour and public value of thorough work on the land and in the home, and the national need of education unto that work was ever present to his mind. The return of its true Irish people to the fine land of that great diocese of Meath must be a principal care of the coming generation. The life of prayer that he led, now to expand for ever under God's immediate power, will powerfully aid in that great measure of national and religious restoration.

The diocese has suffered doubly, trebly, through the loss about the same time of Fr. Gilmore, only recently appointed Administrator of Navan, and of Fr. Patrick Gilsenan, pastor for a round twenty years of Eglisk, Birr, early home of the late Senor Bulfin. Fr. Gilsenan's family had given three priests to the Church, as well as the zealous educationist and friend of the poor, Sister Agnes of the Convent of Mercy, Navan. To their relatives we tender our sincere sympathy.

FAR AND NEAR

ON the same day and date that England's Foreign Secretary, Sir Austen Chamberlain, handed to the American Ambassador the British Government's Peace Note, the British Home Secretary, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, requested the Duke of Abercorn to lay the foundation-stone of the Protestant Northern Parliament buildings, designed for the perpetuation of strife in Ireland. The significance of these simultaneous proceedings was not the unveiling at Belfast of a London monument to hypocrisy; no one would dream of accusing the *prima donna* in that Satanic art of duplicity in the American Peace Note. The British Empire is there reserved from the jurisdiction of the God of Peace, in the combined interest of the security and prosperity of the Mother Country. No other proceedings than those at Belfast, however, could have more appropriately illustrated the meaning of the Imperial reservation, in the British Government's International Peace proposal of May 15. Ireland was then held aloft to the world's gaze as a region outside the bounds of peace, and this fact was demonstrated, in person, by the British Home Secretary. But the true significance of the dual actions of the secretaries of His Majesty's Government, was the acknowledgment (by those willing to endorse a Pact of Peace) of the undisputed right of England to perpetuate a system that connoted, throughout the history of Ireland, inevitable warfare.

"From Scotland came many, and from England not a few, yet all of them generally of the scum of both nations," wrote the son of one of the Ministers who came over to participate in the Plantation of Ulster. A similar description, though not so highly coloured, perhaps, might be written of the ceremony at Stormont, Belfast, when the first stone was laid of the houses of the Protestant Parliament. In the Press reports we failed to discover the names of the Companies of Skinners, Fishmongers, Haberdashers, Vintners, the City of London, the Irish Society and the like, but doubtless their representatives, unrecognisable in cognomen, were duly present. We found, however, the names of others whose ancestors, the undertakers of three hundred years ago, foregathered to build the castles of the Plantation, and to occupy the fruitful plains and the undulating meadowlands of

Armagh, Fermanagh and Tyrone. To-day, as then, the same purpose was to be served—the same enemy to be conquered—the same master to be served—the same rewards, in a different form, to be received. To-day, as then, it was the same land, wasted and depopulated by wars of rebellion, but still not completely subjugated. To the Plantation of the new Parliament came the English army, the 1st West Yorkshire Regiment, and guns from British battleships to fire the salute of twenty-one guns, while over its site passed and re-passed in perfect formation the Bombing Aircraft of the Ulster Squadron. And also came the Protestant Bishop of Derry, who said the Lord's Prayer. The President of the Methodist Church was there also, and he read Scripture, after which the aforesaid Bishop recited the words: "In the faith of Jesus Christ, we place this stone, in the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. Amen." There came, likewise, the Prime Minister of the Parliament of Northern Ireland, who said that the importance of the day was enhanced by the presence of the British Home Secretary; that that day was an outward and visible sign of the scrupulous fulfilment of an Imperial obligation, and that Ulster, for her part, had faithfully carried out the conditions imposed upon her by the Government of Ireland Act, 1920. The conditions of the Plantation of Ulster were not always obeyed with such faithfulness. But what a similarity of speech, after three centuries! The Minister for Finance of Northern Ireland was there, but he did not speak. In a few days he would do so, and give an account to His Majesty, as did his predecessor, Sir Toby Caulfield, of the rents and taxes of the lands of Hugh O'Neill. Bands playing the English National Anthem and "Land of Hope and Glory," banners waving, flags flying, and amidst all and of much cheering rises the British Home Secretary, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, the staunchest Protestant of England, to speak, as Sir John Davies might have done three hundred years ago. "Your minds will go back to that day," he said, "when His Most Gracious Majesty the King opened the newly-established Parliament of Northern Ireland. . . . I look back upon your history, I think of your attachment to our common institutions, and in congratulating you on the decisions upon which a seal is being set to-day, I pray that for all time, whatever the future may have in store, you and we may think in unison and work together in loyalty to the throne and to our Empire. . . . I now call upon the Duke of Abercorn, the Governor of Northern Ireland, to perform the ceremony which you are assembled to witness."

Elsewhere, soon, Sir William Joynson-Hicks would make another speech, a speech that would show the stern

Protestant stuff of which he was made, the mould that would admit of no Romish impressions or superstitions. We quote this speech now to illustrate the character of the man sent by His Majesty to authorise the new Protestant Parliament Plantation. Opposing the alleged right of the Church of England to manage its own affairs, he said: "The Prayer-book itself was set up and established by Parliament. It is the creation of Parliament. In the reign of Henry VIII Parliament declared that the King's consent was requisite to all canons, and in 1534 it was not the Church but Parliament which abolished the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome in this land. The first and second Prayer-books of Edward VI were established by Parliament in 1549 and 1552. The prayers and worship of the Church, the doctrines of the Church, the discipline of the Church have all been set up by Acts of Parliament. You cannot alter them. You cannot alter the formularies of the Church. You cannot alter the thirty-nine Articles. You cannot alter the discipline of the Church without an Act of this House. It is idle for anyone to come here and say, with all that clearly laid down in our Constitution, that you and I or any hon. member who is not a member of the Church of England is not entitled to take his rightful share in dealing with the Constitution of the Church of England as by law established. The very Act of Uniformity is itself a schedule to an Act of Parliament. It could not have been used without an Act of Parliament being passed. The Articles of Religion were only made binding on the clergy, not by the decision of the Church, but by the decision of Parliament, I think, in 1671. Parliament controlled all through. Parliament decided that every clergyman must give his assent and consent unfeignedly to the Book of Common Prayer. That was not the Church; it was the House of Commons and Parliament. Parliament decided that no other form of prayer could be used. Parliament decided that no person could administer the Sacrament who had not been ordained a priest. It was not the decision of the Church that a deacon could not administer the Sacrament. It was all by the decision of this and the other House of Parliament from time to time. . . ."

What an ideal Protestant Parliamentarian to send to Catholic Ireland for the founding of the new Protestant Parliament House! And how nicely his visit coincided with the baronetcy to be given directly to Mr. E. M. Archdale, the Northern Minister for Agriculture, and the gentleman who apologised for having four Catholics in his Ministry, and who would soon be accused of dismissing a man for the sole reason that he was a Catholic. So, Archdale figures in the King's Birthday List, and Cosgrave

is photographed with the King, and Healy is praised by the Duke of Connaught—while their country is divided and conquered. The close friend of the two camps which it has staged for war, the British Government is thus free to explore the wider spheres of Peace.

The ceremony for the new Protestant Parliament House was boycotted by the Nationalist and Catholic representatives of the people. They could not have done otherwise, since their position is very little better than that of the Irish people prior to the Act of Union. That some measure of justice might be secured—that, at least, their grievances might be voiced, it has been found necessary to found a Catholic Organisation. Catholics are allowed to worship, it is true, but their right to vote has been practically negatived by the alteration of electoral areas, and so on. The Northern Parliament, though it has not yet passed any penal laws against the Catholics, acts in the spirit of the old Colonial Parliaments, which operated from College Green and elsewhere. It barely recognises the existence of such a person as an Irish Catholic. In the nomination of the Northern Senate not a single Catholic was appointed, though Catholics form a third of the population. The Catholic representatives in the other House are hopelessly out-numbered. Scarcely a week passes without some fresh evidence being forthcoming of the persecution of our Catholic fellow-countrymen in the North, and we are glad to observe that the *Irish Independent* recently devoted a leading article to the subject. Entitled, "No Catholics Need Apply," the *Independent* wrote: "Recent appointments made by the Tyrone County Council and the Derry Asylum Committee clearly indicate that sectarian bias was introduced to exclude Catholics. The Ministers in Belfast are aware of these things: they have not lifted a finger to protest against this bigotry or to preserve the purity of local administration. In the Northern Parliament this week the charge was made against the Minister for Agriculture that the dismissal of one of his officials was on account of his religion. Lord Craigavon and his colleagues ought, in decency, abandon their professions of attachment to the ideal of fair play if this is the treatment that is to be meted out to Catholics."

If Protestantism is triumphant in the North, there is good evidence that it is equally so in the South. Speaking at the Presbyterian General Assembly, Mr. A. Haslett, a member of the Free State Dail, declared on June 5 that: "As one whose home and chief interests lie in the Free State, I would like to say a few words as to the position of our Church in that area. In spite of the nervousness for its future safety felt by some when the Free State came into being, nothing

has happened to justify those fears. *On the contrary, we experience as much freedom in religious matters as ever we did, as much, I believe, as the majority Church of the South claims for itself.* In fact, I have never heard any agent of our Church complain of any obstruction in his legitimate duty. In regard to the influence our Presbyterian people exercise, as a member of Dail Eireann I can testify that both in the Legislature and in the country it is far and away OUT OF PROPORTION TO THEIR NUMBERS."

In reporting the proceedings of the General Assembly, the *Irish Times* correspondent drew attention, in the following words, to the statement of the Very Rev. Dr. Hanna, an ex-Moderator, when proposing that the next meeting should be held in Dublin: "Both Mr. Healy, the late Governor-General, and President Cosgrave had expressed to him their warmest regards for the Protestant community." To crown all this, we have the statement of Colonel Claude Cane at a luncheon in the Freemasons' Hall, Dublin: "I was recently asked to contribute an article to an American Masonic paper on Irish Masonry, and I was able to write with pride that never has Irish Masonry been so strong as it is at the present day." Warmest regards from Healy and Cosgrave! But this is not all. The Fianna Fail Petition, signed by 96,000 voters, for the deletion of the Oath from the Constitution, has been the subject of considerable discussion in the "Dail." Article 48 of the Constitution, which authorised the introduction of the Petition, was declared by Mr. Cosgrave to be unworkable, and he would abolish it. This was not to the liking of "moderate men" who foresaw the creation of a dangerous precedent. Deputy de Valera's constitutional methods were being scouted because the President of the Executive Council did not like the ultimate object in view. The result was described by the correspondent of the *Sunday Times* thus: "It is, perhaps, fortunate that the last word did not rest with the Government but with those who hold the balance of power. They are a small group of men independent personally and intellectually—three of whom represent the Dublin University. They were wise enough to appreciate the danger and delicacy of the position. Professor Thrift, who has always been a strong supporter of the Government, tabled an amendment, the effect of which was to hold up Mr. de Valera's position until the procedure for receiving such petitions has been decided. This amendment was accepted by the Government, and afforded a happy escape from an awkward dilemma. In the meantime, it is possible that the Government may decide to repeal the article, and so remove further opportunities for possible mischief-making."

So, therefore, Trinity College, the stronghold of Protestant education in the Free State, can say with the Presbyterians that it, likewise, possesses influence and power altogether out of proportion to what it is entitled! Warmest regards from Healy and Cosgrave! Despite the bigotry of Protestantism in the North, and the unnatural influence of Protestantism in the South, the vultures are not yet satisfied. The Customs barrier between North and South should be removed! It would require some of O'Casey's adjectives to describe the audacity of the following leading article of the *Irish Times*, reviewing recent proceedings at the Dublin Chamber of Commerce: "In his opening words, Mr. David Barry, President of the Chamber, invited Mr. Cosgrave and his colleagues to establish 'the most cordial possible relations,' commercial and social, with Northern Ireland. Mr. Cosgrave's whole statement was, in effect, an admission that no sort of excuse remains for the further postponement of such an effort. It was possible to plead, perhaps, at any time during the last five years that the Free State's domestic problems had a first and all-absorbing claim on her Government's attention. To-day, by Mr. Cosgrave's own showing, all the essential problems have been solved; all the illnesses have been diagnosed; economic policies have been framed; finance has been stabilised. The moment has arrived, therefore, when calm thought and earnest labour can be—and ought to be—devoted to the betterment of relations between the two Irish States. That moment is indicated not only by Mr. Cosgrave's admission, but by the ceremony which, just a week ago, laid the foundation stone of the Northern Parliament. Experience has taught the Free State Government that a sound policy of national progress and reconciliation can be based only on a frank recognition of the North's constitutional status and on the gradual forging of economic and social links between the two communities. We believe that Northern Ireland, who also has achieved the laying of her domestic foundations, is in a mood for economic overtures. The Free State ought to make the first overture; and we cannot think that, even if Northern Ministers were inclined to reject it, the Six-Counties public opinion would allow them to reject it. The removal of Customs barriers, the improvement of trade and a larger social intercourse would bring advantages which the business men and taxpayers of both States must welcome with open arms."

Note that statement, "finance has been stabilised." In its editorial of May 22, the *Irish Times*, reviewing the Northern Budget and the seven years of the Northern Parliament's existence, wrote: "During that period . . . the Six-County Government not only has managed to pay its

way, but also has contributed no less than £22,000,000 to the Imperial Exchequer." And recall Mr. Blythe's Budget statement that the dead-weight debt of the Free State was £20,000,000! How nicely these figures agree in round numbers! A nice example, truly, of the stabilisation of Finance. A splendid justification for the establishment of "the most cordial possible relations," commercial and social, with Northern Ireland! Only when it has been decided that the reserved revenue of the North, now remitted to England, shall flow into the Free State Exchequer, can the question of the abolition of the Customs barrier be considered. Should the power of Protestantism and Freemasonry prevail in this matter, then Fianna Fail must reconsider its programme.

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WE have read with great interest the programme of the proposed Catholic Emancipation Centenary Celebrations.

There is little doubt that they will be accorded all the enthusiasm and success which they deserve. We cannot help thinking, however, on surveying our mutilated

country, that any pageant that excluded Orangemen, Freemasons and Protestants from its ranks would be incomplete. Bearing in mind the arguments advanced by Protestants in pre-Emancipation days, concerning the persecuting propensities of Catholics, and considering the positions of trust and honour that Protestants enjoy to-day, at the hands of Catholics, we will not be considered illogical if we say that in some respects it would be more fitting for Protestants to rejoice in Catholic Emancipation than Catholics themselves. The celebrations announced for next year naturally diverted our thoughts to 1829. In joining in any centenary festival, one likes to have some knowledge of what is being celebrated. In last month's and in the current number of the BULLETIN two striking articles throw a flood of light on the men and on the conditions that made the Act of 1829 possible. That Act was reached by slow, very slow, stages. The Emancipation Code began in 1778, when Catholics were restored the same power and dominion over property they then held, as the Protestants always enjoyed; Catholics were enabled to acquire—we quote from O'Connell—as tenants or as purchasers, any interest in lands for any terms or years. But not freehold interests. In 1782 a second instalment of liberty was granted. Catholics were now enabled to acquire freehold property and "to educate their youth in literature and religion." Again, in 1791, an English statute provided that no Catholic was to be prosecuted for hearing or saying Mass,

or for being a priest or deacon, or for entering or belonging to any ecclesiastical order or community "in the Church of Rome," or for assisting at or performing any Catholic rites or ceremonies. This comprehended all religious orders, an important point to be remembered. The effect of two Irish Acts, passed in 1792, was to allow Catholics entrance to the professions, to be freemen of the lay corporations, admission to the British army; and, most important of all, Catholics were allowed to acquire the elective franchise and to vote for members of Parliament. What, then, was achieved by the Act of 1829, which it is intended to celebrate? It abrogated the oath against Transubstantiation, the invocation of the Saints, and the Sacrifice of the Mass, required to be taken as a qualification for sitting and voting in Parliament, or for the exercise or enjoyment of any office, franchise or civil right. In its place, however, was substituted one which, if less blasphemous, involved implications which must have given pause to many Irish Catholics. It is far too long to quote in full, but a few brief extracts will suffice to convey an idea of its general tenor:

"I do renounce—the opinion that princes excommunicated or deprived by the Pope . . . may be deposed. . . . I do declare that I do not believe that the Pope . . . hath or ought to have any temporal or civil jurisdiction, power, superiority or pre-eminence within this realm. . . . I do swear that I will defend to the utmost of my power the settlement of property within this realm as established by law; I do hereby disclaim . . . any intention to subvert the present Church establishment as settled by law. . . . I do solemnly swear that I will never exercise any privilege to disturb or weaken the Protestant religion or Protestant Government in the United Kingdom. . . ." To maintain and support the Protestant succession to the Crown took precedence of the other declarations in the Oath. This new Oath was the outstanding victory won by Irish Catholics under the Act of 1829. Doubtless, it will appear on one of the banners to be carried in the public processions. There were, of course, some objectionable features. The Catholic bishops were prohibited from calling themselves by the title of their Sees, which was at once an insult to the whole Catholic clergy of Ireland. Section XXIV (preamble) recites that the Protestant Episcopal Church of England and Ireland were established permanently and inviolably; that the title of archbishops to their provinces and of bishops to their Sees had been settled and established by law: "Be it therefore enacted that if any person . . . other than the person thereunto authorized by law, shall assume or use the name, style or title of archbishop of any province, bishop of any

bishoprick . . . he shall for every such offence forfeit and pay the sum of £100." This section would appear to be still in force in Ireland. Another very objectionable feature of the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829 was the repeal of that part of the Act of 1791 which afforded protection to religious orders on the same terms as to other Catholics. The preamble to the 28th section of the great Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829 recites: "That Jesuits and members of other religious orders or societies of the Church of Rome, bound by monastic or religious vows, are resident within the United Kingdom, and it is expedient to make provision for the gradual suppression and final prohibition of the same therein." That provision is made, in the seven following sections. All male regulars were to be registered within six months of the Act. Any male regular coming into Ireland, after the passing of the Act, would do so under the penalty of banishment for life. Section 36 finally provided that any person banished under the Act, who is found at large in the United Kingdom without some lawful cause, three months after sentence, "shall on conviction be transported for life."

What, then, was the measure of relief obtained by Catholics under the Act which it is proposed to celebrate next year? The right of sitting and voting in the British Parliament, the right of voting at elections, the right of becoming a member of a Corporation, and of holding any civil office or place of trust or profit therein, and of taking office or place under "his Majesty," PROVIDED in all cases that the Oath, from which we have quoted, was duly taken and subscribed. The quiet part we propose to take in next year's celebrations will be in the nature of a thanksgiving to Almighty God that the Irish people persevered in the Faith, notwithstanding the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829: the gratitude with which an Act so defective was received but emphasises the intolerable status to which Catholics had been reduced by the Penal Laws.

* * *

WITH regard to the British Government's Note, sent in reply to the American Peace Proposals, and referred to at the beginning of our Notes, Deputy de Valera

THE FREE STATE AND AMERICAN PEACE PACT. enquired in the "Dail" on May 23, if an invitation had been received by the Free State from the Government of the United States to become a party to the proposed

Kellogg Treaty, and whether the terms of the British reply to the United States had been communicated to the Executive Council before being sent; and, further, what the attitude was of the Executive Council to the reservation regarding non-interference with the regions comprising the British Empire.

The Speaker said that a reply could not be given on such short notice, and the matter was postponed. In the Press of May 25 was published the text of the Note addressed to the Minister for External Affairs, on the subject of outlawry of war, by the United States Minister in Dublin, thus:

“ Dublin, May 22nd, 1928.

“ Excellency,—In the Note which he addressed to the American Ambassador at London on May 19th, 1928, Sir Austen Chamberlain was good enough to inform my Government that His Majesty’s Government in Great Britain had been in communication with His Majesty’s Governments in the Dominions and with the Government of India, and had ascertained that they were all in cordial agreement with the general principle of the multilateral treaty for the renunciation of war, which the Government of the United States proposed on April 13th, 1928. Sir Austen added that he felt confident, therefore, that His Majesty’s Governments in the Dominions and the Government of India were prepared to accept an invitation to participate in the conclusion of such a treaty as that proposed by the Government of the United States. I have been instructed to state to your Excellency that my Government has received this information with the keenest satisfaction. My Government has hoped from the outset of the present negotiations that the Governments of the Dominions and the Government of India would feel disposed to become parties to the suggested Anti-War Treaty. It is, moreover, most gratifying to the Government of the United States to learn that His Majesty’s Governments in the Dominions and the Government of India are so favourably inclined towards the treaty for the renunciation of war which my Government proposed on April 13th, 1928, as to wish to participate therein individually and as original signatories, and my Government, for its part, is most happy to accede to the suggestion contained in Sir Austen Chamberlain’s Note of May 19th, 1928, to the American Ambassador at London. Accordingly, I have been instructed to extend to His Majesty’s Government in the Irish Free State, in the name of the Government of the United States, a cordial invitation to become one of the original parties to the treaty for the renunciation of war which is now under consideration. Pursuant to my instructions, I also have the honour to inform you that the Government of the United States will address to His Majesty’s Government in the Irish Free State at the same time, and in the same manner, as to the other Governments whose participation in the proposed treaty in the first instance is contemplated, any future communications which it may make on the subject of the treaty,

after it has been acquainted with the views of all the Governments to which its Note of April 13th, 1928, was addressed.

“ Accept, Excellency, the renewed assurance of my highest considerations.”

We think the United States Minister in Dublin stressed unnecessarily “ His Majesty’s Government in the Irish Free State ”—it is not pleasant to be reminded of such facts at such a juncture in international history. However, we suppose the strict letter of the law and etiquette determine these things. On May 30, Deputy de Valera repeated his questions, to which Mr. McGilligan replied:

“ Mr. McGilligan, Minister for External Affairs, said that the Government had received through the United States Minister at Dublin an invitation from the Government of the United States of America to become one of the original parties to the proposed multilateral treaty for the renunciation of war. The terms of the British Note on the subject of this Treaty, which was handed to the United States Ambassador in London on the 19th inst., were communicated to the Free State Government before the Note was issued. The Deputy would observe from the text of his own question, and also from the final paragraph of the British Note with which it deals, that the views embodied in these paragraphs are expressed on behalf of His Majesty’s Government in Great Britain only, and do not purport to represent the views of, and cannot, therefore, in any way commit, the Government of Saorstát Éireann.

“ Mr. de Valera—Is the Minister prepared to state what his own attitude is in respect of the invitation?

“ Mr. McGilligan—We are becoming one of the original parties.

“ Mr. de Valera—Will the House have an opportunity of considering your opinion before it is sent?

“ Mr. McGilligan—No; it has been sent.

“ Mr. de Valera said that he would give notice that he would raise the question at the earliest opportunity on a motion for the adjournment of the House.”

On the understanding that the proposed Peace Treaty leaves to England a completely free hand, with regard to her Dominions, the British Government is disposed to consider it favourably. The Peace Pact is therefore entirely outside the British Empire. In becoming a party to that Pact, the Free State Government is recognising and assenting to one of the primary conditions laid down by the British Government, and which make the completion of the Treaty only possible so far as England is concerned. America, France or any other country that may sign the Treaty will

do so on this understanding, and which, we have no doubt, will be one of its clearly expressed articles.

* * *

THE loosening of their chains, the turning of locks, the drawing of bolts, and a violent thrust made up the customary introduction of Irish "Papists" to the dungeons of Trim Castle—the oldest fortress of the Pale. On the latest victim of Cromwellian land-hunger had clanged the heavy iron-framed door of one of the blackest of its cells. Blinded by the sudden darkness, and awed by the chill and silence about him, he staggered and groped, fearing that a step forward might lead him into some unimagined horror. But taking courage from his hope in God, he began to feel his way along the clammy wall with outstretched hands. Scarcely had he moved onward a few paces when a voice whispered through the silence: "Who is there?" The prisoner, startled, retreated a step. It was a gentle voice, and sounded kindly to his ears. But the shock of one horror after another had dazed him, and he remained speechless.

"If you be mortal," the voice continued, "be not afraid to speak. Let not the darkness appal you. Hath my voice caused you to fear? Scarce in two years have I heard its sound. Speak, my son; who are you? Why are you here, and whence have you come?"

Satisfied, instinctively, that this was human contact of a friendly nature, fear of the unknown vanished, and, reassured, the youth sank down exhausted.

A single ray of sunlight pierced the narrow aperture of the cell declaiming that another day had dawned. It fell on the white hair of an old man, brightening it to silver, and shone faintly on the furrowed, parchment face, wasted with suffering and ill-health. The kind, sad old eyes turned and looked pityingly on the tossed, black hair and pale face of the newly-awakened prisoner, whose dark, brooding eyes bespoke the ardent spirit within. Now, for the first time, the prisoners saw each other. Few words had passed between them, but with the revealing light, mutual confidences began.

"Fear not to confide all in me," said the old man, "for I am a humble servant of God, whom He hath seen fit to suffer for Him, and, mayhap, I can help you."

No more was needed, and the reply came torrentially with that trustfulness characteristic of the high-minded Irish race.

"For well-nigh ten years," he began, springing to his feet,

"I had fought here under many captains, whether for the Pope, my people, or the King, I now know not!"

"Softly, my son," interrupted the priest. "Thick as these walls are, they are not without ears. And after the wars?"

"After the wars, sir, by Cromwell's accursed grace, as you must know, we were transported abroad—to be put out of the way, it now seems,—and Lord Muskerry, Fitzpatrick, O'Neill, O'Dwyer and other high officers recruited us for service in Spain and Belgium. With my regiment I shipped to Spain, and some years later repaired to Flanders, at the King's request, for his Eminence the Cardinal of France had then espoused the English royal cause. By the side of the Duke of York I fought, and saw his Highness saved from death by my own countrymen, whose hot blood spurted on the very armour of the Duke as they fell dead.

"I returned from foreign parts because his Majesty had solemnly declared his great affection for us. I rode at once to my father's home. There he was not, but in his place the ill-favoured servants of one Sir Jerome Alexander, who told me that their master was the master of that house, and of all the land about that I could see. Then I sought my father and my people in remotest Connacht, but there again it was this Sir Jerome Alexander's servants who confronted me. For the second time, sir, my father had been dispossessed, that the hunger of these English might be satisfied. Where is my father? Where are my people? For thirty miles, and more, I would ride without seeing a living thing, man, beast or bird. The gloomy silence of this dungeon, my father, is but the mirror of what is without."

The old priest sighed deeply, and made a gesture of despair.

"To Dublin I once more repaired, to lay my case—as was my right—before the Court of Claims, established by the King, for had not his Declaration in our favour been published to all men? Again, sir, it was this Sir Jerome Alexander who barred my way, for with his claims he occupied the time the Commissioners had at their disposal to adjudicate our cause. They would not hear me, nor any miserable native of this country, as I learned from many, most of them in direst desolation. In deep despair and anger, having sold my horse—and soon being near starvation—I passed without the city gates and wandered for days without direction. There is little more, sir. An Englishman's cow that had wandered loose—I stole!"

The priest stirred and sighed again, and a silence fell. . . .

"But who, my father, is this Alexander, whose name is now as cursed on people's lips as was that of Cromwell? They have it that his power and influence are greater than

the King's. Who is this Alexander that stands between us and the promise of his Majesty in our favour? I fain would meet him, for his debt to me and mine is great! Pray God I soon may make him pay it!"

The priest did not hasten to answer. He rose from the block on which he had been resting and moved slowly about. Astuteness and caution, with the aid of ingenious disguises, had enabled him to attend his harassed flock while the persecution was at its height. The pretended relaxation of its severity had been but a trap, and an impetuous action had betrayed him. At to-morrow's Assizes, he mused, this man must stand his trial for theft. God be merciful! they had banished and murdered his people, they had stolen his birth-right—he had stolen a cow! But, alack! it was a charge good enough for hanging, provided the thief was an Irish Papist. And, characteristically, his friend had thought little of this, and all of Jerome Alexander!

Sir Jerome Alexander! He knew all about him! How he had acquired that knowledge brought a faint smile to his pallid lips, as he recalled the position he once occupied, disguised as a servant, in the house of a high Cromwellian officer.

Jerome Alexander, the forger! Jerome Alexander, found guilty of fraud by England's Star Chamber, and sentenced to imprisonment; Jerome Alexander, disbarred—struck off the Rolls of England's lawyers, and whose name was duly inscribed in the Black Books of Lincoln's Inn! Jerome Alexander, who had been driven out of Ireland, even by Strafford, who had branded him with the name of a "scurvy Puritan"! Jerome Alexander, the inmate of the "Fleet" Prison—now an Irish landowner, unscrupulous agent of the Duke of York, and a powerful instrument of His Majesty's Government for the conquest of the Irish people!

In the possession of a young man about to stand his trial, this dangerous knowledge might prove his undoing—therefore, of Sir Jerome Alexander he would not speak. Besides, further reflected the priest, there was a loophole to escape hanging, to use which his war-worn friend would need the utmost calm. Turning swiftly towards him, he proceeded to unfold his plan and to instruct him in the knowledge necessary for its execution.

The sound of trumpets came faintly to the prisoners, announcing the arrival of the Judge of Assize.

"Come, my son," said the priest, "there will but be time for one rehearsal. What are you to say when sentence has been passed upon you?"

"That I crave the Benefit of Clergy."

"And if you are asked what you know touching your right to this claim?"

"That I am able to read, and that by virtue of the laws all who can read are entitled, provided they are first offenders, to the Benefit of Clergy."

"'Tis well said. And you can add, if further questioned, that originally ecclesiastics proved their right to be tried in their own courts, by their ability to read, they generally being the only people who could read, and hence, in later times, the general application of this privilege to all, without distinction, who could read."

"If it is granted me, my father, what then?"

"You will be burnt, my son, on the left thumb, for the purpose of preventing you from claiming the privilege a second time. You will then be handed over to the Ordinary or, perhaps, the Court may direct your imprisonment for a year—but you escape hanging. Now let me hear you read. Hold, as it were, a Bible between your hands."

The young soldier inclined his head towards the imaginary book and began the reading of the Lord's Prayer:

"Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed by Thy name, Thy Kingdom come . . ."

"Stop," said the mentor—"not so fast! Remember, the test is your ability to read English, and you are not supposed to know that it is the Lord's Prayer that is always given. Now, quietly—"

"Thy Kingdom...come. Thy...Will...be...done...on earth...as it is...in Heaven. Give us...this day...our supersubstantial...bread...and forgive us our...debts...as we forgive...our...debtors...and lead us...not into...temptation, but...deliver us from evil. Amen."

"Turlogh Tyrell, what have you to say?"

The opening of the cell door roused Father Nugent. A strange turnkey entered—bearing a lantern, and the priest's evening meal of bread and water.

"Good food, look you, and a surfeit of it—and hark ye—feast quickly, for ye leave here within the hour!"

"To what destination?"

"Verily, I know no more—as likely to Dublin Castle!"

"What of the Assizes?"

"A plague on him! How he talks! But ye must have the good news! All found guilty, and fourteen to be hanged in Trim to-morrow! *I will be a goodly sight!"

"What of the man who was with me here?"

"Ho! ho! the Judge tripped him rarely!"

"I do not understand."

"Why! 'tis the sole talk all day! The prisoner did pronounce the Lord's Prayer, and did cause the Ordinary to cry 'Ley it'—but his Worship turned the thief Psalm li. Know'st it? 'Why dost thou glory in malice, thou that art mighty in iniquity?' But the prisoner uttered no word. Ha! ha! how the Court did make merry! That Judge is a marvel at hanging Irish rebels!"

"And the name of this Judge?" asked Father Nugent, quietly.

"Hark to him and his questions!" The turnkey had reached the door. "Good luck!—ye can have it—'tis his most worshipful Sir Jerome Alexander! Hearst?"

[NOTE.—The foregoing narration is based on fact. "To be Alexandered" was the synonym for the sentences referred to. The Duke of York, afterwards James II, for whom the Irish fought in Flanders and at the Boyne, received considerably over 100,000 acres under the Act of Settlement! Alexander and other knaves were assiduous in his interest—and, of course, in their own—to satisfy all of which, even the land allotted to the transplanted Irish in Connacht, and sometimes reclaimed by hard sweat, was looted and the already beggared owners sent wandering for a second time.]

KEVIN.

An Exile's Song

*O, I will away from the dusty town,
With its dingy streets of gray, and brown,
Till my weary feet once more are press'd
On an Irish mountain's purple breast:
Away from the city's ceaseless din,
Away from the restless throng,
To hillsides gay with golden whin,
And the little red lark's glad song.*

*O, I will away from the traffic's blare,
And the petrol fumes of the London air,
For a breath of the moorwind, heather-sweet,
And the feel of the bog-land 'neath my feet:
Away from the dreary daily round
Of toil for meagre wealth,
To the land of dreams, and singing streams,
And best of riches—health.*

FRANCIS O'GRADY.

WHO WAS THAT IRISH TRAVELLER?

WITH our Unnamed Irish Traveller, journeying to Italy, and homeward from Italy, in 1831, we have kept company not unprofitably, in two surveys of those historic scenes, during the May and the June of 1928. The "long, fair fields of France"—so Byron calls them in his strange poem of 1823, "The Age of Bronze"—we viewed with our Irish Traveller's eyes. With him, we saw the Jura Mountains: Byron saw them, too, and has given us a memorable passage on them in "Childe Harold" (1816-17), close to his picture of the Lake of Geneva. Amid the Alps, and especially in his magnificent Climax concerning Mount Simplicon, the Irish Traveller easily outstrips the English poet. On the grand themes of Ravenna, of Venice, of Tasso and Ferrara, they have much in common: and the full passage concerning Venice, quoted from the Irish writer, may well be compared in detail with Byron's superb work, seen not only in the opening passages of the fourth Canto of "Childe Harold" (1818), but in his equally noteworthy, but much less well-known Ode to Venice (1819). The careful student will soon see, too, that our Irish Traveller had read Byron's notes, historical and personal, to the Venetian scenes.

Yet our own writer has given us much, too, that Byron's pen never touched. Monte Cassino, for instance; Naples and its Bay; above all, the great picture of the night spent beside the crater of Vesuvius. These scenes had not attracted Byron: nor was Byron able to view the really impressive things of Italian city life, the Catholic essence of that life, as the Irish word-painter did. Still less was the turbulent spirit of the English poet able to transfuse with remembered love of Irish land, of Irish people, the various scenes spread out in his stately, yet sinewy and strenuous prose, in all these Letters written home to Connacht from the fair lands of Italy, Switzerland and France, almost a hundred years ago.

For he was of Connacht and of Ireland, and he has left our students and our teachers many another fine paragraph, many another noble climax, many another matchless phrase, descriptive of the great scenes and the great men of the fully Catholic land of Italy, Mediæval and Renaissance. They probably know not these passages, of which we have given but a sample. The man that wrote them, that Irish Traveller, was a master of English prose, classical in its

essential pith and form, yet by no means insensible to, even influenced by, those elements of Romanticism which are found in Byron. For in Byron, whose work he knew well, Romanticism did not grow rank as it did in many writers of that troubled and convulsive epoch. Byron was vehemently classic, too; and he said so. He, like our Irish Traveller, held firm to the old and sure paths in style and structure, and yet could enjoy also the glamour of romance. All these issues we have from time to time insinuated—no more—by a provocative question or otherwise, to the teachers and the pupils that we would provoke into really active study of great literature, of fine thought—finely expressed. No other basis can be found for it. There must be thought; there must be style.

There must be music, too: and our Traveller had the heart of music in him: nay, he had far more, he had personal mastery of it, and was touched to fine expression by it. The rural music of Italy he appraised as he appraised, and loved, and filled his soul with, the music of Ireland. A fine classical scholar, in Latin, in Greek, yea in English, too, and in Italian and French, he was closer to music than to all else. Have you guessed his name yet, teachers or pupils in Literature? It is not much to your credit if it has eluded you thus far. The descriptions we have set before you, a few out of many, many even finer still, come from one who was a great and stately figure in the Ireland of his day. Modern Irish people, even those competent in literature, associate that name that he bore with national questions of great moment, educational and political, religious and civil: and they are right. But like the Nestor of Homer, whose words he turned into his native Irish metres, his span of active utterance was such that we to-day cannot realise its full range. He was active with voice and pen in the 'seventies, 1870 to 1880. But he was active and influential in letters even fifty years before. This master of prose, this accomplished scholar-traveller, this man with heart of poetry, soul of music, was John MacHale, already a Bishop, an Archbishop to be.

Realise that he was for all but ten years a bishop in Ireland, before he became Archbishop of Tuam in 1834, and you will see how the young bishop could write these stately and yet touchingly human descriptions of what he saw and felt, as he made his first visit into Italy, at the opening of the reign of Pontiff Gregory, who set aside all English opposition, and made him the successor of St. Jarlath. The young bishop, the devoted scholar yet devoted publicist for faith and fatherland as well, expressed himself with something that we may perhaps call rapturous reserve, romantic restraint, about

that Continental pilgrimage of 1831. See, now, how MacHale's prose could well be taken with the matchless force of Byron's pilgrimage, and how profitable would be the sustained study of Italy in these dual forms of literature. It could be a term's work, and in respect of prose style and poetical diction, it would well repay both teacher and pupils. Round that central study could be ranged many another piece of stately prose, of noble poetry, in the original tongue, or in translation, or in both. There are, easily accessible, great translations of all the great European writers on the enduring subjects, human and cultural through and through, which drew out the powers of Archbishop MacHale as well and as tellingly as they did the energetic lines of Byron. Tasso, whose life and writings appealed so strongly to both, is so available in the Spenserian stanzas of Fairfax, stanzas that taught Spenser himself how good writing should be done, while in subject-matter they far excelled the merely fanciful pictorialism of *The Faery Queene*. Not to mention Ariosto, we have Dante in splendid versions, various in their medium, in their style, in their structural form. Why is not far more use made, in our Catholic Secondary Schools, of the great translations of the great Italian men of letters, from Dante to Michael Angelo? They would be a superb instrument of humane culture, even alone: but they could be made more serviceable still. How easy it would be to acquire, with these translations as a stimulus, a good reading power in Italian. The same could be done with Spanish also. Even more than French, these two Southern languages and literatures will play a great part, if they are but let, in recalling that intimate contact with European life and thought, enjoyed very fully by all our Catholic Secondary Schools in Ireland, down to the time, just fifty years ago, when English standards of education were set up in those same schools, for the first time, by the late unlamented Board of Intermediate Education.

Still more could be done for cultural study of literature on a truly European basis, making the prose of John MacHale the centre of Irish interest in its expression. An advanced class, from 16 to 18 years of age, can, on our new Secondary Programmes—Programmes of the Irish Republic of 1921, be it well remembered,—can make its study of the special subject of History concentrate on either the Renaissance, in Literature and Art, as a whole, or the evolution of Architecture in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance Epoch. It is obvious that the study of Prose and Poetry can, with such themes as John MacHale dwelt on in his Letters of 1831-1832, be given at once definiteness and dignity when set in close alliance with the study of Catholic History in Literature, Art,

and Architecture. What a fine plan of education for the upper classes of our Catholic Schools, for boys and for girls alike, could thus be devised, and easily put into execution! Some have already reached out to this idea, and find it of great service. It will be the easier of achievement in 1928-29 and later, when every student passing sixteen years of age will have had a general course of history completed, at once Irish and European, at once Ancient, Mediæval and Modern. There are Philistine Professors and the like, so purblind as to think that a general or a special Course in History must be bound in by Wars and Politics; and no doubt they are a danger. They have been persistently active in trying to destroy, with the aid of indolent officialism, the fine width and comprehensiveness of our National Programmes. The best way to safeguard liberty of choice in Education is to use it. One line of organised use is here traced out. Many others, combining Letters and History, could also be devised. They will not easily match the really Irish centre which is furnished by those Letters from Europe, written by John MacHale to his friends in Ireland, over twelve months or so, nearly a century ago.

Nor will they easily match the intellectual problems that arise, numerous, varied, personal, literary, around John MacHale's English prose. To do justice to it, it must be set in the scenic surroundings of his native parish of Aderguile—to use the spelling of 1731. How was English acquired there? How far back does its teaching there suffer itself to be traced? What were the relations of English and Irish speech in that countryside, set splendidly amid lakes and mountains, during the eighteenth and the early nineteenth centuries? Was it in the earliest of his schools, that hedge-school at Leath-Ardan, or from Martin Callaghan later on in his boyhood, or from Patrick Staunton at Castlebar, that John MacHale acquired his English prose? For the solution of these and other similar issues much help can be got from one worthy *Life* of John MacHale, that of Monsignor Bernard O'Reilly, written thirty-five years ago. A school library, a teacher's collection, would do well to have it and to use it. It will tell much of John MacHale's love of Irish music, so evident in his *Letters* of 1831-32. It will give a most effective yet surprising picture of the reception these *Letters* got in Ireland then, even in the years of the Tithe-War. They were printed and reprinted in every popular paper. Yet even the best work on the great Archbishop's life-story leaves untouched the sources of study that he had for the formation of his prose style. For it was consciously and perseveringly formed. So was O'Connell's. Let teacher and pupils essay the answer to this problem.

ARDMEL.

NOTES FROM ROME

TWO years ago Mussolini gave to the Italian Senators and, through them, to the world a passing synopsis of the relations of his Fatherland to the Governments of the world. Fascism was not then so powerful in Italy as it is to-day, and much that he said fell on ears purposely incredulous. On the fifth of the present month "Il Duce" treated the assembled Senators to an exposition of Italian relations to the "great powers" and, incidentally, to the "little powers" that have been barking at this wonderful statesman. For an hour and three-quarters the triumphs of Fascism were related. It was, if we may use the pious phrase, a *Te Deum* for the labours of "Il Duce" and his followers for the period of six years, that is to say, the whole life of Fascist Italy. That his laudations fell on no incredulous ears, this time, is evidenced by the fact that the applause which followed his long and tiresome, but never uninteresting, speech was so hearty and so prolonged that the President of the Senate was forced to adjourn the sitting until the enthusiasm had passed. The tribunes containing the public participated in the demonstration, so that the spirit of appreciation for the work of the man who has saved Italy seemed to be universal.

From the relations of his Government with Japan and China and Siam, as well as Afghanistan and Persia, he passed to America and England and thence to the Balkan States, so that no place was left out that was of any importance to the record of successful Fascism. His eulogies on France and Germany and Yugo-Slavia were fairly tempered with hopes for the future and a little reminder that Italy was a "first-rate power," no matter what its miserable condition may have been in the past—hence, they had better think twice before they acted once. What must have lent force to his remarks was the passing around the Mediterranean shores of his fleet of air-ships. In this respect, Italy is far better prepared than some of the "bigger powers." From first to last of this great speech, he insisted on the fact that Italy was one of the "big powers" to be reckoned with in any big international movement. It seems to us that he succeeded in his objective, and, if we look at the Italy of to-day and the Masonic Italy of a few years ago, he should be a daring politician who would attempt to deny it.

No wonder that the English papers have given favourable

comment to this speech, for he dwelt longer than it seemed necessary on the ancient friendship between the two powers. It is true, indeed, that no hater of the Vatican was ever denied a refuge in England, even when other nations had political scruples in receiving some of those contemptible cut-throats. Exactly what friendly relation was exhibited in those times it is rather difficult to say. However, we must not be too critical, for in the very streets of Dublin, not to speak of the "Northern Athens," the "Red-Shirt" was in evidence. Whether the "No Popery" spirit that pervaded for centuries the friendly land of Albion was for the benefit of Italian lands is open to question. However, it is scarcely fair to criticise a politician when he is "puttin' on the comether." And we are not going to recall in detail the pertinent comments on nascent Fascism by the English journals; nor do we wish to recall the caricatures of that same journalism when "Il Duce" was striving for very life against seemingly hopeless odds. A politician is unworthy of his exalted calling if he cannot remember everything and likewise forget everything.

When we had perused his references to the League of Nations and Kellogg's panacea for abolishing all wars except those that cannot be avoided, we recalled the fable of the lamb lying down with the lion. If we can believe the extracts given in the Italian journals of the comments made on the speech by the outside public, we must admit that there was humour on both sides. According to the *Messaggero* and the *Corriere*, the *Times* complimented "Il Duce" on his suppression of secret societies, and especially Masonry. There is something wrong somewhere—"Are things what they seem or are visions about?"

Mussolini had no cause to spend one hour and three-quarters relating the triumphs of Fascism in the homeland. It would do an Irishman good to come here and feast his eyes on the progress of the last few years. Buildings growing up everywhere, employment for the people, fields well-cultivated; no bread lines, no rushing from the country as if from a plague—here, indeed, is the true glory of Mussolini. It is this state of things that will cause the outside nations to swallow every word, whether relevant or not, of the long discourse of the successful statesman. If we call to mind that Fascism is only six years old—just about the age of the Free State in working order, unhampered by those terrible Irregulars—we may appraise better the work of Mussolini. A recent visitor to Ireland tells me he saw nothing but poverty, unemployment, and the youth of the country hurrying with deadly haste to the emigrant-ship. Yet the Free State began its career with happier conditions, with better

prospects, with less blood-thirsty enemies than the "Duce" had. According to my ecclesiastical friend, who is an ardent Irishman, one feels inclined to weep when one sees the vast difference between the two lands. He assures me this applies to the Northern portion just as much as to the Free State. Not only is the grass growing on the once beaten paths of the Queen's Island, but in a short time it will be growing in oriental luxuriance on both the Shankill and the Falls Roads—especially the latter.

I had occasion to witness the strength of the rustic population of this land of Fascism on the Feast of Corpus Christi. There is an age-long custom—sincerely and thoroughly Catholic—of making the day one of festivity as well as of piety. In Genazzano, a few miles from Rome, the Blessed Sacrament is carried for a mile or perhaps more on a carpet of flowers. The design is delightfully varied and the strong tints of the flowers are brought into greater relief by being sprinkled with water and kept moist until after the ceremony has finished. Not only does the celebrant walk on a carpet of artistic design, but the whole way is kept private by ever-green decorations extending the entire length of the processional route. On the sides of the streets and in the neighbourhood of the township were gathered thousands of hefty, husky, youthful manhood. Strong-limbed girls, with the carriage of queens, help to make the gathering almost as variegated as the magnificent carpet because of their many-coloured dresses. There, one saw the wealth of Italy. There, one beheld the real worth of Mussolini's talk to the nations of the earth. There, was the guarantee that Italy was a power in Europe. These young men and young women, engaged in the devout work of making a royal way for their Saviour, told to the strangers that the artistic soul of Italy is not dead, that the same spirit that enthused the great giants of art of ages past lives yet in the hearts of the good country folk of Italy. Well may Mussolini throw out his defiance to the lands eaten up by irreligion and race-suicide. Mussolini is no fool, and in his heart he knew he was complimenting the nations of Europe, and outside Europe, in telling them they were in good relation with Italy.

This ceremony of the "Infiorata," that is to say, of strewing with flowers of every colour the processional way on which is carried the Blessed Sacrament on the Feast of Corpus Christi or some day within its octave, is a feature of many of the towns and villages of Italy. It is peculiarly the Feast of the young of both sexes, for they must work long and arduously to make the spectacle worthy of the occasion as they conceive it to be. Near where we were standing was the Crown Prince of Italy, the heir to the crown

and a great favourite of the people, as was evident from the attention and respect given him. When the Blessed Sacrament came near where he was standing he immediately got on his knees and reverently remained so until the celebrant had passed. The act did not escape the notice of the crowd, for the tall form of the heir-apparent to the Italian throne became far more dear to those rustics who had laboured to make the Feast a success. It is said that he is no friend of "Il Duce." Should this be so, then the great leader has a rival likely to dispute with tolerable success his sway over the people of Italy. The Prince has youth and strength and stature on his side, and we all know how acceptable these natural endowments are to an artistic people. Whatever be the worth of these rumours, one thing is certain: the House of Savoy has a firm column in "Il Duce"—for the present.

* * *

The revival of West-Britonism in Ireland has given many a friend of Ireland a heart-burning. We, here, did not occupy ourselves much with this ancient badge of slavery so long as it kept away from us. True, indeed, we had here the "apologetically-Irish," but we had long considered them a joke and we had half an idea that they would be content to be members of the Empire or Commonwealth of Nations in virtue of our common attachment to George and Mary without parading as the genuine article. We read with some impatience that the Governesses of Rome who speak the English language were presented to His Holiness as the "English" Governesses. That was scarcely fair to the August Pontiff, who naturally referred to them as "English." It would be an interesting fact to discover the nationality of the Governesses of Rome, who are not ashamed of their religion and who practise it regularly. We first came to a knowledge of this presentation to His Holiness from the rumours of some lady friends who had a decided objection to the adjective used. We waited until we read of it in the *Catholic Times*, wherein it is boldly stated that the Holy Father gladly "received them for three reasons, first because they were English." The Holy Father is so extremely accurate in his remarks that we conclude he was informed by someone that the Governesses of Rome (Catholic) were English. We have not an intimate acquaintance with the illustrious members of the "Little Servants of Mary," but from common report we doubt that the majority of the good Sisters can claim England for their birthplace. The Spiritual Director is Father Moss, a full-blooded Englishman, whom we all admire, because he is not ashamed of his nationality,

notwithstanding its poor record in devotion to the Church of God and His Holiness's many predecessors. If the good Father tried to pass off as a Free-Stater (many there are who deny any difference, but peace to the contention), he should at once become the subject of our "disprezzo."

* * *

For quite a good part of the present month the public have been kept in a state of anxiety and worry in regard to the fate of the brave General Nobile, who has made a daring attempt to wrest from the icy regions somewhat of their secret history. Well known by his friends for his bravery and daring, he has now become a popular hero owing to the state of suspense attendant on the absence of news for more than two weeks. As we write these Notes, information of a hopeful nature has come to hand. It will be recalled that before he made his attempt he visited the Holy Father, from whom he obtained a great crucifix, so peculiarly fashioned that it could be dropped from the dirigible, and remain in an upright position, on the place estimated by the members of the expedition as the real "Pole." Accompanying the expedition was the celebrated Jesuit Rector of the Gregorian University, Gianfranceschi. When the Zeppelin was lost, it was feared that the learned Jesuit was with the expedition, but it turned out that he fortunately remained at the base when his companions went for the second visit to the far snowy regions. The place wherein the members of the expedition are now imprisoned is difficult of access, but there shall not be wanting brave men who will gladly risk all to rescue General Nobile and his companions. Owing to the wise prevision of the General, the members can hold out for nearly fifty days, having food and necessaries for that period.

H. O'N.

Revelation

*No sign to show where sea or sky began,
Only a toneless grey—rich with all harmony.
The stars descended to the sea,
Which answered with man's flashing lights,
Fast flickering and slow.*

*And down below, soft lapping of the waves,
Hardly a whisper—the rustling of a leaf,
Unvoiced speech—Earth's symphony.
Oh, God! Men say You don't exist,
But these, Your works, all know.*

K. .

NOTES FROM FRANCE

FRENCH CATHOLIC PROSPECTS

The Ascendancy of the Left—The Alsatian Agitation—An Election and Its Moral

A MONTH has elapsed since the French constituencies chose their Deputies. This space of time is normally more than sufficient to determine the real party proportions of a legislative chamber and its exact angle of inclination to Right or Left. In certain countries the simple result of the polling enables the future of the rival parties to be fixed with practical precision. The contrary is the case to-day in France. Although a Socialist has been once more elected to the third highest post in the Republic—a “symbolic gesture” that neither the popularity of the man nor the competence of the “technician” can entirely explain away—the fact remains that the permanent Poincarist majority, however real it may be, has not yet crystallised.

The causes of this phenomenon are complex. In the first place, the respective electoral successes or failures of Moderates, Radicals and Socialists are not sufficiently decisive to enable any one of these great groups to dominate. In the second place, a large number of new Deputies are refractory to the Party discipline, so powerful in former times, and want to practise “national union” in orbits of their own. Some have a juvenile enthusiasm for economics as distinguished from “pure politics”; others hesitate in their selection of a group through inexperience, indecision, or interest. A veritable agitation reigned for three weeks around attempts to create new parties or renovate old ones. This has subsided without putting an end to the more or less amorphous condition of the “majority.” The Legislature opened amidst an atmosphere of apparent apathy, probably without precedent in the annals of the Palais-Bourbon. However conflicting opinions may interpret the recent verdict of the country, its character as an act of national confidence in M. Poincaré is unanimously recognised. Nevertheless, the first appearance at the Ministerial bench of the man for whom France had unequivocally voted passed without a plaudit from the late admiring apostles who owed their seats to his success.¹

¹ “ Cette réception si froide et si imprévue impressionna vivement les spectateurs. ”—Camille Aymard, in *La Liberté*, 4th June.

The Moderates who had rejoiced over the seeming triumph of the Marin and Maginot (Nationalist) groups began to realise, as the days went by, that this victory as a means of making the *Ministry* more “moderate,” was not negotiable. From the start, a deaf ear was turned to all claims for a change in the—theoretically—outgoing Cabinet—a change corresponding to the present, and more Catholic, complexion of the largest group in the Chamber. The Government had made up its mind to maintain the pre-election *statu quo*. In accordance with this continuance of the old system of National Union, M. Herriot and M. Perrier of Grande Chartreuse fame, who are both accused of openly combating the Premier’s policy on the hustings, retained their portfolios, while a non-re-elected member of the Cabinet, M. A. Fallières, was replaced (after he had resigned) by M. Loucheur, whose consistent “laicism” and loyalty to the Radicals on his left, is one of his “Republican virtues.” No doubt, an Alsatian Democrat and Catholic, M. Oberkirch, has been offered and accepted an Under-Secretaryship of State for the solution of the Housing Problem (in France)—a shrewd and indeed statesmanlike measure, as far as it goes,—but the solitude of M. Marin, chief of the “victorious” group, and presumed arbiter of the parliamentary situation, is not very much mitigated by modifications the most important of which (the Loucheur co-option) is a source of strength to the Left. M. Loucheur is, indeed, accused of having been—in his Northern Department—an energetic and efficient enemy of the “friends of M. Marin.”²

The Right and Right-Centre have thus been powerless to exercise an influence commensurate with their electoral gains. Encouraged by this fact, the Radicals and Socialists adroitly prepared the advent of a new Cartel or Left Block. The *Quotidien*, an organ of Freemason inspiration, is edited by a very able journalist who was the leading evictor of M. Millerand from the Elysée in 1924. His staff, up to a recent split, included MM. Aulard and Buisson, the veteran champions of irreligious instruction. This candid enemy magnanimously argued that the Right could “logically claim” the reward reaped through the electoral errors of the Left. He admitted that the defunct Cartel had grabbed all offices at its *débüt* and found it “quite natural” that their adversaries should do likewise. Such a suggestion was neither chivalrous nor cynical; its obvious object was to promote division and facilitate the formation of a Left

² Jean Giraud, *La Croix*, 8th June.

majority that would govern against the parties hailed as winners. The astuteness of this manoeuvre was not, perhaps, fully appreciated by those against whom it was aimed. The French Right have been always curiously inferior to their opponents in the domain of parliamentary tactics. Be that as it may, the Left plans were cleverly laid for the first turning of the tables on the Marin group and its allies.

It was in this atmosphere that the "Chamber of National Union" assembled. Its first decisive vote was a downright defeat for the Moderates. It was succeeded by a number of others, which, if less sensational, were no less significant. This result was angrily denounced by some Moderate organs as the "ruin of National Union." As a matter of fact, it is not even a conclusive classification of parliamentary parties. Until after a division on one of the *impersonal* issues that separate Right and Left no definite data as to the true majority will be available. But one fact stands strikingly out amidst all doubts—a fact disappointing for such Catholics as look to the Right for redress. The present Chamber, like the most of its predecessors, sits steadily at the Sign of the Left. The rout of Radicalism and Socialism, inside as well as outside Parliament, is more apparent than real. The chances of securing any of the religious reforms essential to *permanent peace* are still remote. Whatever be the nature of the majority that will take final shape in the coming months, it is already evident that no reform of a "lay law," however minimum, will be voted by *this* Chamber.

* * *

A brief account of the events that preceded and accompanied the election of Speaker is necessary to a clear comprehension of the actual situation. There were two candidates for this important post, which is one of the most influential in the Republic. The "Président de la Chambre" is the first of the authorities consulted by the President of the Republic when a new Cabinet is about to be constituted. He has an official residence and his *rôle* confers upon him a prestige second only to that of the Premier. M. Ferdinand Bouisson filled this office in the last Parliament with incontestable impartiality and virtuosity. Rich, popular, tactful, a perfect host, whose table is as renowned as his social talents, he has certainly all the qualities of the ideal French Speaker. M. Léon Daudet, who is pitiless for most Republicans, describes him as cordial, congenial, subtle and fond of a joke. The only fly in the amber of this strong candidate was his Socialism. M. Bouisson belongs to the Blum Party, which, at its recent Toulouse

Congress, proclaimed its ends (amongst others, the abolition of private property) to be "identical" with those of the Communists.

The main argument advanced in favour of M. Bouisson was that he is "a technician of the Fauteuil." We live in an age of "technicians." This "blessed word" covers a multitude of things. A firm and fair-minded Chairman, M. Bouisson certainly is; he is only intolerant for insult, irrelevancy and disorder. Nevertheless, it is doubtful that the title of "technician" by itself alone would have secured his election, had not a discreet official canvass rendered it a virtual certainty. The Moderates—winners at the polls—were naturally irritated by this manner of disposing of an office which they considered "political" and, as such, one of the places from which a Socialist should be rigorously excluded. The Left press replied to their indignant complaints of "a betrayal of the Catholic Nationalist electors," by backing M. Bouisson as a "technician" and arguing that the post of Speaker was non-political. No doubt, it should be so in every parliament, but it has not been always so in France. The Left Block, in 1924, transformed the ballot for the Speakership from a secret to a public one, on the ground that the election of President of the Chamber is political. This change was aimed at "trimmers" who might secretly vote for a "Clerical" or "Reactionary." The Chamber returned afterwards to secret voting because of the drawbacks of a public poll.

The non-political thesis did not deceive anybody. Real as was the "technicity" of M. Bouisson, it was not the only motive for his official candidature. In any event, the Moderates refused to accept it as a reason for giving the third place in the Republic to "a representative of revolutionary Socialism." Had they chosen from their own ranks a suitable candidate, or strategically abstained from a beating, they would, perhaps, have acted wisely. By a strange coincidence, French parliamentary Oppositions never seem to do the tactically right thing. This is partly the secret of the success of the Left, which always plays the purely parliamentary game with superior skill.

Not until forty-eight hours before the election was any move made to put a candidate definitely into the field against M. Bouisson. And then the initiative was courageously taken by M. Franklin-Bouillon, an unorthodox Radical, but an honest patriot, who since his secession from the Cartel is anathema to the Left and unjustly distrusted by certain non-Radical Republicans. He has abandoned no Radical principle and has not ceased to be "lay," but is "liberal" in his attitude to Catholic claims, which he desires, however,

to be put aside for some years with all other "controversial" topics. Despite all his merits from a Moderate standpoint, it does not seem as if he was exactly the best man to pit against a strong candidate of the Government and the Left.

After a vain attempt to persuade M. Bouisson to publicly repudiate his Socialist colleagues, M. Franklin-Bouillon sought to impale him on the horns of this dilemma: (1) Either you approve of your own Party, and are therefore against National Union, or (2) you are for National Union and as a consequence disapprove of your Party. In a dialectical duel it is difficult to see how M. Bouisson would have avoided a defeat. Unfortunately for his adversary, the primacy of pure logic is rarely conspicuous in "practical" parliamentary politics. Were the contrary the case, M. Franklin-Bouillon might have won hands down. As it was, he only succeeded in securing the adhesion of the Marin and Maginot groups and not quite the whole of his own Unionist followers.

By 327 votes against 244, the National Union Chamber selected its President from amongst the Party which openly combats this policy! Whatever may have been the "technical" motives that dictated certain individual votes, the result is none the less a revelation of the predominance of the Left. On the Right there voted: (1) The Marin group (Republican and Democratic Unionists); (2) the group of Democratic and Social Action, including such men as Maginot, Paul Reynaud and A. François-Poncet; on the Left, all the elements composing the old anti-clerical block, including Centrists, who, according to M. G. Hervé, "are always to be found on the side of the conquerors."

It was an anti-climax to the post-electoral paeans of certain newspapers and a death-blow to all previous hopes of a new National Block. But the battle did not stop short with the first success of the "beaten" Socialists who had endorsed the candidature of "their" Speaker. The defeat developed into a literal *débâcle*. Following up the enemy, as it were, the resurrected Cartel repeated its prowess of 1924: it carried all the remaining posts by storm, and would have probably secured the presidencies and reporterships of the great Commissions had they been filled at the time. One after the other, the National Union Moderate candidates succumbed. Not a single vice-presidency, secretaryship or other office was obtained by a Catholic Nationalist. Even the *Temps*, which had backed M. Bouisson and deplored the "false manoeuvre," was dismayed by the extent of the disaster. It chronicled with consternation that the Left and Extreme Left had asked and received "everything." "They

have occupied with *brio* all the commanding posts of Parliament, not resting even during the removal of the furniture, except to finish the wounded." The figure of speech is not too strong. Seldom has one witnessed such a parliamentary slaughter. The Marin group is the most numerous; its neighbour, the Democratic and Social Party, contains a notable fraction of the intellectual *élite* of the Chamber. The fact that such an important proportion of the National Union representation could be excluded from all share in the "managing" posts of the House—even if they had committed an error of tactics—is highly significant.

* * *

The Ministerial Declaration, which will be debated before this article appears, is a remarkable document in many respects. Seldom has one encountered a Government programme more rich in real reforms. If these projects can take statutory shape in four years, a veritable parliamentary prodigy will have been worked. But all depends on the evolution of the majority—or rather the majorities. For there are two or three, to judge by the contradictory "reactions" provoked by the reading of the Declaration. The Left to a man was with the Government when it promised to enforce "laicism" and neutrality in the schools; the Radicals, Socialists and Communists were more or less exasperated by the contemplated measures to check the "philosophical" and political activities of teachers during school hours, and to deprive State officials of the "right" of paralysing public services by sudden strikes. The 327 who had voted for the "technician of the Fauteuil" had lost their cohesion.

The technician, indeed, had his skill put to a very severe strain. Tacitus, one of the most profound observers of the politics of his age, had formed the opinion that a sort of unknown force was making a laughing-stock of mortals and their destinies (*Ann.* 3, 18). The irony of things which provoked this reflection is peculiarly conspicuous in parliaments. M. Bouisson was chosen for his science of Chairmanship, at the peril of National Union. In his inaugural speech he affirmed that the 14th legislature "would have the privilege of deliberating in a more serene atmosphere than that of the two preceding parliaments." Some minutes after these words were pronounced their author had to suspend in despair an uproarious sitting against which all "technicity" was powerless. The serenity, in fact, had diminished to the pugilistic point. The exciting cause was the Alsatian Deputy Walter's motion for the release of MM. Ricklin and Rossé. These two Deputies, with two other so-called accomplices

(out of a dozen), have been found guilty of conspiring against the State, this being the *dénouement* of the famous Colmar process, deplored as inopportune by French patriots of all parties. Dr. Ricklin and his colleague, Rossé,—if not amnestied—will be disqualified to sit in the French Parliament, a fact which can only aggravate the situation in Alsace, and which will probably lead to the election by larger majorities of successors equally, if not more, “autonomist.” M. Walter and his friends are manifestly anxious to avoid such a formidable obstacle to appeasement.

The raising of this question gave the Communists a chance to demand the release of their own imprisoned Deputies. Their first orator was shouted down, notably by the Socialists, who are bitter antagonists of anything that would postpone the “laicisation” of Alsace-Lorraine. An altercation arose between the Socialists and their Communist brothers, so violent that a boxing bout between both was only prevented with difficulty. The Speaker, after exhausting all the technical resources of the Chair, put on his hat—the “symbolic gesture” of suspension. When the angry adversaries had cooled their ardour in the corridors, M. Walter spoke with courteous candour. Endorsing M. Poincaré’s description of the “Republic one and indivisible,” he proclaimed that the Alsatian “members of the great French family” meant “to maintain the personality and qualities which permitted our provinces to remain faithful to France.” But they were none the less determined “to breathe the air of Democracy and not to live in the atmosphere of the Prison and the Assize Court.” He claimed that the convicted Deputies should be heard before being disqualified.

The Chamber, whose majority was at this moment manifestly Ministerial, adjourned the debate. It will come up again, but the Alsatian members are almost certain to be defeated—except, of course, that the unforeseen happens. The Ministerial Declaration, penned by M. Poincaré himself, contains a paragraph justifying the anticipations of our last article. It recognises in the fullest manner the special consideration and treatment due to Alsace-Lorraine, and repeats once more that the Government will maintain intact for the three Departments “as long as they desire it” the scholastic and religious *régime* that they have always enjoyed. M. Poincaré may be personally relied on to keep this promise, if events and the future majority do not stand in the way of his good-will.

* * *

The strategy and tactics of the Moderate groups are sharply criticised by many of their own sympathisers. There is some-

thing to be said for these strictures, perhaps, from the “technical” standpoint. On grounds of pure principle, however, M. Marin and M. Frank-Bouillon have reasons for pride rather than regret. Even if it was unwise to give the enemy a chance of entrenching himself in the chief posts, the lesson of the defeat is, or should be, no less precious. The parliamentary impotence of the Right has been once more demonstrated. It will be incapable of helping Catholics to secure a revision of the Congregation laws. The repeal of any of these statutes will never be brought about by simple assaults against the Left in a Chamber constituted like the present one. Either the electorate will have to be gradually won round to the Catholic cause, or some *modus vivendi* will have to be found within Parliament itself—some form of alliance reconcilable with Catholic principles as well as with practical politics. It is difficult to conceive any other solution that will check the grave religious and educational consequences of the *progressive* ascendancy of the Left.

L’OBSERVATEUR.



The Wayside Calvary

*It stood against a sombre sky,
A Wayside Calvary.
Almost there seemed re-acted there
That dread day’s agony:
The dusk light showed the Crucified,
With arms, in sad appeal, spread wide.*

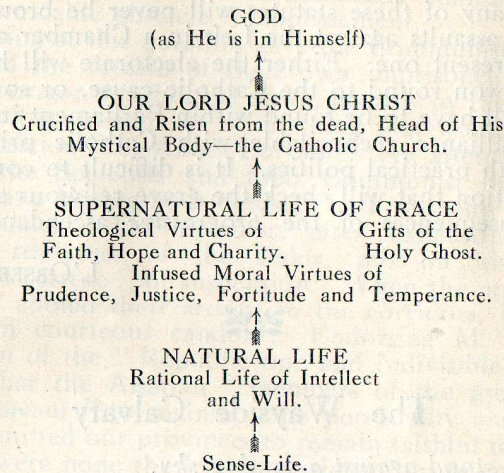
*Beneath the white and piercéed feet,
Awhile a little child knelt there,
One of His little ones, as meet,
Lispings its childish, artless prayer.
But I, weighed down by grief and loss,
Knelt dumbly ’neath that Wayside Cross.*

*A symbol that, in joy or pain,
In all the moods that man may know,
The soul shall find in Him again
Eternal sympathy aglow.
Though mute I prayed, I knew He heard,
And all my anguish saw and shared.*

MAEVE CAVANAGH MACDOWELL.

SECRET SOCIETIES AND THE KINGSHIP OF CHRIST

THE principles laid down by Pope Leo XIII may be illustrated and their consequences made, perhaps, clearer to some minds by the following diagram :



When man rejects the established order of return to God through Our Lord Jesus Christ, the current of life turns in the opposite direction, so to say, so that the reality of the Supernatural Life becomes obscured and is finally rejected. Then human reason is unable to control sense-life. The result is the domination of sense, dignified, of course, by the name of reason, so that, little by little, man's lower nature is deified as it was in pagan antiquity, when human passion was worshipped under the title of Jupiter or Venus or some other dweller on Olympus.

The true perfection of every being is to be found in the pursuit and attainment of its end. In virtue of his intellectual nature, man is endowed with free-will, that is, he has the faculty of choosing the means which lead to his end. Coming from God, man ought to return to Him in accordance with his nature, by freely observing the order established by God.¹ As law is the promulgation of the order of means

¹ Cf. Encyclical Letter of Leo XIII: *Libertas Praestantissimum*, June 20, 1888.

to end, liberty finds its perfection in acceptance of and submission to law. Accordingly, man ceases to act as becomes a rational creature, and makes an unnatural use of his liberty, when he deliberately goes against order laid down by God. On the contrary, he shows forth the full perfection of his intellectual nature, when he deliberately elects to obey the law. The refusal to accept the supernatural order is the initial abuse which leads on to complete rejection of all order. Satan was the first to utter this refusal, when he sought to resemble God; he rejected the supernatural order by which he would have become like unto God, in accordance with God's plan. As God is His own end and does not depend on anyone or anything, so Satan fixed his end in himself or in what he could attain by his own natural powers, rejecting the supernatural end which could be attained only in dependence on God.² He thus became a driving force against the whole order of the actual world, and his object in urging on to every abuse of free-will on the part of man is ever the same. He desires the destruction of the order of return of man to God, by luring man on to imitate and follow himself in the autonomous use of intelligence and free-will. Any philosophy of History, which leaves out of account the efforts of Satan to usurp the place of God and his hatred of Our Lord Jesus Christ, is simply trifling with the question. Of course, Satan is powerful compared with us, but weak, very weak, compared with our Supernatural Head, Our Lord: "He humbled himself, becoming obedient unto death: even to the death of the cross. For which cause God also hath exalted him and hath given him a name which is above all names: That in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of those that are in heaven, on earth, and under the earth. And that every tongue should confess that the Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of God the Father."—(*Philipp.* ii, 8-11.)

Satan parodies the action of Our Lord Jesus Christ, the mediator between God and fallen humanity, in the Church and through the Sacraments, by urging on to the establishment of a counter-Church and symbolic rites, that he may secure what he sought in his third temptation of Our Lord: "Again the devil took him up into a very high mountain: and shewed him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them. And said to him: All these will I give thee, if falling down, thou wilt adore me."—(*Matth.* iv, 8-9.) Man's rejection of God's order leads to worship of himself—Humanitarianism. But man is weak and falls readily under

² Ia, Pars. Q. 63, A. 3. Cf. Hugon, O.P., *Tract. de Angelis*, p. 128.

the sway of the Prince of Naturalists, the first who rejected God's infinitely loving offer of a share in His own Inner Life. "The world is always consistent in its way. Near the sons of God are present the satellites of that great adversary of the human race who, a rebel from the beginning against the Most High, is named in the Gospel the prince of this world. . . . Full of the spirit of Satan who, according to the words of the Apostle, knows how to transform himself at need into an angel of light, it (Masonry) gives prominence to its humanitarian object, but it sacrifices everything to its sectarian purpose . . . to make war against God and against His Church."³

If there is disorder in the world, it is because of man's failure to inhere in Christ, to use the expression of St. Thomas.⁴ Man refuses to accept the order laid down by God: "For God so loved the world, as to give his only begotten Son; that whosoever believeth in him, may not perish, but may have life everlasting. For God sent not his Son, into the world, to judge the world, but that the world may be saved by him. He that believeth in him is not judged. But he that doth not believe is already judged, because he believeth not in the name of the only-begotten Son of God. And this is the judgment: because the light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than the light: for their works were evil. For everyone that doth evil hateth the light, and cometh not to the light that his works may not be reproved. But he that doth truth, cometh to the light, that his works may be made manifest, because they are done in God."—(*John* iii, 16-21.)

From the moment, then, that a human being deliberately turns aside from Our Lord Jesus Christ, the One Mediator between God and man, through Whom alone we receive our Real Life,⁵ and enters a society which claims to possess divine truth and the key to human perfection, he enters the

³ Apostolical Letter of Pope Leo XIII, March 19, 1902. "They (the Freemasons) blasphemously profane and defile the Passion of Jesus Christ by their sacrilegious ceremonies. They dishonour the Sacraments of the Church (for which they sacrilegiously substitute others invented by themselves) and even turn into ridicule the very mysteries of the Catholic religion."—(Pope Pius VII, *Ecclesiam*, 1821.)

⁴ IIIa, Pars. Q. I, A. 4. In I P., Q. xvii, Art. 1, St. Thomas points out that sins, because of their opposition to the order (*ordinatio*) of the Divine Intellect, are termed lies in Psalm iv, 3: "Why do you love vanity and seek after lying?" On the other hand, he adds, virtuous action is spoken of as truth of life, inasmuch as it is subject to the order of the Divine Intelligence. Hence *John* iii, 21: "He that doth truth cometh to the light."

⁵ Qui gratia carent nihil sunt. St. Thom. Comment. in II ad *Corinth.*, Cap. v, Sect. iv.

camp of the prince of disorder.⁶ There are not two worlds; there exists only one. From the moment that a man rejects the divine order of the world and enters a society that proclaims that it can perfect human nature regardless of Our Lord Jesus Christ and of God's order in the world, then, consciously or unconsciously, he takes his place under the banner of Satan, whose whole being is, by his own deliberate act, turned against the supernatural. The special hall-mark of Satan is opposition to ordered return to God. Accordingly, initiation into a secret society may be termed the

⁶ In Ia, Iae, Q. 1, A. 5, St. Thomas shows that there cannot be two final ends for man. In Ia P., Q. 114, A. 3 ad 2, he points out that if some sins are perpetrated without any temptation on the part of the devil, yet by sin, men are made sons of the devil inasmuch as they imitate him who first sinned and follow his banner. In IIIa P., Q. viii, A. 7, St. Thomas contrasts the headship of the demon over sinful beings with that of Our Lord Jesus Christ over the Members of His Mystical Body. Our Lord is Head by internal and external influence: the demon is head by external influence only, for he cannot act directly on the intellect and the will, but only indirectly. The demon is head by external influence, directing the acts of sinners to his own end. The end chosen by the demon is the turning away from God (to self). This turning away from God is looked upon as an end, inasmuch as it desired under pretext of liberty (*sub specie libertatis*). In so far as some are led on to this end through sin, they fall under the headship and government of the Evil One. Cf. ad 2 in this last article, and what St. Thomas says about the headship of Antichrist, in whom the influence of Satan reaches its culmination, in Art. 8.

A passage from Mrs. Webster's work, *The French Revolution*, p. 23, is well worth quoting in this connexion: "When we study the manner in which they (the subversives who engineered, or at least led, the Revolution) carried out their design, when we read of the frightful profanity that was inaugurated during the Terror, the desecration of the churches, the blasphemies against Christ and the Holy Virgin, and the worship of Marat, it is almost impossible to disbelieve in demoniacal possession, to doubt that these men, inflamed with hatred against all spiritual influences working for good in the world, became indeed the vehicles for those other spirits, the powers of darkness, whose cause they had made their own. And in their hideous deaths—for nearly every one perished on the scaffold—were they not, perhaps, like the Gadarene swine, victims of the demons that drove them to destruction?"

Leo Taxil's pretended "revelations" (1892-1897), about Satan's presence in the Lodges, were planned in such a way by the adepts of Secret Societies that, after they had been shown to be fables and inventions, nothing but scepticism and mockery would meet any attempt to point out the reality of Satanic action on the world in and through Secret Societies. Cf. *Episode Anti-Maçonnique*, by Ch. Nicoulaud, p. 147, etc. Cf. also, *R.I.S.S. Partie Occultiste*, Mars 1928, pp. 81-97.

"Long live Liberty, Equality, Fraternity! That is the favourable time for us." These words, uttered by one of the possessed children of Illfurt (Alsace), show the devil's opinion of the principles of 1789.—(*Le Diable, ses paroles, son action dans les possédés d'Illfurt*. Librairie Brunet, Arras, France. This little work is compiled from original documents embodying the statements of authentic witnesses.)

reception of the first "sacrament" of Satan.⁷ In proportion as Satan's influence is favoured, the hold that can be acquired by our natural reason on such truths as the existence of God, His Unity and Simplicity and His real and absolute distinction from the world is liable to be loosened and the tendency is to the crowning absurdity of Pantheism by the identification of the Infinite and the finite in the same subject.⁸ Satan will seek to profit of the disorder in the

⁷ In a reply of the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office (July 13, 1865), to the queries of a number of U.S.A. Bishops concerning the Fenian Brotherhood, the several reasons of the Papal condemnations of all secret societies are enumerated. These reasons are: (1) The aim and purpose of these societies, which is the disturbance or destruction of ecclesiastical authority, or of the legitimate civil power; (2) the unlawful and wicked means they adopt for carrying out their purposes; (3) the method of enrolling associates, viz., by secret initiations, oaths, etc., which are usually blasphemous or impious; (4) the promises they make, and by which they bind themselves together, which are contrary to the moral law; (5) the doctrines they profess, such as indifferentism in religion, atheism, Pantheism, Socialism, etc.; (6) even though none of the preceding reasons applied in regard to a particular one of these secret societies, the associations would still be immoral and unlawful by reason of the fundamental principle that according to God's law there are only two perfect and supreme societies in the world, namely, the Church and the State, to which, or to one of which, every other association existing within them is subordinate. Now, these secret societies by their nature set up within the State a third body, independent of the State and the Church, claiming a certain supreme jurisdiction over its own members, even the power of life and death. Such a jurisdiction does not come from God as the Author either of the natural or the supernatural order and, consequently, is a usurpation. Hence these associations are anomalous, unnatural, and nothing better than a spurious and adulterous progeny.—(*Acta Ap. Sedis*, Vol. I, pp. 292-293.) Cf. Article by Fr. Cahill, S.J., in *I. E. Record*, April, 1927; whence this extract is taken. Attention is particularly called to the insistence on the violation of the order of the world in the last point. Of course, the violation of order in some secret societies is greater than in others. In proportion to the disorder, Satan's influence is favoured.

⁸ "I. Masonic Symbolism is the sense-perceptible form of a philosophical synthesis of the transcendent or abstract order.

"II. The conceptions represented by Masonic Symbols cannot be taught dogmatically. The concrete forms of language cannot express them. . . . They are, as has been very accurately stated, mysteries hidden from profane curiosity, that is to say, Truths which the mind cannot grasp until it has been judiciously prepared therefor."—(Quoted from *Rituel interprétatif pour le grade d'Apprenti*, pp. 7 and 8, by C. Nicoullaud, *L'Initiation Maçonnique*, pp. 189, 190. Italics inserted by the present writer.)

"The second dogma of occultism is that what is visible is the manifestation of what is invisible. . . . Here we must not make any mistake about what occultism means. It does not mean that what is visible manifests what is invisible as an extraneous sign or an extrinsic image does. . . . It does not mean that what is visible is a reflection of what is invisible, of a different nature. What is visible is, for occultists, what is invisible in another way, that is to say, in other conditions so far as we are concerned. What is visible and what is invisible are the same being, here lit up by physical light, there by austral light. . . . We say that the word signifies the idea,

intelligence and the will as circumstances permit and will aim at luring on to further and deeper perversion. To parody Faith, by which the gaze of our intelligence is turned on the Inner Life of God, further hidden knowledge will be promised. "The demon seems to say to them, come, come to me, all you that thirst for the water of death and I will give you thereof to drink."⁹

Finally, in the case of individuals, more completely perverted and more pliant, the demon will attempt to parody mystical knowledge of God.¹⁰ Mystical knowledge is Infused

expresses the idea. Occultism says the same thing, but gives to the word a value of its own, so that, when we know the material word, we know the thing. The Hebrew characters which go to make up the word Jehovah or Yahveh indicate by their number and their form, the nature of God. . . . Reading them backwards, we find the expression of the Malign Power opposed to the Beneficent Power."—*Au pays de l'Occultisme*, by Lucien Roure, S.J., pp. 18, 20.

For a full development of the idea just touched on in this quotation from Père Roure's work, see the magnificent article on the Kabbala by Henri de Guillebert in *R. I. S. S., Partie Occultiste*, February, 1928. He says (*loc. cit.*, p. 39): "The mysterious complexity . . . of Kabbalistic interpretation consists in this alphabetical constitution, by which a positive relation is set up between numbers, lines, ideas and phenomena, consequently between words, numbers, figures (of objects) and the whole of nature."

⁹ Dialogue of St. Catherine of Sienna. Chap. XII of Section on the Gift of Conformity with Christ. (Translation, Hurtaud.)

¹⁰ For St. Thomas there are three kinds of Wisdom. *First*, there is the purely human Wisdom of Natural Reason (metaphysics), which is the lowest in dignity. By it, one attains, by the principle of causality, to God as the First Cause and Principle of all being.

Next in order comes the humano-divine Wisdom of Theology (divine in its supernatural principles, the truths of Faith, human in its reasoning processes). Theology proceeds according to the discursive mode of human reason. As, however, it is rooted in Faith, from which it receives its principles, its light is not the light of reason alone, but the light of reason illumined by Faith. Accordingly, its certitude is superior to that of metaphysics. Faith, substitute here below for the Beatific Vision, has its eyes turned on the very object of that vision, God considered in what belongs to Him alone, in His own Inner Life (*Deitas ut sic*). God, considered in His Essence and in His Inner Life (*sub ratione propriae quidditatis*) is common as object to the vision of the blessed in heaven, to the theological virtue of faith, and to theology, but these three attain this same object in three ways that are formally different. The Beatific Vision knows the Inner Life of God by and in His Essence (*sicuti in se est*) as He is in Himself, without the intervention of any creature or any idea. "Then I shall know even as I am known."—(I Cor. xiii, 12.) The theological virtue of Faith knows this object without beholding it, giving in obscurity an infallible adherence to what the First Truth has revealed of Itself, by means of the signs of language and of human concepts. Theology attains to the Deity, the object of Faith, not as seen but as believed, as considered from the point of view of "virtual revelation," that is to say, of the consequences which reason illumined by Faith can draw from truths formally revealed. To sum up, the Deity as such, *as seen*, is the object of the knowledge of the blessed in heaven: the Deity as such, but *as believed* and *formally revealed*, is the object of Faith: the Deity as such, but *as believed* and *virtually revealed*, is the object of Theology.

Wisdom and consists in knowing the essentially supernatural object of Faith and of Theology, the Deity as such (*Deitas ut sic*) in a manner itself superhuman and supernatural. Of course, the demon cannot act interiorly on the intellect and the will of man, for that, God alone can do; but he can act exteriorly, through the senses and the imagination, and can produce feelings of exaltation leading to hatred of the whole order established in the world by God.¹¹ As has been already remarked, there exists a direction of secret societies by human beings, but Satan, as invisible head, directs, in the last resort, the forces combatting the Kingship of Christ on earth (through the Catholic Church), as he directed the leaders of the Jews against Our Lord Himself when on earth.

The above lines were written, when a remarkable passage from a reply of the Supreme Congregation of the Holy Office to a number of U.S.A. Bishops, quoted by Rev. E.

Finally, higher than Theological Wisdom is Infused Wisdom, called also Mystical Theology, by which the Essentially Supernatural object of Faith and of Theology, the Deity as such, is known in a way that is itself supernatural. Mystical Knowledge is thus experimental knowledge of God through experience of Divine things (*pati divina*, as Dionysius, quoted by St. Thomas, says). For that, Faith does not suffice. It must be perfected by the Gifts of the Holy Ghost, the gift of Intelligence, and especially the gift of Wisdom.

By grace, says St. Peter, we are "made partakers of the divine nature" (II *Petr.* i, 4). This is possible for a limited being even on earth, inasmuch as the creature, elevated in the very depths of his being and in the faculties whence his acts proceed, is now given for object of knowledge and love, even God as He knows and loves Himself. So St. Thomas explains the marvellous text of St. Peter. We never become God: our being is never confused with God's Being. But remaining ourselves, we are given in glory, by the intuitive vision of God's essence, a union with the Deity infinitely more close and more entrancing than the most daring Pantheism ever dreamt of. Our oneness with God will be, not, of course, in the order of substance or being, but in the order of the immaterial union of the act of vision. We shall see Him as He is, in Heaven, the one True God, eternally happy and infinitely transcendent in the Trinity of Divine Persons. How far removed is the true doctrine from the horrid caricature of God's revelation that we find in Pantheism!

Cf. Article by Jacques Maritain in *Revue de Philosophie*, Novembre-Décembre, 1926, for a full development of points here touched on.

¹¹ *L'Initiation Maçonnique*, by Monsieur Ch. Nicoulaud, is a remarkable study of Satanic action in Secret Societies. M. Nicoulaud returns again and again to the idea that Masonic initiation is the reception of "sacraments" of Satan. It is a matter of common knowledge that the conversion of Masons to the Catholic Faith is exceedingly difficult. An avowal of Brother .'. Oswald Wirth, the well-known writer on Masonic questions, is worthy of note: "A force, superior to themselves, causes Masons to act and co-ordinates their efforts with an intellectual vigour, which they certainly do not possess individually. Such is the fact which has been irrefutably established and which we have simply got to accept. It is for each one to interpret this fact his own way."—(Quoted from Oswald Wirth, *Le Symbolisme*, by Mgr. Jouin, in *Revue Inter. des Sociétés Secrètes*, of 19th April, 1925, p. 277.)

Cahill, S.J., in *I. E. Record*, July, 1927 (p. 25), in the course of an excellent series of articles on Freemasonry, came under the notice of the writer. The following is the passage in question: "If one takes into consideration the immense development which these secret societies have attained; the length of time they are persevering in their vigour; their furious aggressiveness; the tenacity with which their members cling to the association and to the false principles it professes; the persevering mutual co-operation of so many different types of men in the promotion of evil; one can hardly deny that the *Supreme Architect* of these associations (seeing that the cause must be proportioned to the effect) can be none other than he who in the sacred writings is styled the *Prince of the World*; and that Satan himself, even by his physical co-operation, directs and inspires at least the leaders of these bodies, physically co-operating with them."—(*Acta S. Sedis*, Vol. I, p. 293, July 13, 1865.)

M. Ch. Nicoulaud, in the Introduction to the work previously mentioned, *L'Initiation Maçonnique*, points out that when he insists upon the Satanic spirit which inspires, guides and directs Freemasonry, he is not affirming the presence of the cloven-footed one in the Lodges (readers of Irish are aware of the remarkable description of him given in Canon O'Leary's *Séadna*). He means a direction and action on the brains and hearts of those who have received the Masonic Initiation. In the course of his remarks he makes an important distinction between those who are most under the influence of Satan and the ostensible heads of Masonry, pointing out that, in parallel fashion, though those who occupy hierarchical positions in the Church of Christ may be mystics and saints, yet very frequently the mystics and saints who exercise such mighty influence upon their epochs do not belong to the Church's hierarchy. The comparison is worthy of notice, but like all comparisons in such matters has great limitations. Satan cannot exercise internal influence even on those who serve him, but he is always, as the French wittily express it, "le singe de Dieu" (the ape of God).

It must be noted that the perversity of the rationalistic and naturalistic spirit is not always clear at first sight, because the perversity is not so much in the object aimed at as in the manner of aiming thereat. Rationalism or naturalism proposes to itself a good object, but without the help of God and without obedience to God. St. Thomas calls attention to this when speaking of the sin of the rebellious angels: "A sin may be perpetrated by a free-will selecting something which in itself is good, but is not in order according to the proper measure or rule thereof. The defect, then, which is sinful is exclusively from the side of the choice, not from the

side of the thing chosen, the choice not being in order, as, for example, if a person were to choose to pray irrespective of the order established by the Church. A sin of this description does not presuppose ignorance, but merely neglect of consideration of those things which ought to be considered. In this way the angel sinned, seeking by the action of his free-will his own good, irrespective of the order established by the Divine Will.—(1a, Q. 63, A. 1 ad 4.) Cajetan sums up this in the phrase, “he tends proudly to things in themselves good.”

Rationalism, rejecting Divine Revelation, proclaims that it seeks what is good in itself, viz., science, social and intellectual progress, peace and good-will among men; nay, even sometimes the advancement of the cause of religion itself. In seeking all these things, however, it turns away from supernatural happiness to be attained by God's grace and from the order of the world laid down by God and seeks to accomplish its purposes by its own natural strength. It leaves Our Lord out of account, in order to set up the kingdom of Nature and of Reason.—(Cf. *De Revelatione*, Vol. I, p. 229: Garrigou-Lagrange, O.P.)

It is only when one's attention has been called to the foolishness of seeking for peace, harmony and order in the world, while the order of the world crowned by the supernatural is neglected and even rejected, that one realizes the full force of the contrast between the communications of Rotary Clubs about peace and the Encyclicals of Pope Pius XI, insisting that no peace worthy of the name can be attained if Our Lord and His Church are left out of account. “Without Me you can do nothing.”—(*John* xv, 5.)

Again, Rationalism or Naturalism sets up Congresses of Religions to bring about the reconciliation of all. In these Congresses all religions are represented except, of course, the Catholic Religion. Apparent or seeming good is all the more dangerous the more it resembles what is really good. According to the predictions of St. Paul and St. John, Antichrist will not appear suddenly as an open and violent persecutor of the Church, but will seek to prevail by flattery and by false prodigies.—(*Matth.* xxiv, 24; I *John* iv, 1-3, etc., etc.)

It is worth noting that for Kant, the triumphant Church will simply be the union of all Churches and of all religions according to the principles of mere Natural and National religion.—(Cf. Garrigou-Lagrange, O.P., *De Revelatione*, Vol. I, p. 230.) Thus we see that the philosophical formation, given through lectures in the lodges and embodying conclusions from the teachings of Rousseau and Kant, helps to produce the mentality favourable to the process of initiation.

If Catholics knew something more about the meaning and action of secret societies in the world and about the work of Satan in Theosophy and Spiritism, it would help them to recite with a better comprehension and, above all, with a greater love of Our Lord Jesus Christ the prayers to the Blessed Virgin, the Saints and Angels recited daily at the end of Holy Mass: “Blessed Michael, Archangel, defend us in the hour of conflict. Be our safeguard against the wickedness and snares of the devil. May God restrain him, we humbly pray, and do thou, O Prince of the Heavenly Host, thrust Satan down to Hell and, with him, all the other wicked spirits who wander through the world, seeking the ruin of souls.”

They would also understand better why Pope Leo XIII so strongly urged the Bishops of the whole world to warn the faithful against Masonry and secret societies in general, and to preserve the young from all contact with them: “To your fidelity and watchfulness We commend in a special manner the young, as being the hope of human society. Devote the greatest part of your care to their instruction; and do not think that any precaution can be great enough in keeping them from masters and schools whence the pestilent breath of the sects is to be feared. Under your guidance, let parents, religious instructors and priests having the care of souls, use every opportunity, in their Christian teaching, of warning their children and pupils of the infamous nature of these societies, so that they may learn in good time to beware of the various and fraudulent artifices by which their promoters are accustomed to ensnare people. And those who instruct the young in religious knowledge will act wisely, if they induce all of them to resolve and to undertake never to bind themselves to any society without the knowledge of their parents, or the advice of their parish priest or director.”—(Encyclical Letter: *Humanum Genus*.)

They would be helped, too, to a better understanding of some of the reasons why the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, in their Pastoral Letter issued after the Synod of Maynooth, 1927, again warn their flocks that “The prohibition, as regards Catholics, against non-Catholic colleges, issued by the last Plenary Synod of Maynooth, has not been revoked,” and why their Lordships declare so emphatically in the same Letter that “Secret Societies are the ruin of Religion and of Society itself. On no account should our young people enter any secret society.”

DENIS FAHEY, C.S.SP.

(To be continued.)

AN IRISHMAN'S EXPERIENCES IN ALGIERS

PART II.—THE TRIAL

IN the BULLETIN of last December I gave an account of my amateur detective work in Algiers, resulting in the discovery and arrest of the principal actor in a serious robbery case which had baffled the ingenuity of the local police. I now present my readers with the sequel.

The thief was a complete stranger to me. Although he acted as orderly to the officer who occupied the flat above mine, I had never seen him until the day on which he was dragged into the police station. Poor fellow, I pitied him from the bottom of my heart. He might naturally have shown great indignation towards me as the innocent cause of his arrest, but his demeanour was commendable. He expressed evident and genuine sorrow for the wrong he had done me, and begged me to intercede for him.

I told him how sorry I was for his plight; that I forgave him heartily, and would do my best to save him. Hearing this, the Jews began all at once to change their tune. They commenced to fawn and lavish compliments on me, seeing that I was opening a loop-hole for their escape also. "Vous avez un bon coeur," they cried in chorus; "You have a good heart"—but I could feel nothing but contempt for them. They were professional receivers of stolen goods, and more guilty and blamable than the unfortunate soldier, who, naturally addicted to pleasure, as all his class are, and having little enough to spend on amusement, had succumbed to a sudden and overpowering temptation.

But the Commissaire de Police was of a very different way of thinking. "It was one of the most serious cases he had to deal with for a long time," he said; he could not possibly hush it up, and he ordered us all to appear before the Procureur de la République (who might be described as a sort of cross between our Attorney General and Public Prosecutor), at the "Parquet," at 9 o'clock on the following morning.

This was to be my first acquaintance with a French tribunal, and a very unfavourable impression it left upon me. The "parquet," or court of the Public Prosecutor was lodged in a handsome old Moorish house in the Arab Quarter, many of the picturesque houses of the natives having been appropriated by the French authorities for administrative purposes.

Thither I made my way punctually at 9 o'clock next morning, and soon all were assembled. Young Souloumiac

was there, still weeping bitterly, and I thought what a miserable night he must have spent, brooding over a ruined career. He had hoped, we may suppose, like all French soldiers of his day, to be in the front-ranks on the battlefield, when the great day of the "Revanche" should come, and to be in at the death-agonies of the Prussian enemy. He had pictured to himself the glorious return of the French army and heard the ringing cheers with which he and his comrades would be received. How different his ignominious march across the streets of Algiers from his prison-cell to the court, under guard of police, and derisively gazed at, it may be, by his companions in arms.

Thoughts such as these heightened my feelings of pity for the poor prisoner, when the Public Prosecutor opened the proceedings by calling out my name and asking if I were the plaintiff. Having satisfied him on this point in my best French, I begged him to have the prisoner released, and offered to undertake any expense necessary thereto; but the Procureur, as in duty bound, replied that he could not consent to stay proceedings in such a serious case. It was his duty to hand over the soldier to the military authorities, who would punish him severely, and, for his part, he was bound to punish the Jews and other civilians implicated in the affair.

However, he recommended me to write out a prayer for mercy, which he would attach to the *dossier*, or brief, which he would have to send up to the soldier's Commandant. I was conducted from the court to an adjoining room, where I wrote out my petition for pardon, and when I returned to the court-room was informed, to my great amazement, that the Procureur, contrary to all precedent, had taken upon himself to release all the accused. "Monsieur," he said, on my re-appearance in court, "votre affaire est arrangée." "Your affair is all settled." Though greatly surprised at this sudden dénouement, I was pleased at the turn affairs had taken, and thanked the Procureur, as I was willing to let off a pack of thieving Jews to save one poor life from ruin; but again I counted without my host.

At the close of the proceedings we all left the court, and I invited the detectives and police to have some refreshments at a neighbouring café. They congratulated me warmly, saying: "Vous devez vous féliciter aujourd'hui, Monsieur." "You ought to be proud of yourself to-day, Sir." The Jews told me again that I had a "très-bon coeur," but I assured them I let them off only because I could not help it; and I told all present that, while I was delighted at the release of the soldier, I did not take any credit to myself for my share in the matter; and I told them of our

visit to the church, to which alone I attributed my success in the search. The detectives did not seem quite convinced of this, and Brigadier Marc Brammerel only replied: "Les Irlandais sont très mystiques, vous savez." "The Irish are a very mystical people, you know."

I forgot to say that, already at the police-station the detectives had suggested that I ought to join their ranks, as that seemed to be my proper vocation, but I politely declined the courteous invitation. While we were sitting at the café, I noticed a young policeman at the table whom I had not seen before. He told me it was he who had actually arrested the soldier. The latter happened to be strolling in the streets when Boumendil espied him and enticed him into a café, where he told him that the theft had been discovered and that all was up. The soldier, hearing this, tried to escape down the Rue de Chartres, but was caught by this particular agent-de-police.

The same informant also disclosed at the table where we were sitting an extraordinary and almost incredible item in connection with the proceedings: "Do you know, Sir," he said, in the hearing of all present, "that when you left the court and your back was turned the Jews in court handed up an envelope to the bench, saying: "Voilà pour la caisse des pauvres." "Here is something for the poor-box"—in other words, it was a bribe, and it was accepted. The thing seems so astounding and so incredible that I would not believe it or record it here if I had not had it on the voluntary information of a police-officer who had himself been present in the court and had seen it with his own eyes.

I felt it one of the happiest days of my life as I walked past the Cathedral and along the quays to the office of a fellow-countryman, an Irish ship-broker, to let him know the result of the morning's work. His name was Keenan, and he was agent for the Marquis del Campos' line of steamers, came from Newry, and was educated at Oscott College, near Birmingham. I then called on my friend Mr. Simon Bankhart, an English ship-broker, who had very kindly rendered me great assistance when I was exporting my cargo of oranges. His excellent mother, an English Protestant lady, happened to be in the office, and I told her of my adventure. She was greatly interested, unhesitatingly believed all, and asked me to pray for another son of hers who was in difficulties, as he had a new theatre built and the expenses far outran the estimate.

It happened, too, that just on that day a French transport-steamship had arrived from Tonquin, and the troops it had landed were swarming about the city, celebrating their release in a boisterous fashion. If I remember rightly, the

name of the troopship was the *Chacal*, and I remember on a previous occasion seeing the arrival of a French troopship bearing the name of *Shamrock*.

I felt so glad to think that my soldier was free to associate himself with the holiday-makers, but in the evening got a rude awakening. On looking at the evening papers, I found to my dismay that the principal papers, the *Akhbar* and *Moniteur de l'Algérie* had a brief allusion to the proceedings in court that morning, as follows: "Le nommé Francois Souloumiac, ordonnance de M. le Capitaine _____ du Train des Equipages a été accusé de vol au préjudice du Sieur _____ N_____."

I was dismayed, as I felt it was all up with the poor soldier; so I hurried off to the Rue Arago to see his officer and plead for mercy. He told me he knew all about it already, as the soldier had failed to turn up for duty, and, when questioned, had to confess that he had spent the night in the lock-up. I interceded for him, especially as his Jew accomplices had been let off, but the officer said that strict discipline had to be maintained in the army, and he had no choice but to report the matter. I went also to Mustapha Supérieur to plead before the head of the Army Service Corps, but got the same answer. He agreed that it was disgraceful that the Jews should get off scot free, and encouraged me to fight the matter out.

So off I went to the Palais de Justice. The Procureur recognized me among those waiting in the ante-chamber and asked me if I was satisfied. I replied that I was far from satisfied, as the soldier was being punished and the Jews, who were equally guilty, were let off, and I added that I intended to fight the case. He told me that according to French law I was out of the case altogether, as I had received compensation and could not prosecute in the public interest, as English law allows; but he did not tell me, what I learnt afterwards, that his Assistant Procureur was himself a Jew.

Much against my will, I had to let the matter drop, although all agreed that there had been a gross miscarriage of justice. From both military and civilians I heard bitter complaints that since the Franco-Jewish Minister, Crémieux, had obtained the emancipation of the Jews corruption had become rampant in business and legal matters.

El Mokrani, a powerful Arab Kaid and friend of France and of the foremost French Generals, and an honoured guest at the Emperor's table at Compiègne, revolted in disgust at the changes made in Algiers after 1871, especially the substitution by the Jew, Crémieux, of a Civil Commissioner in place of Marshal MacMahon, the Military Governor. "If my position is to depend on a Jew," he said, "I renounce

it, though I am willing to support anything from one who wears a sword, even if he uses it on me."

In conclusion, I must make it clear that I am not an anti-Semite. I never forget that the Jews were a great nation, the chosen people of God, the foundation on which the Christian religion has been built; but when Jewish activities assert themselves by dishonesty in business and the corruption of justice it is high time they should be restrained.

To make a long story short, I took train from Algiers to Oran, where I got a boat which eventually landed me at Tangier in Morocco, where I spent a couple of weeks. Thence to Gibraltar and by P. & O. boat *Clyde* to Tilbury docks, a journey of four days; thence back to Ireland, where I found that my family had removed to another K—— House, a beautiful seaside residence in South County Dublin, where I made notes of these events, which I now record in my old age.

I may add that I dislike novels, detective-stories, pictures, or anything that is faked or untrue, and would think it waste of time to pen this narrative if it were not historical fact, and truth is sometimes stranger than fiction. Shortly after my return to Ireland, I learned from the military authorities at Algiers that the young soldier had been court-martialled and condemned to three years' penal servitude in the prison of Berrouaghia.

[THE END.]

Hero-Scribes

*For Eire's famed flag of battle once again,
Flung out its silken folds upon the breeze,
The dawn its blazing meteors flashed amain,
And sped its message over distant seas.*

*And in that ancient city of a king
Who fought his fight on Clontarf's bloody strand,
And heard the Danish galleys homeward ring,
Ere death, the victor, clasped his conq'ring hand,
These later Gaels in battle side by side
Laughed tyrants' might and Slavery's chains to scorn,
And they, like Clontarf's victor, gladly died
That Freedom, heavenly child, should be reborn.*

*Lo! in the East for aye their names are writ,
With hero pens dipped deep in crimson stream,
In lasting shame shall Erin sheathe a sword
Whose edge the golden stars have set a gleam.*

SIBÉAL GOGARTY.

ROGER CASEMENT, GERMANY AND THE WORLD WAR

THE IRISH BRIGADE

IN July, 1915, as already indicated, Joseph Plunkett, after strenuous activities for proper recognition for the Irish Brigade, decided to return to Ireland to secure a Volunteer officer, preferably Major John MacBride, to command the men who joined the Brigade and were to be trained as a machine-gun company, attached to the 203rd Brandenburgers at Zossen by Berlin. Father Nicholson,¹ about the same time, returned to the United States, where the friends of Ireland were to be informed of the Irish-German situation: its needs and its prospects. Soon after, Capt. Monteith, who had been Director of Training in Dublin, arrived from America, followed by a special courier, J. Kenny, under the name of Kelly. Thereupon I was summoned to Berlin, and while our triumvirate—Casement, Kenny and the author—discussed plans for the future in a quaint hotel in Potsdamer Platz, I could not help reflecting on the cause that, in our day, thus brought together the sons of men who, in their generation, had served Ireland also, according to their opportunities. Kenny, who ran more than one blockade, was son of a Fenian father who helped to burst the police van at Manchester; my own antecedents have already had attention; Casement was but following in the footsteps of his father, who cast aside England's sealed orders as he sailed from India at the head of his cavalry regiment *en route* for Ireland, to extinguish the rays of freedom that thrilled Young Ireland in 1848. Roger Casement, senior, left the English army, knowing England's purpose as expressed later by Queen Victoria in a letter to her uncle: "I am sorry," she wrote, "I did not let loose my entire forces on rebel Ireland and complete the work left unfinished by hunger and privation." When the Young Ireland Cause, which he aided, was defeated, Casement became military aide-de-camp to Kossuth, "the Daniel O'Connell of Hungary." But the supremacy of Austria soon forced

¹ By a strange coincidence, Father Nicholson called at the BULLETIN Office while this chapter was in the printers' hands, and kindly favoured us with an interview, which will be found elsewhere.

Kossuth, his Irish aide-de-camp, and small party, to seek domicile in a friendly land, and so they had to hew their way with sabre-clash to Odessa. The general amnesty in the late 'fifties found the elder Casement retracing his steps to Ireland.

In a previous chapter it has been shown how some 2,000 English soldiers, of real or pretended Irish birth, were assembled at Limburg a/Lahn, December, 1914, from Sennelager, Doebritz, Neustadt, Ruhleben and other German prison camps. A result of the conference between Casement, Kenny and myself at Berlin was the transfer to Zossen—with the approval of Major Von Boerley and Capt. Nadouly—of the Irish Brigade recruited at Limburg a/Lahn, for intensive training in all branches of modern warfare, particularly machine-gunnery. From the Branderbuger Training Camp of old Fritz the Great, who boasted of his body-guard of seven-footers, Irishmen all, in the eighteenth century, the twentieth century again saw a company of hefty Irishmen plod their early way to the adjacent rifle-ranges with machine-guns on their shoulders and no better sustenance than black war-bread and milkless "coffee" derived from roasted barley. A Prussian Guard officer from Strassbourg and ten German N.C.O.'s—mainly Rhinelanders in sympathy with Ireland—were attached to the Brigade. Monteith aided with the commands in English; compatriot Kenny from "God's own country" was delighted. The rattle of machine-gun, rifle and hand-grenade was the chief distraction of these Wild Geese during January, February and March, 1916. Meanwhile, the inevitable had occurred. In January an "American Correspondent," who had failed to show up the East Prussian horrors enacted by the Cossacks at the outbreak of the war, appeared on the scene. This Yankee, of the gentler sex, had become a habitue of German-Irish circles, and had obtained an introduction from Captain Monteith through friends in Berlin, mostly American women married to Germans. When these were brought down to see "the Irish boys," Casement permitted Monteith to arrange a review; and the upshot was that this Chicago lady, who pleaded ignorance of Irish affairs, but would do her best on her return to America, took away photographs of the Irish Brigade in full marching order and war equipment, the Brigade football team, and the N.C.O.'s and men. Thenceforward I rigidly carried out Casement's order to "allow no neutral or suspicious interference and no interviews with the men at any time." Though certain pressure had been exerted to facilitate the embarkation of this American lady in January, St. Patrick's Day came and there was no word of her arrival beyond the Atlantic. Of that, more anon.

The same Patrick's Day, 1916, brought sorrow to the Brigade: Volunteer Patrick O'Holohan was carried to his grave on the shoulders of his German and Irish comrades. He had been in poor health for some time, having never recovered from the effects of the rigorous campaign of the first three months of the War. His life had been one of adventure. Serving in India, he escaped by a German cargo-boat three months before the War. The Declaration of War found him in Marseilles, where he read the General Amnesty Order reinstating deserters from the British army. He sought to join the Foreign Legion, but made the mistake of informing the French authorities that he was a deserter, and so was packed off to the British Concentration Camp. Wounded in October, 1914, he found his way to Limburg a/Lahn, and was one of the first to volunteer his services for Ireland. St. Patrick's Eve, I stood in attendance with a kindly German Jesuit who had done missionary work in Ireland, England and India. He spoke English well, and had come specially from the mission-house in Berlin for the Irish National Festival, as, indeed, he had been doing every Sunday for a year. At the request of Casement, I had visited O'Holohan in the garrison hospital the night previous, and he seemed to be sinking fast. The German Sisters said the German-speaking priest who visited daily had anointed him and prepared him for death, and that the doctor held out no hope of his recovery. "Major," he whispered to me in long-drawn sighs, "I shall never see the dear ones in old Ireland again. God bless them all. Say a prayer for me." I asked him if he had any particular message, and I can never forget his reply: "My dear and kind-hearted Irish mother is in heaven," he said, "and there I hope to join her soon. One sister is in Ireland, another married in the United States. Let them know some day, if you have the opportunity, that I died a true Irishman." Before I parted with him in sorrow, he added: "Bury me in my green uniform with harp and shamrock of Ireland in green and gold; let my cap with its cockade badge of green, white and gold rest on my coffin, wrapped up in the tricolour of Ireland."

I retired to my lonely bunk and, next morning, hastened with the Jesuit priest to his bedside. His face brightened at sight of us; and he remained conscious until evening. Then as the Angelus bell tolled in the village of Zossen, heralding the eve of Ireland's National Festival, he peacefully closed his eyes in death. The good priest recited the prayers for the dead, the German soldier-patients and Sisters solemnly joining in the last act of mercy. Just as the sun prepared to sink *somewhere* west of the Green Isle on St. Patrick's Day, Volunteer Paddy O'Holohan was borne to his final resting-

place with full military honours. The solemn strains of the band of the 203rd Regiment kept the Prussian Guards in step alongside the Volunteer firing party with arms reversed. Casement, accompanied by Capt. Monteith and General Von Schneider, marched to the graveside at the head of the combined German and Irish troops. As the last shovelful of earth was laid over the coffin, the sharp crack of the last volley rang out and the Last Post was sounded by buglers McKeogh, McSweeney and O'Donoghue. Then the learned German Jesuit delivered an impressive oration for the benefit of the German soldiers and civilians and the Irish comrades surrounding the last resting-place of the Irish Volunteer. He dwelt particularly on the intrepid fidelity to the Christian Faith exhibited by the Irish race through centuries of religious oppression in their native land, and exhorted the German Catholics within his hearing to persevere in the spirit of Christianity ignited from the Rhine to the Vistula by Irish missionaries of the eighth and subsequent centuries. And in asking the good Catholics of Zossen to intercede and pray for the Irish in their midst, he urged them to bear in mind that countless Irish Catholic evangelists had voluntarily exiled themselves to sustain the earlier endeavours of Germany's Irish martyr, St. Killian, first Archbishop of Wurzburg, Bavaria. He concluded with the announcement that the Irish patriot, Roger Casement, wished to say a few words on the sad occasion. Roger's soul-stirring address, which I find it difficult to recall, seemed to overawe his hearers, though understood by but a few.

"Fellow-countrymen, and comrades of the Irish Brigade," he said, "we have assembled to-day, the feast day of Ireland's patron, St. Patrick, on an occasion sad for all of us. We have assembled to pay a final tribute to one dear to us all, Volunteer Patrick O'Holohan, who has earned in full measure the honour bestowed on his last earthly march as a true soldier of Ireland. I feel assured that in coming here each one of us has contributed his share of the respect due to the Irish dead. The hope may be entertained that the memory of our comrade who now sleeps in eternal peace will be endeared to his race by his devotion to Faith and Fatherland. His name will be perpetuated in the keeping of generations to come, and a stone to mark his last resting-place will serve as a beacon to attract admirers of the heroic to the spot which now enshrines his mortal remains. A suitable inscription will remind pilgrims to this cemetery of the sacrifice made by a faithful Irishman for his country's liberty. Standing over his early grave, it behoves each and everyone of us to be in readiness so that when the time comes to contribute our share for the cause of Ireland and Liberty

we shall do so nobly and boldly, as he did. Let us pray that the comrade who has been called away from us will intercede for us and guide our footsteps for sake of Erin and the Irish people."

In a few days, Casement had erected a fine granite headstone over the grave, with an inscription sketched by Sergeant Michael O'Toole:

In Memory of
VOL. PATRICK O'HOLOHAN
of the Irish Brigade,
Born at Waterford, Ireland,
Died St. Patrick's Eve, 1916.
A Dhia, Saor Éire.

Casement also paid the Cemetery Committee to have the grave properly attended for a period of twenty years.

Here is the personnel of the Irish Brigade attached to the 203rd Brandenburger Regiment at Zossen by Berlin:

Roger Casement (Dún Laoghaire), Chef-de-Brigade.
Executed, London, 1916.

Joseph Plunkett (Dublin), Asst. Commander (later, Chief of Staff), I.R.A., 1916. Signed the Declaration of Irish Independence. Executed, 1916.

Robert Monteith (Dublin), Capt., Irish Brigade. Com. A. Company, 1st Batt., Dublin Brigade, 1914-1915. Escaped to America with Liam Mellowes, August, 1916.

Michael McKeogh (Tullow, Carlow), Organiser and Recruiting Officer, Irish Brigade; Sergt.-Major and Staff Adjutant to General Plunkett; Company Sergt.-Major, Bavarian Guard, Munich; discharged from 14th Infantry Regiment, Nuremberg, Sept. 8, 1919.

Timothy Quinlisk (Waterford), Brigade Quartermaster-Sergt. As a decoy by the I.R.B., "Quin," for months manœuvred Dublin Castle into false positions. He was shot to cover up some blunders during the Black-and-Tan régime. It was unworthy of any body of Irishmen to treat a Casement soldier in that way, instead of drafting his like to the United States.

Joseph Dowling (Portlaoighse), Brigade Orderly Sergt. The Irishman of the U-Boat taken on the Clare coast, 1918. Served over six years in nine different English prisons; released, 1924.

Micheál O'Toole (Dublin), Sergeant; Drill and Musketry Instructor. Gaelic Leaguer and, for twenty years, member of the I.R.B.

David Julian Bailey, *alias* Beverley (Dublin), Sergeant. A thin-skinned Irishman who was side-tracked when deserted by accident at Tralee, Good Friday, 1916. He lost touch with Stack and Monteith, and got cold feet. Casement urged him at the trial in London, June, 1916, to save his own life.

John MacGranaghan (Derry), Corporal. Goal-keeper, Zossen Camp and Branderburg football team, 1915-16.

Seán Kavanagh (Dublin), Corporal.

Patrick Delamore (Wexford), Corporal. Still in Germany, where he is employed as a musician in an orchestra.

Seán O'Mahony (Ennis), Corporal. Ex-champion middle distance runner, India, 1908-1911. Native Irish-speaker.

Michael O'Callaghan (Mallow), Lance-Corporal. The only Munster Fusilier to join Casement's Brigade; brother of Vol. Jerry O'Callaghan. The Irish Brigade, nevertheless, could not only boast of having two brothers as members, but of having got the Munsters' very best soldier.

Jerry O'Callaghan (Mallow). Mysteriously killed at Mallow barracks, August, 1922. Whilst detained during Curfew, was shot through "a supposed accident."

David Golden (Blarney), Lance-Corporal.

William MacGrath (Newbridge), Lance-Corporal. Middle-weight boxing champion, Zossen Camp, 1915-16.

Harry Burke (Dublin), Lance-Corporal; Irish Brigade tailor. Still doing a penal servitude term in an English prison on a trumped-up charge. In the Black-and-Tan struggle, he rendered valuable service to the Intelligence Department of the Irish Republican Army.

Patrick O'Holohan (Waterford), Batsman to Sergt.-Major McKeogh. Died at Zossen, where his grave and memorial make a centre of pilgrimage for Irish exiles in Berlin each recurring St. Patrick's Day.

James Kennedy (Waterford), champion machine-gunner, Irish Brigade. Defeated the best gunners of the Prussian Guards in a test match at the Guards' Training Camp, Zossen, March, 1916.

Patrick Murphy (Belfast), Batsman to Capt. Monteith, and oldest soldier in the Brigade.

Patrick MacSweeney (Galway). Killed in the German Revolution, February, 1919, at Munich: a native Irish speaker.

Maurice Meade (Emily), Captain Mid-Limerick I.R.A., 1920-1921. The machine-gunner who administered their deserts to the Black-and-Tans, particularly in the Ballylanders and Lone Tree Cross Roads ambushes.

Michael Dowling (Mooncoin), Piper, Irish Brigade.

John MacSweeney (Clonmel), Bugler.

Pat Keogh (Thurles), Bugler. Feather-weight champion boxer, Irish Brigade and Brandenburger 201, 202, 203 and 204 Regiments, Zossen Camp, 1915-16.

J. Donoghue (St. Helen's, Lancashire), Bugler. Welter-weight champion boxer, Irish Brigade, Zossen Camp, and light-weight champion, 1915-16.

J. MacCabe (St. Helen's, Lancashire), Volunteer.

Volunteers Michael Collins, John O'Neill, John O'Curry, Joseph Stacy, J. Barnacle, J. Wilson and Pat Carr, all of Dublin; John Greer, Bray; Patrick Forde, Celbridge; John Davis, Athy; John Murphy, Gorey; Patrick Waters, Bunclody, Wexford; James O'Carroll, John Fulford and T. MacGrath of Waterford; J. McCarthy and J. O'Rahilly of Cork; F. Sewell, Killarney; J. Ryan, Limerick; P. McGrath, J. Tracey, Tom Harte and Patrick MacMahon of Tipperary; J. Lynch, Birr; J. Berry, Tullamore; P. MacDonagh, Galway; John Daly, Mayo; J. Long, Roscommon; J. Brandon and J. Mallon of Derry, and James Carr, Belfast.

John McGoey (Derry), Volunteer from New York; Dispatch Courier between Germany and Ireland. Shot by the British at Peterhead Prison, 1916.

John Kenny (New York), Official Courier, I.R.B. and I.R.A., for dispatches between Germany, the United States and Ireland. Was attached to the Irish Brigade, Germany.

Alder Christensen (Christiania, Norway), Lieutenant and Official Interpreter to Roger Casement.

Aloys Hahn (Nuremberg, Bavaria), Unteroficier, Prussian Grenadier Guards, Potsdam; Irish Brigade Interpreter.

Joseph Zerhusen (Hamburg), Lance-Corporal, Grenadier Regiment, Berlin, and Irish Brigade Interpreter. His wife was the daughter of John Hand, Liverpool, the Fenian poet of 1867.

Totals:—

German—Staff Officers, 40; Officers, 390; N.C.O.'s, 1,500; Men, 11,500.

Irish—Officers, 8; Warrant Officers, 2; N.C.O.'s, 11; Men, 44.

These details are reproduced from official documents which, during the German Revolution following the Armistice, January, 1919, fell into the hands of the author while serving as Coy. Sergt.-Major, Republican Guards, in the vicinity of the Foreign Office, Berlin. Of the members of the Brigade, Leinster supplied 26;

Munster, 22; Ulster, 6; Connacht, 4; Manchester, 2; making a total of 60, exclusive of the two officers from the United States and Norway, respectively.

Casement's last injunctions to me before leaving for Ireland were: "Keep the machine-gun practice going, in case we send for you in the immediate future. It will all depend on how plans materialize in the homeland. The German Navy will certainly make a bold bid for a decisive blow at England's sea-power; but, first of all, 20,000 Irishmen must be sufficiently equipped with arms and war material. With this assured, the German Admiralty will find the necessary means for the transportation of the Irish Brigade machine-gun corps and sufficient English-speaking German officers, infantry and artillery, in transports—coincident with a general naval battle in the North Sea. This will engage the enemy's blockade line as far north as possible and clear a way for an escorted naval convoy to Ireland's western seaboard." The issues at stake were quite clear; and the destructive German naval attack on Lowestoft, Easter Week, was an earnest of Germany's intentions. I told the Chief I would carry on; and he answered: "Good-bye: God bless you all." At that moment I felt a presentiment that I had shaken hands with him for the last time. Everywhere, dark clouds seemed hovering around his expedition. But I still had hope. I pictured, as in a vision, the towering form of Rory marching to victory at the head of Irish soldiers to the tune of his favourite air, "The March of The O'Neill," and the old traditional Irish air as Owen Roe knew it. He often played it on the piano for us, for he was very musical. Dr. O'Curry of Munich University told me that he often spent hours with the children, teaching them old Irish airs, and even went to the pains of setting the music himself.

One thing troubled me all the time prior to his departure: I wished that he would take, instead of Sergt. Bailey, either Sergt. Joe Dowling, Sergt. Michael O'Toole, or some more dependable person. He assured me that this arrangement was completely out of his hands. Capt. Monteith chose Bailey and the Germans endorsed, on the advice of the Brigade Interpreter, Under-Officer Zerhusen. The latter was a German soldier married to a Liverpool Irishwoman, daughter of John Hand, the Fenian poet, well known in connection with the Rising of '67. Casement added—Sergt. Bailey must do his duty: Monteith and he would see to that. Anyway, no harm could be done. I left it so; but, as I had time, other procedure suggested itself. It fell to my lot, some five or six days previous to Roger's final departure, to have Bailey confined in close arrest for a breach of discipline.

He was actually condemned to military cell arrest. Monteith had him released a few days afterwards, and my scheme to detain him fell through. Monteith always termed me pro-German. Yes; I would be pro-Turk in preference to pro-British any day.

Casement's farewell letter to "the Warrant Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Men of the Irish Brigade at Zossen Training Camp," was dated Berlin, 11th April, 1916.

"Comrades of the Irish Brigade," he wrote, "we are going away on a very perilous journey, and have been forced to leave you without a word of farewell or explanation. It was not possible to tell you anything or to explain then or even now fully why we did not bring you. One reason, perhaps the chief reason, why you are not accompanying us to-day is to keep you out of the very grave danger we have to face. We are sure that all of you would have gladly faced those dangers, too, seeing that it is in the cause of Ireland we go; but we have decided it was unfair to you to appeal to your courage in a matter where all the elements of danger are very apparent and those of hope entirely wanting. You must, therefore, forgive us for going in silence from you and leaving you to the continued inactivities that have already been so harmful to you and contrary to your hopes when you volunteered for the service of Ireland. Should we live, you will know and understand all. If we do not return, or you hear no more of us, you will know we have gone to do our part in our country's cause according to what we deemed was right.

"Mr. T. St. John Gaffney is commissioned to look after the wants of the men of the Irish Brigade during their stay in Germany. When the war is over, your many friends at home and in America will certainly have you in their care and affection; meantime, you may have many hard and unhappy days to face, many trials and temptations, too, and perhaps harsh things to endure. Bear all with brave, stout Irish hearts, remembering that in what you did you sought to serve your country, and that no man could give to that cause more than you gave. You gave yourselves. Having given yourselves so freely, keep yourselves bravely. Be obedient, disciplined and patient, and rest assured that whatever happens to us, who are going from you to-day, you will find many friends in the world, and your names will be honoured still in Irish story.—Roger Casement, Chief; Robert Monteith, Captain."

They left Wilhelmshaven, Kiel Canal, that night, in U-Boat 20. The following morning, owing to machine defect, they changed submarines off Heligoland and completed the trip to the Irish coast, off Kerry, in U-Boat 19,

commanded by Lieut.-Capt. Weisbach. This submarine was supposed to have sunk the "Lusitania" off Cork in May, 1915. Casement and Capt. Monteith landed in a small collapsible boat, eight days later, at 1 a.m. on Good Friday morning on lonely Bannow Strand, to time, as per plan, the Rising to take place with mobilization in Kerry on Good Friday morning. The "Aud" passed U-Boat 19 at 8 p.m. Holy Thursday night, off the mouth of the Shannon, some twelve miles to sea, having left Warnemuide on the night of 8th-9th April, and going to sea as the German coasting tramp "Lebau," bound for a German port in the Baltic. Then the name "Lebau" was changed to the Norwegian "Aud," *en route* from Norway to Italy. The supposed port in the Baltic Sea was "Memel," and she flew the German flag in order to deceive spying and neutral eyes. Under her hatches were piled good Norwegian ship-timber, 10 feet high. The remaining 1,200 tons comprised 20,000 Mauser rifles of .302 calibre (pattern, 1908 Krupps,—not, as English authorities would have it, Russian rifles, 1903-4 pattern), and about 20,000,000 rounds of ammunition. Those rifles in the "Aud" were packed in small wooden cases, each holding five rifles, and designed for quick unloading. An Irishman would not be worth his salt who could not go down the "Aud's" gangway with a case of five Mausers on each shoulder. I should say that 100 men would easily unload 4,000 cases of five rifles each, two per journey, in two hours. The Technical Department of the German Army General Staff closely studied efficiency in man power. In 1925, General Bulliet of the American Army General Staff, who was Chief of Training on the western front, wrote in a prominent American newspaper: "The German Army, through its system of technical routine and throughout the World War, trained the German soldier to adopt combined disciplinary action in the field. The result of the Allies' casualties for the four years' warfare goes to prove beyond doubt that *the German soldier gave the K.-O. to three allied soldiers before he himself was finally placed on the casualty roll of honour.*"

Easter Monday, 1916, the dreaded news arrived that Casement was a prisoner in the Tower of London. Bailey was a prisoner also; Monteith's whereabouts were unknown. The Irishmen in the Brigade, with the exception of a few, were of opinion that Bailey would turn King's evidence. Joe Dowling seemed to hold against this fear, but events settled all our doubts. Easter Tuesday brought news of a Rising throughout the South of Ireland, principally in Dublin City. Meagre details of the exact situation, but the outlook bore the appearance of a general insurrection in

Ireland. There was commotion among the men. They petitioned me to urge their willingness to be despatched to Ireland, win or lose, death or glory. The green, white and gold, the flag of Ireland, had always flown proudly over the Irish barracks, but since the news of our Chief's arrest it flew at half-mast. Baron Captain Von Maltzahn, the military adjutant to the G.O.C., General Von Schneider, i/c Zossen military training camp, sent for me, as Acting Commander of the Brigade, and asked me to use my influence with the men to restrain natural ebullitions of feeling and prevent acts of indiscipline. He was a fluent speaker of English, and had a remarkable knowledge of the Irish character. He expressed his sorrow for Casement, then a prisoner in the hands of a cruel enemy. The proper procedure in a military emergency was discussed in every detail. A decision to "confine to barracks" all Irishmen of the machine-gun contingent was not a happy conclusion, and I had little zest for the duty of making the confinement order known to my comrades. It was in the cause of freedom for all Irishmen that our compatriots were fighting at that very moment in Ireland. We, too, in Deutschland stood out for the self-same principle.

During Easter Week, however, the Irishmen of the Brigade were at their usual machine-gun practice. Determination and fresh vigour seemed to animate them during these fateful days. Hope still reigned supreme in their hearts. Oh! for the thrill of action in the city by the Liffey, and with twenty machine-gun teams to stem the tide of tyranny in the Irish capital. The hope was destined to be vain. During the ten days succeeding that memorable Easter Monday our thoughts were with the boys in green. We knew that their splendid fight could not proceed unassisted. The "Aud" and her priceless cargo were then at the bottom of the sea, some twenty fathoms deep. The end was awaited anxiously, and with agonising forebodings. The inevitable happened. The Surrender Order had issued from the shell-rent and blazing H.Q. of Ireland's young army in Dublin. In due course, we heard of the fate meted out to Pearse, Connolly, Plunkett, so loved by us all, Clarke, McDonagh, McDermott, and Major McBride; for, once again, the British and West-British firing-squads did their dirty work well. Our noble Chief, moreover, was calmly awaiting a cruel end in London. His lot it was to follow the path sanctified by Robert Emmet, at the behest of British Imperialists and Irish serfs.

As already intimated, a number of German officials, army officers and their Yankee wives, accompanied by Mr. T. St. John Gaffney, ex-U.S.A. Consul-General at Munich, Bavaria, came to Zossen in the early Spring to see the "wild

Irish" in the barracks of the 203rd Brandenburger Regiment. Mrs. Bullett Grabish, American wife of a German officer, remarked one day subsequently: "Oh, I have just received a post-card from Copenhagen, Denmark." This was Thursday of Easter Week, and we had long previously made the acquaintance of the fair writer. I asked for production of the P.-C. It read: "Am O.K. Write you definite soon." *Mac.*, as Monteith termed this erstwhile correspondent of a *Chicago paper*, was supposed to have gone to the United States two months previously. In fact, Monteith had frequently expressed anxiety as to her safety, as no word or letter had come from her place of embarkation. St. John Gaffney, too, gave full vent to his feelings on ascertaining the exact whereabouts of this butterfly. "Yes," he said, "and 2,000 marks (£100) of Irish funds with her." Poor Casement had been cajoled by her new friends, including Monteith and Bailey, into giving her this amount to get her to America. That 2,000 marks would have helped to relieve the immediate wants of the Irishmen of the Brigade. I spoke my mind openly to all present, irrespective of how ill or well they might take it. *A. Gerrard*, United States Ambassador to Berlin, had dealt out a trump card. I endeavoured to estimate how much the fair one knew through Monteith's and Bailey's intimate friendship, and had not long to wait for enlightenment. A week or so after Easter Week there appeared in the *Nordeska*, a Netherlands newspaper, a photograph of Capt. Robert Monteith in the Irish Brigade uniform and a photograph of Sergeant-Major Michael P. McKeogh and the machine-gun sections of the Irish Brigade. These photographs were specially taken by order of the Captain three months previously and, as I found out later, the photo plates were given by him to his new friend to be taken to America for cinema propaganda in that country. So far as I know, they never got there; at least, they played an important part in evidence against the noble-hearted Irish patriot martyr during his trial in June, 1916, at London. The sequel, so far as I was concerned, followed quickly. *On the 24th May, 1916*, the British War Minister forwarded a short diplomatic note to my mother, Mrs. Mary McKeogh, which read: "This is to inform you that your son, Michael Patrick Kehoe, has taken up arms in the service of the common enemy, the German Government, and as a follower of the arch-traitor Roger Casement, now a prisoner in the Tower of London, and charged with high treason. Henceforward your allotment allowance, left to you by your son from his Army pay as a prisoner of war, is from this date cancelled.—(Sgd.) H.B.M.'s Minister."

My comrades had been treated similarly. The so-called

Irish Ladies' Society, who provided comforts for the Irish prisoners in Germany, cut off the supply of the "Irish mothers' donations" to the Zossen Prison Camp, where the Irish soldiers who left Limburg a/Lahn to join the Brigade were now stationed. Further, Irish parents who invoked the services of the International Red Cross Societies at Copenhagen and Geneva were told: "We have been informed by English Post Office authorities that money orders addressed through Neutral Benevolent Societies and destined for certain Irishmen in Germany are disallowed." Further still, in May, 1916, all Separation and Voluntary Allotments by way of Mothers' Allowances were stopped.

Though England's spies played an important rôle in Germany during the World War, it is not by any means to be understood that London was apprised of the exact details of the movements of Roger Casement and his mission to the coast of Kerry. The master spies undoubtedly knew some surprise was being prepared; but how, when or where, they could not possibly have unearthed until the bombshell had fallen. Britain had expended much energy and hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling during the years 1914, 1915 and 1916. The English fleet burned so much fuel in its bunkers trying to spot the gun-running of Rory of the Gael from November, 1914, to April, 1916, that its value in coin would suffice to meet the dole requirements of Great Britain. As usual, in times of crisis, the fates seem to have operated on the side of England. The tragedy which overtook the signal section from G.H.Q., Dublin, at Killorglin, occasioned a loss which proved irreparable. It is little consolation to say now that a great blunder was made by not having a second signal party sent by a different route to ensure the connection with Roger Casement and the gun-running ship "Aud" at day-break on Good Friday morning, as arranged. G.H.Q. of the Irish Volunteer Army in Dublin and the I.R.B. Executive Council were equally and fatally remiss. On Easter Saturday evening, at Limerick Junction, while a prisoner in the hands of fellow-Irishmen, the R.I.C., on his way to Arbour Hill Military Prison, Dublin, Casement was allowed a newspaper. Then he learned the fate which had befallen his Irish Volunteer comrades on the shore near Killorglin. He cried like a child for the brave men who sought to come to his rescue. A fighting chance was lost. The news had already reached the proper quarter in Dublin, with the result we all know.

M. McKEOGH.

THE PRIDE OF THE NALLENS

A FROWN upon his heated face, Patrick Nallen walked into his home through the back doorway. On the table in the centre of the kitchen was a pile of potatoes, greens and bacon ; at the table, a woman and a young girl setting plates, knives and forks in order.

Nallen was a man of fifty. He was tall and his hair slightly tinged with grey. Having been ploughing, and the day being warm, he was in his shirtsleeves. Usually he was in a cheerful frame of mind, which was reflected in a beaming face ; now his frowning brow plainly betokened something amiss.

Mrs. Margaret Nallen, a pale-faced woman, in a check apron, laid down a knife and fork with a slight bang. Then, turning to her husband, she said : " Yer dinner is ready now. Sit down to it. Come on, Mary "—the last remark addressed to her young daughter.

The three sat down at table and no word was spoken for some time. At length, Mrs. Nallen remarked : " Hurry on, Mary. When you've done, go down to the field, and mind the horses till yer father goes down ; and let Delia come up to her dinner."

Mary Nallen finished her dinner hurriedly and left the house. Still Patrick Nallen made no remark. Having dined, he pushed his chair back from the table and lit his pipe. After taking a good number of puffs, he glanced at his wife reprovingly.

" Have yeh thought better of it ? " he asked. The question seemed to come between his teeth, as though he spoke in spite of an effort to keep silent.

" Better of what ? " she inquired.

" Oh, that foolishness about gettin' a motor-car with the two hundred pounds your uncle left yeh ? "

" An' why shouldn't I get a motor with it ? Isn't it my money ? And Mary and Delia could learn to drive it in no time."

" The girls," growled Nallen, rising to his feet, " are as bad as yerself, woman. That two hundred 'ud give good fortunes to them. Instead, they want to be drivin' round in a motor moryah ! "

" Pooh ! piff ! " exclaimed his wife. " I'll tell you "—" What yeh tol' me before," interrupted her husband. " No, then, you won't." And before his wife could recover he had taken his departure.

At seven o'clock that evening, the farmer came along the public road between two horses, his head bent down as though he were in a brown study.

A man on a ladder was thatching the roof of his house which stood by the roadside. He turned his head as Nallen drew near.

" Fine evenin', Pat," he remarked.

Patrick started and looked up. " Ehuh ! Good day, Mick. God bless the work."

" You, too," said the thatcher, Michael O'Hara, a stout, red-faced individual, who wore a navy coat and had sugans wound round the legs of his trousers. " It's grand weather," he went on. " May is likely to be a fine month all through."

" Aye, aye," responded Nallen absently. He was silent for some moments. Then he looked up at the thatcher and said impulsively : " Can yeh come down for a few minnits ? I've a few words to say to yeh." As he spoke he glanced at horse-carts, loaded with timber, that came rumbling along the road.

O'Hara descended the ladder. " Come over to that gable," he requested.

Nallen accompanied him ; but he did not speak for some minutes. He appeared to be puzzled how to proceed. At last he said : " I suppose yeh know that when old Jimmie Fallon died a month ago he left herself two hundred pounds."

" Yes, o' course, I know that ; everybody does. Ye are lucky," replied O'Hara.

" I don't know about that," Nallen answered gloomily. " Let me whisper to you. I wanted her to put the money her uncle left her in the bank. But do you know what she wants to do with it ? "

" What ? " enquired the other.

" Buy a motor-car," declared Nallen tragically.

O'Hara started and stared expressively at the sky.

" Now, what d'yeh think o' that ? I've argued it with her for days, but she won't give in. The girls are sidin' with her ; though it is a shame for them ; for the same money 'ud give them good fortunes. We have a horse and car. What do we want a motor for ? "

" And there's no means o' stopping her, I suppose ? "

" No." The answer came despondently, but with finality. " Maybe yeh could think o' something ? " he continued hopefully.

The thatcher stared at the ground, and thought. " There are old second-hand ones going for less than twenty pounds," he hinted. " Why don't yeh tell her to buy one of them. After she has an oul' one for a month she won't want any more motors."

" Aye, I told her ; but she knows well what kind the old motors are. It's a new one or nothing they'll get."

Michael O'Hara was silent for a long time. Then he spoke for nearly ten minutes. When he had finished speaking, there was a gleam of hope in the other man's eyes.

" Put it there," said Patrick, holding out his hand. " Yeh have wits, and if it works as you say, I'll stand a pint or two at Tom O'Toole's."

Fifteen minutes later, Nallen arrived at his home. He put the horses in the stable. And, as he entered the kitchen, he was in a cheerful mood and hummed a lively tune. His wife looked at him suspiciously.

" The work you did since your dinner must have done yeh great good," she said rather sharply.

"It has," said Patrick, smiling and sitting down. The two girls beside the window, turning over the pages of a catalogue.

"Oh, isn't that a lovely motor," said one, smacking her lips and shaking her head enviously.

"Oh, dear, isn't it," sighed the other. "But it's five hundred pounds. And that one too," pointing her finger at another picture. "Oh, isn't it a beauty. See the grand red upholstery and the lovely blue painting and the yellow lines. Those four people in it would be you and me and mamma and father. Only two hundred pounds. We ought to get that one."

The father looked up. "If yere goin' to get a motor," he said, "I'm not goin' to go in it."

"You needn't if you like," said Mrs. Nallen, delighted to notice her husband's opposition seemed to be growing feebler. "We'll get it anyhow and drive in it to Mass. You can keep going in the side-car if you like."

"Oh, no," Nallen answered looking grimly at his wife. "If ye get a motor, I'm goin' to Mass in the ass-cart."

"What?" screamed his wife.

"Aye, I'm ready to swear that's what I'll do," he continued. "Why shouldn't I. If ye're goin' to throw away two hundred, it's up to me to save a bit. An' I'm goin' to do it."

Mrs. Nallen and her daughters gasped. The very thought of such a thing made them shudder. One of the Nallen family, whose reputation for respectability was famous, to go to Mass in an ass-cart! Really, it was incredible, monstrous!

"You don't mean it. You're only saying it to frighten us off buying the car," Mrs. Nallen chipped in, though not very hopefully.

She well knew how determined her husband could be.

"I do mean it," he said. "And I'll start goin' to Mass in the ass-cart next Sunday, I think."

The mother and daughters glanced at each other in agony. Would the possession of a motor-car compensate for the fact that one of the family attended Mass in an ass-cart? This was the question that agitated them. A thousand times no. Why the aspiring blood of the Nallens would sink into the very soil if any such thing happened.

Mrs. Nallen gave vent to a falsetto laugh. "You didn't mean to go in an ass-cart, Pat," she said. "Sure, no?"

Patrick saw that victory was his. "No, I didn't any more than ye meant to get a motor," he said, and stood up. He went to the front door and lifted the latch.

"Where are yeh goin'?" demanded his better half.

"Out to meet Michael O'Hara. I've promised to lubricate this happiest occasion of my life," said Nallen, and closed the door behind him.

R. J. BENNETT.

"BEAN FÁ N-A LEANÚ IS AN T-ÁTAIR I NÓIAIÓ A MÍC"

AR CEARBALLÁN ACÁ NA BMAÉIRA REO MAOIÓTE INY NA ROPAIÓ. DEIR RIATÓ SUP ÉAN RÉ IATÓ AR UAIŞ A ÉARATÓ ASUR É AS MEABRUŞATÓ AR NA CINEÁLAÇA BHOIM A ŞOINEAR AN CROIÓE AS AN ÉINEADÓ UAIÓTÓ.

MÍL FÍOP ASAM CÉ ACA IR FÍOP NÓ NAC FÍOP NAC BFUL BHOIN AR BIÉ AR AN T-PAOŞAL COM TROM LEIR AN BHOIN A BÍOP AR MÁCAIR I NÓIAIÓ A DUINE CLOMNE; ACÉ TÁ FÍOP ASAM ŞO MAB LÁN A CROIÓE DE BUAIÓREADÓ LEACÉROMAC AR NÓRA RUAIÓ NÍ UÓMNAILL NUAIR A BAIÉADÓ A H-AON MÁC. MAR NAC MAB AICI TÁ ÉINEADÓ ACÉ É, BA MEARA LÉITE É 'NÁ AN T-RÚN A BÍ I N-A CEANN. IR UIRÉI RÉM A BÍ AN BHOIO AR NUAIR A BÍ RÉ AS ÉIRIŞE ANÍOP 'NA ŞARÚR. ASUR IR UIRÉI A BÍ AN ÉUMAIÓ NUAIR A ÉAIMIŞ RÉ I MBUN A MÉIO' ASUR O'IMÉIŞ RÉ AR NA ROIÓIŞ.

O'ASAIR RÍ MÍLE UAIR É AS IARMAIÓ AIR FANAÉC RA BAILE AR AN OILEÁN ASUR A BEACÓ A FAOÉRUŞATÓ AR AN IARŞAIREACÉ MAR RINNE A RINNREAR ARMAÍ ANAIL. ACÉ NÍ MAB ŞAR ANN. BÍ AN FAIRIŞE 'ŞÁ MEALLADÓ IONIR UIRÉI. IR MINIC NUAIR A BÍOÓ RÉ AS IARŞAIREACÉ ŞARIBÁNAÉ AR DUINŞ CONAILL TRÁÉNOHA RAÍMARIÓ, IR MINIC RIN A ÉONNAIC RÉ ROIÉAC MÓR AS ŞABÁIL RIAR AMUIŞ AS BUN 'NA RPÉIRE. CONNAICÉAR TÓ SUP MÉANHA BÉADÓ AR BÓIRO UIRÉI. SUP DEAR A BEIC AS IMÉACÉ RIAR, AMAÉ RIAR TAOB BA RIAR DE LUIŞE NA ŞRÉME. BÍOÓ RÉ AS RMAOIÓIÚŞADÓ ASUR AS MEABRUŞADÓ AR NA RŞÉALTAÍ A LÉIŞ RÉ FÁ PAOŞAL MÁIRMÉALAC, ASUR AS BHOINLÓROIŞ ŞO MAB RÉ AR LUINŞ ASUR I AS RIADADÓ MARA TÁ BÓIRO, AMANNAÍ EILE ŞO MAB RÉ AS TEACÉ IRTEACÉ I ŞCUAN ÉOMIŞTEACÉ MAIÓIM RAÍMARIÓ ASUR UAIÓIME TUBA 'NA RUIÓE ÉARÉ AR AN ÉLAIÓAC.

NÍ MAB ŞAR A BEIC LEIR; ÉAIÉFEADÓ RÉ IMÉACÉ. BÍ A FÁIC CUMAIÓ' AR A ÁCAIR ASUR AR A MÁCAIR 'NA ÓIAIÓ. NÍŞ AN MÁCAIR BÓEC A ÉURO ÉAIÓIŞ ASUR ÉOIPIŞ RÍ CUIÓ A BÍ RPIÓCÉTA NÓ RŞÁINTE. CUIR RÍ ŞIOTA BEAŞ DE BMAÉAC BUIŞTE MAR PAIRTE AR ÉEANN TÁ CUIÓ LÉINTE. "ŞABÓLAIÓ RÍ MO LEANÚ AR AN-BÁR," AR RIRE LE N-A ÉEILE NUAIR A BÍ AN PAIRTE CUIÉA AICI. O'IMÉIŞ AN RTOCÁÉ ŞO ŞLAPCÚ AN ÁIC A MAB BUACÁILL AR AN OILEÁN A FUIAR AN ÁIC AR AN T-ROIÉACÉ TÓ.

II

AN MAIÓIM ŞEIMPIÓ RIN A O'ÉIRIŞ AN RŞÉALA AMAÉ AR AN OILEÁN ŞO MAB LONG BUIRTE AR ÉLAIÓAC NA CROIÓE, BAMEADÓ LÉIM AMAÉ AR CROIÓE NÓRAMN RUAIÓE. BÍ A FEAR FÁ'N ÉARLAIŞ AS CUIR DEIR' AR A BÁO: O'ÉIRIŞ RÉ ŞO LUACÉ LE LINN NA ŞAOIÉE MÓIRE. NÍ MAB AS NÓRAMN ACÉ I RÉM NUAIR A ÉUALA RÍ AN RŞÉAL. O'IMÉIŞ RÍ ROIÓ

so claoac na croidce an méro a bí i n-a cnáma. Uítear 'á aróbruiasáó uíte so maó a mac ar úinne de'n fúirinn asur so maó pé báitece. Ar a ceacé 'un an claoais uíte connaic pí cupla fear 'na luíge báitece i mbéal na trása, acé níor ceacéar acá a mac-ra. Fír meádon-aopta a bí ionnta a maó féarós oréa. Siota taob ba éiar daobta bí fear ós 'na luíge. Ní maó béal ná rúil ann naé maó pteallta ar as na tonna a bí 'zá nsearaoó i n-éadan na mbeann. Uí pé ar aicne. 'Na úiaró rin bí pé coramail le n-a mac i n-a méro ip i n-a éroctáiréacé. Cuairceis pí a pócaí. Ní maó leicir nó páiréar nó puo ionnta a béarfaó le fíor cé'p b'é féim. Sá veiréao rSaoil pí prollac a lémeao. Uí an siota beas de b'raacé b'riúoe fuairce uiréi taob ipceis. So úiréacé maó o'iarri a mácair ar: nó eus pí comairle toó, an lá a' o'iméis pé, b'raacé b'riúoe a caiceam i scoinnuróe i n-aice a éraicinn, asur nuair a béao léme amám caicce an "b'raacé" a fuasáil ar an oarua ceann.

SSaoil pí na cupla f'reim a bí ip an páirce asur rSaoil pí é. "Anoir," ar píre léite féim, "má eis an t-aicir an bealac peo ní béro comairce ar bíe aise surab é a mac acá annpeo báitece. Paréolán boct, seáirrao pé a faosac. Ní inneorao mé toó é a éoróce. A maísean sear Muire, a connaic o'aoon mac r'póta ar éran na croidce, cuicis liom an t-uallac peo 'ioméur orm féim."

An méro de na cuirp a támis fá éir cuiréao iao i poicis maóaire Maolám. Cuairó muicir an oileám uilic 'un an córram. Níor éur úinne ar bíe ionganar ip na veora a bí le Nóraim Ruairó. Uí na mná uilic as sol. Ruó truaicéanta a bí ann, as amáre ar na éreacúirí as sabáil i seiré i b'rao ó n-a noaimí eaoar 'á o'ir.

"Caó cuise a b'fuil tú as caoineao?" ar' a fear léite trácóna an lae rin, nuair a támis pé irceac so tobann asur fuair pé 'na fuirde or cionn na teimeao i asur acan orna éuaró amac aircé.

"Maire, tá, 'Paréolám," ar píre, "éur an bácaó rin píro a éite mé. Mé as r'maoicúasáó ar na mná ip ar na uilleacéac acá 'na noiaró. Á, f'raoer, f'raoer!"

"U'eisean to na éreacúirí so maó r'ao ionganacé am-eolac ar na claoais peo nuair a f'asao maó f'asao iao," ar' Paréolán. "Níorb' é tréan na doimne a deáirao o'aoar o'obta—nó ní maó an oróce aréir com éuaró rin uilic—tá b'fanao r'ao taob amuis de na 'oicéill. Ip f'ur ar aicne naé maó aon úinne ar bóro a cuairó ariam an bealac."

Oar le Nóraim, "ip beas acá fíor asac, a úinne boicé, so maó fear ar bóro leo a maó aicne asur eolar aise ar sac orolac f'airise fá uéic mile de na 'oicéill. Ip beas acá fíor asac so b'fuil to mac b'eads r'inte faoi na fóroe i poicis maóaire Maolám. Óe, óe, a 'Oia," ar píre, "'rí an f'airise acá feallac: 'rí acá éuaró-époróeacé."

III

Oróce foímair asur iomlán sealaige. Cuairó Nóra Ruairó amac fá éoinne bacós mónaó. Uí puo éigin i polur na sealaige asur i seúinar na h-oróce asur i n-éasceom na tunne i mbéal trása i b'rao uairce, bí puo éigin ionnta a éur cumairó uiréi. Támis taom éobann b'roim uiréi maó eis ar úinne corruair, bliadóanta i noiaró é a r'irraim so b'fuil na éneacéacé éneairúicce. Smaoicis pí ar a mac asur an uúil a bí aise beic as sabáil ríor an tuimais, é féim ip curó eile de f'arraí an oileám, oróceannaí sealaige. O'amaic pí uairce. Amuis éior ar b'ruac na mbeann bí poicis maóaire Maolám. Uí a leanó r'inte éior annrin faoi an f'annim, ar an uaircear.

Ní éiofao léite an t-uallac peo ioméur ní b'furoe. Caicéao pí a sabáil 'un na poicis asur faoiréam a éabairce t'á croidce ar uairé a leimb. Acé soiroé maó éiofao léite a sabáil ríor i samfíor de Paréolán? Búil pí irceac asur éur pí móim ar an teimro. Uí Paréolán 'na fuirde as caiceam a píora asur san focal ar.

"Naí féao tú a sabáil anonn éur Tarlac éamonn leac-uair beas le cian a éosáil an t-uine boct," ar' Nóra.

"Maire, so úiréac ó 'oubairce tú é," ar' Paréolán, "ip móir an truaicé an éreacúir, 'na fuirde annrin acan oróce leir féim." Asur eis leir a b'rao asur amac leir.

"Paréolán boct," ar' Nóra léite féim i noiaró é iméacé. "Ceicéar toó so b'fuil pé as éirise trom-époróeacé ar na mallaid. Ip f'aoa leir acá an fear a o'iméis 'na f'airise san r'isíobao. Tá o'ceiseao asam uóis éigin 'f'asáil le leicir a éur éurise!"

Nuair a méar pí so maó faill as Paréolán a beic éall i o'ois Tarlac éamonn, eis pí léite coróim Muire a bí érocta ar taob na fuinneoise, éraic an t-uirge corruocé uiréi féim, éarramis an oarar amac 'na úiaró, asur o'iméis léite as tarraingce ar an poicis. Siubail pí léite ríor léana lom f'annim' a bí ann nó so o'ámis pí so o'ci seabta na poicise. Sá éoirneál a b'furoe ar f'ubal ó'n seabta bí uairé a mic—éall i seúil an t-rean teampail. Nuair a noct an áit éurí i noiaró i siall na ballóise a f'asáil 'na úiaró, baimeao léim amac ar a époróe. Uí toirce o'oréa maó beao úinne ann, bí rin r'inte ar an uairé.

"M'anam to 'Oia ip to Muire," ar píre.

"Ná r'asáimuis, 'Nóra," ar' an toirce. "Mire acá ann."

"'Oia, 'Paréolám, cé o'innir uiré é?" ar píre.

"Uí fíor asam i scoinnuróe é," ar' Paréolán. "Támis mé ar an márom rin asur o'áicim mé é. Fuair mé r'ian i n-a póca a eis mé féim toó, cupla leicir, asur an coróim Muire a eis tú féim ar loc Deairé éurise nuair a bí pé beas. Eis mé liom an t-iomlán a seall ar san tura a ceacé oréa. Uí easla orm so mburrao pé to époróe. Acé soiroé maó fuair tura amac é?" ar r'eirean.

“Draicé Driúce a bí fuaisce i n-a léimí,” ar pipre, as toirleadé ‘r as innre dó.

Súit ríad ‘na mbeirte as taob a céite ar an uais. Bí tonn beas anbhann as éagsaom so las-bhúgácaí ra bharr asur feadóis mára as rshéadcais so cianac fá na beanna. Bí oíeac báiteac ar na ciora asur ar na tumbaí faoi folur liac-foim na sealaige, asur rsháile toirca na ballóige rinte tparna ar an áic a maó sean-lánaíam ‘na ruidé as maírsuig—an bean fa n-a leanb asur an t-ácair i noiaíó a mic.

MÁIRE.



ORÁMA SAEÓEAL

IV

BÍOS i toisí comurpan an oíóce fé deirleadó. Bí fear an tige asur bean an tige asur me féin as seanear ra reomra asur bí na páirtí ra éirtin. Bí gleó asur cup-abáile aca rin aét, i sceann tamail, o’fógraó por, oo réir veallraim, asur oo bí ciúnear asainn o’a bharr. I scionn tamailín eile, o’orclao topar an treomra asur oo éuir an páirte oo b’óise a éeann irteac.

“Sead,” ar’ a mácair, “cao atá anoir oir, nó ‘o é éuir an múir oir?”—mar ba léir ná maib ré irisí léir féin.

“Ciarrán ná leigsead túinn imir,” ar reirean. “Diomar as véanam áóam asur éba ran nsháirtoín asur ní bead ré páirca san é féin a beir i n-a óia i scóinnuioe. Ní éuibraó ré aon tamall túinne.”

O’féac an mácair timéall orainne asur o’éirig asur oo éuaró amac asur oo méirtois eatorca. Nuair éar rí—

“An t-earbos atá as teacé,” ar pipre, “asur táro as foíluim i n-a cómair”—asur níor éuir rí féin ná fear an tige a éuillead ruime ‘ran rceal.

Ní oóca so scuirrimn-re a éuillead ruime ann aét oirleadó, muna mbead so maóar as tráct an mí peo caíte ar leanbaib rcoile asur a furaét a bead ré iao oo éur le oíamairdeacé aét tabairt fé i n-a éeair. Oo éuir “áóam asur éba” mo éarao as ac-mácaíam ar an rceal mé.

Ir eumín le n-a bfuil páirca toinn nuair bhur an cozaó móir amac cionnur mar bíoó na sharrún so léir as véanam raigtoíurí oíob féin as aicéur ar an arim. Annoim, nuair éoruis na maírciní as teacé abáile, bíoó na sharrcaí as véanam banalraí oíob féin as aicéur ar banalraib na n-órbuioeal. Annoim, le

lunn na mBlack-an’-Tanp, luigeadáin bíoó mar rpoirt as na sharrúnaib, asur, níor éaire oo rna sharrcaíuib é, bíoó córram asur roéaraoí i bfoéair an banalraian ar ríubal aca. Ní feadair cao a bíonn as aon caoib aca anoir,—muna mbíonn an t-earbos as teacé!

Sead; bíonn an t-aor ós as ríor-airteacé. Nó, b’féoir so mbaó éirte a maó so mbío as ríor-aicéur, as aicéur ar túine éisín nó ar iuo éisín. Mar ní h-ionann aicéur asur airteacé. Nuair bíonn tú as airteacé, ní bíonn tú aét as cup i sceill, as leigint oir. Ní as cup i sceill ná as leigint oíca bíonn páirtí, as “véanam áóam asur éba” oíob. Bío i noáiríuib. Oar leó, ir áóam asur éba asur óia asur an ríairt, asur Miceál áro-aingeal, asur eile iao. Muna mbeoir i noáiríuib, baó éuma le h-aon túine aca i n-a óia nó i n-a óiabál é féin, nó Ciarrán nó eile i n-a óia nó i n-a óiabál nó i n-a túine i scóinnuioe “asur san aon tamall oo tabairt oo’n éuro eile aca.”

Ir ríú é maénaí ar mar rceal. Tá sharrcaile beas anhrúo asur bábós aici. Níl ‘ran mbábóis, b’féoir, aét ríora baa asur sean-éirteaca carra ar, aét, mar rin féin, tugcar toza an aircaíar oí; níor mó i beao, ir baóglac, ‘ná mar éabarrad an sharrcaile o’á veirbíurín féin o’á bsháirtoe i n-a cúram í. Nó tá “ríora” ar ríubal as an nsharrcaile asur a mácair as imir léirí. Tasann an mácair so oí an cúnair as ceannaé, mar véad, aét, nuair bíonn a shó véanta aici asur i as rshaint an ríora, veairmáóann rí i féin asur éromann rí éar an seúntar irteac asur rógann rí an ngean beas. Má véimeann, bíonn an t-áó léir mura nshabann rcaét reirge an ngean beas asur mura scromann rí ar véicead. Mar, cao éuir o’á mácair a leiréio oo véanam? Ní rógann rí caíliní na ríoraí ‘ran seacair nuair éirgeann rí as ceannaé uata! Ní rógann, ná an búirteir, ná bean an éire, ná doinne mar rin! Ir móir an náire oí é.

Nó, tá sharrún ann asur é i n-a aonar. Cionn ré capall as shabál éar brágaro. Oá mbead sharrún eile i n-a foéair, véairfad sharrún aca ar earball caróige ar an nsharrún eile láirteac asur iméócaíurí as ríadac nó as má ar fuair an baill. Nuair ná fuil aon sharrún eile aige, caicéir ré capall a véanam oe féin asur véimeann. Síúo as palaraét asur as ríocaraig é, a ríis ar a uét aige, an bealbac o’á éosaint aige asur a lám ríar aige as coimeáo earrbail a éaróige i n-a cóiligréaram i n-eugmar earrbail ceair capall aige, éuirge.

Nó, sean-capall rruioeairca ir ead é, asur é ceansaitte oe élaróe as a máreac atá iméigíte as ól nó iuo éisín. Fanann ré so ciúm, aét tabairt fé noear as rreacáo é nuair ríimeann na cuileóga é, nó, má tá aon féar ar an seclaire, é as mbeair so éioeac. Sead, asur ní oíóirte-oe iuo ná so bheicéir tú as luige ríor é asur ‘há ionrair féin ar an ocalam so páirca!

Nó rór,—asur so móir-móir má bíonn aon traen as iméacé

'ran áit,—inneall saile ip ead' d'eanparó an garrún de féin; "pup, pup, pup!" aige; a g'eaasa o'á g'earaó i n-a b'feairroaib' tiomána, a'sur é ar réirre a's tarrainst ualaige i g'comne cnuic. Ní fáca garrún níam i n-a g'luairteán,—mar ná fuil t'osa ro- f'earce i n'gluairteán a n'óeanparó pé a'itir ar, ip t'óca,—a'c' a'itirim g'ac' don lá an g'nuara'c'ac' a'sur an "g-r-r-r-r!" a'sur an "pap! pap!" a'sur an réirre'ad' a'arce, a's g'arrúnaib' na r'ráit'oe reo a'ganne, a'sur nac' annam i m'amaoán aca mé féin a's toul go t'c'í an t'orpar féacaint cia h-iaó na h-uairle bíonn c'ugam.

Tála an r'c'eil go léir, a'v'eirtear gur t'uis r'áorais mac r'iarair, go n'óeim'ó Dia t'rócaire ar! a'igne an leim' má t'uis aoinne é. T'uis, ip t'óca, a'c' ní féad'ar ar g'ábaó t'ó iongnáó t'ó d'eanam' de'n g'arrún úo bíod' a's r'áó a'itirim? Ip iom'óa g'arrún a'brann a'itir'ann mar rin' tar éir t'ó a'itir'ann na h-easlaire t'f'eircint nó t'f'eirteac' t'á r'áó an c'eat uair. Go maic'íó Dia mo b'ecai' dom féin, ba m'ic' i m'earbos, ní a'itirim i m'f'asair mé, mo b'acall t'á b'earcu'g'ad' a'gam, mo m'io'c' ar mo c'ean, a'sur mé go maor'óa c'earc a's cur t'reu'óa r'áit'í pé mo lám!

Tá cur' m'óir r'ef'íob'ca a'sur r'áit'íoe a's lu'c' léigim a'sur eile ó a'it'ior'c'ac'ail anuar i t'caois an t'ráma; cao' c'uirge é, cao' pé n'oe'ar an g'reim b'eir'ann pé ar t'aoime a'sur an t'rlige bogann pé iaó; cionnur ip f'earr é c'earaó nó é léiriu'g'ad', a'sur mar rin'. Ní féad'ar an n'oubairc' aoinne gurab é a'igne a'sur meón an leim' 'ran lu'c' éirteac'ca t'imeann t'ait'neam' de t'ráma, nó m'oe'uirgeann é, a'sur ná t'eanf'air'oe t'ait'neam' de, ná ná mo'ócair'oe é, muna m'beaó go g'reir'oe'ar nac' t'ráma ar don c'or é a'c' r'c'eal r'íor t'á léiriu'g'ad'? Uime rin', ná beaó don éir'ea'c' i n'oráma, ná ná cuir'íoe don t'rúim ann, muna m'beaó a'igne an leim' i n'aoime' cum é g'lac'ad' i n'od'air'ím? Sead', a'sur, muna m'beaó na h-a'irte'oir'í féin i n-a t'eanb'aib' le linn an léir'ig'ce, a'sur go g'reir'oe'oir'í nac' a's a'irte'oe'ac' t'íoe ar don c'or, a'c' a's cur i n'gníom' an mu' ad' c'ear'ca a's an n'orámar'oe t'óib'?

Mair'ip leir' an g'ceirt eile,—cao' c'uirge a' r'ef'íob'c'ar nó a léir'ig'ce'ar t'ráma ar don c'or,—ní féad'ar ná go b'fuil baic' a's an t'eanb'a'íoe'ac' leir' rin', féin. Ní féad'ar cao' ip g'ábaó le t'rámaib' munab' é cum r'c'eal t'ó cur' a'baile ar t'aoimib' ad' r'ó-lior'ca, nó r'ó-ame'óla'c', nó r'ó-mall-inntinneac' cum é léig'eam' a'sur é r'amlu'g'ad' coir t'eme t'óib' féin ra m'baile. Nó, r'ó- t'eanb'a'íoe, b'f'eir'íor'? Meón an leim', a'v'e'ar'ann, ba ead' t'ó r'p'ruc' Naom' 'P'roim'riar cum an c'eat m'air'f'ear t'ó c'earaó a'sur t'ó c'umaó, a'sur ba é an c'eat m'air'f'ear rin' t'ó c'eat-cuir' t'ráma ar r'iu'bal ran l'air'c'ar r'ó a'ganne. "A'v'eir'um-re l'ib'," a'rra Dia féin a's t'asairc' t'ó r'na t'eanb'aib' t'ó, "gur t'á leic'íoe'ib' mu'g'ac' t'ó." Ip t'á leic'íoe'ib', leir', mu'g'ac' an t'rámar'oe,— a'sur ip t'ruag' ná t'uisce'ar, a'sur ná cum'ig'ce'ar ar n'íor mion'ca.

"CLOC LABRAIS."

AN INTERVIEW

FATHER NICHOLSON, whose name has been so much before our readers for some time in connection with the activities in Germany of his friend Roger Casement, has just paid us an unexpected visit, and, in the course of an interview, stated as his opinion that the Irish question is primarily a moral question, and concerns not Ireland's interests merely, but a principle which involves the peace of the whole world.

Explaining why he considered the Irish question primarily a moral question, he said: "If you were asked what the English have been doing in Ireland for 750 years, and you answered truthfully, you would have to admit that they have been deceiving and robbing the people most of the time, and murdering them whenever it suited their whims, their interests and their inhuman impulses. The staggering amount of the robbery fairly baffles conception. Consider the most tangible to begin with.

"The finding of the Financial Relations Commission, appointed by the English Government, was that Ireland was overtaxed beyond three million pounds sterling annually. Presumably this condition existed since the amalgamation of the Treasuries in 1817, or virtually 110 years, making the first item 330 million pounds at the minimum. The compound interest on this would finance several Shannon Schemes. Observe, however, that is only the amount they admit taking publicly by taxation.

"Roger Casement, once an English diplomat, who knew more than the ordinary individual of governmental deeds that are dark and ways that are devious, and incidentally refused a king's ransom to publish what he knew, maintained that the above-mentioned amount represented about one-third of what they actually did take, making the amount approximately ten hundred million, that is, a billion pounds. The compound interest involved would solve the problem of emigration. But we have not got well started yet.

"Let us now consider the land robberies. Confining ourselves to the reigns of Henry VIII, Elizabeth, James I, and Cromwell, the amount of land plundered from the rightful Irish owners was between ten and fifteen million acres. As can only too easily be seen, the plunderers had an eye to business, and grabbed the best land they could find. It could hardly be considered an exaggeration to state that it would sell to-day on an average of over one hundred pounds per acre, which adds about two billion pounds to the account, plus interest. This does not include the vast amounts which

others had to pay in the form of forfeits, fines, bribes and other *et ceteras*, to save their holdings from the devouring land-sharks specially nurtured by the English Government.

"Less tangible to estimate, but not less damaging in its results, was the destruction of Irish industry and commerce. This is not merely a matter of loss in financial returns, vast as that is, but the loss of the commercial and industrial sense of the people. It would be hopeless to try to compute the loss, not to Ireland alone, but to the world, of Irish art, a condition that naturally follows loss of prosperity. This loss is all the greater, as, according to the English Ruskin, the Irish are an artistic people.

"The most intangible, but the most stupendous loss is still to be mentioned. You will understand this if I ask you how much you would take in exchange for a broken heart? I believe it could be safely said that you would not take all the wealth of the British Empire. Well, it cannot be gainsaid by anyone familiar with the conditions that the number of Irish hearts broken by England amount to millions. The bleaching bones of the hunted exiles, that strew the bed of the trackless ocean, or that were consigned to nameless and unhallowed graves in the slave plantations of the Barbadoes and the American Colonies, or that filled the fever-pits by the banks of the lordly St. Lawrence, proclaim to an astonished world that the 'heart balm' which England owes to Ireland is beyond human computation. Add to these the brutal barbarities of soldiers, savage, soulless and sin-seared, infected with the most debasing vices that degrade human nature, repeatedly let loose on a defenceless people to terrorize, mutilate, ravage and murder them, as recently occurred with the abhorrent Black-and-Tans, and add again the studied, fiendish, debasing, insulting, torturing treatment of Irish political prisoners, which drove many to more welcome insanity and others to the cruel refuge of an early grave. Now try to translate all that diabolical injustice into pounds, shillings and pence: it cannot be done by any known arithmetical or geometrical formula yet discovered; but it may give a slight inkling of England's debt of retribution to Ireland.

"The seemingly righteous Gladstone, in the noted Neapolitan Letters about 1855, fumed with fury because of the treatment of prisoners in the State of Naples. He described it as an 'outrage on religion, civilization, humanity and decency,' but, outside the case of some Members of Parliament, the same Gladstone was as silent as a clam regarding the indescribable atrocities which afflicted Irish political prisoners, compared to whose lot the conditions in Naples were a paradise. Nay more, when

certain Irish leaders protested against some of the injustices suffered by their country the philanthropic Gladstone coolly and cynically informed them that 'the resources of civilization are not exhausted.' German reparations are child's play compared to the reparations due to Ireland from the Sister Isle.

"The situation would scarcely warrant the position of those who say that Irishmen have no complaint or grievance against the people of England, but against the English Government. Just at present the English people are proclaiming to the world that their country is a monarchy only in name, that the King is only a figurehead, and that their nation is virtually a republic. In a republic the people are responsible for the Government, but whether England is a virtual republic or not, no Government could carry out its policy without the support of the majority. There were Tories at the time of the American Revolution who tried a similar cackle, and, strange to say, their echo is still heard. But the Fathers of the Revolution spiked their cannon when in the immortal Declaration of Independence they expressly laid the blame for the crimes against the colonists at the door of the people of England.

"You may have known of Englishmen who favoured Home Rule for Ireland, or even Independence; but have you ever heard of an Englishman protesting against profiting by the robbery of Ireland or insisting that his country should return the plunder? This is where the peace of the world is involved. Whatever may be their faults or defects, men have a deep-seated resentment against injustice when directed against themselves. Most quarrels, whether between individuals or nations, are the result of one party taking something which belongs to another, or to which another has a prior claim. To put it in another way: injustice is almost always, if not always, the cause of wars.

"For over a quarter of a century we have heard of Peace Leagues and Peace Movements that have made no progress. I believe it will be found that they have never insisted on justice as a condition of peace. If we could have civic peace only on the condition of burglars and bandits retaining their plunder, it would be a very unpleasant world for many. To avoid such unpleasantness, the strong must help the weak or the consequence must be chaos. Ireland is weak, and is entitled to help. To be conscious of another's wrong-doing, without using reasonable means to prevent it, is to be considered an accomplice by the moral law, and even human laws consider it accessory. If the League of Nations were anything more than an expensive pink tea it would have to give due consideration to Ireland's claim to reasonable re-

paration. English politicians and statesmen have shown remarkable shrewdness when dealing with world questions: they have shown remarkable stupidity when dealing with Ireland. They might as well understand sooner than later, that Irish friendship is a chimera, and the Irish question but a smouldering volcano, as long as no reasonable effort is made to right the wrongs of centuries, and as long as a vestige of English power remains on Irish soil.

"If sceptics are inclined to smile a sickly smile at the thought of Erin's slender wand defying John Bull's once omnipotent trident, they might recall that there was once an Irish 'youth to fortune and to fame unknown' who attended the Christian Brothers' Schools and devised a plan to paralyse the British navy. That youth was John Patrick Holland, and his plan resulted in the invention of the first submarine, the Fenian Ram. It will be also remembered that an Irishman was amongst the first who conquered the unknown perils of the North Atlantic, and it is not beyond the range of Irish genius to devise a means to make John Bull's Island tremble like an aspen leaf in the autumn wind. The moral appeal should be especially forceful to Mr. Bull, since he poses before the world as a very moral gentleman. Does he not print bibles by the ton and scatter them amongst the heathens to convert them to his views of Christianity? If he could possibly be induced to look inside those bibles he might discover one of those 'physician, heal thyself' arguments, such as 'pay what thou owest.'"

Asked if he considered Casement's mission a failure, Father Nicholson said it was far from it. While he did not accomplish all he had expected, his main purpose was advanced, namely, to realize the ideal of Thomas Davis and remove Ireland from the status of an English province in the region of international politics. The same may be said of the effort to organise an Irish Brigade amongst the prisoners of war who called themselves Irish. It will be remembered that when the war started, the air in Ireland was black and blue with verbal and pictorial lying about German atrocities, to inveigle unsophisticated Irish youths to be slaughtered in the Continental shambles, ostensibly to save little Belgium, but in reality to save John Bull's trembling hide; while some of those who should have been their logical protectors remained shamefully silent. The first purpose in view in forming an Irish Brigade was to stop this infamy; and, when work on the Brigade started, recruiting in Ireland met a sudden and unprovided death. Because I told those prisoners who said they were Irishmen that they had a country of their own and that country was Ireland, and their first duty in an emergency was to their own country, and that England had been its inveterate and

only enemy in the world, English propagandists, which means England's paid liars, termed this corrupting the men. It will be news to students of history that when any corrupting is to be done some outside assistance is needed by the nation that made an admiral of Drake the pirate (the people of Cuba, whom he repeatedly plundered, called him the dragon), made a lord of Nelson, the moral degenerate, an Irish peer of Clive, and deluged the honest but helpless Chinese with opium, not to mention the varied products of royal and noble indiscretions that have been high lights in English and Anglo-Irish history and in English Society."

When told there had been some difference of opinion as to the measure of support extended to the Irish Brigade, Father Nicholson said that a note from Casement might throw some light on the subject. The note reads as follows:

"Hotel Vasauer Hof., Limburg a/d Lahn,
"9.30 a.m., Monday, 3/6/'15.

"Dear Father Nicholson,—I am so sorry to miss you. I walked to Balduinstein yesterday and part of the way back, too, and was very tired when I got here at 8 p.m., or I would have called. Father Berkessel will go with you to Coblenz, to see the Consul there. Consult Lieut. Boehm if you want any German pass. Tell Joe and J. D. all I said to you the other day, and impress on them the great importance of backing up the handful of men in arms. You have worked nobly and untiringly for the thing you came to do, and whatever success exists is due to you and your unselfish and untiring efforts. I leave a card you might give the Heppels. Au revoir and God speed.—Roger Casement."

Asked if he thought the language question was of any importance in Ireland, Father Nicholson replied: "People who master two languages have an intellectual advantage over those who know only one. In the Canadian province of Quebec, it is virtually impossible to fill a position of importance without knowing two languages; but it is not necessary to go as far as Canada. If you cross to little Belgium, over which tender-hearted John Bull once shed crocodile tears, you will find a large number of people speaking four languages. It could be noticed amongst the war prisoners that men who had been associated with the Gaelic League manifested a superior intelligence and more rational outlook."

Concluding, Father Nicholson said the indications are that Ireland's political and economic future is largely before her, if guided by courageous, resourceful and prudent hands, while England's future might not unreasonably be compared to the witches' cauldron in Macbeth.

THE inter-county championships are making progress, but not such progress as they might, and should. Still, there is little fear of a crux, unless draws or objections arise.

The senior finals are now in sight in Leinster; and, though the issues are not quite so far advanced in the South, the ultimate contenders might be safely predicted. All the championship counties have now been engaged; and in no case has any one of them fallen by the way. Their prospects are still as sound as their prestige; and, while their most crucial engagements are before them, it is morally certain that the majority of them will survive.

In the premier football arena, Kerry was engaged with Clare, and had an easy victory as most people expected they would. There is nothing in sight in Munster to depose the great South-Western combination, who have won the National League honours while awaiting the championship challenge. Kildare has also qualified for another Leinster final with one of two familiar opponents—Dublin or Wexford, who are meeting in the semi-final on the 8th inst. The present Connacht champions, Leitrim, have just beaten Galway by seven points to three. The Ulster champions, Monaghan, have so far met with little serious resistance in the North, and unless Cavan can turn the tables upon them, seem destined to retain their provincial title.

The results of the senior championship ties played since our last compilation are as follows:—

Leinster Senior Hurling.—Offaly 5-0, Meath 4-2. Dublin 7-0, Leix 1-2.

Leinster Senior Football.—Wexford 7-7, Kilkenny 3-4. Kildare 3-6, Longford 0-2.

Munster Senior Football.—Kerry 3-4, Clare 0-5.

Munster Senior Hurling.—Tipperary 4-2, Limerick 2-6. Clare 5-5, Tipperary 2-5.

The Connacht and Ulster championships came into operation at the end of May and the progress made is disclosed in the following return:—

Connacht Senior Football.—Leitrim 1-0, Galway 1-0. Mayo 1-5, Roscommon 0-2.

Ulster Senior Football.—Monaghan 3-5, Down 1-3. Tyrone 7-3, Derry 2-3. Monaghan 6-3, Fermanagh 1-7.

Ulster Hurling.—Down 4-1, Monaghan 2-1.

The long-delayed final of the 1927 Junior Football Championship, which Kildare was reinstated by order of Congress, was played during the past month and resulted in a meritorious win for Cavan by seven points to six (1-3). It was a gratifying triumph for the Northern juniors, who thus retained the title won by Armagh for the preceding year.

There was nothing very remarkable about any of these matches. The standard of play was not very high; but in most cases the

victors were far superior in speed, tactics and combination. The real tests have yet to come; and the Leinster football and Munster hurling champions will probably experience the greatest stress. Kildare, Dublin and Wexford are still in the former competition, and which of the former will oppose Kildare in the final will be decided on the 8th of this month in Croke Park. Wexford has at length reached a state of fine efficiency and confidence again, and is hopeful of supplanting Dublin in this year's final with the "All-Whites." Cork will be opposed by Clare in the Munster hurling final. Clare has a superior team, as they have beaten Tipperary in Thurles—no mean feat. In any event the final promises to be a thrilling one; and the title may possibly change hands this year. Galway will again be undisputed hurling champions of the West, where no effective effort has been made to foster the national pastime. We know that hurlers are born, not made; but surely the Gaels of Mayo, Roscommon, Leitrim and Sligo could cultivate the old Gaelic game for its own sake? It is being done in Ulster; has been brought to success in Meath and some other long-lapsed counties; and why not in such an historically Gaelic division as Connacht?

The various senior competitions should be concluded by the end of the current month. If not, the delinquents will be forced to nominate teams for the inter-provincial ties—a most unfortunate expedient which should be avoided at all cost. The programme of major games for the coming five Sundays are as follows:—

ULSTER.—July 1.—Senior Football.—Armagh *v.* Monaghan; July 8—Cavan *v.* Tyrone.

LEINSTER.—July 1.—Junior Football.—Dublin *v.* Westmeath. Minor Football—Longford *v.* Westmeath, at Mullingar. July 8—Senior Football—Dublin *v.* Wexford (semi-final); Junior Football—Wexford *v.* Dublin or Westmeath at Croke Park. July 15—Senior Hurling—Dublin *v.* Offaly (final); Junior Hurling—Dublin *v.* Leix at Croke Park. Junior Football—Meath *v.* Louth (re-play); Minor Football—Meath *v.* Louth at Drogheda. July 22—Senior Football—Kildare *v.* Dublin or Wexford (final); Junior Hurling—Kilkenny *v.* Meath (re-play) at Croke Park.

The Connacht and Munster second round fixtures have yet to be announced, and the foregoing may be altered.

The Central Council have announced the draws and fixtures for the All-Ireland semi-finals as follows:—

August 5.—Hurling.—Leinster *v.* Munster at Kilkenny. Connacht has a bye.

August 26.—Football.—Leinster *v.* Munster at Cork, and Connacht *v.* Ulster at Cavan.

The International championship ties between the Irish junior winners and the pick of Great Britain will be played in Dundalk on the first of this month. Meath (Hurling) and Cavan (Football) will be the native representatives.

In the presence of so much activity in the field, Gaelic "politics" have become uninteresting. There is nothing to lament in this fact. A few judicious decisions were, nevertheless, arrived at during the last sitting of the Central Council. It was resolved to defer the proposed delegation to the United States until the Tailteann Games have afforded an opportunity to consult with the Gaels from beyond. The Chairman of the Leinster Council (Mr. Robert O'Keeffe), very wisely remarked that there was plenty of scope for organising at home; and it has been decided to examine the situation in the light of his comment at the next meeting of the Council. Prosperous as the G.A.A. undoubtedly is, it is not enjoying a moiety of the power and national influence it should possess. There is ample scope for a big "push" in innumerable directions; and if the Council decide to extend and intensify their work on behalf of native games, they can count upon public support. Half-heartedness, *laissez faire*, and a sweet spirit of content never get far in Ireland, and the Gaelic Athletic movement has much ground to occupy and recover. Mr. O'Keeffe's grasp of the situation was much more alert and practical than much of the roseate reports delivered at the Congress on Easter Sunday. The immediate erection of the ball-court at Croke Park was abandoned. The need is undeniable; but the sum involved was a heavy demand for a game that has yet to show some signs of self-help. It will come in good time; but further construction work in Croke Park should be planned upon a more expansive scale. When this year's championships are concluded, the G.A.A. must look ahead on a wide front and with a searching eye.

ATHLETICS

I am writing upon the eve of the National championships, and consequently cannot deal with them in this issue. The winners in some ten of the principal events will be chosen as our representatives for the Olympic Games at Amsterdam; so that the contests will be fraught with more than usual importance. They will be dealt with in detail from this aspect in the August number. Sports meetings have been numerous during the past month, but, with one exception, produced nothing out of the ordinary. The exception was the Inter-club contests in the College Park, Dublin, when Lieut. Coughlan defeated the Irish champion, Norman McEachern, and in doing so beat the existing native record for the half mile, which had stood to the credit of G. N. Morphy since 1905. It was 1 min. 56 $\frac{4}{5}$ sec., and Coughlan knocked $\frac{3}{5}$ sec. off that time. The Clonliffe team beat their own record for the one mile relay, bringing it down by three seconds to 3 min. 31 sec. This is an auspicious omen of progress in our long-stagnant arenas, and the championships may give us some further cause for congratulation and optimism. We will see.

P. J. DEVLIN.

STUDENTS' BUREAU

Rules

- I. Any number of papers may be sent in for criticism. Coupon must accompany each paper.
- II. Student's name, address and *nom-de-plume* to be written clearly on each paper. Coupon must be filled up and signed by teacher or parent.
- III. Educational queries will be answered in this column, but not by post.

Prizes

Book Prizes will be awarded to the competitors sending in the most satisfactory answers to the papers set in this column.

Notice to Students

Owing to space restrictions criticisms of papers sent in can be only superficial. We have, therefore, arranged that papers accompanied by one shilling and a stamped addressed envelope will be revised in detail and returned.

Prize Winners

Σαροεαλς: Preparatory Certificate: μάριε νί έαρλιου, ελοεαρ λορετο, αν υαμιν.

History: Preliminary Intermediate Certificate: σίτε νί ηλαοιτ εόιν, ελοεαρ να τριόεαριε. αν υαμιν.

Geography: Intermediate Certificate: Nell Tully, Loreto Convent, St. Michael's, Navan.

English Composition: Leaving Certificate: Two prizes awarded: Mary Agnes MacManus, Loreto Convent, Mullingar, and Lilian D. Bowen, Loreto Convent, St. Michael's, Navan.

Papers for Easter Scholarship candidates, 1929, will commence in this column next month.

Tests for Secondary and Primary School pupils will be resumed in our September issue.

Programme of our Examination System with Catalogue of School Books is now ready, and may be had on application to this department.

TEST PAPERS REVIEWED

ΣΑΕΘΕΑΣ: Τειρτεαρ υλλινιγίτε: Διρτε 30, αν τιομλάν 100.

Σιάννε: Διρτε: Σζηρόβανν τύ 50 βεαδέ δέτ νίλ το έυτο εαιντε 50 λιομέτα. Ταιέν ποινν να 50εαρτ 50 νόρ λινν: Σζηρόβανν τύ να πρεαζαρέτα 50 ερμινν ιρ 50 η-ιομλάν δέτ δάμαν εειρτ 6. Σζηρόβ: να 50έινε, φολα, βυαδάλλα. Διρτε 20, αν τιομλάν 82.

ε. νί 5.: Διρτε: Μολαμίτο αν διρτε ρεο το βάμν λιομέταδα ιρ ερμιννιρ: έυζαιρ πέ να εεάρταιβ 50 βεαδέ. Διρτε 19, αν τιομλάν 79.

Geography: Intermediate Certificate. Maximum 100

Lady Tirconnell: Paper is very creditable and shows an intelligent grasp of the subject: discussion of question I. is slightly irrelevant in parts. Map drawing is commended. 82.

Heber MacMahon: Your contribution is of particular merit, and but for question 6 you might have been the prizewinner: this question was correctly answered but not with the clearness and detail of prizewinner. 79.

English: Leaving Certificate. Essay 100

Anthony: "A Railway Journey": Subject is dealt with intelligently and ideas are developed in strict logical sequence; the only defect in essay is a certain artificiality in expression due to use of bookish vocabulary. 75.

Aideen: Same subject: We would have preferred a description of an actual journey: your picture of a train journey through Egypt is, of course, second-hand, but you made good use of your original. 74.

Chimère: Same subject: Yours is an interesting and original essay and is particularly promising. 75.

Youghal: Same subject: Essay is highly commended: style is fluent, and the incidents of the journey are exceptionally well described. 80.

Rodrigue: Same subject: You write a pleasant description of the journey to Galway, but there are occasional dull passages; you have, however, a promising style and you know how to present your subject. 77.

A. F. (no penname): Same subject: For a student of your age you write an exceptionally good essay: style is as yet a little monotonous, but with practice this defect will disappear. We do not return papers unless accompanied by a fee of one shilling and a stamped addressed envelope. 70.

Amber Wave: "A Local Election": Subject is discussed in an uninteresting fashion, and paragraphs are much too scrappy; your expression is satisfactory and shows promise. 76.

Orlando: Same subject: There is a sameness in structure of sentences which makes essay read monotonously, otherwise your work is meritorious. 77

Felstead: "The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven": You handle this abstract subject with commendable skill and in a fluent and easy style; vocabulary and literary references are especially appropriate. 78.

Pegasus: Same subject: Discussion is excellent: style is occasionally lacking in rhythm owing to lack of connecting force between sentences; this defect, however, is perceptible very seldom. 80.

History: Preliminary Intermediate Certificate Maximum 100

Test Paper was, on the whole, intelligently handled, though there were a few students who contributed rather scrappy and pointless answers. We repeat the advice to competitors to study question thoroughly and to relate question and answer so as to avoid irrelevancy and to note the essentials only. There was no need for instance in answer I. to give a detailed account of the Rebellion of 1641, a general reference would have been sufficient. Names follow in order of merit:

The All Whites 91. *Lady Tirconnell* 81. *Heber MacMahon* 70. *Sarsfield* 70. *Florida* 70. *Colum* 70. *Wild Irish Rose* 68. *Ivanhoe* 68. *The Golden Hour* (b. ní n.) 67. *Golden Hour* (a. ní c.) 66. *Dyralla* 62. τ. ní f. *Caipleán* an éumair 60. *Bluebell* 60. *Glendalough* 57.



HEAD NA NÓ5

AIM: To become Good Irish Catholics.

RULE: To say one Hail Mary daily for Ireland.

"Next to God, I love thee,
Dear Erin, my native Land."

Δ λεανθαίρε μο έμοιρε,

Βεατα δζυρ ρλίαντε δζυρ λαεάνντα ραιρε ρονναραδα οίβ 50 λείμλ
Indeed you deserve a happy two months of freedom from books, for I am sure you worked δμ νόρ να μβεαδ for the last year, and probably most of you have a few years more of hard study before you. But the days of your youth are the days of your glory, so enjoy every moment of them.

Studying may be wearisome at times but it is without that worry and sense of responsibility that shadow things in later years. You're free lances now for the only time in your life—I won't say "probably," but "certainly." Wouldn't it be great if our care-free youth, with all its attendant joys and innocence, its happy-go-lucky, come-aday-go-aday atmosphere, could come back to us, say at 40, when we have learnt by experience that it was the happiest time we are likely to know? But that's the way with things, my

dears. Life has a funny way of blinding our eyes to our happiness till it is gone from us, when all the king's horses and all the king's men can't bring back an hour of it to us. We realise *now* how happy we were, if only we had known it; or again, we live in the future and erect fairy palaces, every road leading thereto being strewn with roses, roses all the way.

Let you be wise in time and enjoy your freedom from care. The two months will fly. But so live them that they will be a happy memory for others. Fill them with kindness and thoughtfulness for all around you, first *YOUR OWN* people at home, then others, especially the old, the lonely, the sick, the poor. To be kind to outsiders and a thorn at home is to be a first-class humbug!

Perhaps you know some poor body bed-ridden or room-ridden, who sees the sunshine not as a glorious flood one can soak oneself in, but merely as a passing patch of light on a wall opposite; or who never sees close-up a meadow in its glory of long sunlit grasses, marguerites, buttercups, fox-tails, rye-grass and sweet-meadow! Think what a deprivation that is! Well, could you not bring joy into that shadowed life by going in with a cheering smile and word, a paper, book or bunch of flowers—common, everyday ones.

For flowers have been known to heal
A common man's despair.

Little deeds like that will fill your Summer holidays with happiness and sunshine even if the rain it raineth every day. But they say we're going to have a bumper Summer for sunshine.

Don't forget too to learn to swim if you don't already know, and put on your water-goggles, duck down your head and admire all God's lovely under-sea world. Then write and tell me what you saw. Alas, *I* am too old to try—old *meaóð*'r joints, like Betty's, are on the rack. But I have my goggles ready.

Are you interested in aviation? That was a wonderful adventure of the "Southern Cross," wasn't it? San Francisco to Sydney in three hops! In another fifteen years, September will see you hopping to school in Navan, Sligo, Monaghan and Tralee, in your little Moth-plane with your trunk in the offing, piloting it yourself. What a surprise for Reverend Mother to see her boarders swooping down like bumble-bees on her lawn! Won't the sky look lovely, with crimson, violet, jade and jazz "butterflies" shooting across the blue, and playing hide-and-seek with the clouds. Ah me! to be young again and going—to school this way! And to think that God knew all the time about aeroplanes and could have advised the captive Israelites escape in that way from Pharaoh!! But when you and I are angels up above, aeroplanes will be slow to us; we'll have only to wish to be in a place and we are there. A Cork man will only have to say "Dublin" and there he is. And if there's school in heaven, all you'll have to say is "Home" and—ah, well there won't be anything like that in heaven, please God! (Inconsistent *meaóð*!)

Here I am romancing instead of discussing the competitions. There was a great number of solutions, but the first competition was misunderstood.

My fault, I did not say what I meant. What I wanted was poets' thoughts about May.

Ελίτίν, you should have given me names of the authors you quoted in your very full answer. *πεις*, your essay was very good, but not what I wanted.

It was a pleasure to read of all the May altars the Under-Twelves had in honour of Our Lady. She will bless the house in which such honour is paid to her. One child with a grand Irish name wrote it in English! And some names looked as if it was their first time to appear in Irish dress—surely I'm mistaken!

Tralee sent me its usual bundle of good Irish essays. Another bundle I got were in English. Won't you hurry up, *α τελεθειοτε*, and learn to write in our own loved tongue?

The joke competition was well done, and gave me a pleasant half-hour. All solutions were in Irish.

The first competition this month is from a very interesting book I am reading, *εαετραιοεαεετ*, by *σεαν να σεαλλαις*. I omitted only obvious words, so this competition should be liked. So too should the one about Irish goods.

Thanks for all your letters, especially for your amusing one, *ελιρ*. So you're sure *meaóð* is a man. Well, that's funny and my photo appearing so often with my bairns! Why not call in to see me next time you're in the city and you'll recognise me at once from the photo. Thanks for invitation to spend my honeymoon in Tralee. I promise you if ever I find that *meaóð* you say I'm looking for, I'll surely spend part of the time in beautiful Kerry. Look out for that hat of mine—it's surely inimitable!

Welcome to the *neaθ*:—*μ. νί σταταρια, ρ. νί θονηεαοα, m. νε ηίσε, η. νί λαίεη, τ. νί ηινηεαζαη, ρ. νί σεαρεαίς, m. ηιε λοελαηη, ε. νί ορηβαηη, m. νί εαηηη, m. νί σεαλλαις, s. νε βαρηα.*

Βαι ό ύια ορηαιβ ζο λειρ.

meaóð.



COMÓRTAISIÓE BEAΛTAINE

I. *εαιελίν ηί εαομάηαις, 3 σπáτο να ερηηηηζεε, εε-ί.*

II. *μαίξημέα ηιε οεάαοα, 28 σπáτο να οοιηε, εε-ί.*

III. *ηόρα ηί σύηηεαβáηη, οιοεαη να τηόεαηε, σεοηη ηαοηηη οόηη, τηάίξηί, εζυη μαηηη ηιε λοελαηηη, οιοεαη αη ερηεοηηη ηαοηηεα, ελαηη τηαιηβ.*

Vol. xviii.—31.

ιον-μόλτα

1. ρεις ní súllebáin, m. ní úruain, m. ní slatairra.
2. m. Scoláir, m. ní éaoiméalbáin, m. ní úóinnailt, úóinnailt mac Suibne.
3. e. ní éaoimléain, p. ní saillíoe, p. ní úóinnéaóda, s. oe úairra, n. ní éaoimléain, n. ní laicín, m. ní céallais, m. oe híoe, m. ní éuain, e. ní éorúain, r. ní searicais, t. ní fínneasáin.

COMÓRTAISIOE IÚIL

I. Cuir irtead na focla atá ar iarraidh:

“ Mo úearúrádái úráúúar i léúar na cúirte rin úia luain! A úia na — ; oein ár úúmar oo úioirúúáó úúinn!” Ú’úin é an t- — ráioir a bí i — an maricais, asur ba leóir é. Úis an t-eac é, asur éun ruúair leir — i n-áiroe. Marí reo úóib i úcoinnib — asur báirúie asur úur ar — éasáó leo an bóúar caol carra ú’áimríúúáó —. Anoir ír arír bíúó — roúoir le reicirnt ó fúinneois i — an bóúair — “ eacúairúeacúe.”

Úuair, leúbar 5s.

II. Essay: “ Over mid-Atlantic and petrol nearly gone.”

Úuair, leúbar 3s. 6d.

III. (Under-Twelves) Irish manufactures, supply the missing word—e.g., “ Urney — ” would be “ Urney chocolates ” :—

Becker's	_____	Lee	_____	Farnac	_____
Blarney	_____	Foxford	_____	Leander	_____
Roebuck	_____	Science	_____	Dripsey	_____
Bolands'	_____	B.B.	_____	Kennedy's	_____
Black Swan	_____	Ganter's	_____	Golden Bee	_____

Úuair, leúbar 2s. 6d.

me.úú.



FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS

HOME EMPLOYMENTS: PRIVATE TEACHING—JAM-MAKING—COLD SWEETS

PRIVATE Teaching is suggested for the girl who, having trained for Primary or Secondary Teaching, is compelled by force of circumstances to remain at home and is thus debarred from following her profession in the usual channels, viz., Primary or Secondary Schools.

The very necessity of her remaining at home assumes that she has to take part in the household management, but, even so, there is no reason why she should not continue to teach and turn her training to some profit. To do so will entail method and energy, but these are surely part of a trained teacher's "stock-in-trade." Rising at seven each morning, she can count on a day of at least fifteen hours. Of these, two or three morning hours might be set apart for pupils as well as a further two or three hours in the afternoon, and this without at all taxing her unduly or interfering with her domestic duties. Indeed, the very change of atmosphere which is the visiting governess's daily experience, going as she does from her own home into those of her pupils, is very beneficial to her, taking her out of the household groove and keeping her mind fresh and interested.

Prospects: In every neighbourhood may be found mothers anxious to secure a thorough grounding for children too young or too backward for ordinary school life, and both able and willing to pay reasonable rates for it. And the girl teacher who loves children, manages them tactfully and pleasantly, and who possesses the knack of attracting and holding their attention, is practically certain to make good.

The above concludes Home Employments, but I shall be always pleased to answer queries on the subject and to make helpful suggestions.

* * *

Jam-making will be already in progress when these Notes appear, and for the benefit of new readers the following Jam-making Rules are set forth: Use only sound fruit picked in dry weather. Note that over-ripe fruit is deficient in pectin and will not "jell." Weigh prepared fruit and sugar carefully and follow recipe with equal care. Stir with a wooden spoon; skim well to remove cloudiness and impurities, and, when the preserve sets, pour into dry warmed pots, and cover at once. The last point is important: Covering while still hot prevents the entrance of germs and insures the jam keeping well. Jam manufacturers cover their jams hot, and they ought to know the best methods, seeing that they have a reputation to maintain. Label pots on the sides with name of jam and date of making. Finally, store in a cool dry place, cupboard or shelf, latter out of direct sunlight. The pots should be kept well apart to allow air to circulate freely and, during a continuance of damp weather, it would be wise to look them over and, if necessary, wipe the outsides of the pots with a clean dry cloth. If must is suspected, uncover, remove any slight must that might have formed and reboil the jam with a small amount of sugar. Even with this precaution, the jam should be marked for immediate consumption.

RASPBERRY JAM.—1 lb. prepared fruit to 1 lb. of preserving sugar. Put sugar on a large dish in the oven to heat well—it must not colour. Hull the berries before weighing them, rejecting any unsound, put them into the preserving pan and bring to boiling point. Then add the hot sugar, allow this to dissolve before setting the pan on the fire again. Bring to boiling point, boil for five minutes, pour into warm dry pots and tie down at once. Loganberry jam is made by same recipe but requires longer boiling.

BLACK CURRANT JAM.—To each pound of stemmed fruit allow 1 lb. of preserving sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of cold water. Put fruit and water into a preserving pan, bring to boiling point and boil steadily for ten minutes. Then add the sugar, previously heated in the oven, bring again to the boil and continue cooking for about half an hour, keeping it well stirred and skimmed. It should not be too stiff, and this applies equally to red and white currant jams. Pot and cover at once. In small households where jam is not consumed quickly, it is best to store all preserves in one-pound pots.

Other jam recipes on request—greengage, plum, strawberry and rhubarb.

* * *

The following cold sweets are specially suitable for summer menus :

JUNKET.—This is delicious, served with stewed fruit and whipped or clotted cream. To 1 pint of new milk allow 3 lumps of sugar, 1 dessertspoonful of prepared rennet, vanilla or other flavouring, nutmeg. Put the sugar into a deep glass dish or bowl and drop the vanilla on to it—brandy or rum may be used, if preferred. Warm the milk to blood-heat in an enamelled saucepan, pour over the sugar, add the rennet, stir round once or twice. Cover the junket and leave in a warm room for the curd to set. When solid, grate a little nutmeg over.

BANANAS AND STRAWBERRIES.—4 bananas, 1 pint packet lemon jelly, 1 gill cream, milk, strawberries. Peel and mash the bananas and beat with a fork till quite smooth. Dissolve the lemon jelly in quarter pint of hot water and beat into it the banana pulp. Whisk the cream to a stiff froth, stir to the other ingredients, and add sufficient milk to fill a pint mould. When the jelly is quite firm, break it into pieces and turn into a glass dish, filling up spaces with ripe red strawberries, sweetened with castor sugar and mixed with cream.

STRAWBERRY OR RASPBERRY FLUFF.—Strawberries or raspberries, castor sugar, whites of 2 eggs. Hull and mash the berries, but do not make too juicy. Whip the whites of the eggs to a firm froth with a little castor sugar, whipping until as solid as possible : success depends on this. Then, lightly mix in the pulped fruit, using a silver knife or fork. Fill champagne glasses or custard glasses with the mixture, putting a few whole berries on top. Stand each glass on a small glass plate with ice wafers placed at the side. Make just before it is required for table and serve as cold as possible.

PECHE MELBA.—Ice cream is required for this favourite sweet, otherwise it is easy to make. Open a tin of the best lemon Cling peaches. Place half a peach on each individual glass plate, fill the centre with a generous spoonful of good ice cream, pour over a little of the fruit syrup, pile some whipped cream on top of all, and garnish with cherries—maraschino cherries if for a special occasion, but glacé will serve the purpose.

BEAN A' TIGHE.

BOOKS OF CATHOLIC AND IRISH INTEREST

O'CONNELL SCHOOL CENTENARY RECORD. Published by the Christian Brothers, O'Connell Schools, North Richmond Street, Dublin. 1928. Pp. 215. Price 6s.

THIS worthy and impressive volume—excellently produced, both as to text and illustrations, by Colm O Lochlainn, M.A., at the Sign of the Three Candles, Fleet Street, Dublin—deserves a very special welcome from all Irish educators, and deserves, too, their very special study. Contributed too by layman and cleric, past teachers and students of the great school in the North City, it gives by cumulative evidence and impress the veritable stamp of Irish and Catholic education. It is not, in the narrow sense, a mere record of a School, though that, too, would by itself have been of permanent historic value. It goes much further. It deals with many Irish problems, cultural, national, religious. On all of them it has a true and inspiring principle for its guidance. Every school library in Catholic Ireland should have a copy in use.

There is in its fine pages no sharp severance of interests temporal and eternal. This is the Catholic and, above all, the Irish way: it is all to the good. The two were marvellously harmonised in the work of Brothers Rice, Grace, Swan, with whose personal activities and outlook the earlier section deals. The handling of that truly great Catholic leader, O'Connell, is always worthy and effective. Such a record of his work, such a tribute to him, is both timely and valuable.

If we would select one leading element in the many subsequent chapters, to point to as characteristic in its outlook on Catholic Nation-building, it would be the presentation of the work of the young Catholic men of science who have passed from the O'Connell School into our Dublin College of the National University of Ireland, and have there and elsewhere, as at Vienna, done credit to their School, their University, and their Nation. This extends to many branches of mathematical, physical, and natural science; the value of such training is an ever expanding national asset. The record, in this and in other respects, errs by being too modest and too reticent. Here, among other departments of knowledge, is one in which Catholic Ireland has rapidly come into that position of leadership long denied it by inequitable laws and by ascendancy policy; and here, too, O'Connell School has nobly done its duty. No more need here be said in praise of this most creditable tribute to a hundred years of Irish and Catholic education of the true Irish people.

BOOKS OF IRISH INTEREST

A CONCISE DICTIONARY OF IRISH BIOGRAPHY. By John S. Crone, M.R.I.A. Dublin: The Talbot Press. 1928. Pp. viii. + 270. Price 10s. 6d. net.

DR. CRONE has excellent justification for this very serviceable volume. The *Compendium* of Alfred Webb is in no way superseded by the new work, and yet is greatly reinforced by it. The notices are concise indeed, but are more attractive and readable than those to be found in the elaborate one-volume summary of the English *Dictionary of National Biography*. Dr. Crone's own very terse preface is a model of simple expression. It goes much too far in the way of modesty, when it describes the work as a mere "list" of notable Irish names: and it is doubtless quite correct in claiming that, among such "lists," it is "the most complete and comprehensive." Detailed criticism would be impossible in respect of such a work, save in a form that would be of little public service. We congratulate Dr. Crone on his achievement, "a labour of love," as he calls it. He is indeed a happy man who can so unite zeal and affection in national service.

While detailed criticism may not be ventured on with either fairness or serviceableness, in a notice such as this, and in these pages, it may be not out of place to indicate, among many good points, one or two issues on which, after careful investigation of the contents of Dr. Crone's work, a readjustment of interests and values would appear to be reasonable in a future edition.

While there is a considerable advance on Alfred Webb's work in respect of early Irish historical figures, both in the world of action and in the world of thought and learning, there are places in which there is still a rather serious deficiency. One such place is the epoch 1560-1770. The Catholic figures of the Penal Times, both at home and in Europe, have not yet got adequate place. A few instances will serve to show this. Louvain was the foremost University in Europe during nearly the whole of that period. It did five Irishmen the honour to elect them Rectors: they were also notable as professors in more than one faculty, and one at least is a notable writer. But there is no mention of any of the five—John Shinnick of Cork, Thomas Stapleton of Fethard (ten times elected Rector, an unsurpassed honour), Hugh Brady of Monaghan (his portrait is in the National Gallery), and John and Florence O'Sullivan of Dunkerron in Kerry. At the same epoch occur four other notable names, recently written on (1920-25) in important papers on Irish history. These are John O'Molony I, and John O'Molony II, Bishops of Killaloe; their predecessor in such national and ecclesiastical service, Archbishop MacGibbon of Cashel, and their successor, Silvester Lloyd, O.F.M., Bishop of Waterford. All four were men of influence in European affairs on behalf of Ireland. In

a word, that two hundred years and more need to be far more thoroughly worked over; for conspicuous omissions are more numerous by a good deal, than this sample list of nine names.

We are not content that tenth-rate nobodies of the Anglo-Irish side, whether in the Penal Times or later, should be accorded such a relatively large amount of space, while famous Irish writers, known even to-day in the serious departments of learning and literature, are passed over. Silvester Lloyd is one such writer. Another is Michael Wadding (Godinez), author of a most notable treatise on the mystical life, often translated and reprinted, even in our own day. The petty trivialities of the Anglo-Irish stage are no compensations for the absence of mention of these writers; and we have not named others even greater still, whose names do not occur. The Irish poets and teachers of the period 1700-1830 are poorly provided for. Why is Thomas Sheridan inserted, and Humphrey Sullivan, Pierce MacElligott, and many of their peers omitted? The names of any five of these Gaels outweigh a score of nonentities on the other side, to whom Dr. Crone is much too lenient.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH: ESSAYS, POEMS, LETTERS, PLAYS. Bicentenary Edition. By Padraic Colum. Dublin: The Talbot Press. 1928. Pp. xx. + 346. Price 2s. 6d. net.

PREFACED by Mr. Colum's Appreciation, and including even a complete bibliography—though not the Iconography inserted in the Table of Contents—this volume of good size is excellent value. Not every one can appreciate the Essays of Goldsmith, which like the work of all the English essayists, from Addison to Leigh Hunt, lack substance and hence lack true style. But Mr. Colum has done very well in giving us Goldsmith's Letters, something like forty pages of them. They show the writer to have had really very little connection with the true Ireland of the time, while he was obviously a man of sympathies and even affection for the friends of his youth in Ireland. Against that aspect of the situation, Mr. Colum pleads, not very convincingly, in the introductory appreciation, instancing the likelihood that he would have spoken Irish, and a few other references, besides, to the real Ireland. But nothing is clearer than the fact that he was always an English writer, having a small number of quite private and domestic friends in Ireland, written to, but never seen by the man of Letters. This is true even of the writer of the *Deserted Village*. In Ireland, as Mr. Colum notes, he led the drifting life of the landless squireen. It was a bad beginning, and Goldsmith never grew entirely out of its resultant characteristics.

SPENSER IN IRELAND. By Pauline Henley, M.A. Cork University Press, and Educational Company of Ireland, Dublin and Cork. 1928. Pp. 231. Price 6s. net.

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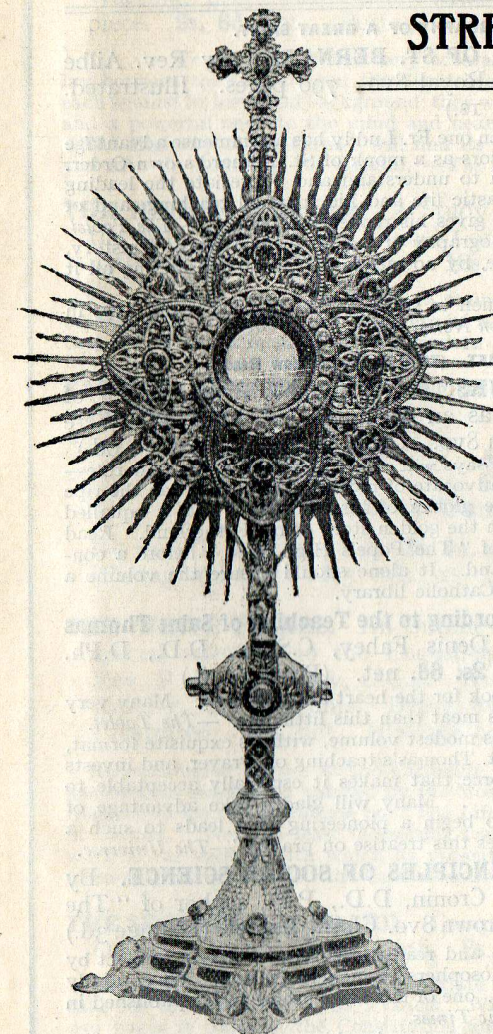
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