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exclusively of Unionists. Everyone who wishes to retain a vestige of English dominion over Ireland is a Unionist. The Southern Unionists were there, with a few ex-Carsonites, dependant "Nationalists," the Plunkett House contingent—and Mr. John Sweetman.

Its Press organ called it a "representative gathering." So it was. Everyone present represented someone—himself to wit.

Many motives were discernible—an instinctive wish to save the Empire; a sub-conscious desire for economic independence; the repugnance of decent men and women for the type of rulers the Union imposes on Ireland; and an intelligent anticipation of the direction of fine satulatory efforts.

The first resolution demanded, or rather delicately insinuated the desirability of, the release of Terence MacSwiney. So far, so good.

Soon They Will Be With Us.

The speeches on the main resolution, which vaguely called on the British Government to give the Irish nation a thing it does not want and will not have, marked a distinct advance. Many of these garrison men have astonished themselves by discovering that there is a country called Ireland, and that they live in it—or on it. They are beginning to think, and thinking is quite different from "thinking Imperially." Let them go on thinking, and soon they will be with us.

We Are Moderate.

This meeting has stimulated the normal flow of irritating clap-trap about "moderate men" (meaning thereby men with a propensity for sitting on fences). In truth and fact we Republicans are the moderate men. Our moderate claim is to be allowed to mind our own business. We are more moderate than the Poles and Serbs, and other expansive and expensive pets of the immoderate Mr. George. We are entitled to a refund of 350 millions of pounds forcibly extracted from us in over-taxation since the Union, with interest amounting to almost as much more. We should get a staggering indemnity for the sufferings of our people, the depopulation of our country, and the ruin of our industries. We have sufficient precedents in international law to support

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

As we write Terence MacSwiney's struggle has not ended. Of the result there can be no doubt. He may die, or his broken body may be released by his tormentors. In either event he will win. In one aspect the battle is between the dying man and a mighty Empire. In another it is between the unconquerable spirit of man and the incarnation of evil. The Empire may kill the body of its victim. It can never touch his spirit.

Cork.

A number of causes have united to focus attention on the Lord Mayor of Cork in his English place of torment; but the mere boys who are upholding their country's cause in Cork Jail are certainly not forgotten. The Crowleys (one of them being seven years) and their companions have quietly and as a matter of course determined to lay down their lives that Ireland may be free. To express admiration of them would be an impertinence. We can only hope to be worthy of the cause for which they are suffering.

Peace Where There is No Peace.

The meeting of the "Irish Peace Conference" in Dublin last week was intriguing (in two senses). It consisted

a claim to an Irish hegemony over Gaelic Scotland, Wales, and Man, with enclaves, on the Carsonsire principle, in Liverpool, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and elsewhere, with "corridors" uniting them. But we are moderate—too moderate. We only demand our own country within boundaries fixed by an authority greater even than "The Big Four"—or is it Three, or Two now? They are like the little nigger boys. There is, however, one thing we cannot moderate, and that is the principle for which we stand. It would not be a principle if we could.

Conference With the—!

Lloyd George has, we hear, been talking about a conference between Sinn Féin and his tame government. We are not fastidious, but really the thing is impossible. If the English people mean business (which we doubt), let them appoint a government which respectable people could meet, clear their army out of Ireland, and give guarantees of good faith. Then we can talk about the routine arrangements necessary between two neighbouring nation-states. There is nothing else to discuss.

We notice that His Britannic Majesty has referred to the Irish and English as two races. His Majesty's Prime Minister will be cross, and so will King Edward of Carsonia. The Welsh gentleman (by Act of Parliament) contends that there are two races in Ireland alone, whilst the Uncrowned King of Diminishing Ulster says there is not even one—only a branch of the English race (whatever it may be).

So the English Labour leaders are going to do all sorts of wonderful things to prevent war. Their resolutions are perfervid. We might dub the politics of Adamson, Thomas and Co. revolutionary Socialism. Meanwhile their army remains a constant reminder to us in Ireland of what one of them lately and very accurately called their "blasted hypocrisy."

"Reynold's Newspaper," a London publication which, presumably because of its wallowings in the divorce court muck heap, has a large circulation, makes the following precious pronouncement:

"The house of Mr. Arthur Griffith has been raided, it is believed by Sinn Feiners (sic). The rooms were ransacked and letters and papers stolen."

This is less false than most British propaganda. The house really was raided, and thefts did occur. But—the raid took place during "curfew" hours when British troops were patrolling the district. Prints of rubber-soled shoes were found. Rubber-soled shoes were admittedly worn by troops who killed young Farrelly a few nights earlier. Similarly

(Continued on page 489.)

Ralahine.

Last week we urged the desirability of a tax on values as a means of breaking the land monopoly, and making the land and all its resources available for the use of the people of Ireland. We went on to argue that the land so available should be farmed co-operatively instead of being sub-divided into small holdings, claiming that co-operative farming on a large scale would, apart even from its economic superiority, solve the problem of the agricultural labourer and lay the foundations of the co-operative commonwealth to which Gaelic Ireland is pledged. In this connection

referred to the pioneer experiment at Ralahine, and promised to summarise its history this week. We shall do so without further circumlocution, taking our facts from "An Irish Commonwealth, the History of Ralahine, adapted from the narrative of E. T. Craig, Secretary and Trustee of the Association."* E has written an introduction to the beautifully produced book, and Diarmuid O'Coibthaigh has annotated it. We hope our readers will complete the work by reading it.

The state of County Clargh in 1831 is well known. Famine, aggravated by evictions and rack-renting, was widespread. The British Government applied its invariable specific to the disease—Coercion Acts and cold steel. The famished, landless, disorganised populace retaliated with sporadic reprisals. We need not elaborate the familiar details.

John Scott Vandaleur was sufficiently courageous and enlightened to see that the coercion beloved of his class was no remedy, and he determined to establish a co-operative farm on his estate at Ralahine, which he had been forced to abandon to the "protection" of a police picket.

There being no I.A.O.S. in those days Mr. Vandaleur sought foreign aid and advice, and had the good fortune to secure Mr. E. T. Craig, an English Co-operator, who, unselfishly, wisely, and successfully for the Irish people, if there was, or is, another Englishman like him our ignorance or his modesty must be great.

So Craig went to Ralahine. He found an estate of 618 acres, of which 268 acres were under tillage, with suitable farm buildings, and situated between two main roads from Limerick to Ennis. A bog of 68 acres supplied peat. A lake on the borders gave ample water power for threshing, scutching, and saw mills. An adjoining waterfall of 20 horse-power was available if needed. A large building 30 feet by 15 feet, suitable for a dining hall, with a room the same size above it, had been erected. There were a store room and dormitory, and six cottages close at hand, and a couple of hundred yards away was the old Castle of Ralahine, capable of being adapted for housing accommodation.

*Martin Lester, Limited, Dublin. 6s. net.

In November, 1831, Mr. Craig assembled the people who had hitherto been employed on the estate, and explained to them the objects of the proposed association, and the means whereby they were to be achieved. The objects were: (1) The acquisition of a common capital, (2) the mutual insurance of members against poverty, sickness, old age, (3) the attainment of a greater share in the comforts of life, (4) the mental and moral improvement of adult members, and (5) the education of their children. The landlord, anticipated: (1) Higher rent for land, (2) higher interest for his capital, (3) to secure actual payment for these, (4) to secure advances made by the labour of the people, (5) to ensure the safety of the machinery and capital entrusted to their management.

To effectuate these objects an association was formed the people assembled, a constitution and rules drawn up, and a letting agreement between Mr. Vandaleur and trustees of the association executed. The general scheme appears in these documents. By the letting agreement John Scott Vandaleur let the lands of Ralahine (with certain exceptions) to the society for one year from November 1, 1831, on condition that the rules made that day were served, and that certain quantities of wheat, oats, barley, sugar, and bacon were delivered to him at stipulated times and places. He was to be at liberty to take "labour" available at the society's stores, in lieu of these articles. Provisions for good husbandry, repairs, maintenance of stock and implements, etc., were included. It was provided that at the end of the year (all conditions having been observed) wages might be raised by stipulated amounts for the ensuing year; that any members wishing to leave the society should be given their shares of any profits which had been made, but that no continuing member could withdraw his profits. Subject to this clause "all profits to accumulate until the value of the stock and implements is paid off, when interest on the same will cease to be payable to the said John Scott Vandaleur."

If at the end of the first year the rent was unpaid, the lands deteriorated, the stock diminished, or any wages unpaid, the letting was to determine.

It was also agreed that certain of the rules should be alterable by the association.

We cannot set out the rules in *extenso*, but some extracts will illustrate their scope and nature.

Association and Agreement.

"We agree to associate together to rent the lands, buildings, manufactures, machinery, etc., of Ralahine from Mr. John Scott Vandaleur, according to the foregoing agreement, and we bind ourselves to obey these rules."

Property, when purchased, to be held in common.

"All the stock, machinery, and other property to remain the property of Mr. Vandaleur until the society accumulate sufficient to pay for them. Thereafter they become the joint property of the society."

Production.

"We engage that whatever talents we may individually possess, mental, muscular, agricultural, manufacturing or scientific, shall be directed to the benefit of all, as well as to their immediate exercise in all necessary occupations, as by communicating our knowledge to each other, and particularly to the young."

No Steward.

"Each individual shall assist in agricultural operations, it being particularly understood that no person is to act as steward, but all are to work."

Arrangement of Work.

"The committee shall meet every evening to arrange work for the following day."

Expenditure of Wages.

"It is expected that wages will be spent at the store in provisions, or any other articles the society may produce or keep there; any other articles may be purchased elsewhere."

Particular Kind of Labour not to be Compulsory.

"That no member be expected to perform any service but such as is agreeable to him, or he is able to perform; but any member who thinks any other member is not usefully employing his time shall report the matter to the committee, who shall bring it before a general meeting, which shall have power to expel the useless member."

Freedom of Religion, etc.

"Each member shall enjoy perfect freedom of conscience in religious worship. The members bind themselves to mutual forbearance, charity, and respect."

Arbitration.

"All disputes between members to be settled by a majority of the members or an arbitrator."

Marriage of Members.

"Any members wishing to marry one another shall give notice to that effect, whereupon arrangements for filling up or erecting a house for their reception will be made."

Marriage of Member and Non-member.

"Any member intending to marry a non-member must give notice of such intention. The non-member must be balloted for and, if rejected, the member must leave the society."

Dismissal.

"If the conduct of a member be found to be injurious to the welfare of the society the committee shall explain to him the way in which his conduct is injurious, and, if he persist in the conduct complained of, a general meeting may expel him."

Government.

"The Society is to be governed, and its business transacted by a committee of nine members, elected half-yearly by ballot."

The business of the society is to be divided into the following departments: (1) Agriculture and gardening, (2) manufacture and trade, (3) commerce, (4) domestic

economy, (5) education, and that sub-committees shall superintend each branch.

There were the usual rules as to meetings, accounts, etc., and carefully drawn provisions as to the conduct of the various departments, and as to the sick fund, care of orphans, election by ballot of new members, and literary and technical education of the young.

Such was the constitution. There may be little in it which seems remarkable in these days, but ninety years ago it was revolutionary. The provision for the payment in kind of rent, which included interest on the stock, etc., lent by the landlord was reasonable. It rendered the association independent of artificially engineered fluctuations in the prices of money and produce, and gave them the full advantage of increased production resulting from better tillage and greater industry. The rent was calculated to equal, at the prices prevalent in Limerick in November, 1891, £900 per year. That this rent was too high was admitted by the landlord, but nevertheless it was paid.

Linked up with the payment of rent in produce was the system of labour notes, which in this time of frenzied finance deserves the most careful consideration. The unit of value was one day's wages—8d. per day. We may remark that it's wage was above the average at the time, and was in a district where milk was 1d. a quart, eggs eight a penny, mutton 4d. a pound, and potatoes 2d. a stone, at least a living wage. The unit of currency was a small card inscribed "8d. for one day's labour." There were other notes representing a half, quarter, and eighth day's labour. These notes were treated as currency at the store, and were convertible into money on demand. The adoption of a distinctive medium of exchange of this kind had many advantages. It made the working operations independent of the ordinary currency, gave the members full control over their own resources, and prompted them to habits of prudence and economy. It enabled the workers to "know where they were," and relieved them from anxiety as to fluctuations in wages and prices of necessities. The labour notes were not current outside the community. All the articles provided in the store were genuine. There could not be any motive for adulteration or false weight. As a cash reserve behind the issue of these notes only £50 was necessary. It should, of course, have been secured on the land or the assets of the society. The objects of the Rahaline Society were excellent, and its constitution well calculated for their attainment, but something more was wanted. Let us consider if it was forthcoming.

From the outset the workers in "the new system," as it came to be called, proved that their reputed idleness, slovenliness, and general iniquity were, so far as they existed at all, due to vile conditions. As one of them is quoted as having said to a visitor (whom we suspect of Bowdlerian): "We formerly had no interest in doing much work, in doing it well, or in suggesting improvements. We were treated merely as machines, and the steward's business was to keep us in motion; it took three or four of us to watch him, and when he was out of sight we did not hurt ourselves with too much labour; but now that our interest and our duty are the same no steward is required." These peasants, almost

dehumanised as they had been by want and oppression, regained self-reliance, health, and happiness. Each was all, because all were for each. Jobs which, if ordered by the steward, would have been scamped or left undone, were cheerfully and thoroughly done at the request of the committee. Implements were well cared for by members; stock well tended, and growing crops protected—even in "the Hunt."

The communist spirit, which we like to think is in all Irish people, was certainly brought out at Rahaline. Mutual help and trust grew, crime and quarrels diminished. Men who, slave-driven, had been sullen, vengeful, and contented, became as free men subject to no laws save those to which they had voluntarily subscribed, loving obedience only to a committee chosen by themselves, cheerful, kind, and communicative. A social life grew up, and education was sought.

The life of the community had its focus in the weekly general meeting, at which the reports of the preceding week's work in each department were read and discussed, and questions (written into a book kept for the purpose) and improvements debated. Often it happened that a suggestion made by a member who had never before been allowed to think proved most ingenious and useful.

There being no fear of unemployment the men accepted with delight the first machine reaper used in Ireland. Under other conditions its introduction would have meant a saving for the landlord and starvation for the workers, and it would probably have been broken in, but as the increase in production effected by it directly, as by releasing labour for other work, was for the benefit of the whole society, its advent was a blessing.

At Rahaline all the dairy cattle and fat beasts for sale were stall-fed. Thirty acres of turnips, thirty of clover and rye grass, nine of vetches, and six of mangel-wurzel sufficient for thirty-seven cows (thirty milk), forty-four heifers, twenty bullocks, sixteen fat beasts, seventeen calves, and one bull. Three times as many acres and more labour would have been necessary if the grazing system had been employed, and less milk would have been produced, owing to the waste from cold, wet, and exertion.

Rahaline was immune from the plague of cholera and fever which ravaged Co. Clare in 1831-2. Not only was the sanitation better, but the improved health and spirits of the men made them disease proof.

When the "new system" had weathered the storms of prejudice and ridicule, and the storm of the "political blithering, and their competitive labour market closing" (who saw their "three rants" system) had become embarrassingly popular. It won praise from sports of peripatetic philosophers and journalists, from farmers and landowners, and the demand for the admission of new members was much in excess of the number it was possible to take in. Only the politicians would not touch it. It made for Irish reconstruction, and damned it in the *Caisle*.

But the thoughts of the practical reader will be not results—the harvest. The answer is simple and convincing: The excessive quantities of produce required by the land lord in lieu of rent and interest were punctually handed over; so great was the improvement of the land and stock

wages all round were raised; preparations for new enterprises were made, all the members were in good health, dressed and housed, and had saved money; everything led to promise continued peace and prosperity, and an disaster came. John Scott Vandaleur, president and landlord of the society, disappeared. Soon the worst known. His passion for gambling had ruined him, he was made a bankrupt. The society was, in the opinion of British law, a yearly tenant only. There was "tenant right." The buildings, improvements, fixtures, implements all were seized by the assignees in bankruptcy, and the society was ruined, and its members dispersed.

There are obviously many useful lessons to be learnt from the success of Rahaline. There is also one from its failure, and that is that efforts of the sort must be completely co-operative. The failure came from the one co-operative element in the scheme—the renting of the land. It may have been impossible in 1831 to get land on lease, but it is not now. There are several sources of National Land Bank, the constitution and aims of which are set out in this issue of OLD IRELAND (is one) from which a co-operative society with a very small capital can now on favourable terms the money to purchase an acre. Thus the only flaw which developed in the Rahaline scheme can be prevented from recurring, and a big step towards the co-operative commonwealth accomplished.

E. W. PROUD.

The Lord Mayor of Cork.

A few years ago, at a book-auction in Cork, I picked some books not usually current in an Irish provincial town. Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Shaw, side by side with Keats, Shelley, and Keats' "Ethics" and Mahler's "Psychology." On each of them was written in Irish the name T. MacSullivan. It was the first time that I, a stranger, heard of him whom I was afterwards to be associated as Lord Mayor of Cork. The books had not been kept as mere ornaments; they were underlined and marked, as I to my horror found.

It was a few years later to restore them to the man who for his country's sake sacrificed these books of his, which were his most treasured possession.

I met him for the first time at the visit of the American delegates to Cork. He spoke in the Grand Parade. No historic, just a few sentences ringing out like the clang of a hammer on an anvil. "Long live the Irish Republic!"

The last time I met him was in my study. He looked at me and at the books. "This is where I would like to live," he said wistfully to me.

T. MacSullivan always reminded me of Mitchell. He was literary and artistic, a man of culture and thought, who in a normal country would have written dramas or philosophy. But he was fired by the great elemental passion of liberty; for this he sacrificed everything else in life. By sheerly he understood something ideal and spiritual, not simply redress of social or political wrongs, but the reaction of all that is beautiful and noble and sacred against the blighting tentacles of a materialistic and brutal imperialism. Though it may sound strange, it was not England that fought but Anglicisation; and it was primarily for the sake of Ireland that he strove.

It was not mere emotion; it was hardly even a passion, was a creed. There was no gush about MacSullivan, no swagger, no bravado. He was simple and direct; he spoke clearly and pointedly; he was fearless in expressing his

views and unbending in criticism; and he accepted criticism with the same unconventional frankness. You were always in contact with the man; you had never to brush aside convoluted committees and formalism. He had an ideal; he lived day and night for it; he is ready to die for it.

He had long since thought out all possibilities. For months past he had been living the life of a bounded outlaw—this pure-souled idealist whose every activity was on behalf of justice and freedom. This last consummation has not taken him by surprise. He had already in thought rehearsed the supreme sacrifice which his ideals might demand from him. Not the side which can do most, he said, will win, but the side which can endure most; only through suffering can freedom be won. He whom 1916 spared is now before a whole world proving to what amazing heights of heroism the love of freedom can inspire Irishmen. The nation which can evoke such heroic loyalty and inspire such chivalrous self-sacrifice is surely unconquerable.

A. O'R.

Where England Stands Alone.

It is now some fifty years since England first came into conflict with Ireland in consequence of her treatment of Irish political prisoners as well as Irish prisoners of war. Prior to that she had as a rule observed the ordinary usages of civilised nations in regard to those of our countrymen whom she captured or seized because of their fight for, or advocacy of, Irish independence. For instance, after 1798, despite the horrors with which England put down the insurrection, the rights of the prisoners were respected when Pitt had them deported to, and incarcerated in, Fort George, in Scotland. In an account of how they spent their time one of them, Dr. McNevin, wrote:

"The several prisoners of Fort George had embraced some particular course of reading or study, to which they applied with far more assiduity than if they only read for amusement. Emmet applied himself to mathematics, or, more properly, to algebra, in which he made singular proficiency, and to which he was so devoted that he employed the greater part of his nights in the study of the science until the arrival of Mrs. Emmet and three of his children divided his attention. After this period Shakespeare was his favourite reading."

In '48 prisoners were all "convicted" under the specially passed British law known as the Treason Felony Act; but this treatment was in every respect the treatment of prisoners of war. The jailers in Newgate and on Spike Island who ordered Mitchell to put on jail clothes were promptly informed by Dublin Castle that he was to be treated "quite differently from a common convict." Gavan Duffy, in his "Four Years of Irish History" (c.vi) says of a visit he paid to some of the '48 prisoners in jail:

"I found O'Brien labouring at the eternal task of his correspondence, and Meagher in a cell bright with scarlet

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cloth, which his books and manuscripts and a few portraits transformed into a pleasant study. McManus had got a box of tools and was manufacturing pick-nicks, and O'Doherty was busy with professional studies. The younger prisoners were in excellent, sometimes exuberant, spirits."

Young Ireland.

When the prisoners were transported to Van Dieman's Land the same rule as to treatment was maintained. While the ordinary convicts were hired out as slaves to the colonists the Irish prisoners were, by "positive instructions" from the British Government, permitted to reside at large in any police district they might select (but no two in the same district), and no restrictions imposed on them save reporting themselves to the district police magistrate. In fact, ordinary convicts were assigned to them to attend on and work for them. Mitchell describes it all in his "Jail Journal," and states how difficult he sometimes found it to realize that he was a prisoner at all. By its Treason Felony Act, the British Government declared certain things which it hitherto set down as "treason" to be in future regarded as "felony," but it made no change in the prison treatment of those whom its servants "convicted" under this Act. It never for a moment dreamt of altering the status that the recognised practice of natives accorded to those who in the fight for independence committed acts of war or in a struggle for reform acts that were deemed political. The treatment of the 28 prisoners, for whom the British Government passed its Treason Felony Act, is a confirmation of its intentions in practice.

Political Prisoners.

Even in its treatment of political prisoners England made a marked distinction as compared with the ordinary convicts. Daniel O'Connell was a political prisoner because he acknowledged himself to be a British subject, and took an oath of allegiance to the British Government. He was accused and convicted of a number of offences, including unlawful assembly, intimidation, and of foul and wicked conspiracy, and was, in addition to a £2,000 fine and £10,000 bail, sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. With him were sent to jail John O'Connell, Gray, Duffy, Steele, Barret, and Ray. How were they treated? Duffy continued to edit the "Nation," and with Gray took lessons in elocution, fencing, and horsemanship—horses being provided for them. Describing the imprisonment, Duffy says:

"The Governor and the Deputy Governor were authorised to sub-let their houses and gardens to the State prisoners. Members of Mr. O'Connell's family, and of the families of the other prisoners, came to reside with them; they employed their own servants; from the first day presents of venison, game, fish, fruit, and the like began to arrive, and after a little time they found themselves established in a pleasant country house, situated in the

midst of extensive grounds, bright with fair women and gambols of children, and furnished with abundant means either for study or amusement. Our immediate political associates came every day, and the dinner table was never set for less than thirty persons."

Thus did England treat those who were admitted political prisoners.

The first change came with the punishment inflicted on the Fenian prisoners of 1865.

P. S. O'FLANNAGAIN.

Current Happenings.

Political Opportunists At Work.

It is high time the Government took steps to end the unwarranted and treasonable interference of individuals in the international affairs of the Republic. Never have the publicity-seekers made themselves so annoying as during the past week, when they busied themselves in sending appeals to England's Sovereign and England's Ministers for the release of Lord Mayor McSwiney. Terence McSwiney voices the sentiments of the Nation and its soldiers when he told the prison doctor:

"I ask no mercy and will take no compromise."

Why should he seek mercy or compromise? An Irish soldier in the hands of the enemy seeks only his right—prisoner of war treatment, under the terms of the Hague and Geneva Conventions, to which England is a subscriber. We do not appeal; we demand. And we will not tolerate Mr. Redmond Howard and his ilk to appeal for us. Those prepared to fight in defence of the Irish Republic against England's army are quite capable of fighting to wrest the right of prisoner-of-war treatment from England's Government. One cannot help feeling strongly on this matter—all the more strongly when one thinks of this man's brave and pure Nationalism being seized upon by opportunists as a means of gaining notoriety. It was surely bad enough when such persons walked over the bodies of our dead to promise without them now endeavouring to use the pain-racked bodies of our dying to bridge the gulf which separates them from a popularity that can never be theirs while a true heart beats in Ireland.

Reprisals?

That the burnings and shootings and looting in which England's garrisons in Ireland periodically engage in are not, as some would have it, reprisals, of a demoralised force for the many brilliant coups brought off by the Irish Republican army, but a deliberate campaign against Irish Nationalists, and through them against the Nation itself, has been clearly proved by the impudent action of a member of the Army of Occupation quartered in Donegal. A party of British soldiers called at the public house of John Sweeney, Dungloe, recently and, though after hours, demanded drink. In this particular district the enemy garrisons, civil and military, are boycotted. Mr. Sweeney refused to supply the required refreshments, and in the course of their vituperation the corporal in charge of the party informed Mr. Sweeney that his premises were shortly to be burned down. This did not appear in Dublin Castle's report of outrages!

Republican Prisoners' Dependents' Fund.

It is pleasing to note that in these times of rush and excitement not all are forgetting the most deserving fund which calls for the wholehearted support of Irish Republicans.

The Belfast Expelled Workers.

We publish below a letter from the Bishop of Down and Connor, which speaks for itself.

We need only add that subscriptions to the fund will be received by The Very Rev. P. Convery, P.P., V.G., Mr. P. Finnegan, and Dr. John O'Doherty at St. Mary's Hall, Belfast.

To the Treasurers of the Belfast Expelled Workers' Fund.

Trech House,

Belfast, August 12, 1920.

Gentlemen,—It is more than time that public action should be taken to meet the distress of the expelled workers of Belfast, and it is therefore a relief to know that a representative Committee has been formed to make a wide appeal on their behalf. I am aware that it was no want of sympathy that delayed the appeal until now; we all waited, and I think rightly waited, to see what action would be taken by the Trade Unions, whose rules have been defied and whose very existence is threatened by the authors of the Belfast outbreak. But it now appears that, for the present at any rate, the Trade Unions can do very little; and meantime the position of the expelled workers, now nearly four weeks without work, is becoming desperate, and the wives and children are crying for bread. Every day brings me painful evidence of the widespread and bitter destitution. It would be hopeless for us here in Belfast to attempt any longer to cope with such a situation, and hence I trust a public appeal will be made immediately. I enclose a cheque for £100, my first subscription towards the fund, and I feel that never in my life have I subscribed to a more deserving object.

It makes one almost despair of human nature to think that these expelled workers have been victimised by their own fellow-workers. Yet such is, in large measure, the fact. For, even when all allowance is made for secret political and capitalistic influence, and for the unholy Carsonite incitement, on July 12 last, to religious bigotry, the hard fact remains that it was by fellow-workers the victims were driven from their work and their homes wrecked and looted. These bullies and their sleek abettors talk glibly of civil and religious liberty, but they appear from their actions not to have even the most elementary idea of what either means. Liberty means to them licence to do their own sweet will. A few years ago they entered into a solemn covenant, binding themselves to defy not only the rest of Ireland, but George V. and the British Parliament; and now forsooth they won't consent to work with anyone who has not first professed his allegiance to the same George V. And as to religious liberty, they have on the present occasion victimised many thousands for no other reason on earth than because they are Catholics. Now,

The Republican Prisoners' Dependents' Fund was inaugurated for the relief of families whose breadwinner or winners had been captured by the enemy forces. This Fund, by the way, is not charity. It is the Nation's duty to look after the dependents of those who suffer in its service. Coothall Cumann has a collection taken up outside the local church every Sunday for the purpose, and have thus set a headline which all should follow.

Unopposed Sedition.

A question to members and officials of the Republican Government and public representatives. How often during the past week have you been guilty of something approaching seditious utterances? How few can reply: not one. It would seem that many have joined the Republican ranks in such a hurry that they forgot to leave their slave minds behind them. Since January, 1919, there has been only one Government in Ireland—the Government of the Irish Republic. Yet how many of those who speak for us nowadays remember this fact when they open their mouths? And again, there are two military forces in the country—the Army of the Irish Republic and England's Army of Occupation. How many of the orators confuse their hearers by talking of the military without specifying to which force they allude. Such terms as "the Government," "the military," "the police," when referring to the enemy forces, are symbols of the slave mind. Those in the habit of speaking or writing for public, and especially foreign consumption, should have a care. Our position is clear; let them not envelop us, and those who watch us, in the impenetrable mist of misunderstanding.

EUNAN.

NEW ROSS UNION.

Cook to be Appointed for the Workhouse Institution.

The Board of Guardians of the above-named Union will, at their meeting, to be held on Saturday, September 11, 1920, consider applications for the position of cook (male or female) in the Workhouse Institution.

Salary will be at the rate of £40 per year, and the person who may be appointed will be allowed apartments, shall reside indoors, and will receive full rations.

Full particulars concerning duties to be performed in connection with the position can be obtained from the workhouse master.

Applicants, in addition to possessing the necessary qualifications, must have a knowledge of or be a student of the Irish language, but preference will be given to a native speaker.

Applications, accompanied by testimonials, will be received by the undersigned up to 11 o'clock a.m. on Saturday, September 11, 1920.

Personal attendance of candidates during election is desirable.

By order,

JOHN J. ROCHFORD,

Clerk of the Union.

New Ross,

August 28, 1920.

NEW IRISH CHOCOLATE.

A new chocolate of exquisite flavour and richness has just been put on the market by Maxwell Lemon. It is entirely manufactured in Ireland, and is equal, if not superior, to the best French makes. It is called Celtic chocolate, and can be obtained in 1s., 2s., and 4s. tablets (postage extra), from Maxwell Lemon, 22, Nassau Street, Dublin.

HOGAN and HODGES
Painless Extractions
PERFECT FITTING
TEETH.
TERMS MODERATE.
51, Henry St., Dublin.



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The worst feature of the recent outbreak is that it was begun deliberately, and that the terrible injustice wrought through it is still, after three weeks, persisted in systematically. Only yesterday I heard of a case in which towards the end of last week some of the expelled workers attempted to return to their work. The moment they appeared the champions of civil and religious liberty, who expelled them three weeks ago, threw down their tools and threatened to leave, with the result that these hungry fathers of hungry children had to return once more to enforced idleness and increasing destitution.

But it may be said, it has indeed been said to me by some in authority: What can be done? Various things might have been done, or at least attempted. The employers might have closed, or threatened to close, their works unless all their employees were allowed to work in peace and security. The Unionist and Protestant leaders in Belfast might have come together in public meeting, and, instead of palliating or approving what took place, as some of them have done, denounced in clear and forcible terms the religious and political bigotry of their followers. The British Government, which can spare sixty or seventy thousand soldiers to terrorise this nation, to kill, if possible, the national spirit, and to quell the lawlessness which they have provoked, might have managed to spare a few hundred men for an attempt to afford protection to the expelled workers when they returned to their work. But none of these things have been done, with the result that the awful injustice continues, and we are reluctantly driven to appeal to the rest of Ireland and to the civilised world for sympathy and help in a situation that, I hope, would be impossible in any other community of white men.

The whole terrible business is a fine commentary on the precious Partition Bill, and on the prospects of those who might differ in religion or politics with the majority in this corner of the country if it were ever to become law. I never took the Bill seriously; I don't take it seriously now; but I trust that the events of the past three weeks in Belfast and its neighbourhood will convince even the present Coalition Government of the intolerable conditions to which

the Bill, if it ever became an Act, would subject more than thirty-six per cent. of the inhabitants of the six counties. The Unionists of these six counties form less than nineteen per cent. of the population of Ireland, and it was always unreasonable and unstatesmanlike to allow this nineteen per cent. to refuse to submit to a Dublin Parliament and then to proceed to compel more than thirty-six per cent. of the inhabitants of the same counties to submit to a Parliament in Belfast. But if it was unreasonable and unstatesmanlike before, it is ten times more so now, in the light of what has just occurred, and is still occurring in this city.

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Mr. Gandhi explains his position in the following way:

"If Non-Co-operation is taken up in earnest it must bring about a cessation of all other activities including the reforms, but I decline to draw therefore the corollary that it will set back the clock of progress. On the contrary, I consider Non-Co-operation to be such a powerful and pure instrument that if it is enforced in an earnest spirit it will be like seeking first the Kingdom of God, and everything also following as a matter of course.

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threatening considerable unemployment unless the Irish public assure themselves to the necessity for supporting the native product as against imported goods. It must be remembered that the Irish firms have a very stiff fight to make for existence, faced as they are by an immensely wealthy combine, and that if they are forced out of existence through the apathy on the part of the Irish public, the Irish tobacco trade will be completely at the mercy of the foreign combine, and the public eventually will inevitably pay for the extermination of the independent firms. Another industry faced with difficult times would seem to be the match trade. Ireland has only one match factory, and it produces an article at least equal in every respect to the imported goods, sold to the public and the retailer at no higher price, and the question arises, why should an imported box of matches, no better in any way, or no more profitable to the seller, be given so decided a preference throughout large areas of the country. We have ground for stating that in some cases a certain brand of imported matches is sold under what practically amounts to misrepresentation, and if your Council can secure legal proof of this, steps will be taken to deal effectively with the fraud. In the case of another brand of imported matches it would seem that the payment by the manufacturers of a bonus for window dressing is sufficient to induce a number of Irish firms to place large orders for an article which can only have the effect of creating unemployment in Dublin—unemployment which, by reducing the purchasing power of the community, must react on the retailers themselves. It is for the Irish public steadfastly to set their faces against the use of imported goods of any kind which compete with the native product, and for the support of these two industries, tobacco and matches, we confidently appeal to the young manhood of the country in the name of that patriotism to which we feel sure they give more than lip service. Ample supplies of Irish tobacco and matches are now available, and the excuse of short supplies which prevailed while war conditions lasted no longer holds good.

Imported Prayer Books.

Another trade which is being injuriously affected by imported wares is the section of the printing and bookbinding trades engaged in the output of prayer books. Cheap foreign-produced books, cheaply bound, badly printed, and generally inferior to Irish work, are finding a place on the Irish market, particularly in the South, and are bought by the Irish public because they are a fraction cheaper than good Irish printed and bound books. We ask the public and the heads of religious institutions, colleges, convents, etc., to examine carefully all such books and to accept only those printed and bound in Ireland, all of which will be found to have the imprimatur of the diocesan authorities.

Leipzig Fair.

It has been the policy of the Association to endeavour to secure first-hand information on all questions of industrial interest, and the possibility of establishing trade relations between Ireland and other countries has been of particular interest to the Council and the Foreign Trade Committee for some considerable time past. An official invitation to visit the Leipzig Fair, and, if possible, to organise an exhibit of Irish goods for display and sale there, having been received, it was decided to send a delegation to inquire into and report on the possibilities of Irish-German trade, it being agreed, however, that a representative display of Irish manufactures could not be organised in the time at our disposal. Three

representatives of the Council—Major Cream, Mr. A. O'Reilly, and Miss Somers—visited Leipzig first and Berlin later on behalf of the Association, being officially received by the Fair authorities and the heads of Government Trade Departments, in both centres, and by representatives of big manufacturing and commercial interests such as the Chambers of Commerce and other representative trade organisations. Everywhere the greatest interest was taken in the visit, and the opening up of trade relations with Ireland was regarded with much favour. Germany urgently requires many classes of goods of which we have a surplus, and in exchange we should be able to procure machinery, semi-finished goods, and such wares as we do not or cannot manufacture ourselves, at moderate prices.

Coal.

The question of the development of Irish coal supplies, dealt with in last year's Report, received further attention during the year just ended. Mr. J. P. McKnight, Past President of the Association, Professor W. Caldwell, M.A., Sc.D., and the Secretary, giving evidence before the Irish Coal Industry Committee on the subject. The shortage of imported coal supplies has been the cause of very serious anxiety and uneasiness to the industrial community, and hardship has been suffered by private consumers, particularly by the poor. The existing situation should be a great stimulus to the development of native fuel resources, the high price of imported coal affording an opportunity for an extended use of peat as well as Irish-mined coal. The situation is a serious one, justifying the effort made by the Council to provide coal from the United States. However, the high freight rates made this effort abortive, though the cost of the coal itself f.o.b., various American ports, was so moderate as to leave a considerable margin for freight charges.

Contracts.

All the usual functions of the Association, such as the careful watching of public contracts in the interests of Irish manufactures, and the unobtrusive and unpublished intervention which has secured for this country many orders that would otherwise have been placed abroad, have been fulfilled by the Council during the past year. We cannot too often reiterate that we are at all times glad to come to the assistance of individual firms who may know that pending contracts are likely to be placed abroad. There have been several remarkable cases of timely intervention within the past year which have saved large sums to Ireland. In one or two instances certain small orders were placed outside the country which would have been kept in Ireland if the Council had been placed in possession of the facts beforehand. Properly authenticated information put before us in Ireland, where, without such representations as we make, there would be a risk of valuable orders being lost to the country.

Finance.

It is, unfortunately, necessary to refer again to the inadequate income of the Association, which, for the year ended April 30, 1920, amounted to £330 13s. 6d., received in subscriptions from members. While this shows an increase of 50 per cent. on the income from the same source in the preceding year, it is still quite insufficient for our needs, and if the Association is to function as it ought it must be largely increased. We do not think we are claiming

too much in asking that our present income be at least doubled. For such a sum it would be possible to render services to the country quite out of proportion to the modest demand. The work which we perform is of national importance, every element in the country benefits from it, and the time is peculiarly opportune for a revival of interest in all pertaining to industrial affairs. Our object is the promotion of Irish industries, so as to enlarge the field of employment, and provide opportunities for our enterprising young people at home as an alternative to emigration. This we seek to do by calling public attention to the goods which are made within the country, and appealing for their more general support by purchasers; by impressing on Irish distributors the economic importance of developing the resources of the country from which their trade is derived; by protecting our manufacturers from misrepresentations such as the application of Irish titles to goods not made in the country; by inviting public bodies to draw up their tender forms so as to give Irish goods a preference; by endeavouring to improve the channels of communication with a view to the development of home and foreign trade, and by any other means which circumstances seem to warrant.

The power elected public bodies can wield for the industrial regeneration of Ireland is very great. The revision of tender forms with a view to giving Irish goods a preference is work in which the Association was the pioneer, and it is a department which we shall gladly bring into full working order again for the assistance of any public bodies which wish to utilise it.

MICHAEL O'DEA, President.
JOSEPH RYAN, Hon. Secretary.
ELIZABETH N. SOMERS, Secretary.

Britain's Premier.

An English Estimate.

"Mr. Lloyd George's appeal to the 'moderate' men is nothing more than eye-wash. Is it any wonder that Irishmen are exasperated by such patent insincerity, and refuse to adopt a servile attitude which must first comply with his own undefined ideas of 'moderation,' and then come in supplication to London to waste time in 'talk' which all experience proves to lead to no result? The truth is that Mr. Lloyd George has no intention whatever of being advised even by 'moderate' opinion in Ireland. He refuses to listen even to the most influential and able members of the Irish Privy Council. Irishmen have learned long ago that there are more effective ways of spending their time than in trying to organise conversations at Downing Street or debates at Westminster."—*Everyman*, August 21, 1920.

An American One.

"Lloyd George, in promising a Unionist delegation headed by Sir Edward Carson and the Duke of Northumberland, that he would rush through his 'very drastic' Coercion Bill before Parliament adjourned, said that he recognised that 'American opinion is important, but that British opinion is vital.' The question naturally arises, What is

British opinion? Are the masses or the classes to count? What is Mr. George's own opinion? Apparently it is one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow, varying as the arch-trimmer spreads his sails to catch every wind that blows. For example, the *Westminster Gazette* says: 'Last week the progressives nearly captured him, and he spoke of how he contemplated a new departure on the broadest lines. But on Thursday the reactionaries got him back, and in the closing paragraph of the official report, issued this morning, we see the complete stultification of what he appeared to say last week.' Even Lord Beaverbrook's paper, the *Express*, long considered a Government organ, complains of the Premier's 'bungling and shilly-shallying,' which it attributes to internal dissensions between the various sections of the coalition within the Government."—*New Letter*, New York, August 14, 1920.

AN IRISH ONE
BUT NO DECENCY RESTRAINS US.

NOTES OF THE WEEK—(Continued from page 480.)

conducted raids were carried out the same night in the houses of other prominent Republicans, and in each case Republican documents (not to mention inconsidered trifles of money and silver) were stolen. All these houses have frequently been raided openly by British forces. The last raiders evidently knew the interior of the houses thoroughly, and evidently acted under order.

This procedure is known as vindictive law and order. There is no doubt the order and the law came from the same source.

"Reynold's can say what it likes—against Ireland. The following letter has been sent to the Irish papers:

"Sir,—The attention of the Irish Government has been called to the increasing frequency with which misleading statements, often untrue, and in any case calculated to aggravate disorder and disaffection, have appeared in the columns of certain newspapers, and I am directed by the Lords Justices to call the attention of the Press of Ireland to the obligations and responsibilities which are imposed by law upon those responsible for the publication of the statements.

"While they have no desire to place obstacles in the way of legitimate expression of political opinion, or of fair comment upon current events, their Excellencies desire it to be clearly understood that a grave view is taken of the repeated breaches of the law which have been committed by certain newspapers with, they must assume, the knowledge of their editors and managers."

"If such breaches continue, the Government will not hesitate to deal with the newspaper companies and the individuals concerned as drastically as the circumstances warrant."

JOHN ANDERSON.
"Chief Secretary's Office,
"Dublin Castle, August 27."

We have read many of these misleading statements. A whole string of them appears daily under a caption which is becoming familiar. We wonder will their Excellencies take a drastic view of them.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of OLD IRELAND.

Sir,—Permit me to appeal to you, so you may concede me some space in your esteemed pages. It is as regards "Home Rule" or "Dominion Self-Government," or as regards "An Irish Republic" I would wish to speak.

Does anyone suppose for a moment that, even were we in full possession of "An Irish Republic" at this moment, we would be safe and secure from external intervention of the English? Sir, unless there be an international guarantee the widest concession of liberty would be worth very little as long as an enemy, and an enemy such as England rides the sea. Liberty could not live secure in Ireland unless there be an international guarantee. More than this, there is one guarantor who is indispensable, and that guarantor's name is U.S.A.

But it may be asked, as Sir Horace Plunkett asks: Could we not have Dominion Self-Government or Home Rule within the Empire, with all necessary safeguards, etc., and supreme and absolute financial independence?

Impossible.

England cannot be trusted. Except there be an international guarantee we would lie at the mercy of the English people, and we have tasted quite enough of that undesirable comestible. We will not lie at England's mercy again.

But it may be said:

Don't lie at England's mercy. Remain within the Empire. Obtain international guarantees by all means. Are there no nations within the Empire who will guarantee Ireland's inviolability? Will not the nation of Canada? Will not the nation of Australia? Will not the nation of New Zealand? Will not the nation of South Africa guarantee Ireland liberty if she remain within the Empire? This the said nations have not offered to do. Query: Could they do so if they would? Is there machinery for such a guarantee existing in these several real, but so far not recognised nations?

It is interesting to speculate upon this expedient. But speculations are academic, and smask of the *réveur*, and not of the market place of a practical world.

Even if Australia, Canada, New Zealand, and South Africa could guarantee Ireland's freedom again—would they, even if they in *esse* possessed the right to guarantee, would they in *potest* be able to exercise it?

It is a quaint conceit to imagine fleets and armies marshalled from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa—so that Ireland's violated rights might be vindicated.

No. Slam that door, bolt and bar that door. There can be no Ireland in the British Empire. Only where there is an international guarantee, only there can Ireland be.

This means the Republic of Ireland rising out of the waves of the western ocean.

—Yours, etc.,

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Pope and Terence MacSwiney.

The message from Rome that the Pope has prayed for Terence MacSwiney will bring great consolation to the vast majority of the Irish people. It dispenses of that contention of our enemies that Terence MacSwiney is committing suicide. It should also settle the question for men like Father Vaughan and Canon O'Gorman, of Birmingham jail, who refused to give the sacraments to Crawford, of Limerick—a heroic man who is being forcibly led in that jail. We Irish know how to measure the quality of these Englishmen who are the vile instruments of the vilest Government England has ever known. The action of the Pope will endear him to the Church, i.e., the people in Ireland. It makes them feel that in spite of the immense power of England, and of English influence at Rome, that no intrigues of that Empire will be allowed to estrange that most faithful portion of the Catholic Church, i.e., the Irish people, from their supreme pastor—the vicar of Christ—the Pope.

The Exaltation of the Irish Struggle.

The sufferings of Lord Mayor MacSwiney have exalted the struggle of the Irish Republic for freedom, by the heroic, endurance, and the prayerful spirit of the victim. These sufferings have played a big part in keeping the Irish struggle high above political intrigue, on the plane of a holy war for democratic and international justice, against

the most callous forces of imperialist tyranny and materialism. These sufferings have drawn forth from the people the very highest impulses that human nature is capable of, and at the same time has intensified the determination of the Irish to shake for ever from their feet the dust of the British Empire. No propaganda, no battle or victory at arms, ever nerved a people to such courage. The very enemies (not all, but all who have any spark of humanity left) of Sinn Féin are silent before this great act of courage and sacrifice. We know of no parallel case in history of a hero and a martyr winning the sincere approval of peoples and nations by such prolonged sufferings. In this struggle we rest assured that time is on our side—also eternity. Is there anything to be compared in history to the interchange of messages between the hunger strikers in Cork and Brixton, giving each other courage and sympathy. The whole fight is unique in the history of democracy and of small nations. Here are the messages:

Senn MacSwiney brother of the Lord Mayor, sent the following telegram at 11-28 a.m. yesterday from London to the Deputy Lord Mayor:

"Tracleach sends the following message from Brixton Prison:

"Greetings to comrades in Cork Jail. I am with them in spirit, think of them always, and pray hourly for their welfare."

The Deputy Lord Mayor telegraphed to the Lord Mayor at Brixton Prison yesterday as follows:

"Just seen men in Cork Prison. Thank you for kind greeting. Fully determined to win. Nothing else matters. Faithful unto death."

English Labour's Part.

The letter of Mary MacSwiney, the Lord Mayor's sister, to the Labour Council of Action deserves very special attention on account of many things said in it.
September 4, 1920.

To the Council of Action:

Gentlemen.—In my few moments interview with you yesterday I endeavoured to rouse your consciences, and through you, their representatives, the consciences of the British workers to a sense of responsibility for the crime being committed by your Government in Brixton, and Cork. I had hoped that you would act, not merely appeal. My endeavour was a failure, my hope misplaced. I have a few words of warning to give you as to your Government's real intentions, for if you help them to crush freedom in Ireland the little freedom you possess will be their next objective. You and others appeal to Lloyd George on the ground that the death of the Lord Mayor will bring about a terrible explosion of anger which can only lead to further bloodshed, and "will kill the last hope of a peaceful settlement," etc.

Perhaps you do not realise that Lloyd George and your Government are gambling on just the chance of a

general outburst which will give them the chance of crushing once and for all the Irish Republic. They are counting that if the Lord Mayor dies the Irish Republican leaders will lose their heads, that the Irish Republican Army will do something rash, and that they will in consequence be able to arrange another massacre like that of 1798. Lloyd George is mistaken, but he is gambling on just that chance. He knows that the civilised world will be horrified, and many hard things will be said of him, but he knows too, that the world is selfish and he counts that the loudest howl of execration will die down in a short time. Meanwhile he will have crushed the Irish rebellion and the Irish nation, and the remnant will be thankful for anything they get. So Lloyd George proposes, but the disposal of affairs does not lie in his hands. I have already warned Mr. Lloyd George that we shall hold him responsible for my brother's murder. As Mr. Lloyd George declares this is a Cabinet decision then each member of that Cabinet, who does not publicly resign as a protest will be held by the Irish nation to account for that murder. Those who keep these men in power cannot escape the responsibility for their actions. The non-possimus attitude of the English people will not do. When told of the sympathetic attitude of the English press and people some days ago, the Lord Mayor replied: "If the English Labour Party desired my release they could enforce it within 24 hours." I repeat that now. You could if you would.

Yours faithfully,

MARY MACSWINEY.

"I had hoped you would act. My hope was misplaced." These are mild words, but their meaning will re-echo throughout the world where ever there are Irish people who expected that Labour would be true to its often expressed principles, and true to itself. The fact is that English Labour is made up of several sections of opinion in England, and in the course of the last few years it has showed that it can only act where its own selfish interests are concerned. English Labour is against a war in Russia only in so far as in such a war it may be called on to make sacrifices. It is against a war in Russia through fear of conscription. It does not object to making munitions to fight Russia. As to Ireland, English official Labour finds that by paying lip service to the principle of freedom for Ireland it can placate the Irish Labour element in England—hence the expressions of sentimental sympathy. The sacrifice of Terence MacSwiney has searched the heart of Labour, the "great heart of English Democracy"—and found it wanting.

It is overwhelmingly true, to quote the words of the Lord Mayor, that "if the English Labour Party desired my release they could enforce it within twenty-four hours." It is equally true that if English Labour desired to do justice to Ireland, it could free this country in twenty-four hours. The continued torture of Terence MacSwiney, and of the other prisoners in Cork, Birmingham, Mountjoy, and elsewhere—the continued torture of the Irish people by the English Army of Occupation, is the condemnation of the Council of Action, and of official English Labour. We do not say that English Labour has not sections which are true to Ireland. It has. There are many very honourable exceptions, and we take this opportunity of paying our tribute of respect to those sections which are sincere and honest in their dealings with Ireland. But the same difficulties indifference to great principles which militate against an Advanced Labour programme stand between Ireland and international justice. What we mean, to put it in concrete

terms, is that Robert Smillie has to fight in his own ranks the same elements of intrigue and corruption, of vicious opportunism and selfishness, which Irishmen in England have to fight where Irish rights are involved.

We referred above to the several sections of opinion inside the ranks of British Labour. There is the small strong section that is true to principle. There is a large mass of indifferents and a section which is filled with racial hatred of Ireland, and a bigotted element which brought up an lies about Ireland and Catholics, hates us because of our different religion. Imperialism has corrupted the minds of many, for they are filled with the pride of an Empire founded on violence and fraud, and they fear the sacrifice involved in any effort to do justice to Ireland. The traditions of English aggressiveness go back very far and go deep. Joan of Arc was burnt because she drove aggressive English imperialism from the shores of France, and ever since, save when domestic quarrels kept the people occupied in fighting each other, the English have been grabbing territory and power from the other nations of the world. The holocaust of Terence MacSwiney has made the world pause and wonder at the greatness of the man and the heroism of the nation, but English Labour, judging it on its acts, is as deaf as an adder, or as deaf to the call of justice as Birkenshead, Lloyd George, and the rest of the British rulers.

Going to Rebellion.

Another important point to be noted in this letter is the warning to England that the treatment of our prisoners is being used as a goad to drive the Irish into rebellion. If the disciplined forces of the Irish Republic only came into being yesterday there might be great fear of our enemies succeeding, but to-day Irish men and women have had too much experience to be rushed into any trap. The Irish movement will not allow its enemies to choose the battleground, having first seized, all the strategic points. The death of the Irish prisoners will stir the people as they have never been stirred before, but no one is going to lose their heads in fruitless and hasty action. Stead discipline will rule the situation, and the fullest powers of judgment will dominate the Irish movement in that great crisis, as it has done in every crisis for the last few years.

Compromise by Torture.

Lloyd George's answer from Lucerne refusing to release the hunger striker is the reply of a torturer. This reply is tantamount to saying that because under pressure of imprisonment and of violent coercion in Ireland the Irish people will not dis-establish the Irish Republic and accept the status of a British possession; that therefore Terence MacSwiney and his fellow martyrs must die. It throws an unpleasant light on those who call for compromise in this country, for the implication remains that those who call for compromise are encouraging the enemy, Lloyd George, to torture and coerce in the hope of bringing about the abolition of the Irish Republic. By some way we do not quite understand Mr. John Sweetman's position in this compromise business. He would set matters right and clear his position of all misunderstanding by taking the oath of allegiance to the Irish Republic.

Bonar Law's Inhumanity.

Bonar Law's statement proves that: 1. The English method most approved of is the shoot prisoners of war. 2. That he is a liar, as the Lord Mayor was merely arbitrating a case with the Prudential Assurance Company when he

was captured. 8. That the following from the *Morning Post* is fairly accurate:

The *Morning Post*, in an effort to defend the British Government, says it is now known that if the Lord Mayor and the other hunger strikers are released, practically the whole of the R.I.C. will resign and that bitter experience has shown the police that only after an offender's release have they become marked men.

4. That the British Government is beaten in Ireland, and is therefore forced to such acts of outrage in order to establish its rule of force in Ireland.

Gavan Duffy's Expulsion.

Our ambassador's expulsion from France proves that our propagandas in France is simply deadly. So long as only slight progress was made by the immense efforts of the Irish Republican representative no notice was taken of him. Now that the British Government has been beaten, our representative is hunted out of France. This is an old historic method, and many a great Irish leader in former days was hunted across Europe by the machinations of our secular enemies.

The Belfast Expelled Workers' Fund

In making this appeal on behalf of over 5,000 working men and women of Belfast wantonly thrown out of employment we respectfully direct attention to the true meaning and origin of this Belfast Pogrom.

It was conceived and prepared months ago. It did not originate among the workers themselves. Certain workers whose religious and political rancour made them ready instruments were secretly instigated to stir up the flames of sectarian bitterness.

But the wire-pulling and the secret instigation were the work of a political and capitalistic caucus, who sought to break up the ranks of Labour. Their plan was the old one, "Divide and Conquer." They cry out their shibboleth now "Civil and Religious Liberty," and the dupes interpret it as the right to throw their fellow-workers into the river, chase them from their work, and wreck their homes.

The only way to meet this is to arraign the wrong-doers at the bar of public opinion, and to frustrate this manoeuvre by economic action. Such action must be prompt and thorough. All the wrong-doers are known.

But in the meantime 5,000 workers, with over 10,000 others depending on them, are in dire need. We appeal for means to help these workers in their trouble. But we appeal also to the Industrial World for Industrial Justice.

Everyone has a *Right to Live by his Wages*. If this right is lost all is lost. If religious bigotry or political rancour, engineered by selfish and insidious capitalists, is allowed to impell this God-given Right, then the position of Labour will be undermined.

The sufferers belong to all classes and creeds. We confidently appeal to all classes and creeds for help. That help is needed at once.

Very Rev. P. CONVERY, P.P., V.G.

P. FINNEGAN, President, Society of St Vincent de Paul, Down and Connor.

JOHN O'DOHERTY, F.R.C.S., Hon. Treasurer, Particular Council, Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

JOSEPH FEGAN, Secretary, Expelled Workers Committee (A.S.C.C. and I.)

JOSEPH T. CLARKE, Member Expelled Workers Committee (E.T.U.).

Councillor JAMES BAIRD (Belfast Labour Party).

DANIEL M'RANDALL, District Secretary, Carpenters and Joiners.

ALEXANDER STEWART, Vice-President, Belfast Trades and Labour Council.

W. H. CARBUTTERS, Secretary, Belfast Labour Party. Cheques should be made payable to the "Belfast Expelled Workers' Fund" and sent to any of the following:

Very Rev. P. CONVERY, P.P., V.G.

Mr. P. FINNEGAN,

Dr. JOHN O'DOHERTY,
Hon. Treasurer,
Central Office, St. Mary's Hall, Belfast.

Archbishop's House, Dublin.

August 20, 1920.

My dear Lord,—I am at present at a distance from Dublin, and have only now read your Lordship's admirable letter on the horrid state of things in Belfast.

It is obvious that the infamies that are so powerfully depicted in that letter are possible only because they are openly tolerated by the English Ministry now ruling only by virtue of the strong hand of force in this country.

As a protest against their criminal neglect of their primary duty of protecting the lives and liberties of the people, and as a mark of my sympathy with the persecuted workers of Belfast, I enclose a cheque for £100. Your lordship will kindly take charge of it for me.—I remain, my dear Lord, ever faithfully yours,

WILLIAM J. WALSH,

Archbishop of Dublin.

Most Rev. Dr. MacBryde, Belfast.

Appeal to American Labour.

The great mass meeting held last week at Cooper Union, New York, at which Hon. Frank P. Walsh was the principal speaker, adopted unanimously a resolution addressed to the British Labour Party, one paragraph of which is as follows: "In the universal spirit of labour and the name of our common human rights, we ask you in this awesome moment to exert your mighty political force as well as every ounce of your irresistibly economic power to the end that the officials at present by your will in control of government immediately withdraw the Army of Occupation from Ireland, and permit its people to peacefully pursue their lives under the form of government which they have lawfully chosen, through laws made by themselves and executed by their duly elected officials."

NEW IRISH CHOCOLATE.

A new chocolate of exquisite flavour and richness has just been put on the market by Maxwell Lecom. It is entirely manufactured in Ireland, and is equal, if not superior, to the best French makes. It is called 'Celtic chocolate,' and can be obtained in 1s., 2s., and 4s. tablets (postage extra), from Maxwell Lecom, 22, Nassau Street, Dublin.

The Irish Dairy Industry.

The functions of the Royal Commission to which we have been accustomed were well understood. Their duty was either to sit on the matters referred to them until public interest in them had languished, or to return them to the public gaze thickly coated with whitewash or mud, according to the nature of the subject.

But we are changing all that. There is now a commission at work in Ireland which means business. The Commission of Inquiry into the Resources and Industries of Ireland was appointed, in circumstances well known to our readers, "to inquire into the natural resources and the present condition of the manufacturing and productive industries in Ireland, and to consider by what means these natural resources might be more fully developed, and how these industries might be encouraged and extended." Perceiving that an inquiry of so wide a range would necessitate strict definition of procedure, if confusion were to be avoided, the Commission appointed Committees to examine at once two subjects of immediate importance, food and power.

These Committees in due course reported that they had so far prosecuted their initial inquiries as to recommend that the Commission should at once proceed to take evidence on certain selected subjects. These subjects were: (1) Milk and Milk Products; (2) Fisheries, Seaboard and Inland; (3) Meat and Meat Products; and (4) Power, whether derived from Peat, Coal, Water or Industrial Alcohol. The Commission of Inquiry is accordingly at present engaged in holding open sittings for the purpose of taking evidence on these subjects, in addition to such direct investigation as it judges necessary from time to time.

In the meantime it has seemed to the Commission that a report on the milk production of Ireland should no longer be delayed. It realised that there was cause for some apprehension on the matter. It felt, also, that much of the work already being done did not always appear to form part of a concerted scheme. It therefore made an *ad interim* Report. That report has now been considered and adopted by the full Commission, and made public. It carefully examines the present position and possibilities of the dairying industry, indicates its weak points, and makes recommendations for its improvement.

Much expert evidence was heard throughout the country, and the Commissioners have correlated it and stated the position very plainly. It appears that the average yield of milk per cow in dairy districts is 420 gallons yearly, and that, taking into consideration the cost of feeding and the price of milk, no cow producing less than 350 to 400 gallons is self-supporting. Therefore it appears that the whole of the dairy industry, taken for all Ireland, exists within a margin of 20 gallons per cow, per annum, of bare subsistence. The price of foodstuffs is constantly rising. On the other hand, we have had grave warnings offered in evidence before us, to the effect that trade relations with Russia will bring into the markets now supplied by Ireland, large imports of Siberian butter. The immediate result of this would be a depression in the price of the chief product manufactured from Irish milk. But the least in-

crease in the price of foodstuffs, or the least depression in the price of milk or milk products, would at once threaten the whole Irish dairy industry as an effective business proposition.

The problem, simple to state but most complex in its details, is, then, how is the margin to be widened? Clearly, either the cost of feeding, etc., must be reduced, or the yield per cow must be increased. The first alternative depends on many factors which are hard to estimate, much less control, so the Commission has confined itself to the second.

There are, admittedly, many cows which yield over 1,000 gallons yearly, so there must be many which do not yield enough to repay the cost of feeding them. If, therefore, all cows giving less than 400 gallons were eliminated, the average yield per cow would, without any further measures for increasing it, be increased by from 25 to 50 per cent., and the whole industry placed beyond fear for the immediate future.

The report asserts that farmers usually do not know profitable from unprofitable cows. "There is no basis for the prevalent idea that good milkers can be known by sight. An actual test, the tables of which are before us, was taken in connection with a Cow-Testing Association in Munster. The President of the Association was a man who owned a herd of 18 cows, and himself milked 8 cows throughout the year. As a man of knowledge and experience, he picked what he judged to be the best milker of his herd. When the year's record came before him, he discovered that his choice appeared in the 9th place in the herd of 18. In were asked to examine the cows that came in to be milked, each of them to pick out the cow that, in his judgment, would give the most milk. In no case did the farmers pick out the right cow. In fact, the majority of the cows selected did not even give a moderately high milk yield.

Often it occurs that a farmer will think highly of a cow if it flushes well at the beginning of its milking period, though, in fact, it often happens that such cows prove the worst in the end."

Tables comparing yields of milk and butter by various cows owned by members of the same Association are given and analysed, and they prove very clearly the folly of retaining poor "milkers" in a herd. A cow yielding 450 gallons is a paying proposition, but barely so; but every gallon after that is clear profit. There fore a farmer with one 800 gallon cow is making as much profit as one with eight 400-gallon cows. This estimate is based on the cost of feeding, without considering the labour-cost of milking eight cows instead of one. A bad cow costs as much as a good one, and the labour of milking and tending it is not appreciably less.

The same tables go to the proof that to increase the milk yield is not to reduce the percentage of butter-fat. All the experienced witnesses testified to the same fact. Certain breeds give less butterfat than others, but this has nothing to do with the yield of milk.

The steps to be taken in the interests of the dairy farming industry, then, are fairly obvious. First, methods of productivity must replace the guess work which now prevails so generally, so that the yield of every cow

of every breed of cows can be ascertained. Secondly, the best so obtained must be utilised. Unproductive animals must be turned to other uses, the bad breeds eliminated, and good breeds maintained and improved.

The recommendation of the Commission deal with these matters fully, and should be studied by all concerned—and are more or less concerned. In the present summary we can only recapitulate them briefly.

(a) As to cows: (a) Introductory to the establishment of proper Cow-Testing Associations, with proper supervisors, and creamery managers should record for the information of each farmer his position, month by month. The manager could be informed by each supplier of the exact number of cows being milked by him. By checking this with the amount of milk supplied, the farmer will be able to know once what is the average yield of his herd, in order to compare it with the average yields of his neighbours. Thus uniformity would be stirred, and an incentive supplied for the creation of a proper Cow-Testing Association, while the farmer himself would become familiarised with the general use of such associations.

(b) Further, that proper Cow-Testing Associations could at once be established by all farmers, as a matter of self-help and ordinary business efficiency. Where creameries exist they form natural centres for such Associations. It should be the business of every creamery Committee in the country to see that supervisors are appointed to work from the creamery as their base of operation. This would be begun with farmers who under (a) show the worst average, with a view to helping them to discover the particular cows that are pulling down their average. In due course all farmers who supply the creamery would be sought within the scheme.

(c) In districts where creameries do not exist—and even in districts where creameries do exist, supposing these creameries have not sufficient initiative to undertake this work—the work should be undertaken by parishes and hapel-areas. Those who wish to do effective work for the country can help greatly by bringing meetings of farmers together with a view to the establishment of such Cow-Testing Associations.

(d) That Cow-Testing Associations, whether formed in conjunction with a creamery or independently, should be represented in a National Dairy Council. One of the functions of this Council should be to bring about a uniformity of practice throughout the country within Cow-Testing Associations, and also to undertake propaganda in parts of the country where Cow-Testing Associations have not been established, with a view to bringing the whole country into one uniform scheme.

(e) Active propaganda should at once be set up with a view to bringing the above measures into effect. The best methods must needs fall until the public mind is aware of their necessity, and the question is largely a matter of education. It is important, therefore, that active propaganda should be carried out by national workers, in order that the farmers who remain content with the present state of affairs, and do not act at once take measures to remedy them, should be charged before their fellows with national negligence.

As to bulls: (a) That for a beginning one stud-farm should be established in each province, and that its books and records should be kept on strict lines.

(b) That bulls of a dairy pedigree should be certificated;

that farmers should not permit service by a bull without a certificate; and that this certificate should state the dam and the sire of the bull so certificated.

(c) That no certificated bull should be sold before seven years, unless under exceptional circumstances.

(d) That bulls as well as heifers should be registered by name and number; that farmers when purchasing milch cattle should insist on knowing their sires and their dams; and that both sires and dams should be entered at the head of each separate record.

(e) That any bull that fails to produce a good milking strain should be fattened for beef, or removed to a non-dairy district before further damage is done to dairy herds.

Irish people have no use for reports framed with the object of dovetailing their industries into the economic scheme of a hostile country, and the present authoritative report, designed solely to forward Irish economic progress and independence, is very welcome. E.W.P.

Correspondence.

To the Editor, "Old Ireland."

I have only just seen Mr. de Blacain's article in your issue of August 21 "Revolution: Means or Object," in which he does me the honour to continue an interesting discussion opened verbally when we met in Donegal. I have no fault to find with his account of my views, which is substantially correct. An article of mine, "Shane's Cairn" v. "Shane's Castle," appearing in the first number of the *Red Hand*, will give to those who care to read it a further account of the complimentary functions of the Catholic and Protestant ideas in building up the stable world order which I foresee. In the said article I have given the divergent religious conceptions as to both cause and effect of social development, and related to sound development. But the reciprocal influence of religion and social processes on each other must necessarily be elusive to define. Whereas the influence of religion in checking or fostering complete individuality can be observed and defined with exactness by anyone of sensitive sympathies and keen psychological insight.

My belief in the superiority of the Protestant idea over any Catholicity which excludes and condemns the function is based primarily on the observation of individual rather than social characters. I have been conscious of what appeared to me dumb notes or numb areas in the mind of every Catholic I have met, without exception. May the frankness and goodwill of my confession redeem my words from imperfections. Marvellously quick in intuitive response (the quality in Catholic Ireland directly responsible for my political conversion) as quick in intuitive resistance to falsehood or hypocrisy, I have yet to meet the Catholic whose powers of intellectual incision impressed me as beyond the mediocre. The "escaped Catholic," in mine cases "out of ten, becomes an atheist. The escaped Protestant either a religious crank or a creative thinker."

I have long been aware that the root-idea of Protestantism, direct and immediate contact between the human soul and its spiritual source, accounted for the difference in

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kind I sensed between Protestants claiming and extending this contact as individuals, and Catholics submitting their relation to God to the rule of the Church. But I have found it hard to define wherein lay what appeared to me the numbing effect on the mind of the individual of submission to the mind of an institution. As a Communist I could find no fault with the principle. Submission to mass experience, if that experience was forgiveness; should be gain not loss. Yet I felt it to be loss.

Now, if Mr. de Blacem is correct my difficulty is solved, and I have a full explanation of the instinctive aversion to Catholic claims, which I confess I have felt all my life, and which identification with Catholic Ireland in every other respect has done little to weaken. I quote De Blacem's article:

"Dr. George O'Brien points out that medieval (Catholic) economic teaching was expressly designed to influence the only constant element in human society at every stage of economic development. Methods of production may improve, hand may give place to machine industry and mechanical inventions may revolutionise all our conceptions of transport and communication; but there is one element in economic activity that remains a fixed and unmistakable factor throughout the ages—and that element is man. The desires and the conscience of man remain the same, whatever the mechanical environment, with which he is encompassed. One reason which suggests the view that the medieval teaching is still perfectly applicable to economic life is that it was designed to operate on the only factor of economic activity that has not changed since the Middle Ages, namely, the desires and conscience of man."

"This is a very important passage," says Mr. de Blacem "and seems to me to sum up the difference between what I may call orthodox philosophy, and that evolutionary spiral philosophy on which Mr. White seems to rely for salvation."

I accept the issues on that ground. If the desires and conscience of man remain the same, "whatever the mechanical environment with which he is encompassed," then, indeed, I am of all men most miserable for flying in the face of Dr. O'Brien's law that holds man immutable throughout the ages. I have executed a complete mutation in the course of one half-completed lifetime, and have not yet completed the thorough transformation of my desires and my conscience in the process.

But I bear-up, for I cannot take up a child's picture book, a newspaper, and still less a treatise on morals without observing a mutability akin to my own. I observe also that every day the change in environment accelerates, man's desires and conscience must keep pace with it, or man must perish. Herbert Spencer's definition of life as progressive adaptation to internal and external environment is vindicated, and Dr. O'Brien and Mr. de Blacem's firmest of immutable man stands revealed as the definition of death and the formula of destruction.

J. R. WARR.

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Where England Stands Alone.

(Continued from last week.)

With the treatment of the Fenian leaders, whom he put in prison in 1865, England made its first attempt to degrade Irish patriots to the level of ordinary criminals. The patriot-prisoners it classed as "criminals," and punished "criminals." "This charge," Dr. Sigerson wrote in the *Freeman* of March, 1899, "was made in direct contradiction of all precedent; and that contradiction was enforced against them in obedience to no enactment. It would be hard to parallel a divergence so great from long-established and continuous custom." The British Government of that day endeavoured to seek justification in its Prison Act of 1856, but that Act contained nothing that authorized an charge whatever in the system of the treatment of such "prisoners," and even if it did the authorisation would be morally *ultra vires*. There was, no doubt, a juggling of words by which any British Government could claim inferred legal sanction for treating "political misdemeanant" as criminals, but in the British Government's urgent of such claim "the law sentencing a political prisoner to imprisonment" has, as Isaac Butt stated in the case of A. M. Sullivan and Richard Pigott in 1866, "been perverted into the infliction of a penalty, which the law never contemplated and never meant." It must be clearly understood, because it is not generally known, that the Government has the right to do more than detain political prisoners, to say nothing of prisoners of war. Punishment of either of these classes of prisoners is a violation of the laws and usages of civilised nations. Yet punishment combined with degradation, was what England inflicted on the Fenian prisoners.

It was the degradation that the prisoners felt most all. In a statement before the Devon Commission in 1870 Brian Dillow, one of the prisoners, said: "As I infer from the conditions on which the Commissioners will permit us to address them that they will not recognise moral greatness as criminals, I shall not dwell on this hardship, though I shall not, I trust in God, ever become so depraved and immoral as to forget it." Criminal treatment and association with criminals were, he declared, "eminently calculated to undermine the health of body and mind. I have no doubt of the gradual destruction of the former. The latter calamity I pray Almighty God to avert." Poor Dillow's prayer was answered, but his prophecy also proved true. His mind was saved, but he shortly after died—a victim of England's flouting of international law and usage. In two years eight of his fellow-patriots were murdered in prison by England's attempt to degrade them. Many others suffered the greater calamity of insanity.

British Admissions.

The fight of the Fenian prisoners against degradation went on until in May, 1867, the men in Mountjoy forced the British Government to make its first climb down. The Earl of Mayo, the British Chief Secretary, gave directions:

"That certain relaxations of the prison rules should be made in favour of these persons. The relaxations amounted to this—that the time allowed for exercise was doubled, the prisoners were allowed to smoke during the time they were taking their exercise, and they were allowed to walk with a companion." (*Hansard*, vol. 130, col. 1, 1867.)

In the following year Lord Mayo, speaking in the British House of Commons on the treatment of Messrs. Sullivan and Pigott, declared:

"With regard to association, I cannot conceive anything which would be more repugnant to the feelings of these prisoners than that they should be obliged to associate with the other prisoners in the jail."

In the same year two Fenian prisoners in Woking complained of their diet, and the official reply of the then English Home Secretary, Mr. Bruce (afterwards Lord Aberdeen) contains most important admissions. Here it is:

"Mr. Bruce gathers from the representations in the memorial that it is not so much a more generous, as a different diet which they (the Woking prisoners) ask for, and he is of the opinion that, in the case of these political prisoners, some relaxation of the strict rules of diet might, in accordance with the practice of most countries, be allowed."

In this statement the English Home Office makes two important admissions. It admits, first of all, the right of political prisoners to a difference in diet, and, therefore, in treatment; and, secondly, the fact that such difference is "the practice of most countries." In that last concession regarding the practice of other nations the British Government's prisoner policy in Ireland was condemned by its own Home Secretary.

The Devon Commission.

Under the Bruce regime there was a considerable improvement in the treatment of the Fenian prisoners, and finally in 1870 he appointed a Commission, with the Earl of Devon as chairman, to inquire into the "allegations which have from time to time been made on the subject of the treatment of prisoners under sentences of penal servitude in convict prisons in England for the crime of treason-felony." The British Government's own case before this Commission is evident that it itself recognised "political prisoners" as different from ordinary prisoners. It contended that, instead of treating the Fenian prisoners with undue severity it "made distinctions in their favour because they were political prisoners" (Dr. Sigerson in *Freeman*, March 18, 1898). One of these distinctions was that the Fenian prisoners were not compelled to have their hair and beards clipped.

Has that concession been made in the case of other prisoners? Captain Deane, Chairman of the Board of Directors of Convict Prisons, was asked, and he replied: "Not through the whole of their sentence; certainly not. A short time before men (criminals) are to go out from prison they are allowed to grow their hair; but these men (the Fenian prisoners) have been allowed to wear their hair all the time."

I mention these things because they are evidence which the British Government cannot evade that, even while it was forcing criminal treatment on the Fenian prisoners, it itself recognised, and showed its recognition in such measures as hair-clipping, that they were entitled to separate and distinct political prisoner treatment.

The most important finding of the Devon Commission was on a point outside its instructions altogether. This is the paragraph from its Report:

"A further question was forced on our attention in the course of our inquiries, though it does not fall strictly within the letter of our instructions. It is the question

whether prisoners, convicted of a crime so exceptional in its nature that it has been thought right to modify prison discipline in their case, to a certain extent, might not, with advantage, be more completely separated from the general body of convicts. . . . We are led to the conclusion that the difficulties attendant upon the location and treatment of political offenders may, perhaps, be most readily and effectually overcome by setting apart, from time to time, a detached portion of some convict prison for prisoners of this class, and we recommend this subject to the consideration of her Majesty's Government."

The Kimberley Commission.

Nine years later the Kimberley Royal Commission confirmed the findings of the Devon Commission on the question of the separation of political prisoners. Captain Ducane was again a witness, and went further than before the Devon Commission in his advocacy of separation. "I should," he said, "prefer having them (political prisoners) in an entirely separate prison; if there were any men of that class, I should not put them into an ordinary convict prison at all."

International Congress.

Two years after the Devon Commission an event took place that very considerably strengthened the hands of political prisoners fighting for political rights, and correspondingly destroyed the trumped-up case for criminal treatment and association made by subsequent British Governments. This was the meeting in London of the International Congress on prison discipline. This Congress assembled in the hall of the Middle Temple, and the report of its deliberations and decisions is to be found in the "Transactions of International Penitentiary Congress (London, Longmans, 1872)." The Earl of Carnarvon presided, and the foreign delegates, who included representatives from every European nation and from the United States, were welcomed by Mr. Bruce, the English Home Secretary, to whom I have already referred. Captain Ducane, and also the Hon. Charles Bourke, Chairman of England's Irish Prisons Board, were present as British representatives, and concurred in the findings of the Congress. The only part of the proceedings with which I am here concerned is that dealing with the treatment of political prisoners, and the debate on that question was opened by the representative of the Italian Government, Count Adolpho de Foresta.

"Simple deprivation of liberty," contended Count de Foresta "is enough for such an offender (i.e., a political prisoner). To shut him in a cell, to get him to compulsory labour, to associate him with thieves and forgers, is evidently excessive. Let us consider that the persons guilty of these offences are frequently well educated, young, and uncorrupted. Simple detention in a fortress, where they could read, work on their own account, and see their friends, would be a sufficient punishment. By not mixing them with other criminals, by not even placing them in the same localities, nor under the same denominations, the sentiment of their personal dignity will be preserved. . . . It is not a privilege which I propose, but an act of justice, for ordinary punishment is too severe, and, moreover, unjust, when applied to this class of crimes."

Mr. Pels, representing the Netherlands, agreed with Count de Foresta, and said that in most countries where penal codes had been drawn up such honourable custody

for political prisoners had been adopted. Professor Weddmroff (Russia) expressed his concurrence, and held that "simple infliction of the law did not imply criminality." The Hon. T. R. Chaudheller (United States) stated that the principle proposed by Count de Foresta was already recognised by his Government, and Dr. Margardson (Bavaria) said that the system of *custodia honesta* had been established in his country three years before. So the debate went on—several speakers in favour of the Italian proposal, which was finally unanimously adopted in this form:

The Congress "expresses its desire that in the various penal codes framed or amended, crimes of passion, not implying great perversity, should not be punished only by (i.e., by mere) ordinary punishment, but by simple detention in a fortress or other secure place, without the cellular system, obligation of working, or confusion with those sentenced to ordinary imprisonment."

Political offences are the "crimes of passion implying no great perversity" to which this decision of the Congress refers, and it is important to bear in mind that England, through its Governmental representatives, was a party to this international decision unanimously agreed to in its own capital city.

Let us see how the different countries carried it out in practice.

P. S. O. FEANSAGAN.

(To be continued.)

News from India.

SOVIET RUSSIA RECOGNISES INDIA'S REVOLUTIONARY BELLIGERENCY.

Washington, D.C.—Following a session of the Third International where Indian, Irish, Chinese, Turkish, Persian, Afghan, and Egyptian revolutionists were present, it was announced that the Russian Soviet Government recognised the Indian Revolutionary Committee as the legal government of India, and granted a loan of 1,000,000 gold rubles. This Committee of Indian revolutionists is said to be composed of Indians of wide experience and marked ability, who have made a decided impression on all attending the Third International.

POPE PLEASUED WITH MAHOMEDANS.

Rome, Italy, July 21.—The militant Mahomedan world has won a diplomatic victory by opening direct connection with His Holiness the Pope. Mahomed Ali, head of the Indian Musselma delegation, was received by Pope Benedict, Premier Giolitti, and Count Sporna, the Foreign Minister. The distinguished Indian Mahomedan told the Pope of the aims and aspirations of his people. Mahomed Ali's plea to the Pope was that England has not maintained the pledges made with respect to the holy places, having instead practically abolished the Khalifate and placed the holy places under British domination. The entire East has fallen into the hands of Lloyd George. The Mahomedans will not tolerate British or French mandates over places where the Musselmans consider themselves as gods and mandarins.

The Pope listened to the words of Mahomed Ali sympathetically, and expressed genuine pleasure at the spirit of tolerance toward other religions, specially

Christianity, now being shown by the Indian Mahomedans. It is said by many responsible diplomats in Rome that the Pope's kindly reception of the head of the Khalifate delegation will undoubtedly make the Catholics all over the world respect the aspirations of the Indian and Turkish Nationalists. Mahomed Ali, however, threatened a holy war against England if she were not brought to her senses by the pressure of world's public opinion and American financial power.

THE WORLD'S RELIGIOUS MEMBERSHIP.

Christians	564,610,000
Confucianists and Taoists	800,890,000
Mahomedans	221,825,000
Hindus	210,840,000
Animists	168,970,000
Buddhists	139,081,000
Shintoists	25,000,000
Jews	12,205,000

In Europe there are 374,760,000 Christians, and 14,050,175 members of other faiths. In Asia 28,700,000 Christians, and 868,500,000 of other faiths. In Africa there are 9,050,000 Christians and 149,871,000 of other faiths. In North America there are 102,700,000 Christians, and 10,235,000 of other faiths. In South America 36,600,000 Christians, and 1,400,000 of other faiths. In Oceania 12,700,000 Christians, and 42,925,000 of other faiths. The total population of Europe is 8,872,561, and that of Asia 872,822,000. Equally armed, how long can Europe fight Asia?

INDIAN MAHOMEDANS EMIGRATE EN MASSE TO AFGHANISTAN—BRITISH AT BAY.

Bombay, India.—Indian Muslims regard the unjust Turkish Peace Terms a direct interference with, and insult to, the religious institution of the Khalifate. Helpless to defend Islam against European aggression, most people have decided upon emigration, declaring India a *Dar-ul-Harb*. Already thousands have emigrated, seeking refuge in Afghanistan. Profound excitement prevails in Sindh and the Punjab. Thousands of people flocked at the railway stations on the way to Peshwar, congratulating Mahajireens on placing consciences before country. At Multan 25,000 people assembled, presenting an address. At Lahore 50,000 people offered a purse. Amritsar presented an address. Rawalpindi and Peshwar were equally excited. Over 50,000 more from Sindh alone are ready to migrate. Radical revision of the Peace terms consistently with justice and Muslim religious sentiment alone can save the situation for the British. The situation is all the more grave in view of the fact that these emigrants are being molested, and in more instances than one have even been fired upon by the British soldiers and military police. Little Amritsars are being scattered all along the Indo-Afghan border. Hundreds of men and women emigrants have been massacred by the British in cold blood, and a young girl is missing.

BRITISH LABOUR WHITEWASHES THE AMRITSAR MASSACRE.

London, July 16.—An analysis made by the Lobby Correspondent of the *Daily Express* of the division in the House of Commons on the Amritsar riot and the treatment of

Earl Dyer shows that had the Independent Liberals and four members voted against the Government with the number of Unionists, the Government would have been saved. This would have created the Ministerial crisis. Actual voting is shown by the following table:

	For the Govt.	Against the Govt.
Unionists	102	119
Coalition Liberals	69	7
Labour	85	0
Coalition Labour	3	0
Independent Liberals	20	0
National Party	0	1
National Democratic Party	4	1
Independent	0	3
(Including tellers)	292	181

—India, London.

BOYCOTTING THE BRITON.

New York.—As a protest against the repeated British domestic and military atrocities in the Orient the people India—of all castes and creeds—have inaugurated a movement for the boycott of British rule in India. In consequence of this national call, the Indians in and around New York, in a Mass Meeting held at Kyr's Restaurant (672, 5th Avenue), the following resolution was unanimously passed:

"Whereas, the Indian people at large feel convinced as a result of Allied treaty with Turkey the whole of Middle East, including Turkey, Persia, Egypt, and Asia, virtually lose their political and economic independence;

"Whereas, such an enslavement of peoples to European colonialism is a menace to all other Asiatic countries;

"Whereas, men, money, and material of India are being used by the British Government to enslave these peoples;

"Whereas, as a protest against such injustice the people India have decided upon a program of non-co-operation the Government of India proposed to be inaugurated on August 1, 1920.

"Be it resolved therefore:

"That this mass meeting of Indians, assembled in New York City on August 2, 1920, extends its full support to the people program of the non-co-operation movement, and that the people in India to take necessary steps to stop men, money, and material from being utilised in carrying out British imperialist schemes to enslave Asiatic peoples and Russia.

"Be it further resolved that the chairman of this meeting be authorised to send copies of the resolution to Indian States in India and England, and all organisations in the United States and other countries which are interested in frustration of imperialist expansion in Asia and elsewhere, requesting at the same time to give publicity to this motion in the Press."

The meeting was attended by Indians of all trades and professions, and was presided over by Mr. Taraknath Das.

Ireland, the Third Party and Christensen.

In Ireland great interest has been aroused by the following message sent by Christensen—the "Third Party" candidate for the Presidency of the United States—to Lloyd George—

"You have appalled the world by your callous indifference to the death throes of the heroic Lord Mayor of Cork.

"The slayers of Joan of Arc had excuses such as yours; so, too, the executioners of Robert Emmet, and the hangman of Nathan Hale.

"If the Lloyd George Government is not tyrannical, prove it by freeing Terence MacSwiney and withdrawing your army of occupation from the soil of the Irish Republic."

This message is a puncher in its uncompromising sincerity, in its concrete and historic argument, and in its consummate political skill. Taking the last remark, we mean, that as a merely political move its authors, in a few strokes of the pen, have done more to catch the millions of Irish votes than all the unpleasant intrigue of Democratic place-hunters. But this declaration is more than mere political tactics, however skilled: it is statesmanship. Statesmanship does the right thing because its right, choosing the moment to strike, dictated by courage and prudence. The whole effort of Eamon de Valera and our Irish delegates in America is to free the Irish in America from mere political intrigue, and to ground the movement on the firm basis of first principle. The party in America which shows by its acts that it fights for the principle of self-determination for Ireland will get the Irish vote. The declaration quoted above is the first decisive move of any party in the States in favour of Ireland. It is the first effort of the "Third Party" to make good its promise of recognition of the Independent Irish Republic. We are too far from America to be able to say how far this move will contribute to making an entente between the Irish and the "Third Party." We know that men like de Valera and Frank Walsh will act with reserve and with the greatest caution before any alliance is made, and it is more than probable that they will keep their hands absolutely free up to the last possible moment; and will only direct the Irish vote when it is certain of producing the biggest victory possible. In the meantime it is well that the Irish at home should have all the information at hand on the origin of the "Third Party," on its policy, and on the character of its leaders. We therefore publish here the impressions made on certain distinguished American political critics. This week we give our readers three impressions of the party. Next week we shall give a sketch of Christensen, the leader, and his relation to the new movement.

The distinguishing feature of this party in contrast to the other parties is that it has principles, and that alone among the parties it has produced a programme which is both radical politically and uncompromising economically. It stands very definitely for civil liberty.

This party has certain proposals for democratising the Government. The first is that the courts shall not declare unconstitutional an act of Congress. (This is to prevent reactionary interference with certain Democratic and Labour legislation.) The second political plank is the election of judges for a four year term subject to recall. The third plank is universal suffrage. The fourth is the initiative referendum and recall, with a special provision for a referendum on war. This last plank is a practical measure against future Wilsons getting elected on an anti-war policy and then plunging into war. In the old days, when England boasted of a constitution, politicians who made war without the consent of the people were at least in theory indictable. To-day the rule in England seems to be that the King can do no wrong (nor anything else), and his ministers can do what they damned well like. The two most important economic planks in the platform of this party are: (1) The right of Labour to an increasing share in the responsibilities and management of industry, application of this principle to be developed in accordance with the experience of actual operation.

(2) Immediate repeal of the Esch-Commins law, public ownership and operation, with democratic control, of all public utilities and natural resources, including stock yards, large abattoirs, grain elevators, water powers, and cold storage and terminal warehouses. Government ownership and democratic operation of the railroads, mines, and such natural resources as are in whole or in part bases of control, by special interests, of staple industries and monopolies, such as lands containing coal, iron, copper, oil, large water powers and commercial lines.

Editorial comment in the *New Republic* on the New Party states:

"It would have been more impressive, to be sure, if the gathering at Chicago had produced at once a mature, unified, scientific and inspiring platform, without bickering, without bolts, and without confusion. Such a thing would have happened only were there a simple issue before the people, and great leaders to express it. There are neither. The issues are complicated, touching at once America's relation to the world, the control of the means of communication and natural resources, the modernising of the political structure, and the strengthening of the rights of the individual against the encroachment of governmental power.

"That platform and the name are a project and a hope, not a purpose and a fact. The declarations are not the agreement of the representatives of American Labour and the American farmers. They are a trial balloon sent up by a minority of each in expectation that the platform will provide points of agreement. More than that no one can or ought to claim. The main body of organised farmers abstained. Even the advanced section in the Farmers' Nonpartisan League is waiting and watching. Only a part of the A. F. of L. participated, and by no means the strongest sections of organised Labour outside the A. F. of L. The solidarity of Labour does not exist to-day, the solidarity of the farmers certainly does not exist, and of course the fusion of these two non-existent

solidarities does not exist. The name Farmer-Labour like the name Democratic or Republican, is a promising proposal, not the statement of something that has accomplished.

"It could not be otherwise. The solidarity suggested by the name is certainly not easy to create, and may well never be created in America. So many levels, phases of social development are to be found side by side that it is doubtful whether complete fusion is possible, and even if it were, if the old parties continue to live and evade as they do now, a coalition of progressive factions among wage earners and farmers will take place but that this coalition will be a minority of the people, that, then, if it is wisely led, the coalition will accept the fact, will acknowledge the limitations of a class of farmer, but what difference does it make? They are and will broaden its scope so that the progressive farmer, shopkeepers, administrators, business men and professions can join as equal partners. Either the party will move towards fusion with the Socialists, or it becomes the nucleus of insurgents from the other party or it will evaporate. Those who control it to-day will make up their minds quickly which way they headed."

It will be realised, therefore, that the potentialities of this party are great, and its strength will assert itself as men feel the contrast between the earnest desire of this party to face issues and the sheer evasion by the parties of practically everything bringing with it the consequences of political shiftiness. It must, of course, be remembered that Gompers, the president of the American Federation, and his committee are at present supporting Democratic Party. But time alone will tell whether American people will back Christensen and the new party put one of the old parties into the saddle once more.

Hard:

"I will try to sum up the results of the Third Party happenings at Chicago.

"The grand general result may be said to illustrate stern truth that nothing can really serve the Labour movement from its appointed path, no matter how perverse that path may seem to some outsiders. At Chicago a few particularly conspicuous members of the Committee of 48 to inject an "individualistic" philosophy into a gathering in which an American Labour Party was prominently present. The representatives of the League defeated those gentlemen and defeated them by a Committee of 48 votes. The joint party of wage earners and farmers and of Forty-Eighters started off into existence the true collectivist line of the Labour movement of world.

"One must say first that the farmers of the joint party were for the most part thoroughly collectivist already. It came principally from the North-west out of Nonpartisan League surroundings. Some of them were delegates to Committee of 48 convention. They came as individuals from South Dakota, however, there came a delegation from South Dakota, and led by the South Dakota Nonpartisan League State Chairman. These farmers of South Dakota were the scream of the whole Chicago Third Party.

"They took one good look at the Committee of 48

they took one good look at the Labour Party, and then they sat right down with the Labour Party in Carman's Hall, the Committee of 48 was still holding separate sessions at the Morrison Hotel, and they proceeded to enter into conferences with the Labour Party on the platform. At the conference they brought in the following plank: Proportional occupational representation in all legislative bodies. Now the Labour Party's writers of platform literature do not timid men. But when they saw a plank on occupational legislatures handed to them by a delegation of party owners, they begged for mercy. They asked to be allowed to defer declaring for soviets.

"Of course the other fellows will call it soviets," said farmer, "but what difference does it make? They are and will call you Bolsheviks anyhow. We don't care what they call. We want it."

"But when the platform of the joint party was read, it contained no plank for legislative representation by occupations."

"The Labour Party had exercised a restraining influence on the landed proprietors from South Dakota. At the same," said one of them, "this is where we feel some. We've looked at their platform. Weak in spots. It's good. We're for it."

"At that time the Labour Party platform contained a little plank for the public ownership and operation—or nationalisation—or the nationalisation under the principle of the Plumb plan—or the nationalisation with Democratic control—or the mere nationalisation—as the case may be—of the following human enterprises and possessions:

"All public utilities, natural resources and credit facilities, including banks, insurance, stock yards, grain elevators, water power, cold storage and terminal warehouses; railroads; mines, oil lands, pipe lines and tanks; telegraph and telephone lines; large forests and large unused tracts of land."

"It seemed good to the delegation from South Dakota. It seemed less good to certain representatives of the Committee of 48. The primary diplomatic fact during the Third Party happenings at Chicago was that there was an essential unanimity of economic purpose between the wage earners and the farmers, while among the delegates of the Committee of 48 there was a split between those who voted with wage earners and farmers and those who followed Mr. Record, Mr. Amos Pinchot, and Mr. Allen McCurdy. Mr. McCurdy's emphatic declaration, delivered during his brilliantly eloquent keynote speech: "We are individualists."

"Under pounding from Mr. Record, Mr. Pinchot and Mr. McCurdy, the collectivist features of the Labour Party's platform were indeed a bit bruised. For instance, a statement in favour of public ownership and operation of all credit facilities was changed to a statement in favour of the 'Establishment of National and State owned banks' in competition with private banks. Many concessions in fact were made to the Committee of 48 by the Labour Party. Finally, in fact, the platform report read to the convention of the joint party by Mr. Record and the platform report read to it by Mr. Buck, of the Labour Party, were identical at one in matters of specific proposed legislation.

Yet the fight over the two reports in the Convention Hall was vehement and vital; and the victory by Mr. Buck over Mr. Record was crushing to the 'individualistic' faction in the new party—and it was so taken.

"This was the moment, and this was the cause, of Mr. La Follette's refusal to lead the Third Party. He could not properly lead it. Mr. Record is said to have remarked: 'The trouble with Mr. Buck's platform is in its psychology.' He was acutely right.

"Out of Mr. Buck's platform one gets somehow a feeling as of a working class, whether in city or on farm, advancing into collectivism gladly. But of Mr. Record's platform report one gets a feeling as of citizens—strongly resenting great economic evils and, to cure them, making concessions to collectivism. In other words, Mr. Record's platform report is not, and Mr. Buck's platform instinctively is, a document in the development of the Labour movement. But it is not the function, since it is not the impulse, of Mr. La Follette to be a Labour movement leader. Without the impulse it would have been false, it would have been artificial, for him to try to lead. He was true to himself and white to the whole situation in refusing to try.

"The vote on the platform at Chicago was taken after Mr. Record had informed the convention that Mr. La Follette was ready to run on the platform reported by Mr. Buck but not on the platform recommended by Mr. Record. The convention was spontaneously devoted to Mr. La Follette. Mr. Buck was devoted to him as so no other man in public office.

"And Mr. Buck knew, and the delegates knew, that without La Follette they were let down from the prospect of a glittering, rushing campaign to the prospect of an obscure, grubby one. The platform that Mr. Record said that Mr. La Follette could not accept was thereupon adopted by a vote in which the 'Ayes' were more than twice as numerous as the 'Noes.' A political party never gave a braver show of its sincerity.

"That convention was determined to show that its conscience and its purpose looked in the direction of the economics of Mr. Buck and not in the direction of the economics of Mr. Record. The economic differences between the two men personally were as important to the result as the differences between their reports. They were even more important. By that time in the history of third party affairs at Chicago the issue demanding instant and emphatic settlement was:

"Shall ideas like those of Mr. Record and Mr. Pinchot and Mr. McCurdy prevail? Shall we constantly recur to the theory of 'individualism' and constantly denounce the idea of a class party? Or do we accept the theory that the class of all who work by hand or brain is good enough and big enough for us; that the class of workers is the emancipating class; that emancipation will be collective?"

"That was the issue. It was answered with a roar. And thereupon the leaders of the Committee of 48, having failed in the extraordinary task of trying to make the Labour movement change its nature for them, refused quite naturally and rightly to change their own nature and remained 'individualists', and began to prepare to depart from a place where they never belonged.

"But left that bolt from the Farmer-Labour Party he understood. The Forty-Eighters went to Carman's Hall and sat with the Labour Party of their own free will. The

Labour Party gave them much more voting power than they numerically deserved. It gave them just about twice as much. This power was then very effectively used. The Labour Party, after Mr. La Follette had withdrawn his name, wanted to nominate Mr. Dudley Field Malone for the Presidency. Mr. Christensen was nominated with Forty-Eighters and farmer votes. And the platform itself was adopted overwhelmingly only because a very large fraction of the Forty-Eighters fell away from Mr. Record and Mr. Pinchot and Mr. McCurdy and joined itself to Mr. Buck and Mr. Lefkowitz.

"It was thought that fully half of the Forty-Eighters voted for the Buck platform. Among them one may mention Mr. Swinburne Hale and Mr. France, Senator France's brother. The leading Forty-Eighters, if they were driven out of the Farmer-Labour Party, as one newspaper expressed it, were driven out by Forty-Eighters as truly as by Labourites. There were many Forty-Eighters who by their temperament and by their philosophy belong to the joint party as earnestly as any trade unionist.

"They will remain there. The Third Party retains its two main economic groups—the trade unionists and the farmers, and it retains more than a few Forty-Eighters. It is a small party. But it is based on principles which everywhere else in the civilised world have produced large results. Can it be thought that when this frontier of civilisation has turned out to be quite open to capitalist social developments which characterise Europe, it will be immune to the answering developments which in every European country have led on toward parties of collectivist producers? I will try to describe the resources of the new party, and its prospects, and the character of its Presidential nominee, and its platform, in a following article. I add here the guess that the Forty-Eighters who have withdrawn from the Farmer-Labour Party are almost all of them among the persons who long have seen and said that the Republican Party and the Democratic Party are severally and together a class party. Now they have had reason to learn to suspect that parties formed to fight the Republican and Democratic Parties will turn out to be class parties too. How can people vote classlessly when they do nothing else classlessly?"

WILLIAM HARD.

BALROTHERY UNION.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

The Board of Guardians of Balrothery Union will, at their meeting to be held at the Workhouse, at 12 o'clock, on Monday, 13th September, 1920, receive and consider tenders for the usual yearly supplies of Provisions, Necessaries, Clothing, etc., for 12 months from 1st October next. A preference will be given in all cases to goods of Irish Manufacture (see handbill). Goods supplied as of Irish Manufacture must be branded with the Irish Trade Mark. List containing descriptive particulars of articles required, terms of tendering etc., also form of tender, can be had on application at my office. Samples of articles to accompany tender.

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SEPTEMBER 18, 1920.

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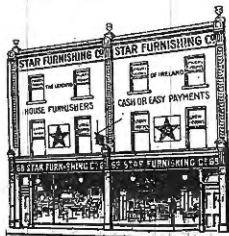
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VOL. II. No. 33.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1920.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.**Superhuman Morals.**

The prolonged struggle of the Lord Mayor of Cork is without parallel in the history of democratic and national struggles. The Lord Mayor realises himself, and it is his great consolation as it is the great consolation of all Irishmen, that his sufferings and supreme sacrifice are giving an almost superhuman morale to the forces of the Irish Republic and at the same time working the most devastating disaster upon the militarists of England. The Germans ascribed their defeat to the loss of morale due to the Allies propaganda—the day will come when the propaganda of the Lord Mayor's terrible ordeal will be declared by our enemies as the most deadly engine of their destruction.

Above all the cold blooded murders perpetrated by the British soldiery in Ireland, and the outrages of pogroms in Belfast and Lisburn, the ruthless burnings in Tullow and Galway; above all these stand the silent sacrifices of Terence MacSwiney and his eleven comrades in Cork Jail. The world is sick with the glut of bloodshed and massacre, but it has never witnessed a sacrifice like that of these men of Cork. We have seen at least ten of the leading journals of France in all of which Gavan Duffy's appeal on their behalf has appeared. It may be safely said that no paper claiming to be represented in Europe or America, fails to publish a

daily report of the condition of the Lord Mayor. The world is appalled at England's brutality. The world is amazed at this expression of Irish genius which shines forth in a capacity for suffering seldom rivalled in the history of the world.

The expulsion of Gavan Duffy from Paris will do the cause more good than harm. We pointed out last week that it proved how effective was the work of the Irish Republican Ambassador at Paris. More recent news shows that considerable feeling has been aroused in French public opinion by this act of war. Besides the undoubted opinion in France in favour of Ireland, there is American opinion to be reckoned with. France has been heavily exhausted by the war, and she depends on America for economic help. She cannot afford to flout Irish opinion in the States if she expects to be treated as well as she has been in the past. In the meantime it is anticipated that when the Chamber of Deputies and French Senate meet, that the treatment of Gavan Duffy will be raised by the representatives of all the parties. The Irish question has now become a living issue in France, and has ceased to be merely a subject for academic and sentimental sympathy. Ireland is frankly sick of sympathy. It demands real support in the interests of International justice.

Cowards, Not Christians.

Those who call Terence MacSwiney a suicide have proved themselves cowards. The Rev. Vaughan and MacNabs did not tell their English admirers that those who went to certain death in carrying out certain bombing excursions against Germany were suicides. Those heroes were told that their excursions involved certain death, yet they faced it, and the world honoured their sacrifices and the Vaughans and the rest prayed for their souls. They did not dare to talk of suicide then. But now, pandering to fashionable opinion in England they condemn poor Irish heroes to Hell for all eternity. It is no wonder that ignorant but honest non-Catholics laugh at religion when such preachers are permitted to give such scandal. It is a negation of Christianity, and it gives the lie to Christ himself when he said, greater love than this no man hath, than when he giveth his life for his friend. Catholic tradition has ever been careful of the preciousness of human life, but it has been more careful of preaching the greater principle of generosity and of seeking justice first.

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The Significance of Christensen.

(From The New Republic.)

The Presidential candidate of the Farmer-Labour party is a great joiner. He was attending the convention of the Elks in Chicago when the convention of the Forty-Eighters began. He has been Grand Esquire—I think it was Grand Esquire—in the Grand Lodge of the Elks. In Chicago he walked over from the convention of the Elks and sat in the convention of the Forty-Eighters as an inconspicuous delegate until he stood up. Then his six feet four inches and his white suit and his air of good-natured confident control made him at once into a notable and then into permanent chairman of the convention's proceedings.

Meanwhile, he was also a delegate to the convention of the Labour Party which was sitting in Carmen's Hall, a couple of miles away. He is also an Oddfellow. He has to go to Buffalo pretty soon to attend some sort of ceremony as Grand Representative of Utah in the Grand Sovereign Lodge of the Independent Order of Oddfellows.

At Cornell, in his undergraduate days, in the Law School there, he was chairman of the Republican Club; and before he went to Cornell he was secretary of a Constitutional Convention of the State of Utah. He had also been a County Superintendent of Schools.

Returning from Cornell he became a county prosecuting attorney, and began his relations with the Labour movement by enforcing—actually enforcing—the local eight-hour law in mines and on municipal works.

A short time ago an alien who had been corralled for deportation in Utah appealed to Christensen to help him get a competent hearing. Christensen accepted the case and was able to persuade the Labour Department at Washington to make a ruling to the effect—I think—that mere membership in the I.W.W. would not be a sufficient cause for deportation. At any rate, the alien won some sort of legal victory through Christensen. Hence Christensen's reputation—or "name"—as "an attorney for I.W.W.'s."

In Chicago Christensen became easily this country's champion chairman. I have seen many chairmen. Christensen is the perfect, gentlemanly, boot-and-spur chairman without fear and without reproach. He became a Presidential nominee by personally quelling his fellow-man in two successive conventions without ever driving his fellow-man out of fellowship with him.

The decisive moment came when the Forty-Eighters had gone over to Carmen's Hall and had seated themselves in among the Labour Party delegates, to make an "amalgamated" convention. The gavel was in the hands of the national chairman of the Forty-Eighters—Mr. J. A. E. Hopkins. He tapped out a little noise with it now and then, while large noises resounded from every quarter of the hall in tempests of motions and counter-motions and accusations and denances. The cloud of the Forty-Eighters had met the cloud of the Labourites and they were descending to earth together in a torrent that seemed likely to sweep the whole Third Party movement out of the hall and down the drain. Hopkins stood on the shore, and the torrent had ceased to notice him as it raged by.

At that moment the six feet four inches and the kindly countenance of Christensen came conscripted to the front of the platform. Delegates behind him were pushing him forward and saying, "You did it in the convention of the Forty-Eighters, now do it here."

Christensen's father was a "freighter." He drove wagons of freight from the railway terminus in Utah up

cross-country into Idaho and Montana and the Dakotas. Christensen is not at a distance from conflicts with nature and between natural men.

He stretched his hand out over the assemblage, and his manner was a repetition of the remark he had made to the convention of the Forty-Eighters: "I'm not going to be rough, but I'm going to ride this convention."

He knows he can do it, and he likes to do it. His method is really that of a sort of parliamentary orchestra leader. His gavel becomes a baton. He stretches it out encouraging to the man whom he has recognised on the floor to be the next man to suggest a tune. He stretches it out with such emphasis and interest that everybody else becomes interested to hear what tune the man will suggest. Some times, with hand to his ear, Christensen will notice several suggestions from several different performers and then himself venture to suggest that a wonderful tune could be made by combining two motions and letting the result be played by the several violas as a committee of one. His helpfulness wins the confidences of the crowd; and pretty soon he is really the conductor of its impulses instead of only the moderator of its violence; and in the end he seems to be doing nothing more ruthless than hushing the trombone when he pats the air over the head of a persistent riser for recognition in the pit of the hall and says: "I know, I know. You want to make a speech. So does everybody else. But your speech doesn't fit in just now. Now listen, brother. Pay close attention to me. Sit down!"

He sits. The down is as compelling as the "brother" is disarming.

In his little hotel room, after having ridden the human whirlwind to a dead calm, Christensen sits down, and takes off his soft collar, and gets a little metal tube out from among his belongings, and opens it, and draws some white thread off a spool of white thread and black thread within it, and drops a needle out of it, and threads the needle, and sews a new button on the collar, precisely and rapidly and shamelessly. He is a bachelor, and an independent bachelor.

He is also a total abstainer from vinous, malt, and spirituous liquors.

Finally; he once did a bit of newspaper writing, and of course, being a joiner, being a fellow-man, he became a member of the organisation of the trade. Here we see the class war directly upon us. The Republicans and the Democrats nominated publishers. The Farmer-Labour Party straightaway went and nominated a member of the News Writers' Union.

Christensen was one of the original organisers of the Labour Party in Utah. Nationally he fits the needs of the Farmer-Labour Party with extraordinary exactness.

The first need of the Farmer-Labour Party is that its candidate shall have no personal or factional associations which will in any way impede it in accomplishing its great tasks of winning the support of existing trade organisations of wage earners and farmers. Those organisations have to be its fighting base.

The Labour Party came to Chicago and started its convention in Carmen's Hall with six hundred delegates. These delegates could be analysed into two main groups: (1) Those from Trade Unions or combinations of Trade Unions; (2) Those from "Labour Party branches."

Supporters of the Labour Party who are not Trade Unionists may join "Labour Party branches." There are State branches and the county branches, and then city and ward and other local branches. State branches have been formally organised in Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri,

Oklahoma, North Dakota, Utah, Wyoming, Washington, California—fifteen States.

The membership in some of these States is altogether negligible. In others—particularly in Illinois—it is considerable and lively. Almost everywhere—I judge—it is today overwhelmingly of Trade Unionists and only scantily of other sorts of persons.

It does not follow though that the membership of the "Labour Party branches" is a political duplication of the membership of the Labour Party's affiliated Trade Unions. The Unionists whose Union has joined the Labour Party may perhaps, of course, join a "Labour Party branch"; but perhaps again he may not—being indifferent or being himself personally a Republican or Democrat. And the Unionist who joins a "Labour Party branch" may perhaps, of course, come from an affiliated Union; but perhaps again he may come from a Union which rejects the Labour Party and all its works. The two memberships—"branch" and "Union"—overlap, but are not by any means the same.

All "branches"—in Illinois, at least, which is the source and centre of the present Labour Party going effort—are supposed to pay regular dues at a given rate per member. So are all affiliated Unions. Trade Unionists are habituated to dues, and the Labour Party will be a rigorously dues-collecting party.

The delegates of the Labour Party at Chicago were two-thirds of them from Illinois and Indiana. Seven other States sent delegates to the number of at least ten apiece. The registration of credentialed delegates from these nine States were as follows:

Illinois	275
Indiana	116
New York	96
Pennsylvania	82
Iowa	24
Missouri	23
Ohio	22
Michigan	10
Washington	10

There were delegates in smaller numbers from twenty-one other States.

Of the two main sorts of delegates—Labour Party branch delegates and affiliated Union delegates—the latter seemed by far the more numerous. The emphatic majority of all the delegates in the Labour Party convention seemed to come directly from individual trade union locals.

It is apparently through a conquest of individual locals that the Labour Party must come—if it does come—to a conquest of the trade union movement of America.

The United Mine Workers of America, in full national convention last year, instructed their national officers definitely to proceed to the formation of a Labour Party. Nevertheless, the national officers of the United Mine Workers were not present at Chicago. Many locals of the United Mine Workers were present through delegates—sent at the expense of those locals. In the Illinois delegation I counted representatives from some eighty miners' locals. And there were some distinguished leaders of miners among the delegates—Walker and McDonald of Illinois, Mitch of Indiana, Howatt of Kansas, Harlan of Washington. But their national president and their national secretary Lewis and Green—were absent; and the national prestige of the United Mine Workers was absent with them.

Even among railway workers there were representatives of some fifty locals but no representatives of any national railway workers' union headquarters.

The only national union headquarters which seems to be on terms of affiliated intercourse with the Labour Party is that of the Clay and Brick Workers—which exists in Chicago. I think, in the same building with the Labour Party. The rules that the affiliated unions of the Labour Party are locals of national unions, while the national officers of those same unions stand aloof with Mr. Gompers.

The Labour Party is a rank-and-file movement led by a few City Federations, a few State Federations, and a few District Councils and the like.

Six State Federations have become affiliated—Illinois, Indiana, Pennsylvania, North Dakota, Wyoming, and Washington.

Among City Federations sending delegates I noticed those of Chicago, Rockford, Detroit, St. Paul, Aberdeen, Seattle.

I noticed also a district council of Railway Carmen from somewhere in Missouri; and I noticed several Building Trades Councils. In Chicago the district council of Carpenters has become affiliated.

At that point it is appropriate to begin to show optimism. Why a carpenter is predestined to be a conservative I have found nobody to tell me, but I am voluminously informed that conservatism and carpentry have long tended to be two lobes of the same brain. I am, therefore, advised that the conversion of a district council of carpenters to the Labour Party is a straw of the first magnitude for prophets of wind and weather in trade union affairs.

I am also advised that the conversion of the Chicago District Council of Painters to the Labour Party is equally significant—for the precisely opposite reason. Those painters are inclined to be Socialists.

On hearing about them, I was reminded of a visitor from South Dakota who came to Chicago with the farmers from South Dakota and who claimed to be the only dues-paying Socialist left in his part of the State. All the rest had become Nonpartisan Leaguers.

Out of my own knowledge I will say that the number of delegates present at Chicago from any given State must not be taken as necessarily a measure of the Labour Party movement in that State. In West Virginia, for instance, I know that the Labour Party movement—under the name Nonpartisan League—is apparently large and vigorous. Yet from West Virginia at Chicago there was only one delegate.

In any case, however, the first fight before the Farmer-Labour Party is the attempt by the Labour Party element in it to convince and conquer the national trade union organisations of the United States.

The next is the attempt to strengthen and enlarge the relations which at Chicago were surprisingly favourably established with groups of farmers.

The third is distinctly dependent on the outcome of the first and second, but it has to be carried on simultaneously with them. It is the vitally necessary attempt to expand the meaning of the word "Labour and to teach a certain great mass of salaried people that only by entering into the spirit and into the body of Labour can they ever emancipate themselves from being financially the most insulted and morally abject and grovelling group in the community. Their circumstances do not incline them toward organisation in trade unions. The hope is entertained that their interests will lead them into harmony with the trade unions through organisation in Labour Party branches.

Such are the necessities and such, therefore, the needs of the Farmer Labour Party. To meet them the Presidential

candidate should ideally have the following qualifications, positive and negative:

(1) No prominence as a leader of any trade union faction.

(2) No prominence as a leader of any farming faction, with a reputation consistent with a wide meaning for the word "Labour."

(3) No personal political organisation so great as to dominate and de-nature the political organisation which the economic groups of wage-earners and farmers must develop out of their own resources for their own purposes.

(4) A complete loyalty to the Farmer-Labour platform and program.

Christensen seems to possess all these qualifications entire. He heads no faction of trade unionists or of farmers. As a lawyer, he brings the word "Labour" into the professions. His personal political organisation is purely local to a thinly populated state. And he accepts the Farmer-Labour platform and program from beginning to end and proposes to preach it to the country in what he calls "a nation wide, twenty-four-hour-day, seven-day-week, town hall, street corner, and front-porch campaign."

Besides which, he likes his fellow man, in addition to desiring his welfare, and is always joining him; and, as a candidate before the people, he quite miraculously combines the two most desirable external qualities of a candidate: a grand front of body and an old shoe simplicity of manner.

So he seems at present.

WILLIAM HARD.

A Warning to Coal Importers.

In a recent number of the "Irish Homestead," a writer called attention to the profiteering which is being practised by the Irish coal importers and the efforts which are being made to establish a "ring" which, by monopolising one of the prime necessities of life, will impose upon the country any terms it chooses. It was stated that Dublin importers, who were formerly content to trade on a profit of from 3d. to 6d. per ton, are now making an average profit of from 12s. to 15s. per ton, and that on certain classes of South Wales coal the profit runs to 30s. per ton. The writer further pointed out that in addition to the fleecing of the public for their own gain, the coal merchants are voluntarily assisting the British Government to impose additional taxation upon the country through the medium of the Excess Profits Duty.

In view of the serious nature of the charges, we considered the matter worthy of investigation, and the result of our inquiries points plainly to the practice of profiteering on the most colossal scale. It appears that the coal which is sold as standard or kitchen coal is purchased in England at about 36s. per ton f.o.b.; that the freight and port dues amount to 15s. per ton; and that this coal, loaded directly into wagons, is sent to the provincial towns at 64s. 6d. per ton f.o.b. In other words, a charge of 13s. 6d. per ton is made for the service of ordering the coal and transferring it from ship to rails. A firm which would put a thousand tons on rail in the week—a not uncommon figure—would be earning £500 a week profit on this branch of their trade alone.

The same coal delivered to a customer in Dublin from the merchants' yard is sold at 70s. per ton, or, if not paid

for until after delivery, 71s. per ton, or, if only half a ton is purchased, at 72s. per ton. To realise what this means take the case of a man who lives in North Wall district who has ordered half a ton of coal which he will pay for upon delivery. The boat arrives within a few yards of his house with its cargo, the gross cost of which is 51s. per ton, and to transfer half a ton from the ship to the consumer's house a charge of 21s. per ton is made! If this is an example of the good service rendered by capitalism, little wonder that the system is on its last legs.

The writer referred to points out that a great deal of the coal imported is conveyed in boats owned by the importers, and that the standard freight of 15s. per ton allows for 7s. 6d. at least net profit. Are these merchants in Dublin capable of this awful extortion? Let us see how it would work out in the case of some of the large importers.

One of the coal companies with boats of its own imports, we understand, more than 400,000 tons in the year. Its subscribed capital amounts to £1,300,000. Granted that the average profit for conveyance and distribution is no more than 15s. per ton, the total profits for the concern would be £300,000, or 230 per cent. It is hardly conceivable that such inhuman extortion is being practised, but no matter how we examine the matter the evidence is overwhelming in favour of the opinion that the Dublin public and the public of the country towns are being robbed in a wholesale manner by the greedy gang of monopolists who use their privilege as the possessors of a necessity to wring huge profits from the poor and the rich indiscriminately.

The political conditions of the country prevent, unfortunately, the focussing of public attention on things which would normally be of prime importance, but we warn the Dublin coal importers that the day of reckoning will come, and if a section of traders is found to have taken advantage for their own ends of the country's occupation with its effort to achieve independence, they will assuredly pay the price. Meantime, we would like to know the position of the I.A.W.S. Is it able to enter for the orders for coal which are being sent to it; or is it the case that the societies have to obtain their coal from the profiteering importers, and that the best co-operating farmer is thus contributing to the maintenance and consolidation of an unscrupulous trust?

J. J. MAHER.

COMMENT OF "IRISH HOMESTEAD."

The Coal Ring.

With regard to the letter from our correspondent, "Athlone," about the profits of coal distribution, we can say truly we are guiltless in this matter. We have for more years than we care to remember pointed out that if people were too lazy or too classy to start co-operative societies to buy for them, if they were too indifferent to finance co-operative trade federations, they must pay for their indifference or their hostility to the co-operative idea. It is perfectly clear that society is dividing itself into two kinds of organisations—one which wants to make profit out of the community, and as much profit as possible; the other wants to eliminate the element of profit-making in the distribution of the necessities of life. It is no use, when warnings have been issued for fifteen years of the danger of letting such distributive agencies be under control of the profiteers, to

suddenly ask for effective action when prices have become unendurable. It takes time to build up powerful trading bodies. They cannot be created in a week.

The proper body to import coal for Irish consumers is the Irish Agricultural Wholesale Society. If it had got the capital it asked for it could have had shipping of its own. Our correspondent asks desperately are we to wait for revolution? Well, if the people of this country will lock up their capital in the form of deposits in banks, and will not use their savings in building up democratic trading organisations, we suppose we must wait for revolution, and we may wait a very long time, for it is our experience of human nature that it will bear a lot of fleecing and taxation before it revolts. In some districts in Russia before the revolution taxation had come up nearly to 70 per cent of income. When the revolution occurred there it was done thoroughly, we admit, but there were hundreds of years of oppression before the Russian people came to the point of getting rid of all profiteers, and we fancy we are a long way from any such exasperation about life in Ireland. The average man will grumble, but if the profiteers put it on gradually, a shilling this month, a penny extra this week, a halfpenny next month, a half-crown next quarter, the process goes on in such a tragic gradualness that there is no one week or month where the sufferer breaks out saying "this is unendurable" and goes out rioting. Prices go on mounting up, as they must while profiteering is the basis of our civilisation. We suppose we will finally come to the last straw stage, but we see few signs of it. The people in this country are very long suffering, and they prefer to have things done for them at any price rather than do them for themselves.

The Profits of Coal Distribution.

To the Editor of the "Irish Homestead."

A Chara,—Winter will soon be upon us again, and the high price of coal will be felt by thousands of families throughout Ireland. Yet while the miners in Great Britain, where there is supposed to be no democratic feeling, attempt to guard the public against extortion, no one in Ireland seems to challenge the right of importers to charge any price that pleases them.

Is it realised that the Dublin importers levy from 12s. to 15s. net profit on every ton of coal they handle? On certain industrial kinds, such as anthracite and smithy coals from South Wales, the profits during last winter ran to 30s. per ton. In 1912-13 the same merchants were glad to work on a profit of 6d. and even 3d. per ton. Enormous sums have been paid in excess profits during the past few years, yet so powerful is the "ring" that an attempt by one or two merchants to let the public have the advantage rather than the Government was determinedly and successfully opposed.

A new central organisation has lately been formed called the "All-Ireland Co-ordinating Committee." It held its first meeting in Dublin early in July, and the writer has been privileged to see the minutes. One of its recommendations was that the Central Supplies Committee in London be requested not to issue licences to any new importers, the conference being of the opinion that great danger might be anticipated from co-operative societies endeavouring to obtain cargoes directly, or perhaps a conscientious person might enter the trade.

It is extremely puerile on the part of the public to complain of high prices while they allow a non-producing body to extort vast sums for a service that is almost entirely performed by unskilled labour.

Another point is that several of the importers have their own steamers, and the freights which have been fixed by the Government enable them to place another 7s. 6d. per ton to profit account. Is it any wonder that men decay under such circumstances? The money which is thus extorted from the Irish public is mostly invested in English securities.

Surely this is a case for immediate action. Or is everything to be postponed until the revolution arrives?—Mistie le meas mor,
ATHLONE.

Where England Stands Alone.

(Continued from last week.)

Definition of Political Offender.

The speeches of the Continental and American representatives at the International Congress and the decision at which the Congress unanimously arrived, were based on the international conception of a political prisoner, a conception traditionally understood and respected rather than specifically expressed. The French people were really the first, as far as I am aware, to governmentally define the term "political offender." In a ministerial circular issued on August 17, 1864, M. Thiers stated:

"The Government has judged it to be suitable and in conformity with public opinion not to confound in any case political convicts, purely such, with other convicts, destined for houses of force and correction; and I have even decided that they should receive a better alimentary regimen, and that they should not be forced to work. But one condition is indispensable in order that men condemned to seclusion or imprisonment for acts, or on the occasion of acts, of a political nature, may, without any sort of scandal, be admitted to enjoy these favours; it is necessary that it should be demonstrated and incontestable that they have acted under the influence of their opinions. Thus individuals who, on the occasion of political troubles, give themselves up, whether to pillage of money or other movable objects, or to any other ordinary crime against social order, could not be considered but as simple malefactors; while the pillage of arms (unless particular circumstances establish a contrary presumption) cannot be considered except as a simple political crime."

Thus the French Government defined political offenders as those whose offences were committed "under the influence of their opinions," and on that definition France, and with it the other Continental countries, have since acted.

Treatment.

France's treatment of its political prisoners before, as well as after the International Congress, was in keeping with M. Thiers's conception of a political offence. In 1867 an official Decree of the French Government established at the House of Correction of St. Pelagie a Special Quarter for political prisoners. Article 11. of this Decree states:

"The prisoner placed in the quarter in question shall be admitted to the exceptional alimentary regimen accorded to political prisoners and comprising per day 600 grammes (1½ lbs.) of wheat bread, and a demi-litre (almost a pint) of wine, and (per week) five full rations and two meagre. The prisoner may procure ailments from the kitchen of the Governor, who must be anticipated from co-operative societies endeavouring to obtain cargoes directly, or perhaps a conscientious person might enter the trade. It is extremely puerile on the part of the public to complain of high prices while they allow a non-producing body to extort vast sums for a service that is almost entirely performed by unskilled labour. To be strongly interdicted."

INSURE your LIFE and PROPERTY with THE IRISH NATIONAL ASSURANCE CO., 30, College Green, Du'olin.

And the third article is:

"The prisoners may communicate amongst themselves in the interior of the quarter reserved for them. They will communicate in a parlour attached to the quarter, by permission granted in the Bureau of the Prefecture of Police, as well with members of their families as with strangers who have shown legitimate motives for visiting them. These different communications will take place on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, from noon to four o'clock, and on other days from 8 o'clock a.m. to noon."

The great object of this Decree of 1867 was the assurance of complete separation from ordinary convicts. While it declared one of its aims in establishing the Special Quarter to be the affording of political prisoners "many facilities for gaining little luxuries and enjoyments" it emphasised the fact that "the Government, according to this subject with public opinion, traced from the commencement a line of demarcation between the political transport and the ordinary criminal."

While the Devon Commission was in session in 1870 it sent over a Dr. Lyons to inquire into the treatment of political prisoners in France, and his report (printed as an appendix to the Blue Book) confirms the 1867 Decree in practice. He states that the dietary of the French political prisoners included meat, cooked vegetables, and claret, and adds:

"Independent of the foregoing dietary political prisoners are granted about a pound and a third of white bread daily, and nearly a pint of wine. Besides all this they could purchase extra supplies of food at the canteen or from without, but as regards visits political offenders had the right to receive their friends in the Governor's parlour. Prisoners convicted of political offences connected with the Press were allowed to receive their families in their own apartments, and these might, and, as a matter of fact did, very often spend the whole day with the prisoners, taking even their meals with them."

In 1889 an attempt by M. Herbet, the head of the Penitentiary Administration, to revise the rules governing the treatment of political prisoners, was defeated by the *Commission Supérieure des Prisons*, which unanimously endorsed the Decree of 1867. The status of political offenders in France at the close of the nineteenth century has been admirably described by M. Leveillé, Professor of the Faculty of Law, member of the Commission that inquired into the condition of Communist convicts transported to New Caledonia, and subsequently of the *Commission de la Revision de la Code Pénale*. In his own words:

"In cases of transportation and long imprisonments, which vary from five to twenty years (and correspond with the penal servitude of Great Britain), the French law makes a distinction between political and ordinary offenders. Political prisoners are not obliged to work or to wear the prison dress, and they are entirely separated from the ordinary criminals. In cases of short imprisonment, varying from six days to five years, the text of the law is not explicit, but the tradition and custom of the administration has always been to treat political prisoners with much leniency. They wear their own dress, receive visits from their friends, and need never mix with the other prisoners. They are treated with much consideration. Monsieur Customs, a short time ago, in the Legislature, replying to a question from a member in reference to this subject, said that the liberality of the

prison administration in this matter had gone so far that the number of visitors on the list of one of the prisons amounted to over 80, which rendered the task of prison concierges no light one. One of these lists included the name of a *dansette* of the opera, and also, it must be added for propriety's sake, that of her aunt."

Subsequent to this again, the French Government further interpreted the *custodia honesta*, referred to in the International Congress, as permitting political prisoners to continue in prison their own work, whatever that might be.

Other Continental Countries.

Other Continental countries acted similarly as regards their political prisoners. In Germany, in Austria, in the Netherlands, in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, even in Tsarist Russia, the *custodia honesta* in the terms of the International Congress was honourably maintained. Lonsdale, in his "Through Siberia," says that political prisoners are allowed to possess books and furniture, and bring their families into that dreary land of exile. "Political prisoners," he states, "go to prison for a short time, not at all, and are then placed in villages and towns, where they follow trades and professions, and earn their living. The severest case of punishment of a political prisoner I met with was that of, I think, a Nihilist at Kara, who had daily to go to work in the gold mines, but on his returning he had a room to himself, some of his own furniture, sitting, and books."

Now to the case of England.

P. S. O'FLANNAGAN.

(To be continued.)

Neil Kerr, R.I.P.

Ireland has lost a brave young soldier in the death of Neil Kerr, Liverpool. He was one of those who under Pearse and Connolly sowed the good seed in Easter week. The Frongoch Brigade remember that amongst the advance party there were the Brothers Kerr. Poor Neil discovered all the objectionable rules by first breaking them. From first to last the Brothers Kerr, with gay defiance, obstructed all official bullying, reckless of the cost to themselves. Barney McCormack and T. Stokes were others of that hand, and death has claimed them also. It is sad to think of these young fellows, so full of promise, cut off ere they reached their prime. Many of Neil's colleagues and friends were to be seen in the large cortege that escorted the remains to Glamwin on Saturday.

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Gandhi and Tagore on India.

The Indian Moslems v. Anti-Christ Briton

By M. K. Gandhi.

(The Leader of the Non-Cooperation Movement in India.)

Slowly but surely the Moslems are preparing for the battle before them. They have to fight against odds that are undoubtedly heavy, but not half as heavy as the prophet had against him. How often did he not put his life in jeopardy? But his faith in God was unquenchable. He went forward with a light heart, for God was on his side, for he represented the truth. If his followers have half the prophet's faith and half his spirit of sacrifice, the odds will be presently even, and will in little while turn against the despisers of Turkey. Already the capacity of the Allies is falling against themselves. France finds her task difficult. Greece cannot stomach her ill-gotten gains. And England finds Mesopotamia a tough job. The oil of Mosul may feed the fire she has so wantonly lighted and burn her fingers badly.

Whatever the fate of non-co-operation, I wish that not a single Indian will offer his services for Mesopotamia, whether for the civil or the military department. We must learn to think for ourselves, and before entering upon any employment find out whether thereby we may not make ourselves instruments of injustice. Apart from the question of Khalifat, and from the point of abstract justice, the English have no right to hold Mesopotamia. It is no part of our loyalty to help the Imperial Government in what is, in plain language, daylight robbery. If, therefore, we seek civil or military employment in Mesopotamia we do so for the sake of livelihood. It is our duty to see that the source is not tainted. Is any sacrifice too great to gain such a great purpose?

Boycott the British Government.

Bombay, August 1.—The Non-Co-operation Movement has begun in right earnest by a general strike all over India, a general giving up of titles and a general solemn boycott of the British Government in India. Not only are men giving up their high honorary offices and titles, but they are also resigning their lucrative positions. Men, women, and children all over India have taken the sacred vow of encouraging Indian industries by boycotting British goods. A boycott has also been declared of Government loans, Government schools (of which there are but few), the so-called reformed council, and above all, of all civil and military positions in Mesopotamia. So far no disturbances have occurred; it is rumoured, however, that the Government is preparing for a general slaughter "to teach the people a lesson for this defiance of British Raj in India." Mass meetings in all parts of India are demanding the immediate recall of all Indian troops from Syria, Palestine, Mesopotamia, Anatolia, Persia, and Egypt. Some of these mass meetings have been attended by as many as 50,000 people. The entire country is pledged to stand behind the movement and Mr. Gandhi, its leader, to a finish. Rabindranath Tagore's message on the subject reads as follows: "The use of mercenary troops for utilitarian purposes is degrading to all parties concerned, and it grieves my heart, as an Indian, to see that members of a subject race, which has been deprived of its right to carry arms for its own self-protection, are being turned into fighting automata for the imperialistic aggrandisement of a nation whose possessions are already too burdensome for its moral integrity and physical strength."

Hindu Deportation.

Washington, D.C.—Arrested without warrants at Bethlehem, Pa., forcibly shipped out of there without their belongings, confined in the filthy cells of the Ellis Island without any legal sanction, and denied the right of any judicial action, fifty-seven workmen of India have already been arbitrarily deported from this "land of the free and the home of the brave" at the command of the Britannic Majesty's most obedient servants in America. And at the request of British officials they were shipped as sailors on British ships at five to seven dollars a month. The Indians refused to go on British ships, where Indian sailors were treated as rather worse than slaves—underfed, flogging, and kicking being the order of the day. But the Ellis Island authorities told the Indian workers that if they refused to follow the British captain of a boat they would get six months in jail.

In the meantime the Civil Liberties Union and the Friends of Freedom for India came to know of these and secured writs of *habeas corpus* and nine of the total sixty-six were out. These cases of flagrant injustice soon became the theme of conversation in busy Washington, with the result that the Department of Immigration is to be given a thorough cleaning. Louis F. Post, Assistant Secretary of Labour, has taken the matter in hand.

Non-Co-operation Movement in America.

Sacramento, California.—Emphatically repudiating the right of England to rule over India, and scathingly denouncing the British barbarities in that country, a mass meeting here of about 1,000 Indians, representing all provinces, unanimously passed the following resolution in support of the Non-Co-operation Movement.

"Whereas the people of India have condemned the action of the British Government in carrying on unlawful warfare and to massacre the unarmed people of India, have registered their opposition to the destruction of Independence of India, Persia, Egypt, Ireland, to dismemberment of Turkey, and to extension of British imperialism in various parts of the world.

"Be it resolved that the Hindusthanes in America assembled in a mass meeting held in Sacramento, August 8, 1920, do hereby declare that they subscribe their hearty support to the program of non-co-operation inaugurated by the people of India through various representative organisations.

"Be it also resolved that we urge the people of India at home and abroad to exert every effort to discourage the Indian soldiers to serve under the British Government and carry on any aggressive warfare against any nation.

"Be it further resolved that we urge the people of India not to carry arms, ammunitions, and military forces to be used against Persia, Egypt, Ireland, Afghanistan, Turkey, Russia, China, and other countries."

British Torture and Deport Patriots.

Allahabad, July 17.—In a railway compartment normally fitted for 88 men, the British Government in India jammed in 100 young men, mostly students from the Punjab, and deported them to the Andamans without any trial, merely on suspicion that they were working for the independence of India. The train passed through the local station to-day. The country's Press and the public were kept absolutely in the dark by Governmental manipulation. But by sheer accident the editor of the *Bhavishya* came to

know of the train and the victims of the British Government. A reporter of this paper found the young patriots of India suffering terribly. Most of them were sick and were gasping for a breath of fresh air. All of them were hungry and thirsty. A few came near the windows and were pitifully crying out for food and drinks of water. There was no urinal in the compartment and no provision for water. Their excruciating agonies moved all to tears. A few men and women on the platform bitterly cried at the plight of the young prisoners and rushed to offer them food and drink, but the British police brushed them aside, even though their victims received scanty and filthy food but once since leaving the Punjab. An attempt was made to detach the train and to give them little necessities of life. But the station-master was under orders not to give them any kind of treatment that is due even to the worst criminals. At last the train steamed away as the boys sang the "Bande Mataram."

"Arthur in Wonderland."

Credit where credit is due. Usually we feel nothing but contempt for the English Labour Party, but at the moment we are grateful to it, for it has given us much amusement at a very small cost—two pence, to wit. The source of our innocent excitement is a pamphlet, bound in a tasteful primrose-coloured cover, bearing the exquisitely whimsical title, "Report of the Commission of Inquiry into the Present Condition of Ireland of the Parliamentary Labour Party." This contribution to contemporary humour is the joint work of seven hoary-headed Sons of toil—the Right Hon. Arthur Henderson, M.P., and six others—whose names, with appropriate prefixes and suffixes of honour, appear on the title page.

The authors have modelled their little *jeu d'esprit* upon two classics of comic fiction, "Alice in Wonderland" and "The English Government" Plus Book"; but this imitativeiveness enhances rather than diminishes the originality of the work, for the "Alice" vein crops up most in places where one would least expect it; amongst statistics it positively rams.

The note of broad burlesque sounded by the title is maintained throughout. The Wonderland visited by Arthur and his Honourable and Right Honourable friends is, with a pretty wit, called Ireland. Like ancient Gaul, it is divided into three parts: the Northern half, inhabited by Orangemen; the remaining half, which is the haunt of Sinn Feiners, extremists, and other monsters; and an undefined, unlocated part which is greater than the whole, and the habitat of a numerous, intelligent, beneficent race called men of moderate opinions.

Most of the characters in "Alice" are introduced under thin disguises. Thus the Dodo does not appear under its own name, but the "Constitutional Nationalist Party" is much in evidence; monsters like gryphons and cock turtles are absent, but *clichés* of every species abound—"vicious circles" trip one everywhere, "outrages grow by what they feed on." The walrus and the carpenter have disappeared, but the latter has left traces in the shape of "placards" of the Labour Party platform. The Mad Hatter, under the title of "We," is put in the position of author, with uproariously funny effect.

It will be remembered that Alice was, at the outset, her adventures, turned into a dwarf, and afterwards grew to be a giant. This fantasy is recast in the form of an analysis of the voting at an election in the year 1918, the majority vote being by Mad Hatter logic reduced to about half its real size, and that of the minority swollen up accordingly. Even when it had been dwarfed as much as possible, however, the majority vote was too big to fit into the argument, so the Mad Hatter tries to cut it down by his own inimitable method. "Whether," he observes, "the Sinn Fein vote was a vote for complete separation may be a matter of opinion. We desire in this matter to avoid sweeping generalisations."

The Mad Hatter is, of course, at his best on the Labour platform, which is subtitled for his tea table in the early work. Our authors hit off his style inimitably. Says he: "Labour also is divided. In the South it demands not much an Irish Republic as full freedom for Ireland to determine its own future." But what's the difference? Alice would have said. However, nobody dares to interrupt on this occasion, and the Hatter has another go. "In the North many believe that if self-government were in fact for some time the demand for independence would practically disappear." "What's the difference?" we would ask again, if we were Alice. "I haven't the slightest idea," the Hatter would certainly retort.

So vicious were the circles, so poisonous the imbecility so much did the outrages grow by what they fed on, that this Wonderland into which poor Arthur dropped was a place for the moderate man who were to be found everywhere if one could only find them, so he and the Mad Hatter set the March Hare, and the rest of the menagerie, draw up plans to exterminate the monsters and restore the poor Dodo to its former glory. So neat a satire are these plans upon the utterances of certain politicians that we will excuse for quoting them rather fully. "The Labour Party is committed, as indeed the whole British nation is committed, to the principle of self-determination. The acceptance of this principle implies the right of the Irish people to determine their own future. We believe that Ireland were left free to decide whether she would remain within the Empire or not, she would decide, upon mature consideration, that in her own interest the link should not be completely severed. We consider therefore... the constitution conferring self-government on Ireland should not be subject to revision by the Irish people for a number of years." The term "self-government" as it appears from the context, used in the Mad Hatter sense of something quite different from "independence." Could anything be more scathing?

We fear we have not done justice to this brilliant little skit. To take a few gems, out of their setting, as we have done, is to diminish their effulgence and spoil the general ensemble. When we, respectfully, laid down this little theatre of humour, our Muse sat up and exclaimed:

"You are old, Right Hon. Arthur, you've got Labour's vote, And your "screw" is uncommonly fat; Yet now you have turned your political coat, Pray, what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the Sage, "you inquisitive Hum, I feared my ideals might wane, But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none, I do it again and again."

E. W. PROCTOR

Theology and Hunger Strike.
A Reply to Fr. Bernard Vaughan.

By Professor Alfred O'Rahilly, M.A., B.Sc. Ph.D.

While young noble Irishmen, most of them daily combatants, all of them heroic idealists facing a prolonged poverty and premature death for us and for our liberation, lying prostrate, speechless, suffering in English jails, Fr. Bernard Vaughan, S.J., fresh from his homiletic dances and snugly encoached in Mayfair, has chosen tell the world that our dying brothers are suicides. In particular his pronouncement has reference to my dying friend and colleague, the Lord Mayor of Cork. I propose to reply to Fr. Vaughan in such an explicit and direct manner as is appropriate to this unworthy attempt to acquire journalistic notoriety at the expense of our defenceless friends and champions.

"Personally," says Fr. Vaughan, "from my reading of theology, moral and dogmatic, I should not feel entitled to minister the rites of the Church to anyone who was liberately dying of hunger-strike." This attempt to pose as a learned canonist and theologian before an ignorant non-theological audience is a very unseemly trick. I consider that his incoherent strictures on our dying patriots he has forwarded any right to a charitable concealment of his theological shortcomings. The simple truth is that Fr. Vaughan did merely a short elementary course of theology. His "read- ings of theology" has accordingly been rather light.

The very wording of Fr. Vaughan's pronouncement would show him to be ignorant of theology. In the first place, that has dogmatic theology got to do with the matter? What connection has the deposit of faith with hunger-strike? The allusion to dogma is simply rhetorical bluff. In the next place the reference to his reading of moral theology is equally irrelevant and futile. In the brief compendium of moral theology—such as *Jury or Jencot*—which Fr. Vaughan had to read, there were about five lines devoted to suicide and not a single word concerning hunger-strike, which is a really modern expedient practically unknown prior to the man-suffrage movement. And, finally, Fr. Vaughan's attitude, as explained by himself, is in flagrant contradiction with one of the fundamental principles of moral theology. He, Father Vaughan, considers that hunger-strike is a form of suicide; but he admits that, as he himself puts it, "other theologians far more learned than I," hold the opposite view. Even on Fr. Vaughan's own view, then, an Irishman who hunger-strikes against English rule is following a most probable opinion, as he has a perfect right to do. (The Jesuit theologians have always been champions of probabilities and often got into trouble for it.) Thus the unity of hunger-striking having, according to Fr. Vaughan, a great amount of intrinsic and intrinsic probability in its favour, is safe and certain in practice. On Fr. Vaughan's view, then, a man has a perfect right to hunger-strike and therefore also a perfect right to minister the rites of the Church, with a corresponding obligation on the part of the priest, irrepective of his personal private judgment, to minister to the hunger-striker. Such Fr. Vaughan's view as logically and theologically enumerated. But what conclusion does Fr. Vaughan himself draw? That he himself "should not feel entitled to administer the rites of the Church" to a hunger-striker? However about his feelings, which have nothing to do with the question, Fr. Vaughan's views about his sacerdotal obligations and about the liberty of conscience of Catholics are grossly erroneous and reprehensible.

Fr. Vaughan, pontiff-wise, has not chosen to give us any reasons for his view. He flings his statement to the world without the smallest suggestion of limitation, explanation, or distinction. "Anyone deliberately dying of hunger-strike" is unworthy of receiving absolution from Fr. Bernard Vaughan. Anyone! Criminals, murderers, suffragettes, conscientious objectors, imprisoned by their own Government; Irishmen and boys, pure-living idealists, kidnapped by an alien military usurpation—all are lumped together and damned. Anyone, anywhere, in any circumstances, hunger-striking, is declared by the Rev. B. Vaughan to be unworthy of getting spiritual administration from him. And even while nearly all England is denouncing the brutal folly of the English Government and admiring the wonderful heroism of a handful of youths fighting a duel with their Empire, Fr. Bernard Vaughan's sole comment is that the English Government—no, that these boys and men (who never sought the privilege of being his penitents) would not be absolved by him. The sins of (English) society—empty cradles and all the rest of it—are as nothing compared to the crime of defying that Government whose noble efforts to free small nations were so ably seconded by the eloquent preacher.

When Fr. Vaughan was preaching his kill-Germans sermon and helping to turn men into cannon-fodder, he had no Front could, by using his *ambulatory muscles* for two minutes, save his life and extricate himself from danger; he does not do it; he dies and is enshrined in the Roll of Honour. A man at another Front could, by using his *ambulatory muscles* for two minutes, save his life and extricate himself from danger; he does not do it; he dies, according to Fr. Vaughan, without the Sacraments—and is buried in unconsecrated ground. In one case, if you do not run or wade, and hence are shot, even though it be in a brutal world-war inspired by international financiers, you are a hero, almost fit for canonisation. (That is, if you are not fighting against England, of course.) In the other case, if you do not open your mouth and move your jaws and tongue, and hence die, even though your death be a tremendous moral victory and world-wide protest against tyranny and injustice, you are a suicide; and even though you are visited in prison by Archbishops and Bishops and prayed for in crowded churches innumerable, still the Rev. Bernard Vaughan is so influenced by his reading of theology, moral and dogmatic, and perhaps mystical and canonical, that he would not feel entitled to absolve or anoint you as you lay dying. Father Vaughan may rest assured he will never be asked; let him continue to read his theology.

In order to help him in his studies, I will give him a quotation from a great Jesuit theologian, whom even Fr. Vaughan would admit to be far more learned than he is. In his *De Legis* (iii. 20, 11) Suarez says: "In the command to preserve life there are two things included. One is of a negative and obliges always and for ever, namely, the precept of not killing oneself. The other is the positive precept of doing something to preserve life and avoid death"; and this latter precept does not oblige for ever, but can often be disregarded, not only for the observance of a law, but also for the good of friendship or for other honorable actions or reasons.

I will also give Fr. Vaughan another quotation from an equally famous Jesuit theologian, especially as it refers to a case which is as near an approach to hunger-striking as Catholic theologians have ever considered. "A Carthusian monk," says Cardinal De Lugo (*Disp. x., 35*), "can, according to the common view, abstain from meat even with the

certain danger of death." There is a very close parallel between the Carthusian monk and the captured Irishman. The sick monk is not bound to abstain from meat, his abstinence is not under vow, but only in virtue of his rule, which *per se* does not bind under sin and certainly not with danger of death. Yet, according to the common view of Catholic theologians to which Cardinal De Lugo testifies, a dying Carthusian is not bound to take meat even if by taking it he could save his life; he takes other things—water for instance—but he may lawfully refuse to take that food on which his life depends. His brethren may in charity be bound to bring meat to the dying man's bedside and leave it within reach. The Carthusian need not take it, he may laudably strike against meat, however accessible; such is the common view of Catholic theologians. The reason is that the monk is voluntarily standing for a great spiritual principle which affects not only himself but the whole community of which he is a member. And in order to uphold his ideal of asceticism, the monk may, with the approval of theologians, allow himself to die rather than reach out his hand for the cup of beef tea which is steaming at his bedside. And as I write these lines, there lie men and boys, fired with all the old chivalry and idealistic self-sacrifice of medieval monks and friars, dying because, in assertion of a great spiritual principle, they make their last protest against an unchristian and barbarous tyranny. They come in the crime against our country by taking prison-proffered food, as the Carthusian might spurn meat or the early Christian turned away from idol-tainted food. Before the astonished gaze of a world materialistic, dull, brutal, they symbolise and incarnate all that is noble and spiritual and unearthy in the soul of man. And, behold from out the prayer-murmuring crowd, a man, a minister of Christ, comes forward. To pray for those in their agony? To point to their noble example for a corrupt industrial democracy? To condemn with holy anger the brutal, callous tyranny of his countrymen? No. Only to proclaim to the waiting journalists that our agonising leaders and heroes are suicidal maniacs unworthy of the Sacraments.

ALFRED O'RAHILLY.

Inheritance.

One evening, some days ago, I went to dinner with cousins who live a few miles away. It was a warm, damp evening, after much rain, and peculiarly peaceful, the sort of night that I like best in the country. It makes me, for some reason, think of far away places where I never have been and where one day perhaps I will go. And with me in my thoughts goes, childishly enough, a wondrously beautiful lady, all decked out in pale and costly satins, or sometimes it is only in black silk, and with much grace of manner. To-night as I came back I was wondering what these good people thought of their cousin whose poems, that by ill chance they had come across in some paper, had shocked them a little and mystified them greatly.

I know that they think of me as wild and revolutionary, a young Shelley perhaps, when I am not simply vague and sentimental. If at this evening on my way home they could have stepped into my mind for a while they would have been a little disappointed, for they are proud of their strange relation, as one might be proud of owning the first bicycle

or a very early motor car. They imagine me, I have been thinking, in delighting to turn them out of their rather beautiful old house and making a country tenement of it; a sort of modern Rousseau accepting the hospitality of people he had day hopes to ruin. But they are so wrong. All that I wish is that they be beautiful from generation to generation, my minds good enough to show them the best pictures to hang upon their walls, and to fill the old latched bookshelves with the books that I have loved.

With us poets it is different. Although we have children, there will be no gradual carrying on from us through them. What we have done, or may do, is a fire kindled suddenly, blazing up and dying out, but leaving, nevertheless, a mark upon the night. They will start afresh, just as we have started, and unlike my relations who have had two or three generations behind them.

If I should succeed in my ambition as a poet, I might be indeed a Stuart who will become the richest man in Europe, and he will say: "I need thank none of my relations for this. I started by myself. And yet what do I come to think of it there was a poet. I wonder how much I owe to him?"

Ah, my dear great, great-grandchild, you owe me many thousands to him, and how glad he would be if you were alive to pay him now.

But my cousins manage posterity in a much more sane and less egotistical way. It is only their sons and daughters who owe them anything, and these make acknowledgments of the debt beside their parents' death beds, and so every thing passes off satisfactorily. It is not that I regret the heritage that I may happen to leave for somebody; just one solitary person with a mind like enough to mine to discover it. It will be there for the asking—all the thought that I have not had time to say and all the thoughts that I have not had time to think. He can put them to use as he will; make a gold mine out of them may be, or dream mine if he is wiser.

But to return to my cousins. Just now they are probably going to bed in large wooden bedsteads with very few sheets. It is these large carved bedsteads in which generations children of the same family have been born, every night, grown up, brought their wives to, and died, that will defeat Bolshevism. And Bolshevism must be defeated, this modern unemancipated Bolshevism; and its place we want a surer, quieter kind of revolution, of which my cousins will continue to sleep in their old curving bedsteads. But I, if I choose, may sleep in a beautiful painted gondola drawn by seven swans, beside this lady who has haunted me so much of late, and to whom I may have been able to offer suitable surroundings. H. STUART.

Correspondence.

To the Editor, "Old Ireland."

Would Captain White just ponder that pithy French paradox: "Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose." Yours, VERA S.

Correspondence.

To the Editor, "Old Ireland."

Necessity of Guarantee Against Blood Lust.

Sir.—Of all the many schemes now put forward by way of guarantee for the settlement of the eternal Irish Question, no schemes stand head and shoulders higher than all competitors' appeal to the suffrages of competent judges upon issues of inherent worth alone. The two schemes to which I refer are as to whether Ireland shall be (1) "free" within the British Empire, or (2) whether she shall be free as a sovereign State outside of the British Empire?

Now, sir, may I make bold to state at once that the motto "Liberanda est Hibernia" is the axiomatic inwardness of the situation. "Ireland must be free." She cannot any longer afford to be treated as she has been treated by the various secretaries of English lawlessness and disorder. Ireland must be free. The question is not as to what is to be done, but as to how it shall be done? Can Ireland be free and at the same time remain a part of this Empire of Britain? I confess we do not desire to remain. We desire earnestly to go, if for no other reason than that we would wish to sever all connection with such disreputable connections.

British Empire stands for such misdeeds, having been established, having been propagated by such more than questionable means if we recall the attempt to conquer France of old time, if we recall the fate of Ireland for 400 years, if we recall the destruction of native races in America, South Africa, in India, in the Soudan, in Australia, in New Zealand, the British Empire has been established and maintained, having been propagated by such more than questionable means, that we (I think I am not mistaken in claiming to express the feeling of a major part of my countrymen in this) Irish sincerely desire to cut all and every connection of political therewith to the Empire upon whose shocking acts the sun never sets.

Such is the sincere desire of the majority of Irish people, desire augmented many times, strengthened and confirmed by an event that startled and shocked humanity so late as yesterday. I refer here to the subscription of £20,000 blood money raised by English people and presented to a wholesale murderer by name known as General Dyer, whose slaughter of Indian people at Amritsar has horrified all nations.

Irish people have their faults. There are murderers in Ireland as well as elsewhere. But to have degraded General Dyer with one hand and to have deprived him of his command and at the same time, with the other hand, to have raised a subscription amounting to £20,000, and to have used this sum to the credit of General Dyer's bank account, such an object lesson as this supplied by Britain gratis as an exemplar to Ireland is not one which Ireland, with all her faults, is very likely to admire or to imitate.

Ireland wishes sincerely to clear herself of all connection with people capable of perpetrating infamities that form the dark rock upon which England's Empire is founded.

But suppose Ireland has no free choice in the matter; suppose Ireland be unable to cut the connection; suppose Ireland be incapacitated from establishing her absolute independence as a Sovereign State or Republic; suppose Ireland, whether she will it or no, has to submit to remain within the Empire of Britain; suppose to Ireland be extended such autonomy as is possessed by such Dominions as Canada, or Australia, etc. Having regard to past experience, could Ireland be justified in accepting the qualified freedom which is possessed by Canada or Australia?

What ground of confidence would Ireland then possess? Would not it be open to doubt the sincerity of England? How often have not the perfidious English resumed their unjust rights and privileges, although conceded to Ireland in full quorum.

England cannot be trusted so far as Ireland is concerned. And unless substantial guarantees be forthcoming, be the vision rosier than the rose, England's word cannot be accepted no more than England's bond. Now where, therefore, is Ireland to find guarantors of her great Charter, be it that the English draw such a Charter in Ireland's favour? As a unit within the Empire, Ireland cannot seek a guarantor of any Charter drawn by England and conferring freedom upon Ireland. If Ireland's Charter is to be of any validity guarantors must be forthcoming. Without such guarantors the concession of a Charter of Freedom to Ireland by England would be for England, the maid, to give Ireland, the kitten, a spoon to play with. England could resume her spoon of thread when she would wish. Somebody should become sponsor or guarantor for Ireland's Charter of Freedom. But who? No King, no President of foreign powers could enter the domestic circle of British Empire.

Who then could become sponsor or guarantor of Ireland's Charter of Freedom? I say there is at present no competent competitor for the position of sponsor or guarantor. The Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, or any of the other "independent" dependencies of Britain are not technically Sovereign States, are not *pari passu* equals legally of Britain. They cannot, therefore, guarantee defence of Ireland's Charter of Freedom. To be able to do so they, the Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, etc., should be able to appeal in the event of England's denouncing our Charter of Freedom, should be able to vindicate us by the power and use of the "Ultima ratio regum" of cannon and the sword.

To be a nation possessing a Charter of Freedom within the Empire, or to be a nation and enjoying an independent Republican form of Government, to be either of these two things and at the same time to lack guarantors, would be to build our hopes upon sand and to trust to the winds of the sky.

(1) Charter of Freedom within the Empire, or (2) Republican Independence outside of the Empire, in either case there must be valid, effective sponsor or sponsors such as the English would fear and respect.

There is one, always one, great danger: if arises not out of political institutions, but (and this makes it the more discouraging) out of the very character of the English governing classes. I refer here to the ferocity of the English. There is no use trying to burke the issue. If we tried to do so (as I have said before) the voice of Amritsar calls too loudly. Had General Dyer been executed for his atrocity then, indeed, we might have had some hope, but he has been simply retired and has since been subsidised. It is a wonder they did not knight him or make him a member of the House of Lords. They did so in the case of Clive, the assassin. This sort of thing is systematic.

Does anyone suppose that Ireland a Republic would exist very long were she without her international guarantor or guarantors. Is there anyone so bold as in his or her wife, so unversed in the Machiavellianism of England, so childishly confiding in the strength of a broken reed to pull him across the roaring fords of storm-swelled rivers, is there any fool so foolish, madman so mad, as to trust a Cretan? After our 400 years of experience of Saxon faith we would indeed be incurably imbecile were we to fall in extorting from any

situation the last coin of security such situation would supply.

Then let us agree that Ireland a Republic must in no wise resemble the wish-blown dandelion in the hand of a child, because the child, England, will blow it to the four winds.

An international guarantee, collective if possible, must stand at the baptism font, and must assume the very real, very sacramental obligations of a conscientious godfather. Certainly such a godfather could be found. The U.S.A. would prove a most reliable and eligible guarantor of her new-born sister Republic—Dail Eireann.—Yours, etc.,
PHILIP F. LITTLE.

The Swan's Wrongs.

By Count Plunkett, T.D. (After Theodore de Banville.)

As the great Swan went swimming
On a lake of silver brimming,
Where Silence was distilling,
The black crows, to confound him,
Came clattering around him,
With muttering and shrilling.

"Go hide, you bird of evil!"
They croaked. "See this young devil,
All ivory and lily!
O! but his flank is snowy!
He shows himself as doughy
As any clowning silly!"

"Afoot on floods of sapphire,
Ugly as pearl of Ophir,
Pale as a marble Cupid
And like the hawthorn's blowing,
He sets the flag a-flowing,
Of gulls and doves, the stupid!"

"One must use sable shading
To catch the crowd parading
Beside the emerald margin.
And black's so nice and cheering!
The normal, formal gearing
Of courtier, scribe and Serjeant."

"Cook! draw your blade, and slaughter
This Pierrot of the water!
Lucky, since vain my wish is
The vile bird's lily liver
With sharpened beak to sliver
(The snow-ball!) for the fishes."

So spake their wit and culture:
When from his height a Vulture
Swept, to destroy the Dreamer
Drunk with the sunshine's glory;
His wavy track is gory
As 'twere a purple streamer.

Like snow-clad Etna flaming,
The white bird sings, proclaiming
His call in notes sonorous,
Chanting the daylight splendour
'Till the dark caverns render
The strain in echoing chorus.

The Swallows as they hover,
The Rose and the Rose's Lover,
They mourn the Swan. But the Donkeys
Gently they nudge each other:
"Who wants bad singing, brother?
Our airs are not in the wrong keys."

Still he sang on. And the forest
Trembled to hear the chorist
Hymning his glad evangel.
Of filmy wings the glimmer
In the veiled azure, dimmer—
Passing—can these be Angels?

Fair travellers, merrying,
They watch the Swan as dying:
He lies in the sunset narrow:
Nay, a star-gleam rejoices
Their skye eyes, and their voices
Whisper "Dear Mate, Good Morrow!"
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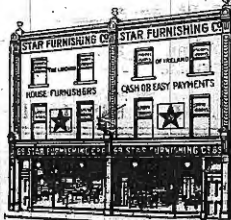
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"I wish to express on behalf of my comrades in Cork and myself our gratitude to all our people throughout the world for the wonderful support they have given us in our ordeal by the Innumerable Masses and prayers said on our behalf.

"The spiritual assistance afforded us has, I believe, sustained us in a supernatural manner. This is my comrades' fortieth day without food. No natural reason can explain to me why I am myself alive.

"I was brought here after five days' fast and a twenty-four hours' journey in such a state of collapse that it was impossible to forcibly feed me. Yet on Tuesday next I shall have completed forty days without tasting food, and though lying here helpless my faculties are as clear as ever.

"I attribute this to the spiritual strength which I receive from my daily Communion, bringing me bodily strength, assisted by a world of Masses and prayers, of which the intensity is so apparent. My comrades, who are fasting two days longer than I, are clearly sustained in like manner.

"I believe God has directly intervened to stay the tragedy for a while for a Divine purpose of His own. I believe He has intervened not solely for our sakes. We have laid our offering at His feet to be accepted or not according to His Divine Will. But I believe He has in His mercy intervened for our enemy's sake.

"It is incredible that the people of England will allow this callous and cold-blooded murder to be pushed to the end. It is being done in their name and they will be held responsible. The whole civilised world stands shocked at the very thought of it.

"If it is pushed through, it will leave a stain on the name of England to which there is no parallel even in her history that nothing will efface, that will rise before them whenever they offer another people friendship. I think God is giving them a last chance to pause and consider.

"If their determination is to go on, our resolution was made from the beginning, we are prepared to die. Speaking for my comrades and myself, we feel singularly privileged in being made the instruments of God for evoking such a world-wide expression of admiration and support for the cause of Irish independence and the recognition of the Irish Republic, and if we are to die, we are called to even the greater privilege and happiness of entering the devoted company of those who died for Ireland.

"We forgive all those who are compassing our death. This battle is being fought with a clean heart purely for our country. We have made our peace with God, and bear ill-will to no man.

"I pray God's blessing on all you who have supported us by prayer; between you and us it has been a veritable communion of prayer. I believe God is watching over our country, and by His Divine decree her resurrection is at hand. I believe this is her last battle for liberty, and that God in His justice will crown it with complete victory, and that our country will again in the near future regain her place among the nations of the world."

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Irish Heroism and English Brutality.

Another week is added to the prolonged torture of Terence MacSwiney and his brave comrades in Cork. It is now forty days since these heroes entered upon their terrible struggle with the rulers of the British Empire. We are all being educated in the infinite capacity of Irishmen to suffer for the heroic cause, and in the infinite capacity of English politicians to be brutal and inhuman. It is a terrible thought that the depths of British malignancy should have to be sounded by the suffering of such heroes. No Irishman, no honest man throughout the world, who knows of the ordeal at Brixton and Cork (and the martyrdom of Terence MacSwiney has been blazoned over the world), has any illusions about the inhumanity or injustice of the British Government. The humblest Republicans in Ireland hardly conceived such heroism, such endurance and perseverance possible; but the humblest workers in the cause to-day have learnt a lesson in self-sacrifice in its overwhelming power which, if they are called upon, will nerve them in turn to face any ordeal no matter how bitter. As to the malignancy of Ireland's enemies, to us it is brought home more acutely by the anti-Irish propaganda, than by the actual suffering inflicted. Letters and articles in the English Press blackening the fair fame of Terence MacSwiney by cutting him, at one time a suicide and at another the victim of the discipline of the I.R.B., give us a glimpse unto the squalor of soul, not only of the British politicians, but of the British journalists, and of the readers of such

papers as the *Morning Post*, the *Yorkshire Post*, and other great organs of English opinion. English intellectual Shaw, Galsworthy, Massfield, H. G. Wells, Gilbert Murray, L. T. Hobbouse, Bishop Gore, recently Bishop of Oxford, and many others, have shown their disapproval of the British Government by open expression of opinion in the Press, but like the expressions of sympathy from English official Labour, no really effective action is taken. The acid test of honour is not words but action, and in the course of the last forty days there was time enough, God knows, for Englishmen, either 'individually or in the mass' to have shown that they were men of honour who lived up to their professions of humanity and justice.

Ireland United in Prayer and Sacrifice.

Terence MacSwiney and his comrades are not suffering or praying alone. The whole nation in every part of Ireland is joined with him in prayer. The enemies of Ireland take care that the people shall also suffer with him. We need not here repeat the terrible catalogue of outrages against the Irish people. Murders, the sacking of towns from Lisburn and Belfast to Galway, Tullow or Kanturk, Cork or Limerick—the very names conjure up the fires and terror of English occupation in Ireland. The whole nation is suffering individually, and most of all the women and defenceless children, who have either suffered directly through ill-treatment of themselves or their nearest and dearest, or from day to day they wait expecting some tragedy in their midst. For be it well remembered that in this ruthless war non-combatants are not respected. Belgium during German occupation has never witnessed such ruthless and such unprovoked brutality as has been meted out to honest Irish women and men in such towns as Lisburn and Belfast, Galway, Cork or Limerick—to say nothing of the atrocities committed in country places and in villages.

(Continued on page 535).

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An Ghaoth Aniar.

That reading matter in Irish suitable to the modern mind is and will be a pressing need, is evident to all who, having seen the language come to the end of the folklore and mediæval stage without dying, realise that if a modern and educated life is before her, Irish Gaelic will have to appeal to us out of the printed page, and that ubiquitously and informatively. The old man, toothless and dim-memoried, who under the lea of a Connacht or Kerry turf rack was our mentor, has played his part, and probably passed to other spheres, his eternal *bhí fear ann fad é* is distinctly a tale that is told; our new teacher will not demand such a troublesome hunting down and coaxing, he will be available in unwritten page every week, or when publishing seasons come round, the written page will almost surely be in Roman lettering, and his Irish, ambitious of modernity and scope, will contain many terms and short cuts to expression such as our older writers, who had time to be prolix and purist, exact and periphrastic, would regard with horror, much as Bacon would regard un-English Mr. H. G. Wells. Hunted to his shy retreat, our writer of modern Irish will prove to be of the modestly-assertive, scholarly type, young, an iconoclast, one who has learned Irish after he learnt two or three other civilised languages—English or aristocratic Western; sea and mountain Gaelic throws up in remarkable quantity, but trained first in his own language by a bilingual school and modernised and sophisticated later by a university or the life of a city. He, our author, will be almost excessively realist; whether prose or poetry he his line he will renounce the pléimís and the sentimental rhetoric of earlier writers in the Revival; for

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a style staccato and grave he will, we hope, straightaway disclaim as unworthy all the clichés, tags and tribalisms which make so much of our prose and poetry unreal and tedious. England will be to him Sasan or na Sasanaigh, and no more Seán Buidhe, na Gallphoic, na b'fuir, etc., etc., and he will be able to talk calmly of French, atheists, Orangemen, Italian anti-papalists, and the millions of so-called "pagans" who make up the ancient, and in many ways superior, civilisations and social systems of China, India, and elsewhere. But how glad we shall be in particular to sink in the sea of oblivion Seán Buidhe, that figure which for three hundred years the Gael has found so brutal, mean and crafty, and yet by strange contradiction so comic and contemptible!

Professor O'Máille strikes out a new line to meet a new demand in these essays, which, reprinted from the Connacht periodical, *An Stoc*, should help to provide for the thousands of young people whom the bilingual schools turn out, readers of Irish, but with nothing to read. In his language and phrases probably unknown to them which they may and should use; here is the best of Connacht Irish, which though it makes little show in comparison with the amount of Munster Irish we see in print, is a rich and beautiful idiom; Munster writers will find in his pages words and phrases probably unknown to them which they may and should use to the enrichment of their own Irish; further, it is adopt to the enrichment of the Irish language, the latter a very living speech, for we suppose the Connacht coast from Beal-a-Mhuirid to Aran contains a larger true Gaelic than does all Munster. Professor O'Máille does not originate new, or issue hardly possible Irish words to meet the new needs of the language; rather like a scholar he goes to the Book of Armagh and the *Thesaurus Palæo-hibernicus* to the Book of *Leabhar-dhearc* "theatre," and possibly it is from those ancient books that we shall give Irish a modern phraseology.

The contents of *Anghaith Anias*, which is printed in the old lettering, are mainly contemporary treatises, or rather reflections, upon the war which has recently ended, from 1917 onwards. They are interesting and thoughtful commentaries on the great event; inevitably they are personal views of an Irishman who by no means believed in the criminality of the "enemy countries." Essays are a form of literature greatly needed in Irish. These are the reflections, however, of an educated man who closely followed the English and foreign papers, and thus will be rather obscure to the rural Irish speaker who has not had the advantage of handling the skeleton of news of which this is the body. Read, however, in a class where some thoughtful person will take it on him to sketch beforehand the main cause of the war with its many fronts—north, south, east and west—or who will have a further "Diary of the Great War" by Professor O'Máille in his hand, they should serve as useful and stimulating reading matter. We cannot but wish that in the *Lochann* with its Munster readers, and *An Sloc* with its Connacht readers, and *An Crann* with its Donegal readers, some intelligent person with a ready pen in Irish, such as Professor O'Máille himself, avoiding all personal prejudice, could have detailed month by month the main details of the great war, a knowledge no doubt horrible and saddening, but which no one could ignore, which Irish monoglots, to our own knowledge, sought eagerly and only got in muddled or dubious renderings from their neighbours who could read the *Freeman* or *Independent*. Professor O'Máille gives on p. 93 *seq.* as a divagation a most interesting source for the Play Boy story immortalised by Synge, a fascinating "source," and by no means so disagreeable to the moral sentiments of the Connacht peasants.

There is an ample glossary appended, both English and Irish, to explain the author's very native Connacht usages; and, further, five of the extracts are given at the end in the *Léiriú Shimplí* which, with the author's amendment, does for Connacht what the Bergin O'Keefe method does for West Munster Irish; thus the curious reader will muse with interest, grasp even the sounds of passages representing the Irish of Jas Connacht, West Mayo and South-West Sligo, for these latter dialects are represented here in short songs and folk-tales taken down in these districts.

When we spoke above of "tribalism," we did not mean to utter a "*J'accuse*" to Professor O'Máille; his matter here is befittingly dignified; he speaks indeed of our former Irish gentry as "na buic mhóra," and we don't quite like the tone, for land monopolies, profiteers and purse-proud vulgarians we shall have with us still, even if the English go; unless the Gaor-Stát builds a better social system. That a form of Bolshevism will give us this hardly seems to be the author's hope or belief; he has here some comments on *Bolséibheachas*, but very inadequate ones, and we trust he will be so encouraged by the sale of this small book that he will give us one of these days, for the use and edification of speakers of Irish, whether native or acquired, a long and considered monograph on the new Socialism, and the efforts that are being made to rebuild the shattered social system of Europe—and of Ireland, too. E.

An *Anghaith Anias*. Tomás O'Máille do sgríobh Educational Co. of Ireland, 1920. 4s. 6d. 174 pp.

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Down of 18 Sept 1920

De Valera Scoffs at Report that England will Grant Full Independence to Egypt.

Great Britain's reported plans for freeing Egypt were scoffed at recently by Eamonn de Valera, of the Irish Republic, who, upon request, discussed exclusively for the *Irish National News Service* the Egyptian and Irish situations.

President de Valera said he did not believe the report that Egypt's full sovereignty would be granted. If Egyptian independence is granted, he said, it would be in this form:

"You will be independent, but you must not do so and so, and so and so, and so and so, and when all that Egypt must not do is subtracted from nominal independence not much would be left.

"Ireland, too, England might say, could be free, but the British army of occupation must remain. Ireland, too, might be allowed to conduct her foreign affairs, but her conduct of them must be exactly such as will suit Great Britain.

Will Not Deceive Egyptians.

This method of deceiving by words is an old one with the British. I do not believe the Egyptians will be deceived by it, and certainly the Irish people will not be deceived in any such manner.

"We have for well over 700 years lived side by side with the British, and their ways are not strange to us.

"We know the British Government's policy always has been imperialistic, that exploitation of other lands always has been England's purpose, and that she has been influenced always by self-interest, not generosity or moral principles.

"In the case of Egypt let us await the full report of any agreement that may be made and then watch England's moves."

"If England has granted a measure of freedom to Egypt what effect do you think it will have in the East as regards Britain's colonies?" Mr. de Valera was asked.

"I doubt whether anything but complete, unconditional independence will satisfy the Egyptian nationalists," Ireland's Sinn Féin leader replied.

Strengthen England's Hold Temporarily.

"Temporarily it may strengthen England's hold in Egypt, enabling her to carry on at this difficult time. If England retains veto power on all issues affecting Great Britain's interests, safeguarding the Suez Canal, and so forth, besides retaining economic advantages, that is all her imperial policy demands for the present. But it will prove nothing but a temporary expedient, for imperialism is doomed. India and England's newer Eastern annexations, as well as Ireland, will have to be reckoned with."

"I asked President de Valera if there was any likelihood of an "armistice" between Sinn Féin Ireland and the British Government.

"Never!" he replied, his eyes snapping. "There can be no talk of settlement until the British army of occupation is withdrawn."

"Then the present terrors in Ireland, with the British armed forces on one side and the forces of retaliation of the Irish Republic on the other, will go on, you think?"

"As long as England is playing for hate from Ireland

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she will get late," President de Valera said, measuring his words. "The Irish people have time after time shown their desire for unity. We aim for mutual understanding and good will between the two peoples, on the basis of equality of right, but we shall never allow ourselves to be treated as a subject people, and we shall never permit ourselves willingly to be exploited for the benefit of English imperialism.

Will Meet Force with Force.

"When England uses force in Ireland, the reply will be force.

"When a citizen or soldier of the Irish nation has his rights outraged and his freedom taken from him for no other reason than that he loves his country, do you think there will not be adequate reprisals?"

"You must understand that the Irish people are engaged in a struggle for their national freedom. There is in effect a state of war between Ireland and Britain."

"But you are hopelessly outclassed in warships, heavy guns, tanks and aeroplanes." I pointed out. "How can you hope to win out against such mechanical and numerical superiority?"

"But the British will have to contend not merely with the Irish people, but with the millions of Indians and others who are similarly determined that they will have their freedom."

"Our cause is right and just, and we have the opinions of mankind with us. Our methods of warfare will not be those which the enemy would choose.

"The enemy can mass his battalions. We will strike when we can, even if it has to come down to individuals. Our men, individually, are not afraid to die. And for every man we lose we shall keep and demand a just reckoning."

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I reminded President de Valera that Premier Lloyd George, after a fashion, had made unofficial overtures to Sinn Féin, in the hope of obtaining an Irish settlement on a dominion basis.

Playing to the Galleries.

"Just the usual playing to the galleries," said President de Valera, deprecatingly. "No one who knows Lloyd George would take him seriously when he talks about Ireland.

"Every Englishman knows he can have a settlement—a genuine settlement—of the Irish question on the basis of justice if he wants it. Recognition of Ireland's independence is all that is necessary, and nothing less will ever be of any use."

"Do you look for any appreciable help from the British Labour men and trade unionists in gaining Irish independence?" I asked.

There may be some hope that the English labouring men will yet realise that if they are to be freed from the burdens of future wars they must give up imperialistic notions and come down to the simple maxim of 'live and let live,' President de Valera replied. "But for indications of that I look rather to deeds than to words."

President de Valera refused to give an opinion as to which way the Americans of Irish blood would vote in the Presidential election this year.

"I want to express no opinion on that," he said. "But I feel certain of this: That, seeing that they are American citizens, who made sacrifices during the war that our nations might be free, they will be influenced in their choice not a little by the question as to whether American sacrifices have not been rendered in vain by the denial of Ireland of the principle for which many of their sons gave up their lives."

"Studies."

"Studies" for September contains many good things. Indeed all its contents are up to the high standard one has been led to expect. It is a publication which achieves the difficult task of being solid without stodginess. Certain articles attract us more than others, not necessarily because they are better, but because they deal with subjects in which we are more interested. Three articles in the current number appeal especially to us for this reason.

Professor Alfred O'Rahilly's very clear exposition of S. Thomas Aquinas' Theory of Property is a most valuable contribution to a subject about which so much sloppy thinking is done. Professor O'Rahilly holds that it is unfortunate that the revival of Thomistic study initiated by Pope Leo XIII. has been hitherto confined to metaphysics, for it is in its ethico-social teaching that contemporary Catholic philosophy is weak. It is really easier to discover, say, the views of Aquinas on property than to disentangle his pronouncement on pre-determination, and it is certainly more useful. An outline of S. Thomas' views on property, as deduced by Professor O'Rahilly from his pronouncements, may interest our readers.

In two consecutive articles of the 'Summa' S. Thomas discusses (1) whether the possession of exterior things is natural to man and (2) whether it is lawful that anyone should possess anything as his own. The very division of the problem is significant; for it shows that S. Thomas first treats property as a genus and then adduces private property as a species. This distinction, though obvious, is important, since it is only property in this generic sense, abstracting from collective and individual forms, that is, according to S. Thomas, of natural right. To the extent of utilising things, he says, man has a natural dominion over exterior things, because through his reason and will he can utilise exterior things for his own benefits as if they were made for him. Thus it is only the Creator who has an absolute dominion over nature; man has merely the usufruct; he is, as it were, God's tenant.

But is it lawful that the individual should appropriate for himself? This is, of course, the crux of the matter. The effect of the quotations compiled and examined is that S. Thomas held that private property in the means of production and exchange was lawful and necessary, but that it was founded on human consent, given for reasons of expediency, and not on Divine Law. But he did not admit the lawfulness of individual control over consumption!

Presiding from the inevitable historical limitations of S. Thomas's exposition, we can discern in it the permanently valuable principle that any defence of the existing mechanism of production and distribution must be grounded on social expediency and communal interests. This principle emerges even more clearly in S. Thomas's treatment of consumption or use. As to this, he says, 'a man ought to hold exterior things not as his own but as common, so that he readily shares them with others in need.' Though the actual terminology is Aristotelian, the idea is simply a development of the *communicatio* of the early Church. It is also the reassertion of the unanimous teaching of the Fathers. 'I know that God has given us the use of goods,' writes Clement of Alexandria, 'but only in so far as is necessary, and He has determined that the use should be common. It is indecent and disgraceful that anyone should live magnificently and luxuriously when so many are hungry. The Patriotic view is that the use of goods which God has given to mankind must not be hampered by any artificial juridical relations or the assumption of unrestricted

rights. Each individual has, so to speak, a definite consumption value, not mathematically fixable and not equated in every condition of life; and this modicum constitutes a quantitative limit to property rights, over and above which the individual can exercise no moral claim.'

We must not, however, claim the advocacy of S. Thomas for any particular social panacea. As Professor O'Rahilly puts it after examining the Patristic views on the distribution of the superfluity over this "modicum," "it does not follow that this maldistributed mass of economic goods or rather this complexus of misdirected legalised claims to service, should be socialised or nationalised; the communal claim may be equally or better met by equitably distributing such goods. All these practical and difficult problems, however important, are distinct from the view here attributed to S. Thomas, which, while asserting communal rights over misappropriated wealth, leaves quite undetermined what is the most feasible or the most equitable method of making these rights concrete and actual."

There is a certain conflict amongst the schoolmen as to whether superfluities should be dispensed as "charity" by their possessors, or legally appropriated—socialised—in modern jargon. This distinction was of less importance when the Church functioned as an organisation for socialising superfluities than it is now when the State functions as a conspiracy for the protection of profiteers. Professor O'Rahilly, alive to the necessities of our times, has no difficulty in showing that, considered in relation to modern capitalist society, scholasticism is on the side of communalism. In one special case, when a person possessing conveniences or luxuries is brought into relation with a person in extreme need, S. Thomas and the Schoolmen held that the communal right becomes immediately actualised and particularised. Now the admission of this case would seem logically to involve the acceptance of the whole theory of communal use. For in any modern industrial community there are always many in extreme as well as in grave want; and what prevents the execution of justice is not any limitation of the theory but the lack of an effective social conscience and the absence, as yet, of a practical mechanism.

Professor O'Rahilly's conclusion, which rests on a large mass of evidence, carefully marshalled and judiciously considered, is that "had he deemed it necessary or opportune, S. Thomas was quite prepared to advocate any scheme of social reorganisation by which his democratic views on private property might be embodied in the lives and homes of the people."

Democratic views embodied in the lives and homes of the people. That is what Ireland wants, and the embodiment would by now be well begun had President Wilson used the power he undoubtedly possessed to drive his Fourteen Points into the hides of Lloyd George and his confederates at Versailles. Which brings us to a consideration of Mr. J. C. Walsh's article, "Ireland's Standing in America."

Mr. Walsh points out that "when President Wilson came back from Europe with his peace treaty there was no very clear definition of opinion. The Republican leaders were disposed to be critical; but amongst their following there was a good deal of doubt, and this was very clearly reflected in the hesitating tactics which marked the first few months of argument. The one clear note of opposition came from those who believed Ireland had not been justly dealt with, and that opposition went directly to what Mr. Wilson

"Studies," a quarterly Irish Review of Philosophy, Politics and Literature. (The Educational Company of Ireland, Dublin, 2s. 6d.)

was the heart of the treaty, Article X of the League of Nations. Primarily, the objection was to the confirmation of England's title to Ireland, and that title was promptly and vehemently attacked. Every declaration that had been made by the President affirming the rights of small nations, every plea of his for the setting up of a new world order of which the touchstones were to be equal justice and government by consent of the governed, was approved, and with notable effect, in a flood of destructive criticism levelled against this provision. Gradually, other articles of the treaty found themselves concentrating their points against the same Article X, not, indeed, because of its implications towards Ireland, but because of its disapproval of and permanent policy. Into a stagnated condition of public opinion the advocates of justice to Ireland acted motion, and once they had demonstrated the potency of opposition the Republican leaders took courage and themselves enlarged the scope of their criticism.

The Irish influence made a Republican success at the approaching presidential election likely, but domestic conditions dominated the choice of Senator Harding as Republican candidate. After the personal government, instituted by Roosevelt and degraded into autocracy by Wilson, they would not have a superman at any price; Senator Harding.

The utmost the Irish section of the "Democratic" could do was to defeat Wilson's nominee and compel the nomination of Mr. Cox.

The Labour Party, being logical and, moreover, free from Wall Street, found no difficulty in recognising the Irish Republic.

Thus Mr. Walsh holds that while Irish influence was efficient in each of the "historic" parties to cause the election of a candidate more or less well-disposed towards his country, it failed to make either recognise the Irish Republic. It seems to us that this was not a bad thing; purely we do not want the cause of Irish independence to become a merely party question in any foreign country. "Westminsterism" might be as dangerous as "West-sterism." It is much better for us that our friends in parties should press their national government, of whatever complexion it may be, to recognise our national Government.

Mr. Walsh tells us that the events of the past year affirm the opinion he expressed a year ago in *Studies* that the idea of a Republic, with which every American familiar, would be a principal factor in stimulating American interest in the immediate problem of Irish affairs. I often recall the remark of a publisher, one day in June a year ago. "I had always," he said, "regarded the case of Ireland as an interesting subject, but one outside my purview. I have, no doubt, my own opinions upon what ought to be done about it, but must say I have never felt called upon to urge my opinions upon those for their acceptance. But when a man steps into New York and announces himself as a President of the Irish Republic, one is compelled to step up and take notice." That was true of an outsider, it should not be difficult to imagine what has been the reaction of Irish born and descendants of Irishmen whose lives conform to the official conceptions of the oldest and greatest Republic. That is what accounts, in large part, for the success of Irish loan, supplemented, of course, by the acts of military menace daily reported in the newspapers, and

reinforced by the numerous evidences that the Irish people have been progressively successful in taking the realities of government into their own control."

"We know only one Ireland, and we see it whole. Your own wisdom and steadfastness are what count. That is the test and nothing else really matters. In testimony whereof, you have the universal welcome to your spokesman and advocate, you have the success of the loan, you have, as the picketing incidents showed, a sensitive, watchful appreciation of your daily danger, you have the declared good will of legislatures and officers of State, you have Senator Harding on record as friendly to Irish independence, you have his opponent reputed to be of the same mind and sponsored by men who undoubtedly are, you have the Farmer-Labour Party flatly on record, you have 'international finance' confessedly anxious, and you have a steadily rising tide of support from Americans who before hardly gave a thought to Ireland. America wants, just now, to get away from European imperialism, and she recognises more clearly every day that Ireland is the particular victim of that obsession, and so, with something far removed from perfunctory sympathy, is casting about for the means by which she may be safely delivered out of it. Whatever may be the emotion excited nearer to you by Sir Edward Carson's statement that in three quarters of Ireland the English Government has been defeated, here in the United States the statement will be accepted as a certificate of Irish capacity and as a warrant for supporting Ireland in maintaining her gain. There never was any question here that Irish aspirations ought to triumph, and the admission that what was always desirable has now become actual will strongly confirm the original opinion."

Amongst the millions of people who are watching anxiously the cruelly-prolonged struggles in Brixton and Cork Gaols, many must have been irritated by sundry cowardly and ignorant hypocrites who stigmatise hunger-striking as suicide. Father P. J. Gannon, S.J., deals clearly with the matter in "The Ethical Aspects of the Hunger Strike." The arguments are probably well known to our readers. He first clears the ground by disposing of an argument advanced by a member of the English Government—the veracious Mr. George so far as we remember—that the hunger strike will make all legal sanction impossible. "The whole essence of the present case is that an executive repudiated by the Irish nation claims the right to imprison, with entire disregard of constitutional forms, the very men who do represent the will of Ireland. Hunger-striking may kill the immoral and illegal sanction of bayonet law. That it will weaken the arm of a legitimate government acting justly is neither demonstrated nor monstrous."

We have neither the space nor the ability to summarise the volume of authority which Fr. Gannon adduces, but its effect is clear. "Suicide is defined as *directa aut ipsius occisio*, the direct taking of one's own life. Suicide, so defined, is never lawful according to Catholic teaching. If therefore the refusal to take food is a direct slaying of oneself on one's own authority, it is indefensible. But is it this? It is needless to say that it could be suicide. To abstain from food in order to put an end to one's life would doubtless be sinful. The primary intention here is death, and abstinence from food is the means chosen to compass an illicit end. But no hunger-striker aims at death. Quite the contrary; he desires to live. He

Down to London

aims at escaping from unjust detention, and, to do this, is willing to run the risk of death—a very different frame of mind. And even if he carries the protest to its fatal conclusion, he is still not seeking death, of which he has no desire, not even as a means. His object is to bring the pressure of public opinion to bear upon an unjust aggressor to secure his release, and advance a cause for which he might face certain death in the field.

This statement is sufficiently clear and in accordance with common sense to convince any honest man, and so simple that even Father Bernard Vaughan should be able to comprehend it.

Bearing in mind the reason for which we have enlarged upon only three of the articles in *Studies*, we add a list of the remainder:

- "An Analysis of the 'Lettres Provinciales'" Hilaire Belloc.
- "The Democratic Transformation of Industry," Prof. John A. Ryan, D.D.
- "Papist Customs as Illustrating the Bible," Edmond Power, S.J., D.Litt.
- Poetry—"The Prisoner," Katharine Tynan.
- "Autumn," Mary Mongey.
- "To Rosaleen," Egbert Sandford.
- "The Passionate Sacrifice," W. M. Gibbon.
- "Unpublished Irish Poem—No. 11," Professor Osborn Bergin, Ph.D.
- "Two Bishops of Killoe and Irish Freedom," Professor James Hogan.
- "A School in India," T. Gavan Duffy.
- "Chronicle—Recent Studies in Nationality," Stephen J. Brown, S.J.
- "Reviews of Books," E.W.P.

Do Mhuintir Na hEireann.

O Chomhdháil Na gCar Uile i Lundain.

An tSliagh chum Slíochain.

Annao sías tu litir do cuirad amach "do mhuintir na hEireann," a chomhdháil na gCar Uile a bhí, na suidhe le goird i Lundain.

An einaid uathbharach, n-a bhfuil an stoghal in Eireann faoi lethair ta se ag goilleadh go mor ar chomhábaithe na Comhdhála idirmaisimta so do chunam na gearad ata bailighthe le cheile o gach aind den han.

Osin ar geoidhe amach cuirimid ar bpaidreacha agus ar geomhudothochuid agus bhéilim ar son muintir na hEireann o Thuaidh agus o dheas san ain so a bhíomhadh.

Gan dul isteach agus geursapolaitidheachtha ag bunith leis an geoid is ar mbaramhail laider amdilghie ata agus bhéilim agus a-nghaid na hEireann na son chuid d'Eireann, a bharraingh sías agus fos gor siachranach do gach dréan do mhuintir na hEireann fein deireadh a chur le foiteagan sul a feidir slíochain sonnach a chur ar bun fois muintir na breataine Moire agus Muintir na hEireann.

So ar mbaramhail gur derthnearach a leitheid sin de slíochain a chur ar bun n-ambain ar son muintir an da-thir sonnach ar son an domhain go leis.

Is mo embarrach na neart an uile agus chidtear duinn sun uir ubarrbhalligh seo ata chomh líonta le hainso agus le headothas ar fuid an domhain go bhfuil glaedhach ar an mbreatain Mhoir agus ar Eirinn le dochas as Dia, agus sun geuid sin de Dhia, ata ins gas uile dhuinne chum Tuaidh shagail an fhuath agus ar egeart.

The Fate of Perjurers.

From the "Sinn Feiner" (America.)

The newspapers of the country recently announced the death of Madame Maria de Victoria in New York, referred to her as the "Kaiser's Spy" and the chief witness against Jeremiah A. O'Leary, John J. O'Leary, and William J. Robinson. Madame de Victoria makes the fourth person who joined in the Government persecution of the Irish during the war. Their idea was to take the lives of a few Irishmen here to suit England and thus to kill the Irish movement in America through propaganda advertising their convictions. Chief among them was Bischof, the American Protective League agent and grand mogul of the promotion. Bischof died thirty days after the O'Leary case concluded. Bischof was the man who handcuffed and outrageously humiliated Robinson and John Gill. He even went to the school where Robert, the six-year-old son of Jeremiah A. O'Leary, was attending and endeavoured through his puns, who scornfully denied his request, to interview Robert in an effort to use the son against his father. Bischof was the man who repaired all the breaks in the Government case, and when he died suddenly the Government investigation, convinced he had met with foul play, as they did in the case of the young man who, in February, 1919, was murdered (by a robber) in Rockland County, New York. Now Madame de Victoria expires, and again the newspaper pronounced her death a mystery. There are a few other persons to suffer a similar fate, notably Martin from San Francisco and Petit, the Chief of Police of Long Beach, not forgetting Madame Gonzales, all of whom were exposed in their perjury in open court. Here is a sample:

Q.—"Well, now then, you have committed perjury. You know that, don't you?"

A.—"Yes, sir."

Q.—"You knew you were testifying falsely?"

A.—"Yes, I did."

(From testimony of Madame Gonzales, quoted page 2 of Jeremiah A. O'Leary's book, "My Political Trial and Experiences.")

There is no mystery about the death of Madame Victoria except this: that she died from pneumonia as a result of drugs administered to her in large quantities at the direction of United States Government officials. The drugs were morphine and arsenic. It is a crime to administer morphine to those who have the habit merely to cater to the habit. Madame Victoria was killed by drugs. Mr. Matthew Assistant United States Attorney, and Knox, a United States Judge, attended her funeral. If she was a German spy, she was well patronised by United States officials. Their solicitude for her is in remarkable coincidence with the pro-British policies of the administration. Perhaps had she lived she would have talked, and it would be bad to talk on the subject of a national campaign. O'Leary's book contains a remarkable and illuminating chapter on this late mysterious woman.

Notes of the Week

(Continued from page 527.)

Assertion of the Press.

The British Government, not content with seizing the freedom of the Press by holding up letters posted to Holyhead and Leeds. These letters contained the full supply of articles for this week's issue. We posted these contributions before and after taking part in enthusiastic meetings of the Irish in England. Thus an article on Egypt pointing out the illusory nature of the "independence" granted by England to that country from the pen of Professor Stockley was intercepted, also a poem by Basil Clarke, and articles and quotations from our friends in America. There was also an article from *Liberty*, a Scottish weekly (price 2d.), which advocates independence for Ireland and Scotland, and includes in its program an advanced Scottish Gaelic land and Labour Club (address, 141, Bath Street, Glasgow.) Thus we are followed by the protector of freedom and small nations. The function of the journalist and honest politician is to give the fullest expression to public opinion, and to put policy as forcibly as possible, in order to render the use of force in a just cause unnecessary. Under present circumstances, and, above all, in view of the treatment of Terence MacSwiney and his comrades, the Irish journalist or politician is a fool who imagines that reason and argument now can settle things. The whole matter passed out of the hands of those whose duty it is to fight with words or pen for the cause of justice. Those who are prophets may prophesy, and the rest can only stand by and watch fools and criminals reap the full harvest of their own actions.

Not in Belgium or Russia.

The world was never told that German soldiers or czarist Russians took girls in their night attire, outside their own houses at night, and cut their hair off. That is what the British alone can boast of doing in Galway on Saturday night last.

The Silence of the English Press.

When Mr. Arthur Griffith finished his arraignment of the spy Hardy he said, "You are a scoundrel, but those who employed you are worse criminals." Some of the most notorious English press omitted this attack upon "those who employed" this wretched agent. It was too much for their delicate feelings to have the crime brought home to the real authors. In general the British Press has published nothing of the facts of this case. Not even a mention that the British Government was responsible for the facts of this spy.

English Finance and the Irish Republic.

The special correspondent of the *English Financial Times* interviewed Messrs. Griffith, George Russell ("E") and Eoin MacNeill this week. That fact alone is significant, and to us it shows that the financial boycott of Ulster is already telling just where its effect will produce the best result—namely in London. If these financial people in London get the right point of view, and realise that Irish liberty means peace and harmony, excellent propaganda will be done. The reference to the annuities payable under the Land Acts by the peasant proprietors should make those interested in Irish land stock furiously to think. When grants of Irish money to Irish Boards are stopped by England, what more natural than that farmers should follow the British Government's example? What happens then to Land Stock? Will England pay out of the Treasury the dividends which formerly came from the farmers? When the Irish Republic is recognised, it, in turn, will honour its just debts, and Land Stock will be safe. Surely the British financier will prefer the lesser of two evils—surely he will prefer dividends from an Irish Republic to no payments and a corresponding deficit in the British exchequer. Those in power in England will only recognise Ireland's Republic when it becomes for them the lesser of two or of many evils.

British Impartiality.

Last week a Sheffield man named Moore got one month's imprisonment for brutality to and desertion of his wife over a period of ten years, whilst he was earning £6 10s. a week. In Newry, the same week, Martin Short was sentenced by court-martial to six months for having a handbook of the I.R.A.

England Buying Presidents.

From the "Sinn Feiner" (America.)

Representative Frank A. Britten, of Illinois, charges in a signed statement that \$87,500, appropriated by the British Parliament for entertainment purposes at the British Embassy, has found its way into the Democratic National Committee. Proof of this will be brought before the Senate campaign-investigating committee. It is stated that should this amount show signs of helping to elect Cox it will be followed by ten times the amount. This is a delightful state of affairs, and should make interesting reading for the American man in the street. Out of the billions that England owes us she is putting aside a goodly portion for the purpose of buying our next President. Not only is the act itself a very serious infringement of American rights, but the fact that such a thing is allowed to happen is a dis-

Uran-ji-Sapirio
Donal M. Coonan

closure of political rottenness possibly never equalled since the days of Benedict Arnold. The Anglo-manians in our midst are not working for nothing. There is a method in their political point of view; as foul a method as ever soiled the name of traitor. For money they are willing to deliver their country to the first purchaser. Imagine lending a man money with which to buy your soul, for that is what our warped politicians are now doing. It is inconceivable that such a thing should be allowed or even attempted. That there are enough decent men amongst our law makers who will stop this nefarious traffic of our most cherished rights is a consolation which nearly, but not quite, compensates for the treachery of the minority. The rest is up to the voters.

India's Latest Move.

(SALENDRA NATH GHOSE.)

From the "Sinn Feiner" (America.)

The first of August, 1920, witnessed the birth of a new life in India. From that day the left wingers of the moderate Indian political leaders have thrown in their lot with the Indian revolutionists who have for the last decade or so been preaching the philosophy of direct action in their struggle for India's independence. The advanced India has started the movement of boycotting the administration, otherwise known as the non-co-operation movement. This is the first victory of Indian Revolutionists over their opponents at home, this is the first step towards direct action taken by the moderate Indian politicians. In this movement the young India will co-operate with their past opponents, and will ensure the success.

The day was marked by a national Hartal (complete suspension of business) and demonstrated again that the heart and soul of Indian masses are with those who stand for direct action in their programme for India's emancipation. The day seems to have passed off without any struggle mainly because the administration thought it prudent to restrain their power. Last year India was not militarily prepared, and, therefore, Dyer was bold enough to win the Amritsar Victory—one of the proudest laurels of the English militarism. This year Dyerism will be met with Dyerism, and, therefore, the authorities acted cautiously. Be it as it may, the mass is solid behind this new movement in India, and the significance which future historians alone will be able to tell may be gathered from the following, which is copied verbatim from the London Times of August 4, 1920:

The following are the obligations on the non-co-operators at the first stage:

1. The surrender of all titles of honour or honours offices.
2. Suspension by lawyers of practice and attendance of civil disputes.
3. Non-participation of Government loans.
4. Boycott of Government schools by parents.
5. Boycott of reformed councils.
6. Refusal to accept any civil or military post Mesopotamia, or to refuse to offer as units for the army especially in Turkish territories now being administered in violation of pledges.
7. Vigorous prosecution of Swadeshi movements inducing people to be satisfied with India's own productions and manufactures.
8. The public are asked to refrain from taking a service, either civil or military, and they are enjoined to avoid all violence.

The struggle has formally and openly begun. There is no hide-and-seek in this struggle. Let the world know that we are refusing to be made use of by England in any way. We have served our ultimatum fully one month before we began to take any action. One of our representatives called on His Holiness the Pope on July 31, and personally informed him of the step we are going to take. We are glad to say that His Holiness recognised that active hostilities were to continue it will not be between Christians and non-Christians, but between ambitious imperialists and unscrupulous capitalists on the one hand and between an unarmed, defenceless, exploited people on the other hand, seeking to regain their national freedom.

Not only His Holiness was informed of this, but personal and press messages were conveyed to the plain people and their political leaders of America, France, Russia, Japan, as well as England and other countries of the world. We have done this because we believe that the interests of the common people of the world will best be served by "open covenants openly arrived at," and we also think that England will not be in a position to come to the world with the garb of morality, patented English morality which the people call hypocrisy, and seek the moral and financial support to bear the "famous white man's burden" of civilising the heathens or the uncivilized.

Simultaneously with launching this moral attack we have begun a vigorous educative work, both in India as well as in England and other parts of the world, with a view to withdrawing our people from the English army. India's man-power and her natural resources have been utilised in England for her imperial acts of aggression, and to rob the liberties of other people. This she will not do any more. We have the consciousness of our strength, and we are going to utilise our strength for our national freedom. We are going to see that our people are not used against an

other people, including ourselves. Already this propaganda seems to bear fruit. Indian soldiers sent to fight the Bolsheviks in Persia turned back and joined the Bolsheviks. Indian soldiers are refusing to share the gun side by side with murderers. In this they were greatly inspired by the noble act of a few Irish regiments in India who mutinied only recently. The *Muslim Outlook*, of August 5, rightly says:

"The use of Indian troops for suppression of national aspirations stand condemned on political and moral grounds. Its moral aspect is more clearly and prominently explained by two such great opponents of Indian thought and culture as Mahatma Gandhi and Dr. Rabindranath Tagore.

Mahatma Gandhi touching this point says in his *Young India* of June 30:

"Whatever the fate of non-co-operation, I wish that not a single Indian will offer his services for Mesopotamia, whether for the civil or the military department. We must learn to think for ourselves, and before entering upon any employment find out whether thereby we may not make ourselves instruments of injustice. Apart from the question of Khalifat, and from the point of abstract justice the English have no right to hold Mesopotamia. It is no part of our loyalty to help the Imperial Government in what is in plain language daylight robbery. If, therefore, we seek civil or military employment in Mesopotamia, we do so for the sake of earning a livelihood. It is our duty to see that that source is not tainted.

Dr. Tagore, who conceived long ago the idea of non-co-operation when he renounced his knighthood, speaks with equal force:

"The use of mercenary troops for utilitarian purposes is degrading to all parties concerned, and it grieves my heart as an Indian to see that members of a subject race which has been deprived of its right to carry arms for its own self-protection, are being turned into fighting automatons for the imperialist aggrandisement of a nation whose possessions are already too burdensome for its moral integrity and physical strength.

India is the key to English militarism, as Ireland is the key to England's navalism. Sinn Fein Ireland refuses support England in her navalism, and a Swadeshi India refuses to support her in her militarism. The independence of India and Ireland are involved in any plan which destroys the very backbone of England's imperialism, her militarism and her navalism, and that is why Sinn Fein Ireland and Swadeshi India are linked up, and why the world is so interested in them.

* * *

Dominion Home Rule means that Ireland would be allowed out on bail.

Mass Meeting of 5,000 Shows Sympathy for MacSwiney.

Great Britain's Policy Denounced.

Protesting against the torturing to death of the Lord Mayor of Cork, Terence MacSwiney, in Brixton Prison, six thousand people crowded into Ebling's Casino, 156th Street, and St. Ann's Avenue, and heard Dudley Field Malone, Jeremiah O'Leary, Peter Wynne and others appeal to them to show that the whole world is against the action of Great Britain.

The meeting was an overflowing one, and police regulations caused hundreds to be kept out of the hall when all seats were taken and the aisles crowded. The meeting was under the auspices of the United Irish Societies of the Bronx, and Father William O'Farrell, St. Simon Stock Church, was chairman.

The first speaker was Charles Connelly, a Bronx resident, who had just returned from Ireland and England with a message from the dying Mayor.

Tremendous applause greeted Connelly, who said the downfall of England would be completed within twelve months unless she got the aid of the United States, as the dissolution of the Imperialist Government and her tyrannical rule would cease through the exertions of Ireland, India and Egypt.

Founded in Blood.

Father O'Farrell, who is a very close friend of President de Valera, said the Irish Republic was founded in sacrifice, and others are ready to follow in the footsteps of her martyrs. When President De Valera goes back to Ireland within the next few months, he will be made a prisoner, and will die willingly for the Irish Republic. Dudley Field Malone, who is a candidate for Governor on the Farmer-Labour ticket and a strong advocate of the feeling of Ireland, spoke.

"Liberty" was the keynote of his speech, and he said America stands for liberty when we can get it, as liberty is a common heritage of mankind, and the people of the universe are entitled to it.

"We in America," said Malone, must help to establish liberty in Ireland. Not by talking but by action. We should not permit anyone to hold office unless dedicated to the liberty and freedom of the people everywhere. Regardless of the political office of any candidate we should receive his pledge, or not elect him. We should give our last effort, every bit of financial aid, soldiers, machine guns, all within our power for the freedom of Ireland."

A cablegram which he had sent to the Triple Labour

Down M. Curran
New York September 25

Alliance in conference in London (this body is representative of the five million workers in England), said: "The working people organised in the Farmer-Labour party demand liberty for Ireland as resolutely as you did for Russia. If MacSwiney dies the workers of America, knowing the power of organised labour in England, will feel bitterly disappointed."

The longshoremen were praised by Dudley Field Malone for the stand they have taken in not loading or unloading a British ship until MacSwiney is freed.

Torak Nath Das, a representative from India who is waging a fight for the freedom of the three hundred and fifteen million people of that dominion, said freedom would come to Ireland, Egypt and India only through the dissolution of the British Empire. He said if Ireland does not accomplish it the people of India will rise, and they can form an army of many million soldiers to combat the many millions of English soldiers. He favoured the boycotting of Great Britain.

The Friends of Freedom for India sent a cablegram to King George. It read: "We hail MacSwiney the martyr. Once more the British Government, steeped in the blood of martyrs of many lands, hastens the glorious day of its downfall. We pledge anew our all to the millions struggling for life, liberty and pursuit of happiness in Ireland, India, Egypt, Russia and the Near East. Each martyr is a beacon in our onward march to imminent victory."

Jeremiah A. O'Leary, who was imprisoned in the Tombs for many months during the war, charged with espionage and finally released without being convicted, said two infamous insults had been committed by the British Empire. These were the failure to permit Archbishop Mannix of Australia to continue on his trip to Queenstown and visit his aged mother in Ireland, the land of his birth, and the imprisonment and continued atrocity against Lord Mayor MacSwiney.

Before the meeting closed a resolution was adopted pledging the Irish Societies of the Bronx to stand by President De Valera in condemning the acts of the British Government in their barbarous treatment and unlawful imprisonment of MacSwiney, and to hold Sir Edward Carson and Lloyd George as murderers in case Lord Mayor MacSwiney dies. The resolution condemned Sir Edward Carson and Lloyd George and their Government for taking Archbishop Mannix from the Baltic and preventing him from visiting his native land.

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More Than a Conqueror.

A Tribute to Terence, of Cork.

England, what hast thou done? The dreadful stain
Of innocent blood lies on thy guilty soul:
Thy broken faith, proclaimed from pole to pole
Thou fitly sealst with the brand of Cain!
Was it to set up Calvary again,
That those thy sons, blazoned in honour's roll,
Gave grisly Death heroic manhood's toll,
Pouring their blood on Belgium's fire-swept plain?
Shame on thy perjured statesmen's panic pride!
Whose desperate shifts their bankrupt minds betray,
Basing their world on liberty denied
And bigotry let loose to burn and slay.
Honour to him who tore the veil aside
Dying, to sweep their hideous rule away.

T. H. FARRIS.

BALROTHERY UNION.

MALAHIDE DISPENSARY DISTRICT.

MEDICAL OFFICER WANTED.

The Board of Guardians of the above Union will, their meeting to be held at the Board Room in the Workhouse on Monday, September 27, 1920, at 12 o'clock, elect a competent person to fill the office of Medical Officer of the Malahide Dispensary District at a salary commencing at £250, rising by annual increments of £5 until a maximum of £300 is reached, together with the usual Registration and Vaccination Fees. The District Council will appoint whoever is elected to be also Medical Officer of Health of the same District at a salary of £41 18s. 4d. per annum. If an officer at present employed in the Union is appointed, his services will be included in the increase to which he may be entitled according to a scale recently adopted by the Board. The officer appointed will be required to reside in Malahide. Personal attendance of candidates on day of election necessary. Applications, accompanied by Testimonials and Diplomas, will be received by me up to 11-30 o'clock a.m. on the day above mentioned.

By Order,

JAMES STACK,
Clerk of the Union and Council.

Board Room, Workhouse,
Lusk, Co. Dublin,
September 15, 1920.

TO IRISH MERCHANTS AND CONSUMERS.

In order to avoid confusion regarding trading conditions in Belfast and associated districts, the Belfast Advisory Committee (constituted by rightful authority) desires to draw the attention of Irish merchants and consumers to the following:

- The term "Belfast and District" shall be understood to comprise the postal districts of Belfast, Lisburn, Newtownards, Banbridge, and Dromore.
- No goods shall be purchased from or through
 - Any firms whose headquarters or main interests are in this district.
 - Any branches of these firms wherever situated in Ireland.
 - Any agencies operating from this district, whether for Irish or foreign commodities.

Merchants, assistants, consumers, etc., are asked to operate in making this fully effective. Goods should not be accepted or handled unless they bear a proper label stating the name and address of the firm from which they are dispatched. Packages (whether sent by sea, rail, or road) which do not bear a trader's label are likely to be tainted.

3. Should circumstances justify it later, trading permits may be issued to certain firms in the above-mentioned district. The Advisory Committee, however, after careful consideration, have decided that it is inadvisable to issue permits at present.

4. The only body competent to issue permits is the Belfast Advisory Committee. Permits issued by any other authority whatsoever are unauthorised and invalid, and holders and the general public are asked to refuse to recognise such permits.

5. Attention is particularly directed to the fact that banks in Belfast and District are largely dependent upon their having headquarters in Belfast, and these banks are largely dependent upon deposits in their branches throughout Ireland. These deposits should be withdrawn, cheques drawn upon these banks should be refused.

All communications should be addressed to

THE SECRETARY ADVISORY COMMITTEE.

St. Mary's Hall, Belfast.

Craobh na gCuiqí Cuigí. 19, Ely Place.

IRISH CLASSES

Commenced Monday, Sept. 20th.

Margread ní Ghráda, Cúm O Murchadha,
Prionsas O Súilleabhain,
Children's Classes under Cormac Mac Fheoinneach,
Special Phrase-Method-Afternoon Class under
M. ní Ghráda.
SEND FOR PROSPECTUS.

CORK UNION.

The Guardians of the above-named Union will, on Wednesday, the 29th day of September, 1920, up to the hour of 3 o'clock p.m., receive in the tender box, Boardroom, Workhouse, tenders to supply the Workhouse, etc., with the following goods, according to details in Tender Forms, which may be obtained at the Boardroom:

For three months ending December 31, 1920.
Breadstuffs, Beef, Mutton, and Powl. Best Irish Potatoes. Best Irish Eggs, to weigh not less than 22 ozs. per dozen. Best Irish Bacon and Pigs' Heads.

For six months ending March 31, 1921.

Port and Marsala Wines. Best Irish Butter, in 56 lb. boxes. Best Irish Yeast. Groceries. Chandlery. Irish Whiskey, 7 years old (8 O.P.) in Bond. Hardware. Brushes (Irish made). Oils and Paints. Timber. Tin Ware. Bakers' Peels. Lime, Limestone, Brick, and Gravel, etc. Hay, best quality of Clover and Ryegrass (sample), at per ton. Best Irish Straw, at per ton. Best Irish Carbolic Soap, at per ton. Best Porter, in half barrels, each half barrel to contain not less than 17 gallons. Irish Oats (Best Black Feeding), at per cwt. Repairing Locks and Keys of Workhouse for six months. Hospital Requisites, viz., as per details in printed tender. Vegetables. Cheese (Apron), 1,000 yards. Plain Lining Calico, 500 yds. Striped Lining Calico, 1,000 yds. Tocken, 500 yds. Striped Flannel, 1,000 yds. Linsey, 1,000 yds. Plain Tweed, 500 yds. Blue Serge Suiting, 200 yds. Sheeting Calico, 1,000 yds. Shrouding, 500 yds. Cotton Yarn, 200 lbs. Shawls, 400. Retesing and recovering Curled Hair Mattresses. Retesing and repairing Curled Hair Mattresses. Repairing Wire Mattresses. Leather (Irish made). Fifteen Male Officers' Uniforms (Tunic, Vest, and Pants) (sample of serge to be submitted with Tender). Fifteen Male Uniform Caps, according to sample at Workhouse. Irish-made Clothing materials are required. Samples of clothing supplies will be submitted to expert before supplies will be received into stock. Coal for Dist. pensaries, delivered at per ton. Bakers' Coal, of best quality, at per ton. Coke, at per ton. Books and Stationery, as per printed Tender; Irish made paper is required.

Contracts will be made subject to STANDARD RATES OF WAGES BEING PAID TO WORKERS ENGAGED IN MANUFACTURE AND DELIVERY OF GOODS.

The Guardians will, in every case, give preference to articles of Irish manufacture.

No Tender will be entertained except it be on the form obtainable at the Clerk's Office.

Contractors and others having claims against the Union are requested to furnish their accounts immediately after the close of the half year ending the 30th instant. No debt or claim against the Guardians may be paid after three months from expiration of half year.

JOHN COTTER,
Clerk of Union.

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Bed and Breakfast, 4s.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Greatest Struggle of Irish History.

We are now in the midst of perhaps the greatest struggle of all Irish history. It can only end one way. It can only end by victory for Ireland. All the artifices of Asquith and his friends. All the engines of coercion have been set in motion by the subsequent English Government. The English Occupation in Ireland now has resort to what even such a Unionist journalist as Gervin of the Observer, calls the "Bashi Bezoaks." It is the last weapon in the armoury of coercion. The verve of "fightfulness" shows, as indeed Sir Neville Macready has frankly stated, that all the other means of governing this country against its will had failed. Every act so far of the "Black Hundred" forces of extermination, has merely tightened up the public opinion against England, and people who one never thought could do otherwise than praise the Empire are execrating the English Occupation in Ireland, and calling for the peaceful sway of the Irish Republic.

We have always said that according as the full establishment of the Irish Republic came closer to realisation, the hotter the persecution would become. Our saying was no out of the way prophecy. Many others said it. It is obvious to-day, Victory is in the air. It is the scent of Irish victory that drives the British Imperialists mad. Hence

their wild-cat policy. But that policy cannot last long. It contains within itself the elements of its own destruction. It is even unnecessary to advise Irishmen and women to be patient. Not patience but alertness is the need of the moment. It is not necessary to tell Irish men and women to be disciplined; they are organised and disciplined, as they never have been before. Nor are they likely to allow their organisation to go down in an ill-directed struggle. They will not shirk nor hesitate through fear. They may pause to deliberate deeply, but we have no doubt of the result.

Victory Ahead.

One point must be emphasised. History does not repeat itself. 1798 will not be repeated in Ireland. The Germans thought to repeat the history of 1870 in 1914. They arranged a similar time table and similar "properties," but it did not come off. Nor will it come off now. The Ireland of 1798 was crushed by ignorance, and poverty subsequent on the penal laws. The Ireland of to-day is self-respecting and well educated. The Ireland of 1798 was a disorganised rabble, for the effective volunteers were in a small minority. The Ireland of to-day is organised and united by a spirit of freedom and unity never equalled in her history. The ruling classes of the Grattan Parliament in 1798 were not of the people, either racially or otherwise. To-day the whole punch of Gaelic tradition drives the Irish people forward. The Gaelic tradition is the driving force, and the Anglo-phil, usually called moderates, but really the extremists, being unreasonably immoderate in their subservience to England, are to-day a group with no force or power whatever amongst the vast majority of Ireland. The people have a complete abhorrence of compromisers, and for the policy of compromise with England. To put it vividly, if the most Rev. Dr. Mannix came to Ireland to-morrow to advocate Colonial Home Rule, or any form of connection with the Empire, even he would be very vehemently turned away by the vast majority of the people of Ireland. Dr. Mannix was undoubtedly the centre of Irish affection because of his fine expressions condemning English perfidy, because of his references to the Irish Republic, and because of the persecution he has suffered at the hands of Ireland's enemies. One would imagine that if anyone could do the impossible, he could. Yet to anyone familiar with Irish opinion to-day it is perfectly obvious that the Irish people would turn a deaf ear to an angel pleading for compromise with the Empire. Not that an angel were likely to plead in such a cause.

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The Tremendous Sabotage.

Terence MacSwiney and his brave men of Cork still live, as by a miracle. Indeed their particular struggle has removed the Irish question out of the sphere of ordinary politics altogether. His sacrifice, continually before the eyes of the whole nation, and of the world, shows like the white still light of dawn; all eyes look towards it as it grows stronger and stronger in the silence of death. The fifty days of starvation, the slow agony of twelve men, whose very limbs may decay before life is extinct, appal the world. Men do not realise that the deadly sabotage wrought upon the British Empire by this tremendous martyrdom. The very silence and stealth of that sabotage would terrify, if the tyrants paused to think.

Terence and his men have directed all that is sacred and precious in human instinct against the British Empire. The light has fallen in those places made dark by British hypocrisy, and revealed the real genius of that Empire for what it is. No institution, save one whose very genius meant malignancy to humanity could be evoked to defend the slow torture to death of these twelve brave men. To those who dream the futile dream of a British Empire "by consent of the peoples," the Brixton and Cork hunger strike gives the lie finally. If these dreamers do not learn from the facts, they have only themselves to blame. The Empire is not, and never can be, a federation of free nations. It is concentrated all power into a tyranny, and that tyranny is so thoroughly organised through generations of unrepentant violence, that coercion and deceit is in the grain of its traditions and of the traditions and methods of the ruling caste which all the time grips the power at the centre. The simple and inevitable logic of facts teaches Irish men and women to-day that Ireland must get away altogether from the Empire. Terence MacSwiney and his friends have driven this truth home into the hearts of many who never realised it before.

The events of the last few weeks have not burnt the old convictions deeper into consciousness of all Irish men and women. Abbeysteele, Balbriggan, Ballylanders, Bruff, Cork, Creggs, Ennistymon, Galway, Hospital, Kilmallock, Knocklong, Lahinch, Limerick, Lurgan, Macroom, Middleton, Miltown-Malbay, Newcastle, Queenstown, Thurles, Tralee, Tuam. What a list! Would that it were complete. But the work of emancipation is only half completed and the "Black and Tans" have yet to complete the work set them, not by London, but by the God of Freedom.

A Warning to Coal Importers.

Reading the article under the above title in your last issue, it seems to me that Mr. J. J. Maher is almost afraid to believe the facts which he has unearthed; his conception of human nature having apparently made no provision for insatiable greed, extortion, or unscrupulous efforts to corner a human necessity. As one who knows something of the acts of the coal "ring" during the war, I can assure him that his revelations are only mild examples of the villainies that have been proceeding since the scarcity of coal practically abolished competition. Let me relate an incident which has occurred only this week:

The general increase in railway rates would naturally affect the price of coal. Most of Ireland's imports are, however, drawn from collieries which are within a few miles of the ports, and an advance of ls. per ton would be more than sufficient to meet the situation. The actual advance is 2s. per ton. That, however, is not the chief point I wish to make. On the date when the railway rates were

increased, all the Dublin importers held large stocks, their yards—some had more than 5,000 tons. An increased price is being charged upon this just as upon coal which has since been imported. In estimating profit Mr. Maher ought to have made allowance for the frequent windfalls of this kind that help to keep the wolf from the door of the coal importer.

There is another point I would direct attention. Nearly all the merchants advertise three qualities as sale: Best, Seconds, Standard. Some of them have ever import any quality but one, which by no stretch of imagination could be considered as being above the lower class. But they will gladly accept orders for the Best coal and deliver the awful rubbish which they have available, as if they were perfectly innocent in the matter.

One word more. I have just learned that the "ring" is engaged at present in endeavouring to drive one of the number out of business. His sin is that he sent coal the country at 2s. per ton lower than the agreed price because, as he says, he could afford to do so.

It is all perhaps good enough for the Irish public who could, if they liked, dispose of these ventures in the moon. Should there not be an immediate demand in Dublin for a reduction of 7s. 6d. per ton in the price of coal?

J.E.R.

The Ard Chraobh.

The program of work for the Ard Chraobh of the Gaelic League for the coming session, beginning October 5 next is a most ambitious and carefully-planned one. All grades of students will be catered for, and the best tuition possible in the language will be given by teachers who have all earned a reputation by their excellence in teaching Irish. Máire Ní Chinnéide, M.A., will conduct a limited and very special class in literature and grammar, and this class is expected to draw University Students, and those who wish to acquire a good knowledge of the old literature—also prospective writers in this new era. There will also be a series of lectures on "Phonetics" by Shán Ó Súilleabháin. In addition many other features of the branch include weekly outings, weekly scourgelectures, monthly ceilidhs, lectures by rotaries in the Irish-Ireland movement, a singing class, a dramatic class, a special conversation class for all, and a fine library well stocked with all the present-day requirements for Irish students—as well as varied collection of choice reading in Irish and English. The yearly subscription is only 7s. 6d., and prospective students should call or send for the prospectus early.

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A Nation Enslaved.

Mr. Mac Swiney is slowly drifting into Eternity the five million people of London looking on. "And the strange thing is that the great body of those people are in full sympathy with the Lord Mayor, and feel shamed that such suffering should be caused among them by the inhuman act of the Government."—His Lordship the shop of Killalee.

It is the close of a stifling September day. There is an oppressive stillness in the air as the red sun sinks in a bank of clouds that loom up in the west like a pall about to envelope the city—a suggestion of death or disaster, which even the chattering crowds as they fill the streets from shops and offices, fail to dispel. Some are hurrying homewards, while others take up their stand at the doors of theatre or musical, or gather in knots at the street corners, eager to discuss "the winners" or the latest news of the coal crisis, the business of money-getting over for the day, it is the hour for rest or amusement. . . . And in Brixton from the life of another Irish martyr ebbs slowly and painfully away, while London looks on, nay, it has tired of watching already, and turns to its idols of feasting and leisure!

A nation is governed by its ideals, and in proportion these are lofty or the reverse, will be its ultimate triumph or failure. The gospel of materialism may bring worldly prosperity for a spell, and the power of grinding others down, but in the end it reduces its devotees to slaves, that groaning under a yoke they have fashioned themselves, though intentionally for other necks. The people of England

have in the past encouraged her oppression of Ireland, but it is they whose spirits are held in thrall by her Government, while the soul of the Irish nation soars above material fetters, and is as free to-day as when she first received from St. Patrick "the Freedom wherewith Christ has made us free." England may be at the moment the most powerful of this world's kingdoms, but her people are already reaping the reward of the worshippers of Mammon: they are the slaves of a Government which they profess to despise.

And in what do the ideals of England consist to-day but in mere empty words? She employed many high-sounding phrases during the war on the necessity of overthrowing the despotism and tyranny once for all, or perishing in the attempt. But when was even the Kaiser guilty of a worse crime than that of allowing a man to slowly starve to death for his principles? Yet this is what England is doing, while the people look on, or make merry. Loss of faith has gradually robbed them of every noble ideal, and of the spirit that springs therefrom, until they are like "dumb driven cattle." And what of the percentage of Catholics among them; will they also stand meekly by, while this last dishonour stains the name of that country whose boast has always been "fair-play"?

But the gloom that settles over London this September evening seems full of foreboding, not for those whom a great ideal inspires to count even a lingering death but a small matter for conscience sake; it symbolises not the passion that precedes the martyr's glory, but rather, that inevitable doom which sooner or later overtakes the nation whose sole glory is in this world. "Rome burns while Nero fiddles," but with which lies the ultimate victory?

MILDRED A. EVANS.

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Roger Casement on the British Empire.

We take the following appreciation and quotation from an exceptionally interesting pamphlet, entitled "An Open Letter to an English Officer, and incidentally, the English People," by Frederick Hansen, a German-American publicist. The pamphlet is an effort to persuade the English people to consider the German aspect of the causes and conduct of the Great War—a worthy, if hopeless task.

In the light of this vast conflagration it is the duty of every clear-thinking Englishman to search his soul, and strive to rid it of its national taint—of that arrogant Jingo spirit which has nothing to do with real patriotism. There are aids to this useful self-discipline—bitter, but valuable aids. One of these is called "The Crime against Europe," a collection of brilliant political essays written just before the war by one of the purest patriots of our degenerate days, one of the noblest men and most devoted humanitarianists of all times, a man whom English justice doomed to a shameful death—from which he arose in glorious martyrdom—Sir Roger Casement. Warningly, the great Irishman lifted his voice to the American people. "But that voice was outcried by Northcliffe, outchimed by English gold. What did Casement say in one of his essays?"

"With 1815 was born the era of Charles Peace, no less than of John Bull—on Sundays and Saints Day a churchwarden who carried the plate; on week days a burglar who 'lifted' it.

"From Napoleon's downfall to the battle of Colenso the Empire has swelled to monstrous size. Innumerable free peoples have bitten the dust and died with plaintive cry to Heaven.

"All is well with God's world—and poet and gladiator, courtier and courtesan, Kipling and cant, now dally by the Thames and dine off the peoples of the earth. But the thing is near an end. The 'secret of Empire' is no longer the sole possession of England. Other peoples are learning to think imperially.

"It is an Empire in these straits that turns to America, through Ireland, to save it. And the price it offers is—war with Germany. France may serve for a time, but France is in Europe, and in the end it is all Europe that England assails. Permanent confinement of the white races, as distinct from the Anglo-Saxon variety, can only be achieved by the active support and close alliance of the American people. They have a positive distaste for Imperialism. It is not in their blood. That blood is mainly Irish and German, the blood of men not distinguished in the past for successful piracy. The wars that Germany has waged in the past have been wars of defence or wars to accomplish the unity of her people. Irish defence or wars to accomplish only one enemy, ending always in material disaster, and conferring always a moral gain. Their memory uplifts the Irish heart; for no nation, no people can reproach Ireland with having wronged them. She has wronged no man.

"And now the great free race of this common origin of peace-loving people is being appealed to by every agency

of crafty diplomacy, in every garb but that of truth, to aid the enemy of both, the arch-disturber of the old world. The jailer of Ireland seeks Irish-American support to keep Ireland in prison. There can be no peace for mankind, a limit to Great Britain's intrigues for the mastery of the seas.

"Were the Anglo-Saxon alliance ever consummated it would be the greatest crime in human history. It meant by the purty seeking it to be a perpetual threat to the whole of mankind outside the Alliance. Instead of bringing peace it must assuredly bring the most disastrous of conflicts.

"John Bull has become the great variety artist; one moment the 'shirt king,' being prosecuted for the sale of cheap cottons as 'Irish linen' in London; the next he lands the 'Bloater King' in New York, offering small fish as something very like a whale. And the offer in both cases is made in the tongue of Shakespeare.

"That tongue has infinite uses. From China it sounds the 'Call for Prayer'; and, lo, the Book of Divinity opens at the right text. Were Bull caught in the act and put from international opium-dosing to picking oakum as he climbed the treadmill, we should hear him exclaim as he went out of sight: 'Behold me wearing the threads of democratic destiny as I climb the Golden Stair!'

"The roles are endless. In Ireland the conversion of Irishmen into cattle; in England the conversion of cattle into Englishmen; in India and Egypt the suppression of the native Press; in America the subsidising of the non-native Press. The tongue of Shakespeare has infinite uses. If only peached deer, it would poach Dreadnoughts. The emanations of Thames sewage are all over the world, and the sewers are running still. The penalty for the pollution of the Thames is a high one, but the prize for the pollution of the Mississippi is higher still: The fountains of the deep, the mastery of the Shores of the Father's Waters." E.W.P.

An Island Rann.

I.

Black luck upon you, Seamus Mac an Bhaird
Who shut the door upon a poet,
Nor put red wine and bread upon the board;
My song is greater than your board,
The barefoot running children know it,
Between the sea and the windy stones.

II.

But, Seamus of the Bards, when you are dead
And a curragh carries the new coffin,
Heavy with you within, heavy with lead;
Because you let song go unled,
The waves will roughen near Innisboffin,
And moan around your lonely bones.

AUSTIN CLARKE.

—From "The Contention of the Bards."

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England's Mental Attitude. British Propaganda.

How any nation can go to such puerile extremes; descend publicly and unashamed to such depths to attain its ends, and remain fatuously and complacently in the belief that both the means and the ends are ever above reproach, is the case of the nation at present engaged in a propaganda campaign against Ireland, is beyond the limits of ordinary understanding.

To outsiders who looked with unbiased eyes on the conduct of British propaganda during the years of war, and the attitude of the British people towards it, it seemed as if they were in some way morally deficient when compared with their peoples. A clever Australian has termed it "intellectually deficient." But whichever it may be, Ireland and India and Egypt, and indeed anything and everything that has placed its awkward presence in the way of the British Government have suffered in consequence.

Psychology of Two English Classes.

To-morrow the mind of England may be the people's mind. To-day it is that of the middle and upper classes. It is England's mind that we are up against. It is England's mind that is behind the army of occupation and Castle Rule. The great masses of the English upper and middle classes are moulded in the same mould; their minds are of a pattern; their outlook the same: If it differs at all (as can be seen from their Press it is only in degrees).

Other peoples will not see another point of view if they do not want to agree with it. These English people cannot

see another point of view and will recognise its existence only when they are brought forcibly into contact with it.

It is this mind which is responsible for British propaganda as we know it; which compiles lists of outrages that the dullest newspaper man alive might trace to sources in no way connected with the organisation whose name will form the caption of his report. This is the mind of the people who, when any indiscretion (not to give it an uglier name) of their own is dragged to light, will exclaim in shocked tones when they meet in their favourite clubs: "How unfortunate that the incident should have been allowed to leak out!" Or with touching naivete will disown their own misdemeanours and blandly tell the world that they are German or Sinn Fein or Bolsheviki plots!

Sincere Hypocrites!

And they really believe in those phantom plots—even when there is not one thread of evidence from which to weave a case. How they can believe them remains a psychological mystery. If they are a nation of hypocrites they are sincere hypocrites. They are unwitting hypocrites. They dissemble to their own souls.

To them, the killing, under certain circumstances, of a Sinn Feiner or an Indian or an Egyptian at the present time is a deed as patriotic as the killing of a German during the war. But the killing of one of their service under like circumstances is murder. They cannot see it otherwise.

In all sincerity they believe the falsehoods they spread about us in other countries. It never occurs to them to doubt a statement or ignore an insinuation so long as it is against us and to the benefit of the Empire to circulate it. They see no harm in suppressing from the public, news un-

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favourable to themselves, and their public agrees with them; or in colouring impartial reports into propaganda by leaving out a line here and there, or adding an insinuation that will influence the readers' view. In fact they do these things unconsciously—naturally.

Club Room Propaganda.

English men and women saw nothing dishonourable in accepting large salaries to dilute in their clubs, in trains, buses, and public places on alleged atrocities of the enemy troops, and the wonderful chivalry of the British. And it worked. Only a minority saw through it. These English will believe the most fantastic stories so long as they are not against themselves. Yet, through all they remain sublimely and sincerely conscious of their own virtue and untarnished honour—an Englishman's honour.

It is this attitude that is so incomprehensible. An Irishman, a Frenchman, and American, has the saving grace of knowing when he is deluding others for his own ends. An Englishman of the middle or upper classes has not. That is why Britain led the way and far outstripped both her allies and her enemies in that frenzy of hateful propaganda; that campaign that was, and is, more deadly than poison gas or liquid fire, for it seeks to destroy not the bodies of men but the souls of nations, the good name of peoples; seeks to vilify and drag in the mire causes great and noble often to attain ignoble ends.

In October the Press Congress of the World will be held in Australia, and it is to be hoped that some of the Irish delegates will protest against the degradation of the Press in using it as a medium, a subsidised medium, of propaganda.

CONOR GALWAY.

Irish Activities in Yorkshire.

The organiser of the I.S.D.L. of Great Britain (Michael MacGrath) is at present visiting the Sheffield, Leeds, and Bradford areas, and good results are being obtained everywhere visited. The Irish in Great Britain are at one with our people at home, both in their aims and determination, and this was publicly proclaimed at a mass meeting held in the Town Hall Square, Leeds, on Sunday, September 19, to protest against the treatment of Cork's Lord Mayor and the other hunger strikers. At least five thousand people were present, and it was the most solemn, dignified, and representative meeting of Irish exiles held in Leeds for many years. It was edifying indeed to hear those five thousand voices publicly reciting the Rosary, led by that veteran Sogarth, Canon McAuliffe (Holbeck), an exile here now for forty years. The following put Ireland's case before the vast audience: Father Holohan (chair), Professor Stockery (Cork), Mr. P. J. Little, and the organiser, M. MacGrath. In the evening the speakers proceeded to Batley and opened a branch of the I.S.D.L. over seventy members affiliating, and we expect great things from this branch and from Yorkshire generally. The I.S.D.L. is impressing on members the necessity of learning our own language, dances, sports, and history. In a word, to keep themselves as Irish as possible in the home of the enemy.

M. MACGRATH.

Freedom or Home Rule.

[From Liberty, a Scottish National Journal. Price 2d. Published at 141, Bath Street, Glasgow.]

By H. C. MAC NEACAIL.

One of the most noteworthy changes of the last few years has been the steady drift of opinion in the direction of the desirability of a change in the political control of the country. Most of those who, some time ago, were opposed to what is vaguely termed Home Rule for Scotland are now become converts to that movement. For one reason or another, they have come to see the necessity of Scots men regaining control over part at least of their national affairs. As for those who were Home Rulers before the war, some of them remain pretty much where they were regards political outlook. Others, again, have revised their opinions, and, having come to the conclusion that Home Rule is not good enough, have joined the ranks of those who for years past have been proclaiming that Scotland's national rights and claims can only be met by the re-establishment of complete political independence, or, in other words, that Scotland should reassume control, not only of such comparatively minor matters as education, housing, land reform, and other subjects commonly come within the purview of the Home Rule mind, but also of all matters affecting the country, including, in addition to the above, such matters as peace and war, commercial and other relations with foreign countries, customs and excise, and so on. It is with the relative merits of Sovereign Independence and Home Rule that I propose to deal in this article.

Mistakes of Home Rulers.

Some Home Rulers seem to be under the impression that the acquisition of mere local autonomy would bring us back to our pre-Union status. That view is quite wrong. Scotland was a sovereign independent state before the Union. We have only to look to the records of our Parliament for the years immediately preceding the Union to see the extent of its claims and powers. Acts dealing with peace and war, the succession to the throne, and many others almost as important, occupied the time of the Estates. These are matters which any mere Home Rule Parliament would be debarred from dealing with. Yet in the view of the supreme importance of these matters, it is absolutely essential that Scotland should once more gain control over them, instead of leaving them, as now, to be decided by an essentially English Parliament sitting in another country, or rather, to get nearer the real state of affairs, by a small inner ring of politicians equally neglectful of Scottish interests. Have Home Rulers ever reckoned up the number of wars into which English militarism, imperialism, and commercialism have dragged Scotland since the Union? Have they ever estimated the moral wrong inflicted, the lives lost, and the money squandered on these criminal campaigns, such as the wars to deprive other nations of their freedom, wars to make another people import a deadly drug, wars to make others pay blackmail to foreign bondholders? As regards these and related matters, Home Rule will not help Scotland one atom.

Westminster's Veto.

Even as concerns matters commonly regarded as coming within the political orbit of a Home Rule Parliament, such as land, education, and so on, the situation could be very far from being as safe as Home Rulers imagine. They forget the veto of the Westminster Parliament. It is no answer to this objection that the veto also exists in the case of the great "Dominions," but is hardly exercised. For one thing, these Dominions are far away, and Englishmen are but slightly interested in them, in spite of after-dinner oratory to the opposite effect. In the next place, Englishmen are afraid of offending the Dominions by pressing the nominal "right" of veto. It is far different with Scotland. Several servile generations of Scots have forgotten the ancient motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit*, and have adapted themselves to getting periodically kicked by their English masters without the slightest protest. English politicians know this, and will continue to kick Scotland so long as Scotland offers no resistance and puts up no fight. On one pretext or another, the veto would be frequently exercised. Take the case of land reform, for example. If a Home Rule Parliament were plucked up sufficient courage to pass a drastic measure of land reform, do Home Rulers really imagine that the English landlords would passively acquiesce? Any of these Englishmen own "property" in Scotland, and would move heaven and earth to maintain their so-called rights. Quite apart from this, the Scottish landlords would invoke the help of their English friends, the veto would be exercised, and the Home Rule Parliament's work would receive short shrift.

England's Strange Hold.

Again, the financial restrictions imposed in Irish Home Rule Bills show us how difficult it would be to make the people of these mock Parliaments work satisfactorily, even there were no other difficulties in the way. In fact, that one reason why these financial restrictions are imposed, the virtue of her financial hold over Scotland, under any name of mere Home Rule England could still do practically as she liked.

Perhaps there are some Home Rulers who are prepared to advocate a scheme of "Dominion Home Rule" for Scotland. Again I say that this is not good enough. Scotland has a right to absolute independence, as good a right as France, or Norway, or Czecho-Slovakia, or any one of the new states about whose rights Englishmen have not so eloquently in recent years, because they have sought in policy to do so, those states being outside and inside the so-called "British" Empire.

Treaty of 1707 Null and Void.

This brings us to another point. We know that the so-called Union of 1707 is null and void from a constitutional point of view. The Westminster Parliament has therefore no right, moral or constitutional, to pass any legislation concerning Scotland. Few things have so much of the disorder of the national mind as the complacency with which the Scots go to Westminster, and others approve their going, asking for this thing and for that thing from an assembly which has no greater constitutional right to legislate for Scotland than it has to legislate for France or Poland. Even if Home Rule were a good thing, the Westminster Parliament would have no right to pass it.

When Edward I. was engaged in his criminal work against the independence of Scotland, he proposed to set up a "Union" Parliament. Present-day Home Rulers still believe in a "Union," perhaps not in the Union as it exists at present, but still in some sort of Union which would leave England in a predominant position. The Scots of six centuries ago had a clearer vision than our Home Rulers. They refused to recognise the "Union," and they fought, not for Home Rule, but for Freedom. Moreover, they won the fight. But the traitors of 1707 united their work. However, we in our turn can undo the work of 1707 if we go about matters in the right way, a matter I have not space to discuss.

Independence the Only Solution.

Some timid souls may object that I am advocating a scheme whereby Scotland and England would always be on bad terms with each other. Nothing of the kind. If Englishmen can exercise that evil spirit of Imperialism from their midst, if in other words they can learn to mind their own business, and not meddle with what does not concern them, there is no reason why the relationships between the two countries should not be friendly. This generation has been privileged to see some movement among the dry bones of Scottish politics, as I remarked in the opening paragraph of this article. The drift of opinion is in the right direction, but in a great many cases it does not go far enough. Let us see to it that the movement develops everywhere into something worthy of our past and of our national rights. Nothing less than Sovereign Independence can satisfy these rights.

Do Mhuinntir an Gaeleacht.

Ta an gheimhreadh cudhainn anois. Geimhreadh na laetha gearra agus na hoidhche fada. Is cuma le muinntir na cathracha mora e mar ta lan rudai acu le deanamh. Ta amharclanna agus aiteanna eile chun sgeite agas spoir a thabhairt doibh ta spobleanna ceir agas buidhe Gaeilge agas buidhe igoir gach saghas ruda da mbeadh fonn foghlaim ortha. Ni mar sin, amh do lucht na tuaithe. Cad ta le deanamh acu san? Sin e direach cuis an ait beag seo agas os i nGaeilge e is do mhuinntir an Ghaealtacht ate mo comhairle.

An cuid is mo de mhuinntir an Ghaealtacht, bainnean siad leis an dream is mo ta againn in Eirinn, se sin an Lucht Oibre. Is deine a thuilleann siad pagh an lae na aon dream eile 'sa tir. Is cruaidhe an obair ata acu agas ni mor an pagh. To cuid mhaith acu nios fearr anois na mar a bhiodar cheana agas do'n Chumainn a chuir Mac UI Lorcain, Mac UI Conghaile agas a gcomh-bhairthre ar siubhal ata a mbuidheachas.

Cuireadh Coisiste UI Conghaile ara bun i nBaile-atha-Cliath anuraidh agas is mor agas is tairbre on obair a dhein se Beidh se ar siubhal i mbliana i geann cupla seachtmhainn agas ta soear acu curai fe leith a thabhairt trid an phuis do mhuinntir na tuaithe agas anois eile nach mbeid se 'na chumas freasail 'ges na buidhinbh. 'Se ba cheart do lucht oibre na Gaeleachtacha do dheanamh ach duine do thoga a bheadh se 'na chumas na curai seo d'fhagail agas iad d'aithris agas do thabhairt uaidh i dtéanga bhinn mhilis Fhódha. Dheanbh se sin maitheas ni h-amhain do lucht oibre na tire ach do chuis na Gaeilge leis.

Gheobhadh se an lan rudai thabhta eile do dheanamh leis. Na paiperi oibre is fearr d'fhagail agas na piosai

is oireamhaighe do mhuinntir a cheannair fein d'aithris agus do leigheamh doibh.

Da gcuirfidhe an obair seo ar sibhal an gheimhreadh seo bheadh a shradh le feisint agnaid roimh samhraidh an bhliain seo chughainn. B'fhúist duine d'fhagail i gach ceannair Gaothlach a bheadh abaltu agus toiteannach aistrú a dheanamh ar am hEiarla agus molain do Cumainn Lucht Oibre na hEireann iachall do chur ar a ndaltai 'sna Ceannair Gaothlach a leithid do dheanamh ar son Coloiste Uí Conghaile, ar son na Teangain, agus ar son na hEireann.

BEAL NA LIFE.

Young Egypt and "Dominion Home Rule."

"The Egyptian Association in Great Britain and Ireland (14, Green Street, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2)" has issued a *Memorandum on the real meaning of the proposed Anglo-Egyptian Agreement*.

Said a sympathetic French priest in England, August, 1920, out of a very good heart; and weeping tears of joy he exclaimed it: "Voilà l'Egypte nue nation!" (But Egypt has always been a nation.) "Egypt has never formed part of the British Empire." Was the theme insisted on in a London lecture on "Egypt as a matter of interest to Irishmen," delivered this September by Mr. Rashad, an Egyptian graduate of Cambridge.

Again and again English admirals and governors had insisted, to the Egyptians, that England had not the slightest intention of annexing Egypt. King George V. assured the Khedive—i.e., "a little king," who had taken the title of Sultan, "a big king"—that England wanted only to co-operate so that Egypt might live her own life free from outward oppression. The English King added, or was made to add: "Under the protection of England."

That is, with full Dominion Home Rule. Nay, with more. But now mark. When Egyptian Nationalists, or Sinn Féiners for Egypt, took England at her word; when they acted in the interest of Egypt first; when they treated of Egypt in the terms of an Englishman treating of England, then they found out, to their cost, what it meant for England to have any footing in Egypt. Then England stepped in and said: "We must protect the Sultan of Egypt against his wicked Nationalist subjects." England imprisoned these Egyptian Nationalists. When Egyptians claimed to be represented at the Paris Peace Conference as a nation, England refused passports to these Egyptian Sinn Féiners; when they tried to get to Paris to represent Egypt, England put these Egyptians in prison. And all Egypt marvelled, and all Egypt passively resisted. This is the result of taking England at her false word. The Arabs of Mesopotamia have found it out, and have "rebelled" against the "protectors." Egypt had found the protectors out. And, as Mr. Rashad warned Irishmen (if any Irishmen trusting England's word there be to-day), Ireland will be checked, bound hand and foot, harried and smitten, if protecting England has any acknowledged say in Ireland's destiny and fate. Let Dominion Home Rule beware, Egypt found that the only way was the full Sinn Féin way. Her

people would have anything to do with the "protectors." They would not heed their promises and their protests. They would not carry out their requests and their demands. The Egyptian police refused to serve the "protecting" tyrants and plotters for the annexing of Egypt to England.

But Egypt is free, said the good-hearted French priest mentioned at the outset; and she is free because (1) Egypt spent much on propaganda through the Press, and became (2) Egypt made to herself foreign friends, and especially France. Let Ireland do likewise, says this priest friend of Ireland, whose case he had not understood before stayed in England and saw England as she is. Let Ireland spend on propaganda in foreign countries, and, indeed, England. That would be weighed.

However, he is said, as Mr. Rashad answered: (1) Egypt did not spend much on propaganda. For even the English Press put in Egypt's propaganda willingly enough. (2) Ireland is *tabu*. And (2) until the other day England had closed French ears, if not French hearts, to Ireland indignation and defiance of her implacable enemy.

But is Egypt free? That is what the above-mentioned memorandum denies. Not yet has the English politician. Not yet are her plans abandoned for holding nominally "Dominion" of Egypt with its "Home Rule."

It is all camouflage, say our Egyptian friends, the *London Times* (August 20) this Agreement "will mark an epoch in the history of Egypt." By this Agreement (a) "Great Britain recognises Egyptian independence." Independence, mark. Let Irishmen beware of that blessed word, if England is within call. For, well: (b) "England, because of her privileged position, to have access to Egyptian territory in case of war." Independence! But we have said the word, "Independence." And so we feel ourselves just and generous. We at the same time we are practical men, and may be dogs any day we like.

Have not we Irish heard, this summer of 1920, Lloyd George say: "Of course, I am far self-determined for Ireland." And all his English hearers consequently feel and know how just they are, and how generous. Mr. Lloyd George adds—and so they need not worry about not having Ireland in hand and in pocket—"I shall not let Ireland determine for itself, if its determination is a Republic, seeing that England has determined otherwise."

We are not hypocrites, says England's *Daily News* because we have the ideal always before us. They therefore, the worse thing—as they appear to the nation great and small—they are Pharisees, who know and not, and praise themselves and pat themselves for this not doing.

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Correspondence.

To the Editor of OLD IRELAND.

But the Egyptians are not satisfied, says the Memorandum. And no doubt the Pharisees are not satisfied with it. "For though we do not mind telling a story to small nations, yet it hurts our conscience to be found out."

Further, read in the Agreement: (a) "Egypt is to control her foreign policy and have her ambassadors." But "no treaties are to be made at variance with British policy." And so on, and so on.

Irishmen, beware. As the young Egyptians' memorandum concludes: "There is no disgrace whatever in being a citizen of an oppressed nationality; but there is every disgrace in making one's self a party in degrading his country. The honourable redemption of a nation has never been attained without its natural price of national disappointments, national sacrifice, and, above all, national heroism in principle."

Listen to a few more Egyptian warnings for Irishmen. "Egyptian Independence!" exclaim the Egyptians. This "Independence," plus English war privilege, is "the nation of Independence." And this "Independence" is guaranteed by the very Power which has been opposing Independence for a hundred years. "Under the Treaty of Versailles, Egypt has been most dishonourably victimised by the same Power which is now offering its protection to the integrity of Egypt." "Will you walk into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly. Flies out of Ireland often walked into Westminster. Egyptians utter a ringing word: "Don't."

The English *Morning Post* calls these Sinn Féiners "the strange and troublesome Nationalists of Egypt," who believe—Irishmen, attend! be you "Home Rule" bishops, priests, politicians, men of the farm, or the warehouse—"that the real and only source of her ills, of her oppressions, of the deportation of her sons, of the period of agony which she still endures with patience and hope, is the existence of the illegal army of occupation led by the so-called guiding and friendly Power."

"With a garrison army, a British High Commissioner, and a British defined line of foreign policy, one wonders what Egypt is to gain from the proposed regime." "There is no internal policy, much less foreign policy, left for the Egyptians if the Egyptians are not the real masters of their own house." "All the stipulations which Egypt demands into as the price of her 'Independence' will serve as formidable weapons to be used against that very 'Independence' if the British Parliament so desires." *Verbum tenetis.*

This Memorandum from Egypt teems with words of warning to Ireland, and with warning to the unwary.

W. F. P. STOCKLEY.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRESPONDENT INQUIRES RE I.A.W.S.—The address of the I.A.W.S. is 151, Thomas Street, Dublin.

Sir.—Mr. Philip Francis Little's letter in your issue of September 4 raises a new point which may disturb some readers to whom it occurs for the first time. "Were we in full possession of an Irish Republic at this moment, would we be safe from external intervention by the English?" It is, as Mr. Little points out, a matter of guarantees. If the British Government were forced by British Labour (an unlikely contingency at present) to withdraw the Army of Occupation, and to give some sort of tacit acknowledgment to the Irish Republican Government, we could not feel secure, because England would, if the opportunity arose, deprive us of our independence again, as she deprived the South African Republic of it in 1902, twenty years after they had secured it from her in arms. The present world-war, the work of the bad men of Paris, is a trencherous and unstable world-order. Unless the final settlement between Ireland and Great Britain is guaranteed up to the hilt, especially by the United States, it will be worth nothing.

It is an axiom that the final settlement must be independence, and not "a Republic in all but name" or "the kingdom of Ireland," or any of the fancy solutions that happen to be trotting about just now. It is sometimes assumed by outsiders (and, unfortunately, sometimes, too, by insiders) that if we got a "measure" of self-government, estimated say at nine-tenths of independence (although you cannot fractionalise an indivisible thing) it would be only a matter of time before we gained the other one-tenth. It would be only a matter of time before we lost the other nine-tenths again. It has happened before. It happened in 1782 when that honest, but misguided man, Grattan, agreed, while demanding the restoration of the Irish Parliament's powers, to retain the link of the British Crown. And after that, '98.

No foreign nation would guarantee or could be expected to guarantee an arrangement which would place Ireland on any footing whatever within the British Empire.

But you will hear it said, anyone can see that the British Empire is shaking and will soon collapse. "Anyone could have seen when Constantine left Rome that Imperial Rome was shaking, but the death of Romulus Augustulus was many years after. Let us hope, for the sake of ourselves, and of our less fortunate fellow-beings in India, and let all good men hope, that the British Empire is collapsing. But we must not mistake a wish for an accomplished fact. It will be safer to assume that the British Empire is going to remain, and think how we can complete the task of making Ireland wholly free under the circumstances."

British rule in Ireland has become so outrageous that no Irishman who is honest and sane can defend its continuance. No logical mind would defend its continuance, whether it were outrageous or not, but all people do not possess logical minds, and the manifestations of British frightfulness, which are lately taking place, have made Republicans of many who might have been unincumbered by mere reasoning. There is now every sign, as the *Irish Bulletin* has said, that the British Government will attempt to crush the Irish Republican movement by "force, force without stint, force to the utmost" within the next few months. The attempt will fail, and its manifest failure will wreck the British Government, and no future British Government will renew the attempt.

That forecast pre-supposes some friendliness towards Ireland among the British people, and readers may fairly ask, where are the evidences of that friendliness now. It takes the average English workingman about two years to form a complete opinion on any public question.* My own opinion is that the British people may quite possibly have advanced enough towards understanding the Irish position to give us this kind of negative help in the early part of next year. It is an undeniable fact that, up to the present, either in the constructive work of building the Irish State, or in the defensive work of keeping the British Military Terror within bounds. We have not got any help that matters from any other nation or people whatever.

So long as the Bonar Law-Lloyd George Government survives in England a large part of the energies of the Irish Government will have to go towards defending Irish lives and property from "law and order." It is difficult to understand how two such men could have attained government rank in a country claiming to be civilised. Lloyd George, as H. G. Wells said of Napoleon (though he has nothing else in common with Napoleon) is a "scoundrel, bright and complete." It is a necessity of English public life that a man must lie himself into power, and when in power must continue to out-lie all his competitors. This Lloyd George has done. He has specialised in incontinencies; he has made falsehood his one aim; he elongates himself from truth; therefore, he continues Prime Minister of England. Of Bonar Law, his chief accomplice, "next himself in power and next in crime," we need say no more than Portia said of one of her suitors: "God made him, therefore let him pass for a man."

When these men have failed finally to defeat Ireland, and when their successors will not dare to continue the war against us, international recognition of Ireland, a Sovereign Independent State will speedily follow. In the meanwhile we must continue to rely altogether upon ourselves alone.

Ismsie, etc.,
JAMES CARTY.

*The Russian question may be selected as an example. It took British Labour approximately two years to decide whether it ought to help Russia or the attack on Russia.

The "Moderates" of '76.

The American Press is furnished from London with numerous cable and special dispatches telling Americans of the "opinions" of the so-called "Moderates" of Ireland who held their initial conference recently. The "Moderates" comprise, for the most part, those who do not want absolute independence. They will accept Dominion Home Rule, or any kind of rule, save the rule of the people, such as has made the United States America the greatest Democracy the world has ever known. Who are the "Moderates"? They are the men of those who urged Washington, during the dark days of Valley Forge, to yield to an improved form of Colonial government. There can be no yielding, and there will be no yielding. It is an established fact that at least eighty per cent. of the people of Ireland are recorded as determined to support the Republic. That is fully as large a percentage as prevailed in the American Colonies when the struggle for independence was being waged. Upon several occasions the *News Letter* has printed a table showing the votes of the Legislatures of the original thirteen Colonies on the adoption of the present Constitution. It was carried in New York by a vote of 30 to 27, in Massachusetts by a vote of 187 to 168, in Virginia by a vote of 89 to 79. The "Moderates" of that period could not agree with the framers of the Constitution. The "minorities" in each State were the "Moderates" of their day, as are the "minorities" of Ireland who today follow Carson, Sir Horace Plunkett, and others. The discussion of proposals of the "Moderates" will be a repetition of the old story of "drawing the red herring across the trail." Ireland has declared for freedom of independence, and she has said, through her people, that she will accept nothing less. The American activities have been built around the attainment of absolute independence. England must realise Americans cannot be deceived by views of so-called "Moderates." Thomas Davis, poet and essayist of Ireland, described the "Moderates" of his day in his essay, "Ireland's People, Lords, Gentry, Commonality," when he wrote as follows: "These (Lord and Gentry) are called the representatives of the property of the country. They are against the national cause; therefore it is said that all the wealth of Ireland is opposed to the repeal of the Union. It is an ignorant and false boast. The people of the country are its wealth. Till its soil, raise its produce, ply its trade. They persist, sustain, support, save it. They supply its armies—they are its farmers, its merchants, its tradesmen, its artists—all that enrich and adorn it." The Davis description applicable to the present, and the present-day people of Ireland, its wealth, are not to be swayed by "Lords, Squires, and the gentry" of the mould which Davis pictured.

Archbishop Mannix has the British Cabinet in the seat that confronted the farmer's boy who grabbed a wild cat.

"Pop," yelled the farmer's boy, "I've caught a wild cat!"
"Well, let him go."
"I can't."

The first definite victory in the struggle between the Irish railroad workers and the British Army of Occupation seems to have been on the side of Labour. Only a few weeks ago the English Ministry of Transport informed the Irish railway managers that military guards would no longer be furnished for goods sent for consignment by rail. The statement added that the authorities of the English occupation do not at present intend to use the Irish railways for the transportation of arms, munitions, explosives, or motor spirit. It will be remembered that the transportation of munitions of war was one of the things which Irish railroad workers refused to sanction. No declaration was made in regard to the sending of arms, troops, and police passenger trains. But the practical admission of defeat by British authorities in regard to the transportation of munitions of war is significant.

Admiral Benson, chairman of the U.S. Shipping Board, is quoted in the newspaper Press as saying: "Certain British propagandists seem to be under the illusion that the United States is still a British colony. That feeling is unfortunately fostered by a spineless type of American, happily not numerous, which believes the peace of the world and the dignity of the United States can best be preserved by bow-towing to Great Britain at every point, and that we will maintain and protect our merchant marine and foster American commerce in American bottoms against any and all nations. We do this by legitimate means, openly and fairly, and not by secret side-war compacts with other nations. Such acts often lead to war. . . . It is charged that in the Harriman Hamburg-American agreement we are joining with Germany in a trade war against Great Britain. Is the writer aware that Great Britain has chartered to Germany many of the former German vessels in order to compete with us in German trade?"

Charles H. Grasty, of the *New York Times*, confidant of Northcliffe and champion of England, has in the past succeeded in creating a widespread belief that he acted "confidentially" in many instances for President Wilson. He recently went to Ireland to write a "disinterested" review of the situation there, and the American public, through widely-circulated cable dispatches of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, was told that Grasty was acting "confidentially" for President Wilson and the State Department. Read the following letter from the State Department to Director Daniel T. O'Connell.

The Secretary of State, Washington,
August 18, 1920.

My Dear Sir,—In acknowledging your letter of

August 18, I am directed by the Secretary of State to inform you that Mr. Charles H. Grasty is not engaged in any diplomatic mission, or assignment, under the authority of this Government. I may also say that it can be said that Mr. Grasty is an official or unofficial representative of this Government. I may also say that Mr. Grasty is not travelling with a diplomatic passport as is alleged in the newspaper article quoted in your letter.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) G. Howland Shaw,
Executive Assistant.

The object of Ambassador Geddes was not attained when he addressed the Convention of the American Bar Association at St. Louis, August 25. The manager of the Geddes speaking bureau blundered badly when he booked the physician to administer propaganda medicine to the American lawyers. The protest lodged by the director of the bureau had its effect, and the lawyers forewarned were forearmed.

The British Library of Information, 44, Whitehall Street, New York City (attached to the offices of the British Consulate), is distributing gratis to those who will "damn Ireland and praise England," copies of the following: "A Straight Deal or the Ancient Grudge," by Owen Wister; "The Irish Case Before the Court of Public Opinion," by P. Whitwell Wilson; "Some Ethical Questions of Peace and War," by the late Rev. Walter McDonald; "Ireland's Vanishing Opportunity," by T. W. Rolleston; "England and Ireland," by Edward Raymond Turner, of the University of Michigan; and pamphlets and special articles commended by American agents of British propaganda.

What a blessing if Wolf Tone's ideal might fructify into a lasting reality! "I soon formed my theory," he tells us, "and on that theory I have invariably acted ever since. . . . To subvert the tyranny of our execrable Government, to break the connection with England, the never-failing source of all our political evils, and to assert the independence of my country—these were my objects. To unite the whole people of Ireland, to abolish the memory of all past dissensions, and to substitute the common name of Irishmen in place of the denominations of Protestant, Catholic, and Dissenter—these were my means." Pearse held "all Irish Nationalism to be explicit in these words." Davis was to make explicit certain things here implicit, Lalor certain other things; Mitchell was to thunder the whole in words of apocalyptic wrath and splendour. But the credo is here: "I believe in One Irish Nation and that free."

Lossing, the historian, adds to the evidences in favour of the Irish patriots. He informs us that "between 1780 and 1740 an Irish settlement was planted between the Santee and Pele Rivers in South Carolina, to which was given the name of Williamsburg Township. . . . Far removed

from the political power they had been taught to reverence they soon became alienated. They felt neither the favours nor the oppressions of Government, and in the free wilderness their minds and hearts became schooled in sturdy independence which developed bold and energetic action when the revolution broke out.

It was while in the camp of Gates that Governor Rulledge commissioned Francis Marion a brigadier, and he led to the district of Williamsburg to lead its rising patriots to the field of active military duties. So we can understand why Lossing calls the Williamsburg district "a hotbed of rebellion," and why Lord Cornwallis wrote Sir Henry Clinton on December 3, 1780: "There is scarcely an inhabitant between the Pedee and the Santee that is not in arms against us."

Marion, the popular Irish General, fought with his famous brigade at the siege of Savannah, and Simms, in referring to that engagement in "The Life of General Marion," says: "The slaughter for so brief an engagement had been terrible, amounting to 1,100 men, 637 French and 457 Americans. Of the former, the Irish Brigade, and of the latter, the 2nd South Carolina Regiment, particularly distinguished themselves and suffered most."

Grattan, in one of his great speeches, expressed a thought directly applicable to the present day when he said: "The British Minister mistakes the Irish character; had he intended to make Ireland a slave he should have kept her a beggar; there is no middle policy; win her heart by the restoration of her right, or cut off the nation's right hand; greatly enunciate, or fundamentally destroy. We may talk plausibly to England, but so long as she exercises a power to bind this country, so long are the nations in a state of war; the claims of the one go against the liberty of the other, and the sentiments of the latter go to oppose those claims to the last drop of her blood. The English opposition, therefore, are right; mere trade will not satisfy Ireland—they judge of us by other great nations, by the nation whose political life has been a struggle for liberty; they judge us with a true knowledge and just difference for our character; that a country enlightened as Ireland, chartered as Ireland, armed as Ireland, and injured as Ireland, will be satisfied with nothing less than liberty."

Do the British love America? The British propagandists almost weep in professing affection for America, but read what the Washington correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun* writes: "Formation of the German-American shipping combine, announced Monday, has precipitated drastic steps by British shipping interests to smash the American merchant marine and regain its pre-war supremacy in the world's commercial sea trade market, and has given new impetus to the commercial trade war now raging between England and the United States. The latest move made by the British interests, following the recent freight slashing

is an offer to construct new steel ships at the low price of \$75 a dead-weight ton. This price, which is even below pre-war figure and which cannot be approached by American yard, also is a blow at the United States Shipping Board, which has just offered its fleet of steel ships for sale. Love or hatred—which rules Britannia in respect to the old U.S.A.?

New Postage Stamps.

A STRIKING series of pictorial postage stamps has just been issued from the offices of the High Commissioner for New Zealand in London. The stamps relate to the island dependencies of New Zealand in the South Pacific. They embrace six handsome and picturesque designs, and as many different values, and are printed from line-engraved steel plates, in two colours, by the firm of Perkins, Bacon, and Co.

The design of the 1d. stamp represents the landing of Captain Cook on the islands which bear his name, in 1770. On the 1d. stamp is seen a number of trading schooners anchored by a wharf. A portrait of Captain-Cook figures on the 1d. denomination, whilst the copra trade, in which these islands are famous, is represented by the picture of a coconut palm on the 3d. stamp. Native outside their huts at Mitiroa form the subject of the 6d. design, and a view of Raratonga from the sea that of the 1s., which completes the series.

A separate set of stamps is provided for use in the dependencies of Aitutaki, Niue, Penrhyn Island, and Raratonga, engraved with the name of each island in the design and printed in different colours as regards the stamps above one penny, but with the same vignette throughout. The border designs of the Niuean 1d. and 3d. stamps also differ slightly from those of the other series.

These islands, which are the centre of the copra trade, first came under the control of the New Zealand Government by the Samoan agreement of 1890. Post offices were established there during 1902-3, and were supplied with contemporary postage stamps of the Dominion overprinted at Wellington with the names of the various islands, and surcharged with equivalent values in the native dialects in order to distinguish them from those in use in New Zealand itself. By the issue of the new pictorial stamps these overprinted series are rendered obsolete.

Bermuda's Twin Issues.

To mark the tercentenary of the establishment of representative institutions in Bermuda, a special series of commemorative stamps was decided upon by the House of Assembly in June last. Several sessions were devoted to the selection of appropriate designs, one by a local artist being finally chosen.

When, however, the project came to be submitted to the Governor for his approval, he replied that such issues had been authorised by the Legislative Council in 1868, but back as March, 1920, and had already been put

and by the Crown agents in London. A proof of the design was forwarded at the same time for the information of the members. This design was divided into two panels, with a crown between, that on the left containing a portrait bust of the King, and that on the right a representation of the good ship *Sea Venture*, in which Sir George Somers and the first colonists were cast away on the Bermudas in 1609.

But the Assembly wished to substitute its own design, the work of Mr. J. H. Dale, as it included certain historical vignettes that were absent from the Governor's stamp. It shows in the upper left-hand corner of the stamp a miniature production of an ancient sailing ship, and opposite to it the modern coat of arms of the Colony. In the centre of the stamp is a full-face portrait of the King in a medalion, flanked on either side by the dates "1620-1920." Beneath the former date appears a reproduction of the Sword of State as used in the House of Assembly 300 years ago, and underneath the latter the gavel of the present Speaker.

To discard the stamps for which printing plates had already been prepared would, however, have involved a serious loss of both time and money, and a compromise was finally arrived at by the decision to utilise both of the designs and to issue two separate series, with ninesamples each of them. The first series of tercentenary stamps is expected to reach St. George's in time to be issued on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales, whilst the other will in all probability appear about the end of the year.

D'Annunzio's New Stamps.

The sculptured head of Gabriele D'Annunzio adorns the latest postage stamp of Fiume, issued in honour of his election as Dictator. A slightly bizarre effect has been achieved by the artist, Guido Massurigi, by displaying the mask-like effigy upon a solid ground of colour. Round the portrait appears the motto, "Hic manebimus optime," and behind it a garland of laurel leaves.

—*Manchester Guardian.*

The Enduring Dead.

O fiercely beloved,
They are not dead. Has winged fire ever died?
Leap and rejoice; it is not death we greet
But flaming hearts that light with virgin pride
Tremendous divines have smouldering at your feet,
That scare hell's dragon to her foul retreat—
These have not died!

These have not died,
O'Sullivan, O'Donnell, and Owen Roe O'Neill;
They are not sleeping under ravenous skies
Nor weary with the hungry, blazing steel;
Oh no, on serpent fields these eagles rise
And spear our heavens with their god-lit eyes,
Oh fiercely beloved!

O fiercely beloved,
For you in joy our lives break as a flower,
Where lightnings rend the daggered hills of stone;
We tread the cold, cold Glen for one bleak hour
To live again with those you name your own—
Fitzgerald, Robert Emmet, and fierce Wolfe Tone,
These have not died!

These have not died,
The goodly wise, the beautiful, the young,
Those rich way-farers from the high street and sea,
Their lives are such a melody that's sung
And winged with bird-sweet music from a tree—
Like Casement, like Pearse, like James Connolly,
O fiercely beloved!

O fiercely beloved,
Leap up and watch with us your splendid dawn
Flush mighty winds with joy's triumphant tune;
Tumultuous laughers roll from Mananaan,
The wild processions' of sun and moon,
With peace and purple wonders, flame your dun;
And you, the sword, the shield, the scence of dawn
Are most victorious,
O fiercely beloved.

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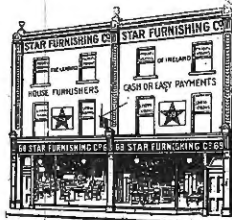
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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1920.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.**Granite of Irish Determination.**

When this week the doctor of Brixton, acting the part of
torturer for the great torturers of MacSwiney and Ireland,
said that sufferer after fifty days of starvation would be now
be food, Terence answered that his resolution was as firm
on the first day he went on hunger-strike. That simple
saw expresses the unshaken determination of the Irish
people who are suffering for the establishment of the Irish
public. "Unshaken determination" is a mild phrase,
as those sufferings increase, by reason of those very
sufferings, Irish determination grows deeper and stronger.
Indeed, Irishmen would not be worthy of the name if it were
service. We humbly confess that the heroism of the
Irish people is a source of wonder to us, but so it is to the
rest of the world to-day. It required all the baseness and
cruelty of England's rulers to bring forth the courage and
conquerable determination of Irishmen and women. It
upon this rock that government will be split. To those
to feel the strain the watchword must be courage and joy,
victory is very near.

English Press Washes Its Hands.

The English Press wrings its hands in a distressed and
pitiful manner. England, it says, is indignant. Mind
that England is indignant with its Government for
sacking, burning, and destruction of Irish towns. There
one hundred instances on record. And Malloy and

Tuberculosis after that. The object of the virtuous outcry
in the English Press is eyewash. Whitewash to cover to
the world the inherent brutality of English Imperialism—and
with one or two exceptions every daily paper in England is
imperial. Every daily paper in England is, therefore,
particeps criminis to the acts of torture and violence which
maintain that Empire. When a crowd of Jews, a com-
paratively small part of that race, called for the release of
Barabbas, and cried out for the crucifixion of Christ, saying—
"His blood be upon our heads, and upon our children"—
not the portion, but the whole race suffered the penalty of
the curse. Nations must share responsibility, and no section
can escape if it acquiesces in the acts of its government.
Hot air cuts no ice with the English ruling class. Sympathy,
indignation—all this means nothing; while the Government
has a free hand, these expressions of injured virtue are
extremely nauseating to Irish people. They add insult to
injury. If the English Press wants to get Ireland freed it
can stand in with a big down tools policy of English Labour,
and without shedding a drop of blood could settle the Irish
question in twenty-four hours. English Labour won't do
that. The English Press won't advocate it. English Labour
and the English Press welters in a mass of indecision and
corruption. They will pay for it. The English people, by
their neglect of the Irish question, are allowing a caste of
tyrants to fasten a yoke upon themselves which will not be
removed without the greatest sufferings of that people. The
Pilate of the English Press cannot wash its hands of the
crime against Ireland, by merely mouthing virtuous com-
plaints: nor can the English people escape responsibility
any more than did the Jews escape of old.

Lord Grey and the Old Tricks.

Anyone who knows anything of Viscount Grey's
record as a diplomatist will take any suggestion from him
with extreme reserve. The suggestion made in his
letter to the Press this week amounts to this, that owing to
the differences between Irishmen (in this his view is identical
with Lloyd George's) he proposes another convention of
Irishmen which is to last two years, and then arrangements
are to be made for the present army of occupation to with-
draw from Ireland. When in difficulties have a convention.
This is Grey's remedy for the British Empire. The idea is
hardly original. It has been admitted by members of the
British Government that the last notorious convention in
Trinity College was instituted to keep the Irish situation in
hand, and to fool American opinion until Wilson had
dragged America into the war. It succeeded. It made the
German plot conspiracy possible, by marking time until the
plot was fully organised. It succeeded. The Americans
swallowed the dope. But having succeeded once, neither
America nor Ireland will be fooled again. How nicely De
Valera's quotation applies. "Deceive me once, shame on
you; deceive me twice, shame on me." Viscount Grey must
learn a new trick, the old one won't do. Grey's statement
does not greatly differ from Lloyd George's, for he accepts
the latter's three "ruing factors."—(1) That there is a real

Irish difficulty in Ulster. (2) Ireland must be sacrificed to strategic unity. (3) The Unity of the Empire must be preserved. As to the Ulster difficulty, a very cursory knowledge of the history of Orangeism shows that there is a very close similarity between the Black and Tans and the Orangeism in origin; in methods and in the objective. The objective is, of course, the conquest of Ireland. In origin the Orange hordes were drawn from the most undesirable class of marauders and given a free hand. The method of it was destruction of homes and the driving the people out of great districts in the north. You might as well contend that the Black and Tans constituted a new nation in Ireland, which deserved special consideration as part of the "Irish problem." To say that the conflict between the Black and Tans and Irish nationalism constitutes a "quarrel between Irishmen," and therefore makes the Irish difficulty insoluble, is to contend that Orangeism is a deplorable sign of the impossibility of Irishmen agreeing amongst themselves. It is merely using Orangeism in argument for exactly the original purpose, namely to hold Ireland in subjection. Those who admit the Orange difficulty are therefore in the best tradition of the founders of Orangeism, and of the Tories who openly hold Ireland by means of the Orange hordes. But the boycotts of the Northern Banks and Belfast trade is solving the problem rapidly. The Strike of the Carpenters' and Joiners' Union against religious and political tests is bringing reality into a situation which was wrapped in the utterly false atmosphere of Carsonism—a kind of delirium of terrorism and bluff. Ireland can bide her time until the great commercial magnates are smashed by the trade boycott, for they make the "Ulster difficulty." They are the real enemy within the gates.

Listen to This—Belfast!

The following is from the London correspondent of the *Irish Independent*. Do the Belfast shipping magnates like it? If they like to pay income tax from a free Ireland to England, I am sure they could arrange to do so. We hardly imagine they would. This stirring up of trade jealousy between Glasgow and Belfast is merely a form of attack on Irish rights. Under any treaty Glasgow interests could easily be protected by England herself. Here is the story:

"A noteworthy opinion has reached me from a quarter closely in touch with the Prime Minister on Viscount Grey's plan for the settlement of the Irish question, and in view of the source from which it comes it would be safe to regard this opinion as representing the attitude of the Government towards the proposal of the ex-Foreign Secretary. The criticism, which is entitled to so much weight by reason of its origin, was concerned with the financial aspect of the scheme. The point was made that Lord Grey's solution would involve the fiscal freedom of Ireland, and it was asserted very positively that no votes were to be got by the Government in this country for a policy of relieving Ireland of the taxation which was now being borne by that country in common with Great Britain.

"Emphasis was laid on the question of income tax. If Ireland were immune from income tax, it was contended by this Coalitionist critic of Lord Grey's plan that it would mean that Glasgow could never compete with Belfast in the execution of contracts, and that the bulk of such business as shipbuilding carried out on the banks of the Clyde would be transferred to the Ulster capital. Therefore, the Grey proposition could not be entertained."

The Strategic Nightmare.

"Ireland must be held in subjection." So say Lloyd George and his Government. So said every set of English rulers for many a generation. The strategic defence of England demands it. The Empire's safety demands it. The ruling caste of England, and the vast mass of people who have been corrupted by imperialism demand it. Ireland is the Heligoland of the Atlantic. That is the vivid expression of the Navy League. Word of ill-omen for England Heligoland has disappeared as the outpost of an Empire founded on "strategic necessities." There was no particular sentiment about Heligoland, except during the time when Horatio Bottomley's deep bosom heaved to the refrain "Elligoland for Zanzibar, w'y the 'ell for Zanzibar?" Heligoland is really not the analogy to Ireland. There Alsace-Lorraine. Alsace-Lorraine must be held in subjection for Germany such was the demand of German Imperialism after the conquest of those provinces in 1871. Bismarck knowing something of human instincts, warned the German militarists against the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine. "From a purely militarist point of view, the case for annexation was complete. The milder spirits of German militarists said to Alsace-Lorraine (as the English Liberal or Labour imperialists say to Ireland to-day): "It is regrettable to you in subjection against your will, but the strategic interests of the Empire come first, therefore we must hold you into the Empire." "Beware, beware," cried the instinct of statesmen, "strategy is not all; it is the lesser part." The destructive power of an outraged people is more dangerous than any hostile strategy. The spirit generated in France and in the subjugated provinces proved more deadly in years to the German nation, than any sacrifice of political or strategic defence could ever have been to that Empire.

The Logic of Sheer Selfishness.

The attitude of Germany drew the obvious answer for Alsace-Lorraine: "If your Empire exists by our subjugation then down with your Empire." Germany's attitude toward the spring of the finest passion in a people—the passion for freedom, and the injured people responded accordingly. Their answer was logical, and it was human. To England says to Ireland, "Your subjugation, your continuance inside the British Empire is necessary to the safe of our Empire." Ireland naturally answers, "then down with your Empire." The antagonism is not of Ireland making. It is England that makes Ireland feel that its people's freedom and happiness is incompatible with the existence of the British Empire. Ireland wants to mind its own business, but she cannot. Ireland vents to be on terms of a fair and just friendship with all peoples. England prevents her. Imperialist England does so because of its attitude towards world politics.

The Imperialist View—the Nightmare.

There are two ways that Englishmen may look out upon the world. There is the imperialist way, and the simple human view. They may envisage world politics with a bloodshot vision of imperial militarists. This is the dominating view to-day. Let us look at the fearful nightmare. The world of nations is conceived as a congeries of individual nations for ever watching for a moment to destroy its neighbouring nation. To-day the average Englishman, led being profoundly corrupted by militarist imperialism, looks on the world to see who is the next enemy. Obviously, he sees America. He therefore prepares for war with America. By his very preparations he ensures war. First he wants

Ireland as an outpost against America. Thus he announces the whole Irish race in America and everywhere else, long as Ireland is in subjection she would welcome such war. The Englishman is deaf to the consideration that a free Ireland would be dead against any such war. The intelligent Englishman then looks about for alliances with America. He sows the seed of blood and suspicion all over the world. He looks to Japan as enemy to be encouraged to attack America. He intrigues with Mexico and Canada in order that America may be overwhelmed by her enemies. At home, to have a double corrupt army and navy he crushes all movements towards the disruption of Trade Unionism. To obtain the necessary finance he bets the destruction of all free criticism of national taxation and expenditure. He bribes the great capitalists by sharing the spoils as in the case of the mineowners. By crushing the worker and exploiting the coal consumer, he accumulates great profits which are divided between the capitalist and the war-making state. To secure a free hand expenditure he crushes and corrupts freedom in Parliament and in the Press. Russia, being the protagonist of self-determination and of a new democratic movement, is a hindrance to this imperialism—hence Russia must be fought. Egypt and Egypt being strategic points to be held by violence involve new wars, more fraud, bribery and spys. The whole world must be covered by a network of British spys, and spys in their turn are expensive. So the nightmare deepens in diabolical gloom, and extends with infinite possibilities of human misery. What, then, is the alternative? What, but natural and human view of men and peoples who instead of being each other's natural enemies, are necessary to each other's well-being and happiness. This is the natural view for men of small nations, for men uncorrupted by that

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fratricidal mania of imperialism. The number of Englishmen who can or do take this view is very, very small. This is the view, nevertheless, of any decent Irishman. He sees his nation fulfilling its destiny as a protagonist of international justice, freedom, and peace.

St. Michael—Defender of the Weak.

A correspondent asks us to publish the following. The idea is a sound one even though the publication is belated for this year's feast:

The Feast of St. Michael.

"Dear sir,—In these days of national struggle and persecution when upon the one hand you have enormous material forces threatening the very life of the Irish nation and her leaders, and upon the other hand a movement which grows in strength and in spiritual vision with every fresh attack, it is surely opportune to remember the Feast of St. Michael—September 29. Might he not save our heroes in Cork and Brixton? He has been the patron of many a small nation struggling for freedom—the patron of France ever since the days when Joan of Arc, under the inspiration of that Archangel, drove the imperialist invaders out of France. To all active nationalists this soldier-angel should be a source of joy and courage in this fierce struggle with the enemy. He is particularly sought as a defender against destruction by fire, so he should be a source of consolation to every woman and child, to every home in this hour when any home may be wrecked. In the end the cause of the weak against the strong depends for hope and victory upon great spiritual forces, let us remember St. Michael, the first soldier of God, who hurled down like lightning the forces of evil before—he can do it again.

Is mise,
X.

Dublin, September 28, 1920."

OLD METHODS SCRAPPED

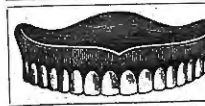
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'Help the Sufferers in Belfast.

We publish elsewhere the appeal for food and funds for the victims of English vindictiveness in Belfast. All the supplies sent are sold at the bare cost of obtaining same. No one receives relief save those who produce ration cards proving them to be victims of the Pogrom. We are glad to find that this work has received the assistance of many who are out of touch with Irish nationalism. We hope that Southern Unionists will prove that they are against intolerance by financial support to this fund. If they do not give such support one must only class them with the Caranites and Orange hordes.

Robert Emmet and Terence MacSwiney.

Professor Stockley sends us the following:
Thomas Moore, Emmet's fellow student in Trinity College, wrote after Emmet's martyrdom for his country:
"Boysish as my own mind was I could not help being struck with the manliness of the view which I saw he took, of what men ought to do in such times and circumstances, namely, not to talk or write about their intentions, but to act."

Yet Moore speaks of "that almost feminine gentleness of manner, . . . so often found in such determined spirits."
"He was altogether a noble fellow, and as full of imagination and tenderness of heart as of manly daring."

The Crucifixion.

The hour has struck for our whole people. The mock trial, the scourging, the pressing down of the thorns, the terrible journey of the falling cross, these things have been accomplished, and the crucifixion has begun. On Golgotha the followers of the Ideal fled away and hid themselves until the head fell limp on the bloody breast of God. But we, who have in us, in each of us, the strength won for all peoples on that desolate day, we must come and crowd around our cross, giving to it victim after victim until the tree breaks under an abundance of fruit. For that is the purchase money of our deliverance. Either we must pay it to-day readily, even joyfully, or to-morrow, and for many to-morrows, our children and our children's children will pay, each generation almost the whole sum, but none, all; and the bondage will go on as far into the shadows of coming years as it has lasted through the dark centuries of the past.

Our people are a great people. The heads of our young men were not more proudly held in the wonderful exaltation of a pre-determined battle than they were held when they bore the pitch-cap without whimpering. Our people are a great people. There are hundreds of thousands of young men who laugh at death, who love it as the chalice against any failure or compromise, who envy even the death of James Lawless. There are hundreds of thousands of young women and old who, with the prescience of the spirit, understand the woe that is sweeping in upon them, and who have opened their arms to it. These are those who know much of what God knows: who understand that the freedom of the spirit must be paid for by the sacrifice of the body. To such as these there is no need to utter exhortation.

But there are others who do not yet understand and who fear that which is our unavoidable destiny. To such as these it must be said: The independence of Ireland is

and will continue to be; no force will destroy it; no deed will dissolve it; the Irish people have consciously expressed their will to freedom; no power is on the earth which can prevent the operation of that will, or compel its renunciation.

This struggle of a trampled people against an empire stupendously rich in every resource of evil, is at last about to succeed. A conqueror secure in his possession does not look, ravage, and destroy that which he hopes to hold. If there comes to him the certainty of loss, and it is then the torch is thrust into the hands of his incendiaries, and a bloody weapons are given to evil men that they may strike forth and tear to pieces that which he is no longer able to possess. The hope is, of course, entertained that by destruction and murder an insurgent people may be broken. But there is this, at least, that is glorious in the history of the world, that many peoples have been freed as rapidly as the ruthless despair of their oppressors as by their own efforts. So it is with this, our nation, the playmate of this struggle, and sacrifice. In other days, as is now obvious to all of us, the victory for which we still are striving may have been had in exchange for a sacrifice a little more general than was made. Had more of our people understood the revolution of 1798 would have established our nation as a free people. Had more of our people understood, the revolution of 1848 would have established our nation as a free people. Had more of our people understood, the revolution of 1897 would have established our nation as a free people. Had more of our people understood, the revolution of 1916 would have established our nation as a free people. It is for lack of understanding that we have been visited with so immeasurable a punishment. In the kindness of providence we are now brought to the greatest crisis of our history at a time when the majority of our people do not lack understanding. The faint-hearted waver cry out in these days that are begun. Those who have never-striven will call to the others: "Let us cease striving. Those who have made no sacrifice will speak secretly to many: "We have surely made sacrifice enough."

The oppressor will seize upon these words and burn and destroy the more, because they recreate in him a hope he had lost. For every one man who chatters of "prudence" and "moderation" in the presence of his disembowelled brother there will fall another town and naked women and children will fly again terror-stricken into the hills. There is but one prudence for our people: the prudence to pay in their own day the full purchase money of independence. There is but one moderation for our people: the moderation that will end the terror which has continued for centuries in the most speedy—in the only way in which it can possibly be ended. And that way is the simple way of determining resolve. At a time when we are anxious that a whole world should recognise our independence none smugner than ourselves should recognise it; to understand that it exists to know that it does and will survive every snaked tortoise every dead mutilated body. And if the worst be our portion let there be at least one people who suffered extermination that liberty might live. Whosoever fails as a result of the organised anarchy which is called Government, the nation as a nation will not fail. It is not in the tradition of our people to accept defeat. By the manifold name of our dead we live, by the innumerable repulses we have suffered we march endlessly forward. **PROUNSIAS O GALLCHOIBAIR.**

Irish Economics—and Politics.

Mr. D. A. Chart's latest work* is, we gather from the author's preface, intended to be a "primer" of Irish economic history from the earliest to the most recent times. The attempt is a difficult one, and Mr. Chart's failure to accomplish it is the more regrettable inasmuch as it is due to omissions, which would be pardonable in a summary so big a subject, but to irrelevant digressions.

In any historical work, and especially in one intended chiefly for beginners, one is entitled to expect not only a careful and accurate statement of all the relevant facts, but the strictest impartiality in presenting them. Mr. Chart's facts are unimpeachable, taken as they are from the most authoritative sources—the writings of Joyce, Pettis, Alice Green, Miss Murray, Dr. George O'Brien, and many others, court rolls and records, official statistics, and enactments of the British and Anglo-Irish Parliaments. But, unfortunately, he allows his presentation of the facts to be coloured by obvious political sympathies.

This is a somewhat serious charge to bring against an historian, and it is our duty to substantiate it. His treatment of the history of the Irish woollen trade is typical of his method. He describes fully the beginnings of the trade, its development, and its potentialities. He then sets out, fully and without extenuation, the well-known series of enactments frankly designed first to hamper and finally to destroy it, and the less frank, but equally successful, attempt to effectuate the same object, and accidentally to injure our considerable shipping and colonial trades by a palpably strained and inequitable interpretation.

*"An Economic History of Ireland." Dublin, The Talbot Press. 5s. net.

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of the British Navigation Acts. There, we submit, the impartial historian's duty should have ended, but Mr. Chart proceeds to file a plea in mitigation. "The authors of this legislation," he tells us, "hardly considered that they were stifling . . . an infant industry. Rather they saw themselves as wise planners and contrivers aiming at the general good, even at the expense of local suffering. The burdens were very great. She had to be, as it were, the shield of the whole Empire, and if she were seriously weakened, all would be imperilled. The woollen industry had for centuries been the staple of England. The mercantile marine, the nursery and reserve of the navy, was an extremely important factor in the defensive system. These two occupations, therefore, must be jealously guarded and preserved from competition, even within the Empire. The statesmen of the time . . . saw no great wrong in representing any tendency in Ireland towards industries in which she would compete with England, and directing her rather to those in which she would be a useful ally."

Such is the first plea in the defence. The second is to the effect that while the defendants admit that they did destroy the woollen trade of the plaintiffs as alleged, they submit that such destruction was for the general good and safety of the defendants, the plaintiffs and divers other parties, and further that the defendants did, of their innate benevolence and generosity, establish in lieu and stead of the said woollen trade, so destroyed as aforesaid, a linen industry, and did foster and preserve the same, for which the plaintiffs should but did maliciously fail to be grateful.

The strangulation of our other "pivotal trades" by naked force, legislation, or administration (the method now in vogue of combining all three not having then been dis-

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Tribute to the Irish Volunteers.

Appeal to the Irish Press.

The crisis through which the country is passing gives special significance to the recent deliberations of the Catholic Total Abstinence Federation and the Father Mathew Union. The former embraces some three hundred Total Abstinence Societies, with a total membership of about two hundred thousand; the latter is confined to Irish priests, and has a membership of nearly a thousand. Both organisations held meetings in Dublin on Wednesday, September 15.

The C.T.A. Federation and the Irish Volunteers.

The C.T.A.F. Executive considered the reception accorded by the Press and the public bodies to a series of resolutions adopted at its last quarterly meeting in June. Discussing the grave dangers that may arise from an uncontrolled liquor traffic, the meeting unanimously adopted the following resolution:

"The Executive expresses its warm appreciation of the efforts of the Irish Volunteers in discouraging the use of intoxicants throughout the country, and notes with satisfaction the numbers who are adopting the Geallamhain Goodhalach (Irish Pledge)."

Satisfaction was also expressed at the measures adopted by many Irish county, borough, and urban councils, and poor law boards, to carry out the suggestions contained in the resolutions of the previous quarterly meeting.

The attitude of the Press towards temperance propaganda was the subject of a carefully considered report

Another Gael Embarks on His Own

MARTIN MURPHY, having purchased the interest of the old-established and flourishing provision business carried on by John Clarke, South Richmond Street—who has gone into the wholesale trade exclusively at No 3 Crampton Quay—wishes to notify his many friends that the business in future will be carried on by him under his own supervision, that he will stock none but the choicest selected goods at prices consistent with same.

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submitted by the Executive to the annual meeting of the council of the Father Mathew Union to be printed and circulated among the clergy.

Meeting of the Priests' Father Mathew Union.

The discussion and adoption of this report formed the main business of the 20th annual meeting of the Father Mathew Union, which was held in the Mansion House. It was agreed that temperance work in Ireland, and the progress of the temperance movement generally, are not accorded the degree of publicity and prominence expected and desired by the general public, and demanded by the best interests of the nation. Ways and means of securing a reasonably fair and adequate publicity for temperance news in Irish newspapers were considered; and it was decided to appeal both to the Irish clergy and Irish journalists to co-operate in providing such news items and contributions as will help to inform and enlighten Irish public opinion on the drink evil, and of Catholic efforts for its reform in Ireland.

South Dublin Arbitration Court.

At the South County Dublin District Court recently a case was heard in which the father of a child named Joseph Murphy, aged 6, sued the Rathdown No. 1 Rural District Council for compensation for injuries received by the child owing to the fall of portion of a wall, the property of the Council. The arbitrators held that certain neglect on the part of the Council had been proved, and awarded the plaintiff £30 compensation, with costs. The president of the Court informed the solicitor to the Rural District Council that the right of appeal lay with his clients on the question of law raised by him.

Pepper 'Em with Unescapable Propaganda.

[The author of this contribution is a Belfast man who was once an Orangeman, and who now wants himself to hear the whole case for Sinn Fein stated. He professes himself not entirely Sinn Fein in conviction.]

The simple pastoral people who inhabit the city of Belfast and Environs were perhaps never intended by the Creator to be "Sin-finers." The name in itself at the very beginning is a terrible warning. Bret Harte's Chinaman, it will be remembered, was similarly situate.

"Ah Sin was his name, and I will not deny, In regard to the same what that name might imply."

And devout Northern people appreciating this, like Macbeth, "proceed no farther in this business." And that despite the injunction of the Orangman's favourite saint, "prove all things, hold fast to that which is good." St. Paul probably meant even "Sin Fin." But the Belfast and Environs Christian refuses to have it this way. Now what under the sun will induce him to lay aside his rectitude and wander for a space in the "By-path Meadow" of wholesale investigation. Will anything? "It all depends." Perhaps some day and perhaps not, but not at anyrate presently. Free spontaneous investigation of what is Irish political truth and what isn't, is not on the map of the North-east, as things are. That, indeed, implies an omnibus and formidable equipment of conscientiousness, leisure, courage, and ability which few people, much less those of North-east Ulster, possess.

Political wandering is then a perilous adventure. There are brigands about. The standing terrible example of wandering is contained in the "Pilgrim's Progress." Bunyan's "Christian" turned into "By-path Meadow" and got "himself hurt," and the Belfast "Christian" ever since, on nearly ever since, refuses to leave the narrow path.

"Keep in the King's highway," says the hymn, and he accordingly keeps in the King's highway, which is nicely steam rollered. The North-east "John Bull" is indeed a cow that doesn't like By-path Meadows, a curiously unnatural cow, but there it is.

A hundred years ago the political axemen cut a path which he continues to tread. He takes no chances. The operative causes, of course, we know—commercialised industry, "religion," Nat. Gould, "John Bull" booze, lying and literate newspapers, etc. "Over his face a web of lies is woven." The problem is how to get understanding into the mind of the man-product of such a society. Now really, hitherto the demand made on the man-product has been excessive. When you come to think of it and cease being sarcastic, the demand that a North-east Ulster man should be other than he is politically, is equivalent to a demand for a healthy physical life in conditions that do not permit of it.

Men, in the mass, do not anywhere move out and diligently seek and segregate truth. They ain't got the sense, the intelligence, on the conscience to do it. It might be as well if before too strenuously swearing at this particular drag on the wheels of Irish progress, something were done to simplify the problem for him—to bring understanding to his doorstep and into his workshop. Simple solution of the Ulster question: tell the man-product what's all the to-do—"just something of the truth. He has never heard it. Not an inkling. Expressions of wonderment at the day's un Irish attitude of the North-east are naive. A alley exists that Ulster is an impenetrable Troy. Troy fell

after a determined ten years, and yet not a catapult has been discharged at the northern citadel. Sinn Fein has never shot a dart. The North is not impenetrable. The job has never been tackled. Blunderbusses that make the shoulders sore have been fired by blundering blithering fools—that is all.

A thick hide unquestionably there is to be penetrated, but not so generously thick as it used to be—say this deliberately in the face of recent happenings. Blustering bullydom, machine processed, and run across the grain of the majority of a community desirous only of peace, is a different thing from a spontaneous outburst of widespread devildom for hate's sake, which was the predominant characteristic of earlier outbreaks. Disciplined devilry is an effective thing without doubt. The German war was not fought for nothing. But neither by the token of years full of work have the jets of truth that have been directed on the mentality of Troy from labour sources and arising naturally in the evolution of an industrial community, been without effect. The clock has not stood still. The kick of reaction is violent but it is the kick of reaction. Positives win. Who have the positive truths? If Sinn Fein has some of them for God's sake out with them. Its truths it has hitherto thriftily hoarded. The North-east clings only to its "truths" because there are no others in the field. In the realm of constructive nationality, "nothing ever has happened."

Now candidly, are the black north people having regard to the facts of the situation and circumstance, to blame? No! Sinn Fein "as the people of Honolulu know about it. Mystery of mysteries perhaps to people whose absorbing life interest Irish nationality has been.

The preaching must come north. It has been heard in America, Egypt, Scotland, the Busby Islands, Timbuctoo, Srirangapatnam, Jericho—but Ballymacrebt has been left untouched. Gibraltar has never been tackled.

It is true that disinterested newspaper owners like those of America and Timbuctoo, who love freedom in other countries, and offer up space and comparative truth on its altars, are conspicuous by their absence in the North-east, and that therefore the great means of propaganda is not available. Yet surely this difficulty is not insuperable. Printing machines will print throw-away bills as readily as newspapers, and there are dozens of other methods which Sinn Fein putting thought into the job, can devise.

A scientific propaganda, of which I again repeat there has been none, will get results. Roughly on these lines: Clear, honest, hell-defying, unvarnished statements that can quite frequently be checked. Hide nothing, don't apologise—explain and explain with damnable iteration. Explain simply why "Police are being campaigned against." Explain plain about "Sinn Fein and Protestantism," "Republican-ism," "Sinn Fein and the use of Physical Force," "Sinn Fein and Drink," "Sinn Fein and Redmondism," "Sinn Fein and Coal," "Sinn Fein and Poverty."—Constructive rational nationality if you have it.

It requires doing. Education is the only thing for it. Education has changed and remodelled to a tremendous extent the political mind of England and the Continent in the past ten years. If ten years ago Sinn Fein could have started on the job, the problem of uniting Ireland would not to-day exist. Propaganda—the truth scattered broadcast—"without money and without price," until discussion has dispersed lethargy and without price," until discussion has North-east Ulster can stand against truth. "The truth shall make you free."

Sinn Fein may have many schemes to do this, that, and the other, but everything else in the nature of things must

the subsidiary to education. Come now, Sinn Fein, pull your weight in the propagandist boat and let us have your contribution to political truth. Ulster will respond when the facts are presented, to a very, very considerable extent. Unionism up till now, has been practically unchallenged and that is the simple reason why things are as they are.

W.H.

The Pup, Tarquin's Pup.

(Excerpt from interview of M. Henri Bernard with General Macreedy.)

"It might be necessary to shoot half a hundred individuals, and then order would be restored. It is quite simple."

Quite simple to a devil. And now we shift the scene back twenty-two centuries. It is high noon in a Tuscan garden, the cypress alleys cast their blue pencilled shadows across sweet grey, gravelled paths. It is a luxury to be alive in such a haunt, where the vibrating air is cooled and rendered fragrant with the splash of the fountain and the breath of the citron. A superb peacock, burnished with dichroic blue, haughtily suns himself at the foot of a statue of Juno. Her swans have not been depicted by the artist, so the peacock thinks perchance he can ingratiate himself with the goddess. The peacock's spreading fan glows with golden eyes of azure and lapis. Tall banks of scarlet poppies raging in fierce conflagration along either side of the sweet, gravelled path. A man approaches slowly, with considered footsteps: a square, set figure, dark visaged, beetle browsed, furtive eyed, dangerous, sinister. A man approaches. Partly hidden by his raven hair, what may be construed as equivalent for a diadem, smoulders dully on his shallow brow. This man might be Macreedy, were it not that the man we now envisage lived twenty-two centuries ago. True, this man's aspect is more impressive, his surrounding more stately. Still, Macreedy and this man might have been brothers, eye a friends even, for affinity of character makes nearer than does consanguinity. No matter. It is not Macreedy, Monsieur Henri Bernard compose yourself. Be still. Watch closely now. Behind the back of the square, set figure (from whose shoulder falls in many a graceful fold the chlamis of royal colour) . . . behind the back of the same square, set figure, their harness and their weapons glinting in the sun, behind the back of this self-same set, square figure—his guards of the body. They are not "Black and Tan." What is this dark visaged thing, this square, set figure, what is it? Immovable, with its furtive, its planet reading eye of destiny, its utter pitilessness, its ostentation of royal state, its humanity, its detachedness, its awe. It can not be Macreedy. Macreedy is a common thing to this. "Inexorable" is written by the lines upon each several feature of this sorrow face, set in a place of darkness inaccessible. Cold as the ice, the sun may not melt it, calm as the sea in summer, yet rigid as arctic iron. Will the grass grow above it when it dies? Can perishable clay so indurated become? The clay had once been soft, but it has hardened in fire. Its material is still soft and sensitive. Strike it and it will bleed. Burn it and it will shrivel. Strike it and it will fall. Starve it and it will perish, and in the earth will it moulder, and will ultimately collapse into imponderable dust. Alas! of tender woman born. Alas! of warm, human love begotten. Waiting in its infancy for the breast, tottering and hand-supported in its babyhood, guarded, cared for, coaxed in boyhood, sedulously watched over in youth, and in early man-

hood counselled!—! Its humanity at least should have remained with it, Macreedy.

As in a ruin that has survived sieges, that centuries at last overwhelm, as in a ruin that the gilded furniture hath long forsaken, and the soft, silken curtains, as in a ruin where the woodwork rots and vanishes, leaving only cold, gaunt walls and gable ends of stone that roar uncouthly in the wind, so has it been with Tarquin. Tarquin is walking in his garden. And now a group appear in the far back ground; they cross the middle distance through the sunlight, a majestic group they stand at last in the foreground on the sweet, grey gravelled path in the shadow of the cypress tree—the senators of Rome, by a deputation standing before Tarquin. Faintly, broken by so many ages, their accents, accents of profound remembrance float out across the silence. Not loud enough for eaves-dropping echo to take up the tale. Yet one phrase reaches us. They, the senators, deputed for this momentous interview; they, the senators, ask Tarquin how he intends to deal with his rebellious subjects. To the query, no answer. Silence. Tarquin's dark, evasive eye is turned to the earth. His lips compress to lividness. A knotted vein swells black upon his forehead. Still as a statue, silent as a statue—significant as a statue. Does Tarquin know? Is Tarquin aware? Is Tarquin conscious of the fact that the eyes of a hundred generations of mankind are bent upon him? as he, dark Tarquin, stands amongst the flaming poppies in the shadow of the cypress tree of long ago. Does Tarquin know? Does Tarquin then divine? Does he suspect—O God! (That's Tarquin named the Proud). Does Tarquin think? To transmit one's name to Infamy even to the last moment of recorded time, what a Deed of Gift! The peacock screams with a horrid, a revolting, a discordant cacophony. Silence. Silence in the garden of Tarquin. The peacock screams again. What vision is it that so absorbs dark Tarquin? Is it a vision of such hideous massacres as he can devise. Is it that Tarquin sees the headsmen and his bloody axe—his two surviving friends. A dream! Couleur de Rose, provided that the rose be crimson, be crimson and drip blood. This but dark Tarquin dreaming. But Tarquin must rouse himself. The deputation waits. Will there be an amnesty? How will he deal with his rebellious subjects? The peacock screams. And Tarquin lifts his staff, that looks so like a sceptre, or is it the rod of the licitor. Tarquin lifts his rod. Tarquin! Tarquin taciturn, remorseless, blood-stained tyrant, Tarquin lifts his rod, and slowly, considerably, not wilfully or violently, but gently as a leopard, swavely as a leopard, advisedly, and with sinister unmistakable significance Tarquin takes, horribly to striking of the heads, each one by one, and only after he has appraised himself each severed poppy head he strikes at it that of the surviving tallest, so Tarquin with his cruel rod strikes thirty poppies down. Then, without syllable of gesture, vouchsafes not a syllable, turning in consequence upon his heel, the square, set, dreadful figure, with a quietude that is disquieting, moves deliberately through the unbragous cypress and imperturbable to the shade away. But does Tarquin know that he has given his throat to the wind and his name to the wolf and to the wild dog even to the consumption of the world.

Does Macreedy know? O Posterity! When he said "It might be necessary to shoot half a hundred individuals and then order might be restored in Ireland. It is quite simple."

The Pup, Tarquin's Pup, PHILIP FRANCIS LITTLE, September, 1920.

The "Terrible Provocation" given to British Troops & Police in Ireland.

Soldiers and Police who fell into the Hands of "Murderers" and what came of them.

The English Press in its comments upon the burning and sucking of Irish towns and cities by British troops and police has stated that it understands "the terrible provocation" to which these British troops and police have been subjected. The following are a few of the incidents of "the terrible provocation" given to the British armed forces in Ireland:

Occurred, Reported in Press.

May 8	May 10	Two policemen captured at Kibbeggan, Co. Meath. Disarmed and released.
" 8	" 10	Cloyne, Co. Cork, police barracks taken. Six policemen captured. Disarmed and released.
" 28	" 30	Two policemen captured at Ballinagh, Co. Cavan. Disarmed and released.
" 30	June 1	One policeman captured at Dundalk, Co. Louth. Disarmed and released.
June 1	" 2	Thirty soldiers captured at Dublin. Disarmed and released.
" 4	" 5	Drangan, Co. Tipperary, police barracks taken. Eight policemen captured. Disarmed and released.
" 5	" 7	Eleven soldiers and one policeman captured at Carrigrohilly, Co. Cork. Disarmed and released.
" 9	" 11	Two military dispatch riders captured at Cork City. Disarmed and released.
" 9	" 11	Military dispatch rider captured at Carrigrohilly, Co. Cork. Disarmed and released.
" 15	" 17	Two policemen captured at Tipperary. Disarmed and released.
" 17	" 18	Two policemen captured at Cookestown, Co. Tyrone. Disarmed and released.
" 19	" 22	Six soldiers captured at Brossa, Co. Kerry. Disarmed and released.
" 20	" 22	Two policemen captured at Monivea, Co. Galway. Disarmed and released.
" 23	" 24	Officer and soldier captured at Drumsna, Co. Leitrim. Disarmed and released.
" 23	" 25	Seven soldiers captured at Ennis, Co. Clare. Disarmed and released.
" 26	" 28	Brigadier General Lucas, Col. Dunford and Col. Tyrrell, captured in Co. Cork. Dunford and Tyrrell released. Lucas escaped a month later.
" 28	" 30	Two policemen captured at Cross Green, Co. Cork. Disarmed and released.
July 3	July 5	Three soldiers captured in Cork City. Disarmed and released.
" 4	" 5	Two policemen captured at Claremorris, Co. Mayo. Disarmed and released.
" 4	" 6	Nine soldiers captured at Mohill, Co. Leitrim. Disarmed and released.
" 9	" 12	Four policemen captured at Riffans, Co. Cork. Disarmed and released.
" 9	" 12	Two policemen captured at Loughrea, Co. Galway. Disarmed and released.

July 10	July 12	Two policemen captured at Rathduff, Co. Cork. Disarmed and released.
" 13	" 14	Six soldiers and four police captured at Emly, Co. Limerick. Disarmed and released.
" 14	" 10	One policeman captured at Mount Talbot, Co. Roscommon. Disarmed and released.
" 16	" 20	Three policemen captured at Curry, Co. Roscommon. Disarmed and released.
" 16	" 20	Three policemen captured at Kiltimagh, Co. Mayo. Disarmed and released.
" 19	" 20	Nine soldiers captured at Dublin. Disarmed and released.
" 20	" 21	Eleven soldiers captured at Tralee, Co. Kerry. Disarmed and released.
" 21	" 22	Four soldiers captured at Ennistymon. Disarmed and released.
" 22	" 23	Ten marines captured in Kerry. Disarmed and released.
" 25	" 27	Three policemen captured at Streamstown, Co. Westmeath. Disarmed and released.
" 26	" 27	One policeman captured in Dublin. Disarmed and released.
" 28	" 30	Twelve soldiers captured at Ougane Barn, Co. Cork. Disarmed and released.
Aug. 3	Aug. 3	One soldier captured near Cork City. Disarmed and released.
Aug. 3	" 5	One policeman captured at Clougher, Co. Tyrone. Disarmed and released.
" 6	" 9	Five policemen captured at Kildorrery, Co. Cork. Disarmed and released.
" 7	" 9	Three policemen captured at Gorthark, Co. Donegal. Disarmed and released.
" 10	" 13	Four policemen captured at Bunninadden, Co. Sligo. Disarmed and released.
" 11	" 13	Two policemen captured at Burtonport, Co. Donegal. Disarmed and released.
" 12	" 17	One policeman captured at Kilmacthomas, Co. Waterford. Disarmed and released.
" 13	" 14	Officer captured at Rosalare, Co. Wexford. Disarmed and released.
" 13	" 14	Officer captured at Ballyhickory, Co. Cork. Disarmed and released.
" 16	" 17	Five constables (sentries) captured at Marburyough, Queen's Co. Disarmed and released.
" 18	" 20	Ten soldiers captured at Ballyvourney, Co. Cork. Disarmed and released.
" 18	" 20	Thirteen soldiers captured at Annascaul, Co. Kerry. Disarmed and released.
" 18	" 21	Six soldiers captured at Longford. Disarmed and released.
" 19	" 21	Ballymahon, Co. Longford, Barracks taken. Eleven policemen captured. Disarmed and released.
" 19	" 20	One policeman captured at Tralee, Co. Kerry. Disarmed and released.

- August. Reported in Press.
 Aug. 21 Aug. 24—Officer and soldier captured at Garrabrittas, Co. Waterford. Disarmed and released.
 " 22 " 24—Six soldiers captured at Ballyvary, Co. Mayo. Disarmed and released.
 " 25 " 26—Nine soldiers captured at Cove, Co. Cork. Disarmed and released.
 " 29 " 31—Nine policemen captured at Ballycastle, Co. Antrim. Disarmed and released.
 " 30 Sept. 1—Three soldiers captured at Limerick City. Disarmed and released.

It will be seen from these incidents that in the four months of May, June, July, and August, 1920, 269 armed British troops and police fell into the hands of the Irish Republican Army, which the British Premier and the British Press represent as a "huge murder society." None of these British agents, in spite of the utmost provocation given for many years by them, was injured. They were treated with the full courtesy due to prisoners of war, and were released as speedily as possible, the vast majority of them not being held for more than a few hours.

Our Foreign Notes.

Philadelphia Recognises the Republic of India.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Philadelphia is the city where, on July 4, 1776, America declared her independence from English rule. It is known as the cradle of American liberty. So it was quite in keeping with the tradition of this city to have given a stirring welcome to the Indian Revolutionists who paraded the streets on Sunday, September 5, with their Republican flags and banners of red, gold, and green. Ten thousand American citizens joined the parade to protest against English barbarities in India and Ireland, as also to register Philadelphia's open recognition of the sister Republics of Ireland and India. Philadelphia, the home of Benjamin Franklin, knows full well what it is for a nation to struggle for the recognition of foreign powers. The Indian section of the parade was under the auspices of the Friends of Freedom for India (7, East 15th St., New York City), and it was led by Basanta Koomar Roy, the Hindu author and editor.

All along the five-mile parade hundreds of thousands of American citizens greeted the Indians with the warmest cordiality. A dramatic moment was reached when one of our American soldiers in full uniform with badges and medals of honour showing his war record in France and Flanders suddenly offered to carry, with a Hindu, the banner of the Friends of Freedom for India. Thousands of Americans most thunderously applauded this act of the handsome young soldier—an act, let me assure the oppressed millions of India, which symbolises America's military aid and moral and material support when India strikes the blow for her Independence, as our forefathers did in this very city one hundred and forty-four years ago.

Following the parade was a mass meeting in the Knickerbocker Theatre, where five thousand American citizens expressed their horror at the English treatment of Mannix, MacSwiney, and the citizens of the Republic in Ireland. India's case for Independence was presented before the audience in a stirring speech by S. N. Ghose, the national organiser of the Friends of Freedom for India. He appealed for closer Indo-Irish co-operation for the destruction of the British Empire.

Mr. Tarak Nath Das, the Executive Secretary of the same Society, presented the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, America is opposed to imperialism and tyranny all over the world;

"Whereas, the American ideal is for independence of all people, great and small; and
 "Whereas, the people of India are in a state of revolt against British tyranny, and have attempted to establish a provisional government which has been lately reported to be crushed by British militarism.

"Be it resolved, therefore, that this mass meeting of the citizens of Philadelphia most heartily support the struggle of the people of India in their efforts and fight to establish a free and independent Republic of their own."

Among other Indians who took part in the parade were Duli Gulsher Khan of Peshwar and Mr. S. Singh of Lahore. True Americans cannot but feel happy at India's Revolutionary movement, for freedom of India means the freedom of one-fifth of the total population of the world. India! Forward, March!!

Tagar's Niece and others Repudiate British Honours and Titles.

Delhi, India, August 3 (by mail).—The non-co-operation movement has taken such a hold on the people of the country that hundreds of India's men and women are simultaneously hurling back their titles and badges of honour to the British King. Mr. M. K. Gandhi, the leader of the movement, has returned his Kaiser-i-Hind gold medal, the Zulu war medal, and the Boer war medal.

Mrs. Sarala Devi Chaudherani, the Hindu authoress and a niece of Rabindranath Tagore, thus wrote to the Viceroy in part: "I am the holder of a brooch granted by your Excellency's Government for my recruiting services with regard to the formation of the Bengali Regiment. . . I have followed the fortunes of the Khilafat movement. I know how deeply stirred Mussalman of India, including women, have been by the injustice done to the Khilafat. As a Hindu woman cherishing the safety of my own faith I have thrown my lot with my Mussalman brothers and sisters who find the prestige of their own faith in jeopardy. In pursuance, therefore, of the scheme of non-co-operation initiated by the Khilafat Committee, I venture to return the war brooch. . . The British Government, both Imperial and Indian, seem to me to have lost all sense of justice and truthfulness. . . And I must respectfully refuse to co-operate with the Government."

To name just a few out of many who have given practical demonstration of their whole-hearted support to the non-co-operation movement, Mr. Asaf'Ali, Bar-at-Law of Delhi, has suspended his legal practice; Mr. Narul Husian of Patna resigned his membership of the Behar Legislative Council; Mr. Alay Nabi of Agra has given up his title of Khan Bahadur; Mr. M. K. Ali of Chittagong has renounced his honorary magistrateship.

The Rise of Persia.

London.—A Republic has been proclaimed in Persia following the abolition of the Shah. It is reported the new Republic has joined the Soviet Republic, and has made an offensive and defensive alliance. Many Indian soldiers deserted the British. The rise of Persia and the defeat of the British augurs well for the independence of India, Indian revolutionists claim.

(To be continued.)

BALROTHERY UNION.

Kilsallaghan Dispensary District.

Medical Officer Wanted.

The Board of Guardians of the above Union will, at a meeting to be held at the Board-room in the Workhouse on Monday, October 11, 1920, at 12 o'clock, elect a competent person to fill the office of Medical Officer of the Kilsallaghan Dispensary District, at a salary commencing at £250 per annum and rising by annual increments of £5 to a maximum of £300 per annum, together with the usual Registration and Vaccination Fees. The District Council will appoint whoever is elected to be also Medical Officer of Health of the same district at a salary of £54 per annum. If an officer at present employed in the Union is appointed, his services will be included in the increase to which he may be entitled according to a scale recently adopted by the Board. The officer appointed will be required to reside in the medical residence at Oldtown (Clonmethan Lodge), to which there are five acres of land attached (and five more at a nominal rent), and pay therefor the annual rent of £50, payable quarterly. Personal attendance of candidates on day of decision necessary. Applications, accompanied by testimonials and diplomas, will be received by me up to 11 o'clock a.m. of the day above-mentioned.

By Order,

JAMES STACK,
Clerk of the Union.

Boardroom, Workhouse,
Lusk, Co. Dublin,
September 29, 1920.

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Gluaicfar le ceinntíochai gaeilhuige thar avinne eile.

Sean mac Coitir,
Cléireac na Leontachtai.

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Pericles to the Athenians.

"Such were the men who lie here and such the city that inspired them. We survivors may pray to be spared their bitter hour, but must disdain to meet the foe with a spirit less triumphant.

"Let us draw strength, not merely from twice-told arguments—how fair and noble a thing it is to show courage in battle—but from the busy spectacle of our great city's life as we have it before us day by day, falling in love with her as we see her, and remembering that all this greatness she owes to men with the fighter's daring, the wise man's understanding of his duty, and the good man's self-discipline in its performance—to men who, if they failed in any ordeal, disdained to deprive the city of their services, but sacrificed their lives as the best offering on her behalf.

"So they gave their bodies to the commonwealth and received, each for his own memory, praise that will never die, and with it the grandest of all sepulchres, not that in which their mortal bones are laid, but a home in the minds of men, where their glory remains fresh to stir to speech or action as the occasion comes by, for the whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men; and their story is graven not only on stone over their native earth, but lives on far away, without visible symbol, woven into the staff of other men's lives."

**The Contention of the Bards.
To Austin Clarke: A Reply to "An Island Rann."**

Bitter-lipped bard: take back your curse, I pray,
From Séamus Mac-a'Bháird, son of a king:
He too wove words well in a happier day,
And still his songs the Torian seamen sing;

His storm-beat home holds many a noble scroll
Of Yestain song, of Clarke, of Solovey—
And would you pour upon the scholar soul
The scorn that you on greedy churls should leave?
Scatter your scathing words on them: but spare
The Gaelic heart for song's sake and the sake
Of patience, friendship, charity, and the fair
And courtly name of Inisfaíl; nor break
With quarrelling syllables the sonorous roar
Of sunset waters, sacred and austere
That sound around the towery Island shores
Where fancy breathes unceasingly air, and here
Commerces with infinity. Take heed
Lest falling unawares in some kind deed
You find from tingling hands your clairséach wrong
And sweet song soaring on your tuneful tongue.

CEANGAL.

*Mas tusa Seanchain Torpestid bárd na h-naire,
Cuirimhagh nár bheag an clú a bhí ar Ghnairt!*

ADDI DE BLACAS.

*See poem of that title in OLD IRELAND, October 2, page 546.

OLD IRELAND

(NEW SERIES)

VOL. II. No. 37.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1920.

PRICE THREEPENCE

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England's hatred and callousness towards the Irish remains a lasting monument. It only remains for the angel of death to intervene, bringing peace to their tortured bodies, and victory to the martyr's cause.

The Ranks of Irish Victims.

These are the leaders in the great army of Irish suffering, behind them are the ranks of victims of British military occupation in Ireland. To those towns already ravaged and destroyed, to those murders of innocent men, women, and children, every day more are added. Our readers mostly have read the harrowing details in the daily Press. Cases of boys and old men killed, men, women, and children—for the most part non-combatants have suffered death by burning, shooting, bayonetting, and clubbing. Is this warfare, Mr. Lloyd George? The answer came from that man on Saturday last. He says it is warfare. It is well to have this first-hand evidence of England's conception of warfare. Men argued that the present British outrages in Ireland are in strict keeping with the traditions of British warfare, in Ireland formerly, in South Africa under the concentration camp regime, and wherever the British Empire met with virile opposition. But that argument required something to drive it home. That something has been added by the living testimony of the Prime Minister of England. To call the British policy as set forth and approved by Lloyd George—humish—is an insult to the Huns.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Irish Pioneers in Suffering.

The late and sufferings of Terence MacSwiney recently influence no longer the mind of the British cabinet. The slow agony of Terence and the men of Cork watched carefully from day to day by the whole Irish people. The latest tribute to his heroism comes from the Irish student in Rome. At home there is less demonstration of popular anger. There is instead a deeply-driven conviction that the English Ministers are incapable of the ordinary feelings of justice or charity. The obdurate cruelty of the rulers of England have taught Ireland a forgettable lesson. "Expedo Torculo." From this one big-drawn act of cruelty, Ireland judges the colossus of petty, British Imperialism. Terence and his men have been the pioneers in the forest of British savagery. They have discovered depths of inhumanity which the imagination of plain-going Irishmen could never have realised as feasible. After a journey of nearly two days, a longer and more agonising voyage than that of Columbus, upon the undiscovered seas of suffering, they have discovered the British conscience—a continent of malignant tyranny and graded servility in the people.

We might have guessed it before. We know it all now. When we told the world before of England's capacity for humanity, the world did not believe. But the world bows now. These men of Cork are literally rotting away; but their work is accomplished, and the abiding proof of

Irish Courage Never Higher.

Has this policy terrorised the Irish? We answer that question frankly. The courage of Irish men and women was never so high as it is to-day. At first some were dismayed by the amazing acts of the Army of Occupation, but that feeling has given place universally to a realism that nothing in the history of the Empire has done more to smash it than these so-called "reprisals" that nothing else could have brought victory so close for Ireland. We have heard of numerous incidents showing how these acts of inhumanity have made men of mild ways, heroes, turned men of indifferent views into sound and determined republicans. One man standing on the doorstep of his house in ruins was asked by a foreign journalist would he accept Home Rule, dominion or otherwise. He answered, pointing to the ruins in a very emphatic negative. We shall quote here from the *Freeman* the whole letter from a lady in Lahinch, in order to emphasise the spirit of the Irish people. Mark well the words in heavy type.

A Great Example.

Here is the letter:
 "Describing the beginning of the night of terror, the lady in Lahinch says:
 "About 2.30 a.m. I was awakened by a sound of shots, and the most fiendish yelling imaginable. I slipped on my dressing-gown and shoes, and went out to call Aunt Nora. She was terrified, and wanted to get up, but I persuaded

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her that, on account of the shots flying in all directions, she would be safer in bed for the present. I never dreamt that they would burn a house where there were only two defenceless women and a baby. I went down then and called Joe, who had come over to spend the night with us, and told him that the trouble had started.

In the meantime they had broken into Tommy Flannigan's and drank all the whisky they could lay hands on. They then went down to Juddy Walsh's, yelling for them to come out now and bring out their rifles. Here they shot a young man named Salmon from Fenlake—a married man with two children—who was here on holidays, and was at the time helping an old man of 75 years to escape.

A MASS OF FLAMES.

The next thing I saw was Tommy Flannigan's, Susan Flannigan's, Paddy Walsh's, and Matt Reynolds' houses in a mass of flames, and, above all the din, could be heard the hellish laughter and shouts of revenge from the raiders. I got the holy water and sprinkled it all over the house. Every time I passed a window I had to crawl along the ground on account of the bullets. The next thing was that they rushed up the street, breaking windows and kicking doors on the way. They stopped at Micko Vaughan's, yelled to them to come out, and then set the place on fire. The next thing we heard was a bomb exploding in the shop, and, in less than half a minute, the house was in flames. When the bomb exploded Joe ran into the room off the drawingroom for his shoes, but already the flames were coming through.

TO RESCUE THE BABY.

He and Aunt Nora rushed up to the top of the house to rescue the baby. I ran down to see which way was clear for us to escape. I opened the hall door, peeped out, and saw that we had a good chance of escaping that way unnoticed. By this time Aunt Nora, the baby, and Joe had reached the first landing, but the fumes were so suffocating that Aunt Nora fell, and said she could not go any further. I ran up the stairs, shouted to her to throw me the baby, and called to Joe to drag Aunt Nora down. In this way we escaped with our lives. We ran over to the barrack lane, and had only reached Pat O'Donnell's when the staircase on which we had been standing fell.

WE STRUGGLED ON.

We had only gone another few steps when they came around the corner, saw us escaping, yelled something to us, and fired a shot which missed us. We struggled on down the rocks, Joe and I carrying the baby in turn. She awoke coming down the stairs but was too terrified to cry. The poor little thing! I will never forget the grip she caught of me, and ever since she is so frightened that she cries whenever she loses sight of me. We never stopped until we reached the middle of the sandhills. About half way down Aunt Nora awoke up and Joe had practically to carry her. We spent three and a half hours lying flat on the wet grass in our night dresses, terrified to move for fear they would see us with their searchlights, follow us and make their vengeance complete by murdering us.

They knocked at the doors and gave the people from four to seven minutes to escape. While we tried to escape they fired a shot after us. They burned all the other houses with petrol only; but they bombed us first, then sprayed the house with petrol.

BECAUSE HE WOULD NOT TELL.

When they left our house they burned Halpin's Howard's. Then they lit their cigarettes and ran up the hill shouting for the Leabans. They dragged poor old Leabhan, brought him out on the hill, and, in the presence of his poor wife, shot him in the head because he would not tell where his sons were. At that time poor Pake, his wife was burned alive in Flanagan's house, but neither Dan nor his wife know of it yet. Poor Pake got no time to prepare for death, but he was present at a public Mass we had for the Lord Mayor the previous Tuesday. Nobody dares try to save any of the houses, because they kicked, shot, and burned Mickey Linnam's son in Ennistymon for attempting to save his neighbour's house.

We haven't a stitch of clothing, house linen, or anything, except what kind neighbours are lending us, and the poor creatures can ill afford to lend to anybody because they have hardly enough for themselves, and all the way to-do people are burned out. All I saved from the flames were my jewellery, clothes, antiques, and every thing I possess, and I possessed it gone, every keepsake I had, music, medals, and prizes, home first-aid outfit—everything. But I will be ever grateful to Almighty God for saving our lives and leaving us our senses, since it was His adorable Will and the Cause demanded it, that we should lose a dear Rosalind, and once again, more fervently than ever we pledge our lives' service to God and Ireland.

SIGHT IN SANDHILLS.

You never saw anything so sad as the sight in the sandhills that morning—groups of men and women, some of them over 70 years, practically naked, cold, wet, woe-begone, and terrified, huddled in groups on the wet grass. I met two mothers with babies not three weeks old, Irish boys, partly naked, leading horses that had gone mad in their stables with the heat, and then when we got near the village a group of men standing around the unrecognisable corpse of Salmon, distracted people running in all directions looking for their friends, with the awful thought haunting them that the burned corpse might be some relative of their own. Oh, it was awful!

Every evening since then there is a sorrowful procession out of the village. The people, too terrified to stay in their homes, sleep out in the fields.

TO THE HILLS AGAIN.

Last night was the first night we slept in, and we were only in bed about an hour when a report went around that there were four burnings in the direction of Ennistymon. Of course, we thought we were in for a repetition of Wednesday night's happenings, so we took to the hills last night. They also shot some cattle and horses. I believe when the Black and Tans broke into Susan Flanagan's she went on her knees to them and begged of them, for God's sake, not to burn the house, as she had an invalid child there whom she could not remove. They said they didn't care if she had five invalid sisters there, and immediately proceeded with the burning. She had to run upstairs, and the sister out of bed, carry her on her back downstairs, and run with her to the end of the yard and leave her there to escape as best she could. She is in the workhouse now, and Susan is homeless and destitute. I believe before the burned Micko Vaughan's they started to burn the

fire, but the officer came running up the street, shouting 'Damn you; put out that fire at once. Can't you see that the post office?'

Peace Balloons and George.

Of the many solutions offered by Morley, Asquith, Lloyd George, Henderson and others, Henderson's appears the most sane. But that means nothing. If Henderson meant withdrawal from Ireland all the British Army of Occupation, he could do so in twenty-four hours by leading a general, or even a partial, strike in England. Our opinion is that these programs are that they form a sort of peace offensive against Ireland. A concerted Press campaign with purely political motives. Henderson wants to hold an Irish vote for Labour.

If he carried a majority in England at the next general election, which, by the way, is a far off, still he could never put his program into operation for the whole ruling caste of England, which is always led by the armed forces of the British Crown, would defy him, and he would be forced into a policy more dangerous than degrading to Ireland than even the present regime. The most disappointing, and the most fatuous, proposals we get to see, come from the Nation. The suggestion that the Prince of Wales should be sent over as a Regent is hardly fair to that distinguished personage, for it would bring him on him directly the odium of Irish public opinion. Then, again, the suggestion of another election in Ireland, on the basis of proportional representation, is futile. It suggests that the Irish Republic has not the sanction of the whole and authority of the Irish people. The Orangemen know that the vast majority in Ireland is unchangeably Irish republican, and this "solution" would consequently be

sounded by them. The sooner the Nation and the Liberals follow the advice of Edmund Burke the better; namely, to consult their experience and disregard their imagination. In other words, look the facts straight in the face. Ireland by all the laws of public principles, is a Republic. Ireland will never go back on that, after all the sufferings of Irish martyrs and heroes, to relinquish the ideal of a Republic entirely separate from England, would be regarded as a base desertion of the plain principle of Irish nationality for which all these men died. Even the proposals of Brigadier-General Cockerill (we speak for ourselves only and not in any way officially) do not appear entirely satisfactory. Any international negotiations between England and Ireland must, in our view, be preceded by a real evacuation of the Army of Occupation, and not merely by a retirement to the Irish ports. Retirement to the Irish ports would mean nothing in a small island like Ireland, and would be no real guarantee of good faith on the part of England. But as Mr. Griffith says, there is no sign of reason in the English Government which would indicate that it is willing even to be influenced by the suggestion of the British General. As to Lloyd George's speech, it is the speech of a man who feels that he is being beaten. It is the first real sign that the British Cabinet is at its wit's end to know how to handle Ireland now. The best thing to do with a hot potato, Mr. George, is to let it drop.

Wake Up, Belfast!

The following quotation from Lloyd George's interview with Mr. Spender in the *Liberal Magazine* deserves to be studied by the Business Men of Belfast:

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Are the business men in Glasgow and Manchester willing to pay 6s. in the £ income tax, while the business men in Belfast pay only 2s.? Is the working-man in England going to pay 8s. a pound on tobacco, while the working-man in Ireland pays only 6d.? Because, if Ireland is going to be let off her share in the war debt that is what it amounts to.

Does Belfast prefer to pay 6s. in the £ rather than 2s. under an Irish Republic.

Egyptian Princes Against the Settlement.

CAIRO, September 12.—Four Egyptian princes have published a manifesto urging the rejection of the proposed agreement with Britain, and stating that the nation must stand for the complete independence of Egypt and the Sudan.—Central News.

English Fair Words to Mesopotamia During the War—Not Now.

"You have been subject to the tyranny of strangers, your sons have been carried off to wars not of your seeking. For six generations you have suffered under strange tyrants who profited by your dissensions. This policy is abhorrent to Great Britain, there can be neither peace nor prosperity where there is enmity and misgovernment. Be united, manage your own affairs, and renounce the aspirations of your race," etc.

The Irish Wars.

By J. J. O'Connell, B.A.

He is indeed a brave man who at the present time offers to the public a new war book. War memories, war reminiscences, and war histories—some good, some bad, and many indifferent—by competent and incompetent military authorities from Ludendorff to French, have been published during the last couple of years so superabundantly that the reading public has wearied of the type, and is prejudiced against such works as a kind without consideration for their worth or merit.

Some recent war books—Ludendorff's "War Memories," and Lettow Vorbeck's "Reminiscences of East Africa," for example—belong to the first order of their kind, and may be read and reread and read again with increasing interest and benefit; others awake little interest and offer no benefit to the reader. It is a sure mark of a good book that one may read it repeatedly to advantage, and without loss of interest.

"The Irish Wars"—an outline of Irish Military History—from the Norse Invasions of the eighth and ninth centuries down to the Insurrection of 1798, divested of political, social and economic impedimenta—is a most interesting book that would at any time appeal to a people with the martial traditions of the Irish—a people that has never wearied of its own centuries of warfare. It will specially commend itself to the present generation.

The physical "make-up" of a country or of a region determines, very largely, the character of any military operation carried on within it. The natural features may be

"avenues" along which an army can move towards objective, or they may be "obstacles," calculated to hamper its movement. Hence to understand the character of a campaign of war, a familiarity with the natural configuration and topography of the country in which it is fought is essential.

In a general survey of the natural features of the country, the author introduces the reader to study of military topography. He divides Ireland into three areas: The Central Plain, the Northern Mountain Region, and Southern Mountain Region. The Central Plain is direct open to the sea from the east, and offers the most open and inviting region to the invader, and is situated direct opposite to England's only outlet to the N.W. On the west the Central plain is approachable from the sea through Sligo, Westport, Galway, and Limerick. In the Northern Mountain Region the valleys of the Lagan, Bann, Erne, and Foyle form natural channels of approach from good harbours through rich and fertile country, inland to the Central Plain. In the Southern Mountain Region the valleys of the Blackwater, Suir, Barrow, and Slaney form similar approaches. Then the vast bog areas in the Central Plain and the mountain ranges and deep rivers in the other two areas, offer obstacles to movement and manœuvre, and largely determine the direction of an army moving within across these regions.

In the succeeding chapters the author outlines the Wars of the Norse Invasion, the Norman Occupation, the Intrusions by Bruce, the Campaign of Art Mac Murrough Kavanagh, Wars of O'Neill and O'Donnell, the Confederate Wars, Jacobite War, the Insurrection of 1798, and exposes influence and effect of the country's "make-up" upon strategy and tactics of the opposing forces in each war; this exposition of cause and effect, Mr. O'Connell simplifies greatly the understanding of the wars of the period covered in his history. Moreover, he shows the chief actors to have been something more than the ordinary historian leads to judge them to have been. The invaders were not plunderers and freebooters, nor the native leaders nobly or glory "fight in the defence of their native soil. The conduct of the wars fought under their leadership—as clearly exposed by Mr. O'Connell—proves them to have been generally skilful strategists and efficient tacticians.

It is strange that we, whose history is in great part made up of war, should have left the writing of our history to men who were neither soldiers nor understood the science of war. War plays an important part in the making of history, and if the historian neglects it, or is not competent to deal with it, the written history must be deficient and unreal. We have no written work which gives us a complete and true representation of Irish History, because the who have undertaken the task of writing it have neglected this most important aspect of it. Mr. O'Connell has supplied the deficiency to a certain degree in his "Irish Wars" future historians will, it is to be hoped, realise the importance of this aspect of Irish History.

The whole narrative is coherent, compact and well written in easy, clear English, and is remarkably free from an excess of technical terms, so characteristic of the military book. A dozen or so of sketches—which, if drawn to

larger scale and more complete in minute, would greatly enhance their value—help the reader to follow the narrative.

The reader feels, from the first page to the last, that the author is writing with a keen insight and with authority that is the resultant of a close study and intimate knowledge of this subject. "The Irish Wars" certainly qualifies as a valuable book that may be read repeatedly with cumulative profit and unwaning interest. No Irishman or Irishwoman should be without it—every young Irishman, especially, should study it.

L. S. MacE.

Forthcoming Novel by A. de Blacam.

Our readers will be interested in Messrs. Maunsell's announcement of a novel by Aodh de Blacam, a frequent contributor to our pages. Entitled "Holy Romans," the story is largely concerned with the religious question in Ireland, and deals with the psychology of the Protestant Nationalist. Mixed marriage is a theme that introduces complex human interest. Behind the individual characters the great national movements of Fenianism and Sinn Féin are traced, and the third part paints Easter Week events. Those interested in A. de B.'s articles in OLD IRELAND on co-operation, and in his brochure "Towards the Republic," will be attracted by the chapters in which he sketches the activities of rural co-operators. We hope in a couple of weeks to print a critical review of what the publishers describe as "the novel of the year."

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Theses and Books.

When university examiners have to consider a thesis presented to them by a candidate for a degree, they do not doubt take into account its author's skill in marshalling and linking together his facts in correct perspective, his accuracy of expression, sense of proportion, and literary abilities in general. But their chief concern necessarily is to make sure that he has performed the requisite amount of study and research, and has not overlooked any recognised authority on his subject. Small blame to the would-be graduate if his thesis tends to be a dump of data, rather than a symmetrical structure. He is wiser, indeed, to leave it at that, for if a structure that did not happen to conform with the examiners' architectural notions were erected, it might be pulled down about as his builder's ears.

Now most readers are lazy. They do not like to be shown into a builder's yard and left to imagine what a fine building might be erected with the materials lying around. They prefer the finished article. That is why a good thesis may be a bad book.

Mr. Patrick G. Dardis was awarded the degree of M.A. (honours) of the National University, for his thesis on "The Occupation of Land in Ireland in the First Half of the Nineteenth Century," and well he deserved it. He has delved meticulously into the records and relevant literature of the period, and, if he has not digested all the fruit of his labours, he has at least swallowed it and—but we had better not pursue the metaphor.

Mr. Dardis knows all about the Irish Land Law and Poor Law codes—no mean knowledge in itself; but what is less usual and at least as useful, he knows, and describes in

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detail, the conditions which the several Acts were intended to remedy, the methods by which most that was good in them was circumvented, and all that was bad exploited, to the detriment of the classes they were supposed to protect and benefit.

The information Mr. Dardis has accumulated about the habits, customs, shortcomings, and sufferings of the agricultural population of Ireland and the chicaneries of the host of petty parasites who lived on them, is extraordinarily valuable. If only he had recast the scheme of his essay, clarified some of his sentences a bit, and striven to indicate the interaction of the numerous forces and factors he describes, he would, we feel sure, have produced an excellent book, with much of which we would have had the pleasure of disagreeing vehemently.

Yes, disagreeing. Whilst Mr. Dardis wisely abstains from propounding any constructive plans, he gives indications of his ideals. He disapproves of absentee landlords, not as landlords, but as absentees. Benevolent "presencees" on their estates, surrounded by a "respectful tenantry" of well-disciplined farmers, and giving employment on their demesnes to a number of nicely washed and combed yokels (probably attired in smocks in the "musical" comedy manner) would, in the view he hints at, solve the agrarian problem. Perhaps he is right, but we (which is journalistic for "I.") have always maintained that good landlords are a curse. Hundreds of unprincipled profiteers in human necessity shelter behind the benevolence of each landowner who realises that he is but a trustee for his fellow men. The few good landlords have for generations served as props for a rotten social structure, which but for them would have tumbled in fragments long ago. The structure must come down, even if the props have to come with it.

E. W. PROUD.

Correspondence.

IRISH ECONOMICS—AND POLITICS.

To the Editor of OLD IRELAND.

A Chára.—In my review of Mr. Chart's "Economic History of Ireland," in the current OLD IRELAND, I used the word "expropriators" in referring to those absentee landlords who, in the year of the Great Famine, extracted from their Irish tenants enough foodstuffs to support almost the whole populace until the next harvest. I admit an offence. The word is uncommon and ordinarily to be avoided. But, in the context in which I used it, it seemed to be inevitable, and therefore almost poetical.

Your printer, however, would not have it so, but made it "expropriators," thus destroying any sense my sentence may have had; for, unfortunately, those proprietors were anything but "ex"—Is mise do chára,

Dun Laoghaire,
October 10, 1920.

E. W. P.

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The English Premier According to David Lloyd George.

On August 6 last, in the British House of Commons Mr. Lloyd George said:

"We have in Ireland something which calls the Irish Republican Army; they issue decrees signed by Generals and Captains. This army declares that it is at war with the British Empire. Can they compare the conditions of war as employed against them?"

In the issue of OLD IRELAND of August 18—the great part of which issue was seized by the British Government—I endeavoured to outline briefly the "conditions of war" being used against not only the army, but also the civilian population of the Republic, and argued that if what is happening in Ireland is, as Mr. Lloyd George asserts, the British Government's conception of employing "conditions of war" against an enemy,

Dáil Éireann should invite an international commission to this country to see and judge for themselves. England is a subscriber to both the Hague and the Geneva Conventions, and as England is now the greatest military nation in the world and is at present engaged in seven wars, it is a matter of international importance that her conception of her duties and privileges as a belligerent power, these Conventions should be internationally understood.

Since then this English mode of "warfare" in Ireland has been intensified and aggravated. Against the civilian population it has been called "reprisals." The daily Press in this country, in describing the burning, sacking, and blowing up of towns and villages, the torturing of women and children, and the beating, flogging, and shooting of unarmed men, created the myth of "uniformed men in smocks," and at first the civil and military heads of the British Army of Occupation grasped at the myth as a plausible plea for evading their responsibility. As the burnings and shootings increased in number and ferocity this plea had perforce to be dropped, and we had instead British official excuses, condonations, shiftings of blame for the terrorist campaign that is reducing large areas of the land to blackened ruins. For some time English papers and English public men have been charging Mr. Lloyd George with personal responsibility. I quote two cases in which the charge was most specific. Lord Henry Bessell in the *Manchester Guardian* wrote: "Evidence is accumulating that these outrages are not spontaneous acts of savagery, but the deliberate policy of the Prime Minister" and the *New Statesman*, in a leading article, said: "All the information which has reached us reinforces the conclusion that the main responsibility for the new Irish terrorism rests not only formally and constitutionally, but actually and in the most direct sense upon the Prime Minister." On Saturday last Mr. Lloyd George had his opportunity of meeting the charge, and he met it by admitting it, by approving of it, by attempting to justify it with arguments that cannot stand the test of any law, human or Divine, of any code, savage or civilised. With the arguments I am not concerned. Enough the British Prime Minister's official admission that he regards reprisals on the civilian population of Ireland as acts of war according to the British Government's conception of how war should be waged. The brutal frankness of Mr. Lloyd George's confession shows the desperateness of the position to which he and his Government have been driven. England is one of the nations subscribing to the Hague Convention. Article I of that Convention declares:

"No general penalty, pecuniary or otherwise, can be inflicted on the population on account of the acts of individuals, for which it cannot be regarded as collectively responsible."

The British Government's "Criminal Injuries" and "Restoration of Order" acts are a violation of the pecuniary" portion of this Article; Mr. Lloyd George's approval of the so-called reprisals tears the "otherwise" shreds, and tears it with a vengeance never contemplated by its framers. Article XLVI. of the same Convention reads that

"Family honours and rights, individual lives and property, as well as religious convictions and liberty, must be respected. Private property cannot be confiscated."

On Saturday Mr. Lloyd George, speaking for the British Government, declared that in Ireland violation of family honours and rights, the taking away of individual lives, the burning and bombing of individual property, the destruction of Catholic religious emblems, and the confiscation of private property—all that the "reprisals" campaign implies—are, under the designation of "hitting back," justified according to his and his Government's conception of "conditions of war." As the *English Nation* says, so long as this deliberate flouting in Ireland of the international regulations governing warfare continues "the British Government remains outside the civilised order."

Uniform and the I.R.A.

With three points only in the British Premier's speech am I interested—first, his stricture on the non-wearing of uniform by members of the Irish Republican Army; second, his attack on that Army's method of warfare; and third, his defence, approval, and encouragement of reprisals. In war, said Mr. Lloyd George, "men were in uniform." Will he tell the public how often in all history an insurgent

nation of voluntary, self-maintained, citizen soldiers, fighting for their country's liberty, wore uniform? Will he tell them did the Boers wear uniform in the South African War? Will he inform them also when the patriot soldier rushing to arms in defence of his national existence was, under any code sanctioned by custom or affirmed by international law, less a soldier because he did not wear a uniform? Furthermore, in the case of Ireland, the British Premier, speaking for foreign propagandists, conveniently overlooked the fact that his Government has made the wearing of uniform by members of the Irish Republican Army a "heinous crime," and that not only are men caught wearing it, but all men and boys in the house or cartilage in which a uniform is found are punished by the British Government with imprisonment, accompanied by hard labour, and ranging from twelve months to two years. In a word, the British Premier says to the soldiers of the Irish Republican Army: "If you attempt to wear uniform, or even have a uniform in your possession, I'll have you taken up, thrown into jail, and treated as criminals worse than burglars, embezzlers, or manslaughterers: if you don't wear one I'll proclaim to the world you are murderers." And he pretends to believe that the world will agree with him in stigmatising the soldiers of the Republican Army for doing their own business in their own way, irrespective alike of the desires and of the denunciations of the Executive Head of the British Government.

I.R.A.'s Mode of Warfare.

The British Premier is exceedingly wroth with the mode of warfare, in plain words, with the guerrilla war being waged by the Republican Army in Ireland. Give the soldier and the policeman a fair chance," he said, "and they will give a good account of themselves." By "a fair chance" the British Premier means not a fair chance to fight, but

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a fair chance to slaughter. He wants the Irish Republican Army, with rifles only, to come out in a mass to be mowed down by his Army's tanks and artillery, armoured cars and machine guns, with his fleet surrounding and bombarding our island shores, and his war 'planes showering bombs from the sky above. The British Government has been playing for such a slaughter for three years. It was with the object of forcing it that conscription was passed, that the "German Plot," with its deportations, was invented, and that the wholesale night raiding was inaugurated, and that the sectarian riots were organised in Derry and Belfast. It is with the same intention that the present "reprisals" policy is being pursued. The last will fail as ignobly as the first. The Irish Republican Army will not, at the British Premier's behest, come like sheep to the slaughter. They will not fight under conditions of the enemy's choosing, even though that enemy pays to their fighting skill and qualities the tribute of declaring that to adequately meet them would require the conscription of every man of military age in England, Wales, and Scotland. They will fight in the manner dictated by their numbers and suited to their circumstances. That method at present is guerrilla warfare.

The Parallel of South Africa.

Exactly the same thing was said of the guerrilla warfare of the Boers in South Africa by the then British Government and its tied Press. On Monday morning last the London *Daily Telegraph*, commenting on the British Premier's speech, said that "the British people will bear with relief the full confirmation of their assurance that there is to be no political surrender to ruffianism and assassination." In December, 1900, the same paper, writing on this occasion of the Boers, stated:

"Systematic suppression carried out now with inflexible determination will grind the guerrilla down to dust, between the upper and nether millstones, and there is no other recipe."

In South Africa, then, as in Ireland now, the guerrilla fighters were stigmatised as ruffians and assassins by the British Government and its Press. Lord Roberts then, as the British Premier in Ireland now, invited them to come out in a mass and give his soldiers "a fair chance," but the Boers did not come, and because they did not Lord Roberts proclaimed them "rebels" against the Queen of England, and ordered their farms to be burned, their women and children to be turned out to starve, and themselves, if found in arms, to be shot at sight. To this proclamation General Botha replied in one of the noblest and most dignified documents of the war. In the course of that reply he wrote:

"Inasmuch as our entire armed force is only a small one in comparison with that of Your Excellency, it cannot, of course, be expected that strong commands should be in the field everywhere, and it naturally follows that now, as during the war, what is incumbent on us must be done by small forces. Moreover, we have been compelled to still further scatter our commands in order to be able to check the looting patrols under Your Excellency's chief command who scour the country to carry off cattle and provisions from the different farms

"With regard to paragraph 4 of Your Excellency's letter, I extremely regret to learn that my burghers' and my own determination to persevere in the struggle for our independence is to be visited on our wives and children, and this is the first instance of this kind known to me in the history of civilised warfare."

Questions for the British Premier.

The British Premier has a sufficiently good memory to carry his mind back to those days.

Does he remember the night of December 13, 1900 when in the British House of Commons a young Welsh lawyer named David Lloyd George was one of the stout minority that endorsed General Botha's reply, and hurled denunciations at the British Government for withholding it from the British public for three months?

Does the British Prime Minister remember how at that same night this same Mr. David Lloyd George, with wild enthusiasm—wild is not an exaggeration—applauded Mr. (now Viscount) Bryce's defence of guerrilla warfare as a defence that was, he said, peculiarly Great Britain's "because Great Britain at the Hague Conference made itself the exponent of the view that every possible facility should be given to the population of an invaded territory to defend itself by arms?"

Does the British Prime Minister remember July 2, 1900, in the British House of Commons, when this same Mr. David Lloyd George, in impassioned championship of the Boer guerrilla fighters, asked what were they to do when England sent 250,000 men to crush 35,000 peasants?

And does he remember New Year's Day, 1901, when at Cardiff this Mr. David Lloyd George answered his own question by declaring that if the Boers acted otherwise than they were acting, if they ceased their guerrilla warfare and "surrendered without conditions their rights as freemen, their independence, their citizenship, their land, they would not as a race be worthy to become the citizens of the freest empire under the sun"?

Which would be more interesting: The views of this Mr. David Lloyd George of 1900 on the British Premier 1920, or the opinion of the British Premier of to-day of the Mr. David Lloyd George of a score of years ago?

P. S. O'FLANNAGHAN.

The Death of Emer.

The red fox cries in the woods
With a sad, sad cry;
Ah! why is the red fox crying where
The willows lie?—
While over my wren's home,
As lean bats fly,
Three moon-white owls
Go flitting by.

Play me no lively tunes
Of love to-night,
Emer is dead and gone,
Beauty has taken flight;
And round her plaited hair—
Where jewels shone bright—
Blue and tall white candles
Are drooping light.

Mavrone that her purple settle
Is now her bier,
And, Oh! that our place of sleeping
Is draped in fear,
With always crying waters
And curlews to hear,
And a banshee's kean by
The low sounding weir.

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Our Foreign Notes.

A Song of Woman's Awakening.

Calcutta, India, August 1 (by mail).—One of the most popular songs of Revolutionary India is the following by Dr. B. K. Ghosh, Gangadhatya. This song is heard on all sides, and it reads thus in translation:

"Awake, arise ye women of India!
Unless you arise Mother India can never rise.
So awake, dear sisters, awake and be wives of heroes and give birth to heroic children.
When you have nursed them with the milk of your breast, pray tell them of the deeds of valour of our heroes of old, so that their pulses may quicken and their hearts may throb with legitimate pride.
Unless you, the women of India, take this sacred vow, Mother India can never rise again. So awake, arise, ye women of India! Unless you rise, Mother India can never rise."

Emver's Mission in Asia.

New York (Friday).—According to a London dispatch to the *New York World* "great preparations are being made in India for the anticipated onslaught from Afghanistan, inspired by the Bolsheviks. This restricts the possibilities of further military aid from India for Mesopotamia. India itself is likely to boycott the new so-called Home Rule Bill measure offered by the British Government. This Bill has still to run the gauntlet of the House of Lords, which already registered its conviction in the face of Cabinet appeals that the only way to preserve India for Britain is by the Amritsar massacre method." And the Berlin correspondent of the *New York American* cables: "At the request of Premier Lenine and War Minister Trotsky of the Soviet Government, Emver Pasha, Turkish Nationalist

leader, has been made commander-in-chief of the Bolshevik forces mobilised against India, say advices received here from Moscow.

"These forces include the Bolshevik troops in the Caucasus, Persia, Afghanistan, and Turkestan. Emver spent two days at the Russian army headquarters at Smolensk with Trotsky, and thereafter was received with much ceremony by Lenin at Moscow."

Buying India's Liberty Bonds.

Calcutta, India.—Solemnly resolving to do everything in their power to free India from the British rule, the young revolutionists have been taking recourse to political deceptions in order to raise funds for propaganda purposes. With masks over their faces, and torches and revolvers in their hands, they attack the rich and unpatriotic Indians, and carry away cash and jewels, leaving a list behind. Thus rich Indians are being forced to purchase India Liberty Bonds. Such purchases are growing so frequent and daring that the British Director of Information has recently published the following figures:

1915	511	Dacoities
1916	444	"
1917	353	"
1918	458	"
1919	488	"
1920	383	"
		Total	2,637

Priests Arrested in India.

Lahore, India.—Following the discovery of bombs and arms in a quite unexpected quarter in the city of Gujranwala, two Moulavies have been arrested and wanted search-

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ing of homes are going on. The British residents are panic-stricken. The revolutionists stand obdurate and are openly defying the British Raj. It may be remembered that during the last Punjab disturbances the British bombed this city from aeroplanes, killing hundreds of men, women, and children, and destroying homes and temples, churches, hospitals, and schools.

An Irish Moses for India.

Lahore, India.—During the long-drawn North Western Railway strike there has arisen a leader who has a powerful influence over the workers of the Punjab. His word is an unwritten law in this province. He blows his whistle and thousands of workers ungrudgingly leave their work and go on strike, and thousands return to work at his request. When he walks the streets of the Punjab, thousands of workers follow him and listen to his words of cheer and good counsel. He is the President of the North Western Railway Association, with a membership of over 75,000 people. His name is Mr. Miller, but the people call him Miller-Gandhi, after Mohanlal Karamchand Gandhi, the leader of the Non-Co-operation Movement in India. Mr. Miller is an Irishman.

Egypt and India.

London, England.—One moving about in London cannot but feel that the British diplomats are laughing in their sleeves about the granting of the so-called independence to Egypt. The Egyptian nationalists do not believe in the sincerity of England. And they openly talk about it. The concessions are only meant to hypnotise the people and to relieve the tension. In Mesopotamia, in Persia, in Anatolia, and also in Arabia, British prestige has suffered a terrible blow and their supremacy is tottering. The Suez Canal is unsafe. The Soviet Russia has extended its influence up to the very borders of India. The Caspian Sea is now a Russian lake. The line is clear from Moscow to Kabul; and the movement for the expulsion of England from Asia is fast driving towards the Persian Gulf. England is at bay. Hence this concession to Egypt. But it will ever remain a paper concession. The Indian revolutionists laugh when they hear of Egyptian independence. One of them in London told a special correspondent of India News Service that the Egyptian move was only a part of British propaganda to fool the world's public opinion. "If they are so much moved," said he, "by principles of justice, then why don't they want independence to India and Ireland? Why are they murdering MacSwiney inch by inch; and why the Coercion Act for Ireland; and why massacres and outrages all over India? No, Egypt can never expect to be independent until India, Ireland, Russia, Persia and China, and other British slave nations rise together to free the world by breaking up the British Empire. The day of world independence is dawning."

British Doomed in Mesopotamia.

New York.—According to cabled press despatches the outlook for the British in Mesopotamia is grave and gloomy. British forces on the Euphrates are in hot retreat, and the garrison at Dibanah, about one hundred miles north of Bagdad, has been cut off. British army garages and tents in Bagdad itself are in flames. All over Mesopotamia the British are panic stricken. In reply to a question in the House of Commons, Mr. Churchill, the British Secretary of War, admitted: "A large district is in great disorder, the

railway communication is interrupted, and the small local relieving column which has advanced has not been able to cope with the disorder. A considerable force is now on its way from Bagdad, and in addition I have found in necessary to ask the Indian Government to arm, in case of emergency, a further force for despatch. Troops at Rumaidah have suffered heavy casualties, and the detachment sent in relief has also suffered severely, and are fifteen miles from Rumaidah. I may add that the situation in the Shamiyah district and in the Naasiyah district is reported to be delicate."



We are indebted to Art Young and the Editor of the American Journal of Cartoons—*Good Morning*—for this illustration.

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A New Italian Renaissance.

I.
As a result of a recent journey of observation, I find Italy teeming with a purpose and promise that quite contradict the opinion or impression prevalent abroad. I talked with postal and railway strikers, with university students and professors, with contadini and the proprietors of the lands they till, with members of the government, and finally at some length with Italy's brave and exemplary King—who had just returned from what he termed a very interesting and enjoyable holiday among the charcoal-burners of the Maremma. As the conclusion of all that I have seen and heard, I am convinced that Italy is potential with a spiritual renaissance that may have a remarkable and formative effect upon the future of Europe.

The chauvinism manifested by students and nationalists during the war, and stimulated by the distinctly military class, has ceased to exist; or it exists in so small a degree that it counts for nothing either in the councils of the government or in the aspirations of the Italian people. If one wishes proof of this, he has only to ask an Italian about *l'Annunzio*. The Italian reflects a moment, as one making an effort to recall something that he had quite forgotten about, and then laughs. And that is the truth about Italy and *l'Annunzio*.

Fiume remains, it is true, and it is easy to understand why. It is not merely because Fiume is an Italian town, but because it is the back-door of the Italian house, that Italy concerns herself about Fiume's political state. "If there were such a thing as a real Society of Nations, if a brotherhood of the peoples were anywhere in prospect," said an Italian statesman to me, "then we would not need to wicket our back-door. We wish this need did not exist. We are heartily tired of the question of Fiume and would gladly renounce it, so far as we are concerned, if we were certain of the town not becoming the possession of our real or potential enemies. In any case, you may be sure that Italy's whole attention is now turned within. It is our domestic situation that concerns us—our need of social reconstruction and the need of a regeneration of the Italian soul."

II.

The regeneration of that national soul is proceeding apace. It is manifest in all the present trend and genius of Italy's literature. We have the extraordinary Giovanni Papini, for instance, turning from futurist art and politics to Christ. We hear him proclaiming to the Italian people that nothing can save civilisation from disintegration except the conversion of men and institutions to the real Christ. Not the Christ of the theologians or prelates, but the Christ of the apostles, of the fishermen and the tent-makers and the slaves. We have Amendola, before the war mystical and reclusive, now appearing as a member of parliament and making, the other day, the most remarkable speech that has been heard in any European parliament for many years. We may hear another Italian deputy and a member of an ancient family, the Duca di Cesaro, insisting that civilisation has become so materialistic in its psychology, as well as in its political and economic machinery, that it is best for mankind that it perish. Our duty is to prepare ourselves and others, he would say, for

the creation of the new world amidst the falling ruins of the old.

You will find there, in nearly every university town and in all the principal cities, groups of young professional men, as well as students, who take an attitude similar to that expressed by the Duca di Cesaro. The old world order is doomed, they hold, and they are to prepare and execute themselves to the building of the new order. In Florence, gathered about the Philosophical Library, some years ago founded by a wonderful American woman, Mrs. Julia H. Scott, is one of these groups under the leadership of Dr. Roberto Assagioli, the young psychologist who is well known to many Americans. His very presence has changed the whole spiritual atmosphere of Florence. In the university of Naples is a still more remarkable movement—a group of young men living the lives of actual saints. They are quietists, at the present time, and hard to get at unless you already know some of them. But the austerity of their lives, the blend of high intellectual understanding with spiritual perception and purpose, moves one to reverence in their presence.

All in all, deep beneath all political and economic disturbances, parallel with the perilous problems inwardly besetting the nation, is the promise and potency of a new and younger Italy—an Italy the heir of both Virgil and St. Peter, of Francis Assisi and Dante, of both Mazzini and Cavour. So eager is this new springtime, that the Italian soil indeed is engendering with it, and the air pungent with its early buds and blossoms. It promises Europe that third synthesis, that third unity, of which Mazzini prophesied so fervently. Rome once gave political unity through the legions and the Caesars; she gave a second unity through the great abbots and the Popes. She must yet give a new and final unity—a unity at once spiritual and social, and involving co-operative labour and a brotherhood of nations throughout Europe.

III.

Moreover, something of this vision is passing before the men now governing Italy. "The time has arrived," said Count Sforza to me, "when the highest ideals of Italy's past constitute the only practical policies for Italy's future. The new watchword and the powerful motive of Italian policy is reconciliation. Italy must become the reconciler of Europe, or else Europe will perish—this is the thought of the men in power at Rome to-day."

Fortunately, Italy had in Prime Minister Nitti, at the most critical moment, about the first political economist of continental Europe. Unlike the politicians of France and England, he knew the problems that he had to deal with. The belated invitation to Germany to present her case at the Peace Conference in the meeting at Spa, the somewhat more conciliatory attitude towards Germany and Russia—all this is due to the tactful yet persistent pressure of Nitti. And now Giolitti, and practically all who have to do with the government, are determined to have done with the things that brought the war and the still more disastrous peace upon Europe. In Italy, if nowhere else, are the true signs of the times discerned.

This is manifested in the coming of Italy to the rescue of Austria. It began with the spontaneous movement of the Italian cities for the saving of the Austrian children. Every city of importance arranged public homes and provided the means to care for these starving little ones. Thousands upon thousands were not only placed in such homes in

different cities, under the care of nurses and teachers, but other thousands were scattered among peasants and workmen. Let it be remembered, too, in this connection, that Italy herself is poor, yet out of her poverty she gave freely and joyfully. "This is our revenge against our ancient enemies," said certain Italians, "to wipe away all memories and causes of enmity in sincere friendship and helpfulness." It is worthy of note, also, that pending the long and criminal delay of the Peace Conference to provide for Austria, Italy was sent to Vienna twenty millions of wheat out of her own scant stores.

The recent visit of Renner, the Austrian Prime Minister, to Italy has had a marvellous effect upon both peoples. Renner and his people have been profoundly moved by their reception in Italy, and some of them have well said that this was the first generous hand or hope that had been held out to them since the beginning of their calamities. I was in Rome when Renner and his companions were there. It was indeed profoundly significant as well as touching to see the perfectly genuine and spontaneous sympathy, the chivalrous yet sorrowful respect, shown by the peoples toward these representatives of their beaten and broken enemies. An Austrian or a German in Rome is treated with that ancient and forgotten chivalry of the victor for the vanquished. There is no resentment, no revenge, no hatred. There is only a desire to help the foe to his feet, to feed his starving children and to be friends with him. Nothing like what I saw in Rome could conceivably happen in Paris or in New York; nor, I imagine, in London.

IV.

I have not said much of what will naturally and rightly seem the fundamental problem—namely, Italian economic confusion and the outcome thereof. Will Italy become Bolshevist or Socialist? Or will some sort of industrial and social democracy emerge that will not fall exactly into either category?

Before answering or prophesying, I would call attention to the attitude of the present government toward the people. Giolitti and his associates are determinedly following one course—that is, they are telling the people the truth. This is the precise opposite of the course followed by the governing politicians of the Entente. Giolitti and his fellow-governors have told the Italian people starkly and comprehensively the actual economic condition of the country; have made clear to the Italians that they must not depend upon America or England for financial help; have told them they must strip themselves to the bone and work out their economic salvation, if it is to be worked out at all. The Italian government has also insisted on utmost liberty of discussion concerning these problems. The most rabid Bolshevist may talk his Bolshevism in parliament if he wants to. There is in Italy to-day, and in no other country of the world, freedom of thought and speech. The government substantially says to the peoples: "You must choose how we are to get out of our situation; we think you are not ready yet to take over the management of industry and of the state; but we do not intend to forcibly prevent you from doing it if you decide to try it, but we believe you need a generation of preparation; we will do all we can, and do it as fast as we can, towards securing the things that you desire—not only better economic conditions but participation in production and distribution. But this will have to be a process of education and evolution, and not of an instantaneous violence—for this

can only bring down ruin upon you and all of us at the present time.

As to what the Italian people will do, no one can be certain; one can only express an opinion. My opinion is that Italy will not become a Socialist state in the Marxist sense. Neither will Italy become Bolshevist and establish a proletarian dictatorship. The Italian is too individualistic, too fond of his freedom, to submit to such a regime as now prevails in Moscow or as would have prevailed in Germany if the Prussian Socialism of Marx had captured the power some years ago.

But Italy will cease to be a capitalist society. The old economic order is confessedly doomed. Italy will work out some sort of industrial and social democracy—a democracy indeed which will be the very essence of true Socialism, but which will accord much more with Mazzini than with the distinctly Prussian program of the older Socialists.

Moreover, in the working out of this Italian program, if it proceed not by violence but progressively and pedagogically, there will be little opposition from the old nobility or even from the Royal House itself. As between the sheer capitalist regime and essential social and industrial democracy, the old noblesse of Italy prefers the democracy—prefers it without hesitation or qualification. "Indeed, it is a phenomenon of the present moment," says the Duke di Cesaro said to me, "that the hatred of capitalism in itself has become quite as profound and pronounced with us as with the proletaria; it is merely a short time until our aspirations become identical."

V.

To sum up the matter, I should say that Italy is the one country in Europe wherein there is the possibility of a comparatively peaceful social revolution—that is, a revolution resulting from the utmost frankness and freedom of discussion on all sides and between all classes, and from a gradual fusion of the workers and the intellectuals in one aspiration and progress toward a new and free society. I do not say that this quality of revolution is certain. But I say that it is possible in Italy—and nowhere else. There are most assuredly troublous times ahead. There will be strikes and riots, in one place and another, almost every week if not every day of the week. Even Soviets may spring up in this city and that, or even be nationally tried for a fortnight. But I do not believe that there will be in Italy any repetition of Russian things practically the whole length of the road, from the downmost labourer to the upmost man in the government, is unqualifiedly opposed to the Entente policy toward Russia, and in utmost sympathy with the Russian people in their efforts to liberate and reconstitute themselves.

Yet Italy will not go the Russian way. Her new society will be something profoundly different in both its psychology and its structure. It will not be built upon any materialist philosophy of life or interpretation of history. It will more likely approach—by the way of Mazzini and Kropotkin—the pattern provided by the Sermon on the Mount.

What is now potential in Italy—in the soul of Italy—is distinguished from the outward phenomena of the moment—is a new renaissance. But it is a renaissance as wholly spiritual as the renaissance of glorious memory was wholly intellectual. If the nation can get safely through the next year or two without a violent upheaval, and if the germinal spiritual springtime be allowed to put forth its full glory, then I confidently expect from Italy new European initiative, and the elements of a more Christly civilisation.

GEORGE D. HERRON.

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History as Mr. Wells Sees It.

Mr. H. G. Wells has at times a very lucid and vigorous way of putting things. In his "Outline of History" he alludes to Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Staley and Co." as being characteristic of its period in its appreciative description of the torture of two schoolboys by three others.

"This incident," Mr. Wells says, "lights up the political psychology of the British Empire at the close of the nineteenth century." The history of the last century is not to be understood without understanding "the mental twist this story exemplifies." The two boys tortured are bullies, but their tormentors have been incited to the orgy of cruelty by a clergyman who, with the headmaster of the school, is privy to the affair. These gentlemen want the torture to occur, but instead of using their authority and taking the responsibility they use the three other boys, who are Mr. Kipling's heroes, to punish the two victims. Headmaster and clergyman turn a deaf ear to the complaints of an indignant mother. "All this," Mr. Wells goes on to say, "Mr. Kipling represents as a most desirable state of affairs. In this we have the key to the ugliest, most retrogressive, and finally fatal idea of modern imperialism: the idea of a *fact conspiracy* between the law and illegal violence. . . . The true strength of rulers and empires lies not in armies and emotions, but in the belief of men that they are inflexibly open and truthful and legal. So soon as a government departs from that standard, it ceases to be anything more than 'the gang in possession,' and its days are numbered."

It looks as if Mr. Wells, in preparing himself to write this history, which runs to over 750 large double-columned pages, has acquired some knowledge of the workings of governments, especially our present one. His suggestion that the next stage in the world's history should be a unification of the world into one community of knowledge and will, is a very interesting bit of special pleading for a free play of the forces of religion and education. But we have yet to agree upon what religion and what education. [Note.—The generation at school portrayed by Kipling is the generation which now rules England, and is trying to dominate Ireland.—Ed. O.I.]

The Church at the Front.

The highest motive for missionary enterprise is not that it pays the nation which evangelises. At the same time, no one can ignore the fact that it is doubtless due to the influence of Christianity that honest trading among the infant nations of Africa and elsewhere has been rendered easy. We note that a business man of Birmingham has urged this point. In a letter addressed to various firms he says: "On reflection it would be found natural for the business community to afford support. The circulation of the scriptures (transforms) average tribes into civilised nations with resulting commercial needs. It renders important service, too, by raising and maintaining business morality; but from its very nature that is not on the surface and is hence too often overlooked."

—From a Surrey Parish Magazine.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

MICHAEL FITZGERALD.

Michael FitzGerald, of Fermoy, thirty years of age, is dead. On September 19, 1919 (he was imprisoned. On August 11, 1920, he went on hunger-strike; after sixty-seven (67) days of suffering he dies. He is now one of Ireland's greatest heroes and martyrs. The downfall of the British Empire begins in good earnest. Let the party politicians wait until his eleven great comrades die and he shall see that Empire rocking to its foundations. The first great blow was struck at the British Empire in Easter Week of 1916. The weight of that blow was felt when eleven men were shot as prisoners after that event. To-day twelve victims stand out beyond the ranks of sufferers in Ireland. Of those twelve men, one is free, one man has struck his blow at the great fabric of violence and fraud. There are eleven more to follow.

An Unfortunate Misprint.

We feel obliged to correct a misprint in our "Notes" of last week's issue. We wrote: "After a journey of sixty not 'nearly,' as printed) 'two days, a longer and more agonising voyage than that of Columbus, upon the un-discovered seas of suffering, they (the hunger-strikers) have discovered the British conscience—a continent of malignant granny and degraded servility in the people." To this we may add that the sixty-two days have now become sixty-

seven, and one hero is dead. He has reached his journey's end, and his comrades, too, are nearing the object of their vision—the liberation of Ireland.

British Imperial Fanatics and Bigots.

In the course of last week Fr. O'Reilly, of Feakle, Co. Clare, was thrashed by English soldiers, his house bombed. By a miracle his life was saved. Fr. Meehan, of Castletobar, was arrested, insulted, and stripped of some of his clothes. He was released "on bail"—without his giving any undertaking to return. At Kiltrin, near Mallow, the vestments for mass and the sacred chalice were looted by the British soldiery. Elsewhere, whilst Canon Macken was saying mass at a country station, the British soldiery entered, interrupted the service, and would have driven the people forth in terror, but for the courage of Canon Macken. He cowed the soldiery this time, carried out the sacred ceremony, and sent the people to their homes safe. Clonliffe clerical seminary, Mount Molloy Abbey, the Vincentian Fathers at Phibberow were recently raided. This is the latest phase of the ruthless attack upon the Irish nation. "Repatrials"—for the crime of being Irish and Catholic, we take it.

Appropriate Devils.

Ireland is being made "an appropriate hell"—and Macreedy supplies the "appropriate devils." The case of Commandant Hales, I.R.A., of Bandon, brings home to us the nature of these devils, appropriate to carry out the work of the British Empire. Hales was stripped, tied with straps, beaten in the face till he was blinded with blood, his legs were beaten till they poured blood; he was tortured to give information, his nails were crushed and twisted with a pincers, he was again thrashed. His comrade, Harte, under similar treatment, has gone mad. They have been true to Ireland. Both are now in goal. What heights of human heroism!

An Apology.

We owe an apology to the *New Republic*. The article in last week's issue on Italy was quoted from its columns without acknowledgment.

Mr. Asquith's Fiasco.

Mr. Asquith's utterances at Ayr and Newcastle must be carefully noted by all who study closely the effect, or lack of effect, of the Irish incidents upon the English mind. The first thing to be noted is that Mr. Asquith abides by his pledge not to coerce "Ulster"—that is, the so-called "Ulster," which really consists of a small clique of extremely powerful London politicians and commercial magnates who exploit Irish and non-Irish labour in Belfast, but who are intensely English, and who are in the worst tradition of those undertakers and adventurers who from generation to generation invaded this country to rob and destroy the Irish people. Does Mr. Asquith interpret his

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IV.

At the heart of the question we will be met by the religious objection to revolt. Here all scruples, timidity, wavering will concentrate; and here is our chief difficulty to face. The right to war is invariably allowed to independent States. The right to rebel, even with just cause, is not by any means invariably allowed to subject nations. It has been and is denied to us in Ireland. We must answer objectors line by line, leading them, where it serves, step by step to our conclusions; but this is not to make freedom a mere matter of logic—it is something more. When it comes to war we shall frequently give not our premises but our conclusions. This much must be allowed, however, that as far as logic will carry our position must be perfectly sound; yet, be it borne in mind, our cause reaches above mere reasoning—mere logic does not enshrine the mysterious touch of fire that is our life. So, when we argue with opponents we undertake to give them as good or better than they can give, but we stake our cause on the something that is more. On this ground I argue not in general on the right of war, but in particular on the right of revolt; not how it may touch other people elsewhere, ignoring how it touches us here in Ireland. A large treatise could be written on the general question, but to avoid seeming academic I will confine myself as far as possible to the side that is our concern. For obvious reasons I propose to speak as to how it affects Catholics, and let them and others know what Catholic writers of authority have said on the matter. One thing has to be carefully made clear. It is seen in the following quotation from an eminent Catholic authority writing in Ireland in the middle of the last century, Dr. Murray of Maynooth—"The Church has issued no definition whatever on the question—has left it open. Many theologians have written on it; the great majority, however (so far as I have been able to examine them), pass it over in silence." ("Essays Chiefly Theological," vol. 4.) This has to be kept in mind. Theologians have written, some on one side and some on the other, but the Church has left it open. I need not labour why it is useful to quote Catholic authorities in particular, since in Ireland an army representative of the people would be largely Catholic, and much former difficulty arose from Catholics in Ireland meeting with opposition from some Catholic authorities. It may be seen the position is delicate as well as difficult, and in writing a preliminary note one point should be emphasised: We must not evade a difficulty because it is delicate and dangerous, and we must not temporise. In a physical contest on the field of battle it is allowable to use tactics and strategy, to retreat as well as to advance, to have recourse to a ruse as well as open attack; but in MATTERS OF PRINCIPLE THERE CAN BE NO TACTICS, THERE IS ONE STRAIGHTFORWARD COURSE TO FOLLOW, AND THAT COURSE MUST BE FOUND AND FOLLOWED WITHOUT SWERVING TO THE RIGHT OR LEFT.

II.—RESISTANCE IN ARMS—THE TRUE MEANING OF LAW.

I.

When we stand up to question false authority we should first make our footing firm by showing we understand true

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authority and uphold it. Let us be clear, then, as to the meaning of the word law. It may be defined: An ordinance of reason, the aim of which is the public good, and promulgated by the ruling power. Let us cite a few authorities: "A human law bears the character of law so far as it is in conformity with right reason; and in that point of view it is manifestly derived from the Eternal Law." ("Aquinas Ethics," vol. 1, p. 276.) Writing of laws that are unjust, either in respect of end, author or form, St. Thomas says: "Such proceedings are rather acts of violence than laws; because Augustine says: 'A law that is not made for the king, but the king for the kingdom.'" ("Aquinas Ethics," vol. 1, p. 292.) "The fundamental idea of all law," writes Balme de Ceasar, "is that it be in accordance with reason," writes Balme de Ceasar from reason, an application of reason to society, Balme de Ceasar quotes St. Thomas with approval: "The kingdom is not made for the king, but the king for the kingdom; and he goes on to the natural inference: 'That all governments have been established for the good of society, and that this one should be the compass to guide those who are in command, whatever be the form of government.'" It is likewise the view of Mill, in "Representative Government," that the well-being of the governed is the only object of government. It was the view of Plato before the Christian era: his ideal city should be established. "The whole city might be in the happiest condition," writes Balme de Ceasar, "Book 4.) Government is not a political organism can be legitimately constructed only on condition of the acknowledgment of natural obligations and rights as inviolable." ("Handbook of Moral Philosophy," Applied Ethics, sec. 4.) Here all schools and times are in agreement. Till these conditions are fulfilled for us we are in a state of war. When an independent and genuine Irish Government is established we shall yield it a full and hearty allegiance; the law shall then be in repute. We do not stand now to deny the idea of authority, but to say the wrong people are in authority, the wrong flag is over us.

II.

We must overthrow the arguments that might be employed against us by the advocates of blind submission to any power that happens to be established, writes Balme de Ceasar, "to resistance to de facto governments." ("European Civilisation," chap. 55.) We could not be more explicit than the famous Spanish theologian. To such arguments let the following stand out from his long and emphatic reply: "Illegitimate authority is no authority at all; the idea of power involves the idea of right, without which it is mere physical power, which is force." He writes further: "The physical power, which is force." He writes further: "The conqueror, who by mere force of arms has subdued a nation does not thereby acquire a right to its possession; the government, which by gross iniquities has despoiled entire classes of citizens, exacted undue contributions, abolished legitimate rights, cannot justify its acts by the simplicity of its having sufficient strength to execute these iniquities. There is much that is equally clear and definite. Who these extravagant things can be said on the other side by people in high places we know too well. Balme de Ceasar in the same book and chapter gives an excellent example and an excellent reply: "Don Felix Amat, Archbishop of Palmyra, in the

posthumous work entitled "Idea of the Church Militant," speaks use of these words: "Josus Christ, by his plain and expressive answer, *Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's*, has sufficiently established that the mere fact of a government's existence is sufficient for enforcing the obedience of subjects to it." His work was forbidden at Rome," is Balme de Ceasar's expressive comment, and whatever may have been the motives for such a prohibition, we may rest assured that, in the case of a book advocating such doctrines, every man who is not jealous of his rights might acquiesce in the decree of the Sacred Congregation." So much for de facto government. It is usurpation; by being consummated it does not become legitimate. When its decrees are not resisted, it does not mean we accept them in principle—not can we even pretend to accept them—but that the hour to resist has not yet come. It is the strategy of war.

III.

We stand on the ground that the English Government in Ireland is founded in usurpation, and, as such, deny its authority. But if it be argued, assuming it as Ireland's case, that a usurped authority, gradually acquiesced in by the people, ultimately becomes the same as legitimate, the reply is still clear. For ourselves, we meet the assumption with a simple denial, appealing to Irish history for evidence that we never acquiesced in the English usurpation. But to those who are not satisfied with this simple denial, we can point out that even an authority, originally founded legitimately, may be resisted when abusing its power to the ruin of the Commonwealth. We still stand on the ground that the English Government is founded in usurpation, but we can dispose of all objections by proving the extreme case. This is the case Dr. Murray, already quoted,

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discusses: "The question," he writes, "is about resistance to an established and legitimate government which abuses its power." ("Essays, Chiefly Theological," vol. 4.) He continues: "The common opinion of a large number of our theologians, then, is that it is lawful to resist by force, and if necessary to depose, the sovereign ruler or ruler, in the extreme—the very extreme—case wherein the following conditions are found to be united:

- 1.—The tyranny must be excessive—intolerable.
 - 2.—The tyranny must be manifest, manifest to men of good sense and right feeling.
 - 3.—The evils inflicted by the tyrant must be greater than those which would ensue from resisting and deposing him.
 - 4.—There must be no other available way of getting rid of the tyranny except by recurring to the extreme course.
 - 5.—There must be a moral certainty of success.
 - 6.—The revolution must be one conducted or approved by the community at large. . . . the refusal of a small party of the State to join with the overwhelming mass of their countrymen would not render the resistance of the latter unlawful." ("Essays, Chiefly Theological," see also Rickaby, "Moral Philosophy," chap. 8, sec. 7.)
- Some of these conditions are drawn out at much length by Dr. Murray. I give what is outstanding. How easily they could fit Irish conditions must strike anyone. I think it might fairly be said that our leaders generally would, if asked to lay down conditions for a rising, have framed some more stringent than these. It might be said in truth, of some of them that they seemed to wait for more than a

* See Appendix II.

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moral certainty of success, an absolute certainty, that can never be looked for in war.

IV.

When a government through its own iniquity ceases to exist, we must, to establish a new government on a true and just basis, go back to the origin of Civil Authority. No one argues now for the Divine Right of kings, but in studying the old controversy we get light on the subject of government that is of all time. To the conception that kings held their power immediately from God, Suarez boldly opposed the thesis of the initial sovereignty of the people, from whose consent, therefore, all civil authority immediately sprang. So, also, in opposition to Melancthon's theory of governmental omnipotence, Suarez *a fortiori* admitted the right of the people to depose those princes who would have shown themselves unworthy of the trust reposed in them. ("De Wulf, "History of Medieval Philosophy," third edition, p. 495.) Suarez' refutation of the Anglican theory, described by Hallam as clear, brief, and dispassionate, has won general admiration. Hallam quotes him to the discredit of the English divines: "For this power, by its very nature, belongs to no one man but to a multitude of men." This is a certain conclusion, being common to all our authorities, as we find by St. Thomas, by the civil laws, and by the great canonists and casuists; all of whom agree that the prince has that power of law-giving which the people have given him. And the reason is evident, since all men are born equal, and consequently no one has a political jurisdiction over another, nor any dominion; nor can we give any reason from the nature of the thing why one man should govern another rather than the contrary." (Hallam, "Literature of Europe," vol. 3, chap. 4.) Dr. Murray, in the essay already quoted, speaks of Sir James Mackintosh as the ablest Protestant writer who refuted the Anglican theory, which Mackintosh speaks of as "The extravagance of thus representing obedience as the only duty without an exception." Dr. Murray concludes his own essay on "Resistance to the Supreme Civil Power" by a long passage from Mackintosh, the weight and wisdom of which he praises. The greater part of the passage is devoted to the difficulties even of success and emphasising the terrible evils of failure. In what has been already written here I have been at pains rather to lay bare all possible evils than to hide them. But when revolt has become necessary and inevitable, then the conclusion of the passage Dr. Murray quotes should be endorsed by all: "An insurrection rendered necessary by oppression, and warranted by a reasonable probability of a happy termination, is an act of public virtue, always environed with so much peril as to merit admiration." Yes, and given the happy termination, the right and responsibility of establishing a new government rest with the body of the people.

V.

We come, then, to this conclusion—that government is just only when rightfully established and for the public good; that a usurpation not only may but ought to be resisted; that an authority originally legitimate once it becomes habitually tyrannical may be resisted and deposed; and when from abuse or tyranny a particular government ceases to exist, we have to re-establish a new one. It is sometimes carelessly said, "Liberty comes from anarchy," but this is a very dangerous doctrine. It would be dearer truth to say from anarchy inevitably comes tyranny. Men

*The reference is to earlier articles in the series.

receive a despot to quell a mob. But when a people determine to resist a despotism, and prosecution are of no avail, whether they resist or not, they are investigated, the Natural Law. It is well put in the doctrine of St. Thomas as given by Turner in his "History of Philosophy" (chap. 38): "The redress to which the subjects of a tyrant have a just right must be sought, not by an individual but by an authority temporarily constituted by the people acting according to law." Yes, and when wild and foolish people talk hysterically of our defiance of all authority—which is Truth, and most highly reverence its presiding spirit—which is Liberty.

III.—RESISTANCE IN ARMS.—OBJECTIONS.

I.

Having stated the case for resistance, it will serve to consider some objections. Many inquiring minds may be made happy by a clear view of the doctrine, till some clever opponent holds them up with remarks on prudence, possibly sensible, or remarks on revolutionists, and possibly probably wild; with, perhaps, the authority of a great name, or unflinching refuge in the concrete. It is curious that often noticed how men, trying to evade a concrete issue, take refuge in the abstract, it is not noticed that men, trying to avoid acknowledging the truth of some principle, take refuge in the concrete. A living and pressing difficulty, though transient, looms larger than any historical fact of coming danger. Seeing this, we may restore confidence in a baffled mind, by helping it to distinguish the contingent from the permanent. Thus, by disposing of objections, we make our ground secure.

II.

To the name of prudence the most imprudent people frequently appeal. Those whose one effort is to evade difficulties, who to cover their weakness plead patience would be well-advised to consider how men passionately earnest, enraged by these evasions, pour their scorn of patience as a thing to shun. The plea does not succeed if only for the moment damages the prestige of a great name. Patience is not a virtue of the weak but of the strong. An objector says: "Of course all this is rights in the abstract, but consider the frightful abuses in practice" and some apt replies spring to the mind. Dr. Murray writing on "Mental Reservation" in his "Essays, Chiefly Theological," speaks thus: "But it is no objection to any principle of morals to say that unscrupulous men will abuse it, or that, if publicly preached to such and such an audience or in such and such circumstances, it will lead to mischief. This is admirable, to which the objector can only give some helpless repetitions. With Balzac, we reply: "But in recommending prudence to the people let us not disguise it under false doctrines—let us beware of calming the exasperation of misfortune by circulating errors subversive of all governments, of all society." ("European Civilization," chap. 55.) Of men who shrink from investigating such questions, Balzac wrote: "I may be permitted to

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observe that their prudence is quite thrown away, that their insight and penetration are of no avail. Whether they investigate these questions or not, they are investigated, suggested, and decided, in a manner that we must deplore." Thomas as given by Turner in his "History of Philosophy" (chap. 54). Take with this, Turner on France under the old regime, and the many and serious grievances of the people: "The Church, whose duty it was to incite and rebuke the people, was identified, in the minds of the people, with the monarchy which they feared and detested." ("History of Philosophy," chap. 59.) The moral is, when justice and civil are rampant, let us have no palliation, no weakness disguising itself as a virtue. What we cannot at once resist we can always repudiate. To ignore these things is the worst form of imprudence—an imprudence which we, for our part at least—take the occasion here justly to disclaim.

III.

There is so much ill-considered use of the word, revolutionist, we should bear in mind that it is a strictly negative term. If the freedom of a people is overthrown by oppression and violence, and oppression practised on their thriving land, that is a revolution, and a bad revolution. If, with tyranny enthroned and a land wasting under oppression, the people rise, and by their native courage, and patience re-establish in their original independence a just government, that is a revolution and a good revolution. The revolutionist is to be judged by his motives, methods and end; and, when found true, hisurrection, in the words of Mackintosh, is "an act of public virtue." It is the restoration of Truth to its place honour among men.

IV.

Balzac mentions Bossuet as apparently one who may be the right here maintained: and we may with profit add some things Bossuet has said in another context, yet which touches closely what is our concern. Writing of

Les Empires, thus Bossuet: "Les révolutions des empires sont réglées par la providence, et servent à humilier les princes." This is hardly calculated to deter us from a bid for freedom; and if we go on to read what he has written further under this heading, we get testimony to the hardihood and love of freedom and country that distinguished early Greece and Rome in language of eloquence that might inflame any people to liberty. Of undegenerate Greece, free and invincible: "Mais ce que la Grèce avoit de plus grand étoit une politique ferme et prévoyante, qui savoit abandonner, hasarder et défendre, ce qu'il falloit; et, ce qui est plus grand encore, un courage que l'amour de la liberté et celui de la patrie rendoient invincible." Of undegenerate Rome, her liberty: "La liberté leur étoit donc un trésor qu'ils préféroient à toutes les richesses de l'univers." Again: "La maxime fondamentale de la république étoit de regarder la liberté comme une chose inséparable du bon Roman." And her constancy: "Voilà le fruit glorieux de la patience Romaine. Des peuples qui s'embarrassoient et se fortifioient par leurs malheurs avoient bien raison de croire qu'on sauroit tout pourvu qu'on ne perdit pas l'espérance." And again: "Parmi eux, dans les états les plus tristes, jamais les faibles conseils n'ont été seulement écoutés." The reading of such a fine tribute to the glory of ancient liberties is not likely to diminish our desire for freedom; rather to add to the natural stimulus found in our own splendid traditions, the further stimulus of this thought that must whisper to us: "Persevere and conquer, and to-morrow our finest opponent will be our finest panegyrist when the battle has been fought and won."

V.

In conclusion, on the concrete, this simple fact will suffice: We have established immutable principles; the

*For translation see Appendix.

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concrete circumstances are contingent and vary. It is admirably put in the following passage: "The historical and sociological sciences, so carefully cultivated in modern times, have proved to evidence that social conditions vary with the epoch and the country, that they are the resultant of quite a number of fluctuating influences, and that, accordingly, the science of Natural Right should not merely establish immutable principles bearing on the moral end of man, but should likewise deal with the contingent circumstances accompanying the application of these principles." (De Wulf, "Scholasticism Old and New," Part 2, chap. 2, sec. 39.) Yes, and if we apply principles to-morrow, it is not with the conditions of to-day we must deal, but with the contingent circumstances accompanying the application of those principles." Let that be emphasised. The conditions of twenty years ago are vastly changed to-day; and how altered the conditions of to-morrow can be, how astonishing can be the change in the short span of twenty years, let this fact prove. Ireland in '48 was prostrate after a successful starvation and an unsuccessful rising—to all appearances this time hopelessly crushed; yet within twenty years another rising was planned that shook English government in Ireland to its foundations. Let us hear in mind this further from De Wulf: "Sociology, understood in the wider and larger sense, is transforming the methods of the science of Natural Right." In view of that transformation he is wise who looks to-morrow. What De Wulf concludes we may well endorse, when he asks us to take facts as they are brought to light and study each question on its merits, in the light of these facts, and not merely in its present setting, but as presented in the pages of history." It can be fairly said of those who have always stood for the separation of Ireland from the British Empire that they alone have always appealed to historical evidence, have always regarded the conditions of the moment as transient, have always discussed possible future contingencies. The men who temporised were always hypnotised by the conditions of the hour. But in the life-story of a nation stretching over thousands of years the British occupation is a contingent circumstance and the immutable principle is the Liberty of the Irish People.

IV.—THE BEARNA BAOGHAIL.—Conclusion.

I.

But when principles have been proved and objections answered, there are still some last words to say for some who stand apart—the men who hold the breach. For they do stand apart, not in error but in constancy; not in doubt of the truth but its incarnation; not average men of the multitude for whom human laws are made, who must have moral certainty of success, who must have the immediate allegiance of the people. For it is the distinguishing glory of our prophets and our soldiers of the forlorn hope, that the defeats of common men were for them but incentives to further battle; and when they held out against the prejudices of their time, they were not standing in some new conceit, but most often by prophetic insight fighting for a forgotten truth of yesterday, catching in their souls to light them forward the hidden glory of to-morrow. They knew to be theirs by anticipation that general allegiance without which lesser men cannot proceed. They knew they stood for the Truth, against which nothing can prevail; and if they had to endure struggle, suffering, and pain, they had the finer knowledge born of these things, a knowledge to which the best of men ever win—that if it is a good thing to live, it is a good thing also to die. Not that they despised

life or lightly threw it away, for none better than they knew its grandeur, none more than they gloried in its beauty, none were so happily full as they of its music; but they knew, too, the value of this deep truth, with the finality of which Earth must perish; the man who is afraid to die is not fit to live. And the knowledge for them stood out Earth's oldest fear, winning for life its highest estate. Yes, and when one or more of them had to stand in the darkest generation and endure all penalties to the extreme penalty, they knew for all that, they had had the best life; and did not count it a terrible thing if called by a high spirit to anticipate death. They had still the finest appreciation of the finer attributes of comradeship and love, and with part of the mystery of their happiness and success in that they were ready to go on to the end, not looking for the suffrage of the living nor the monuments of the dead. Yes, and when finally the reawakened people by their better instincts, their discipline, patriotism, and fervour will have massed into armies and marched to freedom, they will know in the greatest hour of triumph that the success of the conquering arms was made possible by those who held the breach.

II.

When, happily, we can fall back on the eloquence of the world's greatest orator, we turn with gratitude to the greatest tribute ever spoken to the memory of those men whom the world owes most. Demosthenes, in the finest height of his finest oration, vindicates the men of every age and nation who fight the forlorn hope. He was arraigned by his rival, Aeschines, for having counselled the Athenians to pursue a course that ended in defeat, and he replied thus: "If, then, the results had been foreknown to all, not even then should the Commonwealth have abandoned her design, if she had any regard for glory, or ancestry, or futurity. As it is, she appears to have failed in her course, a thing to which all mankind are liable, if the Deity so wills it." And he asks the Athenians: "Why, had I resigned without a struggle that which our ancestors countered every danger to win, who would not have scorned visiting their city, sunk in such degradation, 'expecting when in former times our country had never preferred ignominious security to the battle for honour.' And I rise from the thought to this proud boast: 'None could at any period of time persuade the Commonwealth to attempt herself in secure subjection to the powerful and unjust through every age she has persevered in a perilous struggle for precedence and honour and glory.' And he tells the appealing to the memory of Themistocles, how they honoured most their ancestors who acted in such a spirit: "Yes, the Athenians of that day looked not for an orator or a general, who might help them to a pleasant servitude, but they scorned to live if it could not be with freedom." At that time, his listeners, a tribute: "What I desire is that such principles are your own; I show that before my time such was the spirit of the Commonwealth." In one eloquent height to another he proceeds, still challenging Aeschines for arraigning him, thus counselling the people: "But never, never can we be far by a mean apologetic front? No! Wherever it is high, salute it; wherever it is challenged, wave it; wherever it is high, salute it. At all times and forever be for it proud, passionate, persistent, jubilant, defiant; stirring hidden memories, kindling old fires, wakening the finer instincts of the public monuments, all of whom alike, as he worthy of the same honour, the country buried, Aeschines

only the successful and victorious." We did not need his fine eloquence to assure us of the greatness of our heroes and our Tones, our O'Donnells and our Mitchels, but it so quickens the spirit and warms the blood to read of such things—by the admiration won from ancient and modern times—an enduring principle of the human heart—its capacity to appreciate a great deed and rise over every physical defeat, that we know in the persistence of the spirit we shall come to a veritable triumph. Yes; and in this light we turn to read what Ruskin called this us as the greatest inscription ever written, that which Herodotus tells us was read over the Spartans, who fell at Thermopylae, and which Mitchell's biographer quotes as most fitting to immortalise Mitchell's life: "Stranger, tell them the Lacedaemonians we are lying here, having obeyed their words." And the biographer of Mitchell is right in holding that he reads into the significance of these brave lines, reads the message not of defeat but of victory.

III.

Yes; and in paying a fitting tribute to these great men who are our exemplars, it would be fitting also in conclusion, to remember ourselves as the inheritors of a great tradition; and it would well become us not only to carry the splendour of the banner that is handed on to us, but to show that this banner we, too, are worthy to bear. How often it shall be victorious, and how high it shall be planted will depend on the conception we have of its greatness, the knowledge that it can be fought in all times and places, the conviction that we may, even when we expect, be challenged to deny it; and that our bearing we may bring it new credit and glory or drag it low in repute. We do well, I say, to remember these things. For in our time it has grown the fashion to despise the men of former times but to deny their ideal of independence; and we who live in that ideal, and in it breathe the old spirit, and preach it and fight for it and prophesy it an ultimate and complete victory—we are young men, foolish and unpractical. And what should be our reply? Let them who deride or pity us see we despise or pity their standards, and let them know by our works—lest by our action they misunderstand—that we are not without the ability to contest with them in a freer time the highest ideal—avoiding the boast, not for an affected sense of modesty but for a saving sense of humour. For in all the vanities of the time that make Life and Literature have with absurdities, pretensions, and humbug, let us have no new folly. Let us with the old high courage blend the old high courtesy of the Gaelic. Let us grow big with our cause. Shall we honour the flag we carry by a mean apologetic front? No! Wherever it is high, salute it; wherever it is challenged, wave it; wherever it is high, salute it. At all times and forever be for it proud, passionate, persistent, jubilant, defiant; stirring hidden memories, kindling old fires, wakening the finer instincts of the public monuments, all of whom alike, as he worthy of the same honour, the country buried, Aeschines

not admit defeat, that has been voiced by thousands; that is noblest in Emmet's one line, setting the time for his epitaph: "When my country—set it but—'When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth.' It is no hypothesis; it is a certainty. There have been in every generation and are in our own men full of apprehension and cold of heart, who could not believe this, but we Emmet knew it, and as it shall be seen to-morrow; and when the historian of to-morrow seeing it accomplished will write its history, he will not note the end with surprise. Rather will he marvel at the soul in constancy, rivalling the best traditions of undegennerate Greece and Rome, holding through disasters, persecutions, suffering, and not less through the seductions of milder but meaner times, seeing through all shining clearly the goal: he will record it all, and still marvelling come to the issue that dauntless spirit has reached, proud and happy; but he will write of that issue—Liberty: Inevitable: in two words to epitomise the history of a people that is without a parallel in the Annals of the World.

APPENDIX I.

- 1.—The revolutions of Empires are regulated by Providence, and serve to humble princes."
- 2.—"But a greater thing Greece had was a polity, firm and far-seeing, which knew how to abandon, risk and defend what was necessary; and what is still greater, a courage that the love of liberty; and that of fatherland rendered invincible."
- 3.—"Liberty was to them then a treasure which they preferred to all the riches of the world."
- 4.—"The fundamental maxim of the Republic was to regard liberty as a thing inseparable from the Roman name."
- 5.—"There was the glorious spirit of the Roman patience. People, who grew bold and strong by their misfortunes, had good reason to believe that they could save everything, provided they did not lose hope."
- 6.—"Amongst them, in the most sorrowful plights, feeble counsels were not even listened to."

APPENDIX II.

Philosophers who lay down "the moral certainty of success" as one of the conditions to justify revolt have not defined success." Obviously, a clear moral success fulfils the condition. While a Eyrreth victory may be a real defeat, a seeming defeat may be a real victory. The Rebellion of 1916 is a case in point. Ireland's claim which was being treated with contempt by England became an International question. The very English publicists who had treated it with insolent indifference declared unanimously that its settlement was a matter of urgent Imperial necessity. The Rebellion was a success.

Those who struck were justified in the event. Moderate people on all sides said their sacrifice had saved the country. The history of Ireland has been a succession of such sacrifices. In virtue of this Ireland is and will remain unconquered. Those who fight for her are always denounced in the beginning and justified in the end. When they hear the denunciation they do not turn aside, keeping in mind how denunciation they do not turn aside, keeping in mind how denunciation they will record the end. And they are faithful unto death. Because of the constancy of this spirit in our history we are moving nearer and nearer to the goal.

Some Theology About Tyranny.

Under the above heading an article appears in the present issue of the Irish Theological Quarterly. The following quotations, we hope, will induce our readers to consult that journal for the whole article. The author is Professor Alfred O'Rahilly, M.A.

"Tyranny is a very grievous mortal sin," writes Cardinal Cajetan. "The nation is held tyrannically either (1) in sovereignty, as happens in the case of those who forcibly constitute themselves sovereigns whether immediately or through the forced consent of the subjects; or (2) in the effects and mode of government, as happens in the case of those who, though they are the true sovereigns, do not seek the public good but their own."

"Now on the Catholic view—which I mean, of course, not any pronouncement *de fide* but the principle of popular supremacy traditional in Catholic writers, apart from a handful of Gallicans and legists, from the thirteenth to the nineteenth century—the distinction between oppression and usurpation is very clear. Every government not based on the consent of the governed is a usurpation. The power which does not originate in the people's consent," says Alfonso de Castro, "is to be regarded not as just but as tyrannical." "The government of civil society and nation," writes the great canonist, Covarruvias, "cannot, justly and without tyranny, be constituted by any except the nation itself." "Civil power," according to the *scilicet communis* recorded by Suarez, wherever it is found in one man or ruler, has immediately or remotely emanated from the people and community and cannot be otherwise possessed if it is just. Such a usurped government—really not a valid government at all—which is based on the dissent or the forced consent of the people, may be, and indeed nearly always is, also oppressive; that is, we may take it generally for granted that it is worked not for the good of the people but in the interests of individuals or of an alien race. An oppressive government, on the other hand, is not necessarily usurped; it may be worked unjustly and yet have a valid title in the consent of the people. If the oppression becomes intolerable, the people may (as will be shown presently) solemnly withdraw their consent; and in that case the oppression becomes a usurpation. The essential distinction lies, therefore in a solemn, formal, moral act of the community as a whole. To sum up technically, we may say that an oppression is an illicit government and a usurpation is an invalid government which is usually also illicit in its exercise; the relevant criterion of governmental licitness being the common good, the essential title of validity being the consent of the people."

"I have made a laborious investigation of every accessible Catholic philosopher and theologian from the 13th to the 19th century. Here is the significant result: 52 writers prior to Suarez and 87 after, uphold the principle that government is based on the consent of the governed; 65 do not discuss the subject at all; and only 7 Gallicans, of very doubtful orthodoxy, reject the principle."

"The theory of passive obedience and non-resistance is characteristic of the servile theory of divine right which was ushered in by the Reformation. It has never obtained a footing in Catholic schools."

"Bosuet puts the case very moderately when he says: 'If supreme power makes a scandalous abuse of its faculties, if it extends them beyond their due limits, if it

1 The case of two nations under a common monarch was not overlooked by the Schoolmen. The declared that a government worked in the interests of one country or to the disadvantage of the other was simply an oppression of that other. Cf. G. Martine, O.P., *Commentaria super primam secundam d. Thomae 2^a 2^a q. 10, 107, 11, 12.*

tramples on the Fundamental laws, persecutes religious morality, outrages public decorum, attacks the honour of citizens, exacts illegal and disproportionate tributes, violates the rights of property, alienates the patrimony of the nation, dismembers provinces, inflicts ignominy and death on the people; in such case does Catholicism prescribe obedience? Does it forbid resistance? Does it command subjects to remain tranquil in the claws of a wild beast? For such a ruler, in such disastrous circumstances does the Catholic Church prescribe the people without hope and tyrants without restraint? Such extremists grave theologians consider that resistance is licit; but the dogmas of the Church do not descend these cases; she has abstained from condemning any the opposing doctrines; in such extreme circumstances non-resistance is not a dogma. Never has the Church taught such a doctrine; if anyone maintains the contrary let him show us a decision of council or pope to that effect."

"Another objection, or rather delusion, is the idea that the orthodox Catholic view prescribes passive resignation and prayer as the sole remedy against oppression. And what has already been said, it need scarcely be reiterated that there is not a trace of such fatalistic servility to be found in responsible Catholic authors. The view itself is refuted in the words of a writer already mentioned, Vareilles-Sommières:

"Bosuet and Taparelli, in order to inculcate patience to the victims of tyranny, speak to them of the compensations of the other life. One might use the same language to the other victims of any injustice whatever. Who would dare, in the name of this consoling truth, to make a crime for anyone to act against iniquity, to resist it or seek reparation there for here below? If the hope of another life do not oblige me to allow myself to be assassinated and robbed by an individual, why should they oblige me to allow myself to be killed and despoiled by a sovereign? Moreover, tyranny often has for object not only in the long run, for result to deprive subjects of the means of salvation and even of the hope of this felicity in which we are exhorted to a fatal resignation."

"Comte de Vareilles-Sommières rightly points out that intimidation of the oppressor may be quite as much a legitimate goal as the further step of his ejection. And any case success cannot be measured in mere material terms. Not only may military defeat be a spiritual success and moral victory, but a war of self-defence may be a duty altogether from any hope of achieving victory. The assertion of moral right, whether by a nation or an individual, even if it involves heroic self-sacrifice on the part of the assailed, may be a valuable and much needed contribution to spiritual energy and idealism of humanity."

"The people must first, with such formalities as may be possible, solemnly repudiate and depose their tyrant government, which then *ipso facto* becomes a usurper. As this formal declaration of the people's will, further questions arising out of resistance do not really concern fundamental political principles so much as the conventions of civil warfare. That it is unlawful and contrary to the holy religion," writes Balmes, "to combine together raise forces for the overthrow of a *de facto* government, a doctrine which Catholic theologians have never professed which true philosophy has never admitted, and which nation has ever observed."

"Some Scholastics sought to make an essential distinction between the actual process of invasion against resistance of an armed people and the subsequent stage of

conquered people lay prostrate in forced and sullen acquiescence. "But unfairly," reply the great Carmelite theologian of Salamanca, "for so long as the tyrant possesses power against the consent and will of the people, though the people may succumb seeing that they are unwilling to defend themselves, still the tyrant is always waging *implicit* war against the people, he is always an invader and a lacker of liberty, is always using an unjust force which is allowable to be repel by force." That is, as Suarez puts it, there is always a state of actual or virtual war; the very existence of the usurper in the country apart altogether from the oppression which is usually consequent, is a continuous act of aggressive warfare, against which the people have all the rights of an unjustly attacked belligerent."

"There is not the slightest support in the teaching of possible Catholic theologians and thinkers—always existing about a dozen recent writers—for asserting that a nation afflicted with an alien usurper finds itself deprived of all hope and placed in an impossible dilemma between crime and criminality. "If Napoleon had succeeded in establishing his power amongst us," writes Balmes, "the English nation would still have maintained the right on the point of which it revolted in 1808; victory could not have rendered usurpation legitimate. . . . The simple fact is not create a right either in public affairs; as soon as such a principle is acknowledged, every idea of reason and justice disappears from the world. . . . That will be safe here below if we admit the principle that access ensures justice and that the conqueror is always the lawful ruler? . . . In recommending prudence to the people let us not disguise it under false doctrines, let us beware of calming the exasperation of misfortune by circulating errors subversive of all governments, of all society."

"If, notwithstanding the presence of the usurper, the nation is able to function with some success in civil administration, the duty of the citizens is clear. For there is only valid government: their own."

"Many of the older theologians and most of the moderns and summits contented themselves with declaring only that the usurper's laws were no laws and need not be obeyed except under compulsion as the lesser of two evils."

"At any rate, whatever distinctions be introduced say, between civil and political co-operation it must be borne in mind that the administration of the usurper is a continual and wrong utilisation of which is permissible only in the absence. Now there are two obvious cases (which may be put together) in which this hypothesis fails to hold. (1) A usurpation may abandon all pretence at social and civil administration, except, of course, its parasitology; a highly artificial vocabulary is too useful to be readily discarded. The rulers may resolve themselves into an immoral military legalised terrorism, supplemented by sundry apparatus extracting the people's wealth. Their room is then a decidedly lesser evil than their presence. (2) The nation may be so perfected its own organisation as to be able to secure a civil order (apart from acts of war on the enemy's side), to establish courts and raise loans or contributions. In this case the least vestige of obligation to respect the invader's called laws or authority is swept away."

"It has already been pointed out that usurpation is simply a subjective theory to be decided upon by individuals; it is an objective verifiable fact which is initiated by hostile invasion or by a public repudiation on the part of

the community or by both. The Scholastic view is that the subsequent relationship of usurper and nation is essentially a state of war. Furthermore they are of the unanimous opinion that in these circumstances each individual is free to commit acts of war on the unjust invader of his country. This opinion is not, as the Protestants have asserted, an invention of the Jesuits; it is the opinion of S. Thomas Aquinas and of practically the entire School. It was held even by such strong royalists as Barclay and Grégoire. The reason assigned is that at such a crisis each individual may be assumed to have the consent of the nation to defend its liberty against aggression. 'So long as a tyrant unjustly holds a kingdom and rules by force,' says Suarez, 'he is always actually using force against the nation; and thus the nation is always waging against him an actual or virtual war. And so long as the nation does not declare the contrary, it is always considered to wish to be defended by each of its citizens, indeed even by any outsider.'"

Ireland's Strategic Position.

England, we were often told, in days of dulcet wheedling, wanted the freedom of the seas only to protect her commerce. Now, when her illies in the war speak, or spoke, of freedom of the seas for all peacefully competing nations, they hear other tones from the England that insists on being able to blockade Europe, at Gibraltar, and also at the English Channel, outside which lies our Ireland. That is England's—or an English—point of view; yet a Sinn Féin point of view; yet a Sinn Féin of a narrow sense, of a baser sort. For, all this talk of preparing for war as the best way to keep the peace, belongs to an old order, from which a new world is struggling to be free. In this struggling, the poor new world may be too hopeful, too full of faith, too loving for its human family. But, at least, it is inclined to say, that if the old world order is in no wise to change towards mutual understanding, towards anything with less of suspicion and less of hate; if the world's energies are to be devoted more and more to the making of the machines to destroy the works of peace, and if nothing can be thought of for ever and ever but bringing one generation after another into shedding their blood for the bloodthirsty and the bullies, then the world, at its best, is inclined to say perish the world; and, at its despairing worst, to say just nothing but let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die.

Yet that is vain talk of a sort. For the ape and the tiger in man are not the whole man.

And, therefore, one has to say, that an Englishman fixing his military and naval mind on strategy and on little else, is unmindful of much in man, which looks elsewhere and further. And, therefore, neither Ireland, nor any other place where men dwell, is merely, or primarily, a naval base, inclined to say perish the world; and, at its despairing worst, to say just nothing but let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die.

Besides, one does hear the generous upbraid their dogged and prejudiced, or their voracious and aggressive comrades in England; one hears the generous say, that to use the argument of Ireland's necessity to England as a reason for England refusing to let the children of Ireland alone, is an infamy; after what England said to the many young men whom she called on, or forced, to lay down their

lives in order that the junkers of another land should not have their wish to see Belgium kept under Germany, to whom, said the other junkers, Belgium was necessary for "strategic defence."

Larger views; more generous thoughts—to many, in England, these will make no appeal. To more, they do appeal, but from these appeals (though they be instinctively felt) they will turn with closed eyes and with stopped ears; because England calls, as they think; dishonouring thus, indeed, their England, by that false and world-ruining patriotism, of "my country, right or wrong."

Yet, even these men of frozen hearts and heated understandings, we can ask to consider, at least thus far: you speak of Ireland's strategical (i.e., military, political) position with regard to England. What of Belgium's position with regard to France? Holland's, with regard to Germany? Switzerland—in the midst of several big nations? And, perhaps, most striking of all, to your considering of the map of the world, Portugal's strategical position with regard to Spain. Portugal is, as it were, part of Spain; more strikingly so, to the eye, than Belgium is of France, than Holland of Germany. How "necessary" may these small nations seem to the big nations next to them. Philip II, thought, Portugal necessary to Spain. He annexed Portugal, as Napoleon annexed what are now Belgium and Holland. But Portugal, resisting and fighting against Spain, got free again; and its freedom was recognised by Europe some 250 years ago. Since then, it might be said to have lived near Spain in perpetual peace. These places must be thought on. And the thoughts thereon are long. H. F. C. STROCKLEY.

NOTE.—To accede to England's plea of "strategical necessity," to keep Ireland—a small nation—ground down under the heel of England—a great one—on the grounds of England's necessity for strategical defence, is to destroy in principle the whole fabric of European civilisation. That civilisation, damaged as it is by the war, still exists by reason of a few great principles. One great principle affords it life and light and hope. By that principle all the smaller nations live. By that principle the greater nations are restrained from being invaders and tyrants. By that principle all the bloody consequences of invasion are prevented. By that principle the weaker are protected in body, and the souls of the stronger are saved from the appalling corruption of blood-lust, debating, brutality, and the blind fury of passion for power. Ireland fights to-day for Europe. If England wins, if she rides off victoriously with victory over this small nation to-day; every great nation in Europe, encouraged by her example, will crush and destroy their weaker neighbours—with the equally valid plea of "strategical necessity." Suppose it is a great visit from a strategical politician for England to give up Ireland, it is nothing to the moral and material risk all civilisation runs by permitting such an infamy. Every nation newly granted freedom, from the Balkans to the Baltic, shall lose their whole moral *raison d'être*. Norway and Sweden shall not be safe from Russia, Australia from Japan, nor England herself from an America which shall have learned from England's own example—that way surely lieth madness, unending wars—and the unending misery and degradation of men. Do nations exist by the instinct of the ape and tiger in their souls? As well ask; do nations exist by crushing their neighbours into "strategical defences." There is another argument against this oppression of a small nation for the sake of the strategical defences of a great and powerful one. In the recent war some 300,000 men gave their lives on England's side for something or nothing; for a great principle, or else they died like dogs; their memory is made sacred by a great cause; else they died unmeaning deaths, and went to their graves the mere dupes and slaves of blood-lusting war lords. By every statement at that time of Asquith, Grey, Lloyd George, and the rest, the honour of England was committed to the cause of the freedom of small nations. For this cause the choicest spirits in England gave their lives. For that cause, unconsciously, perhaps, many a man of mixed motive and the unthinking gave their lives. Objectively, all gave their lives for this great human cause. So long as Ireland is held in bondage by England for England's "strategical defence," that cause is lost, and the bodies of the dead rot in their graves in vain.—Ed. O.I.

Correspondence.

YE GEDDES!—A SHAREHOLDER.

To the Editor of OLD IRELAND.

A CHAIR,

May I be permitted to enter my note of exclamation on the action proposed by these English governors of ours regard to the railways. Perhaps even the magnate Geddies may not be able to see his way quite clearly.

We apprehend it is threatened that unless military armaments are carried by the railways that subsidy will be stopped. Now, who is it refuses to carry military armaments? The railway companies have not refused. Who refuses? The railway companies don't. Who do, then? The railway companies' servants refuse to handle munitions or to transport soldiers. And for this reason, because of servants (because I am a shareholder) refuse to assist militarily, for this reason we, the shareholders, are to be made amenable. It would be funny if it were reversed the stage of some theatre. What next? I expect I shall be made amenable if any of the railwaymen of the company in which I hold shares be convicted of beating a deceased wife's sister. It's a stiffener. What sort of people are these English plenipotentiaries? Do they study mathematics in their early school days? Do they learn to exercise reason with the aid of chalk and blackboard stimulated from behind? My goodness, we in Ireland have no idea their education was so very deficient, as apparent it is.

To say that we shareholders, who employ men on the railways, are to be made amenable, and are to be subjected to monetary forfeit of cash guaranteed under a contract and simply because our men go on strike.

Imagine a schoolmaster being refused payment by parents because his boys (he doing his duty by it understood) gratuitously agree to barring out.

It is sumptuous, sir, for Geddies or any other boss washer (head or otherwise) to propose punishing us.

Suppose they stop the subsidy. How will that help thousands of shareholders (many in England, Scotland, Wales, America) will be ruined. The Irish railways will cease to carry not merely soldiers and munitions, but they will cease to carry anything. They will simply cease to run. The whole population will be pilloried—men, women, children, Unionists, Home Rulers, Republicans—everything in human shape will suffer. Even England will cease to obtain goods from us.

It will be the Irish Banshee with a vengeance, and the Irish Banshee will have crossed the Irish Sea for once her long and chequered existence, and she will seat herself upon the doorsteps of many an English, Scotch, and Welsh house and cottage, and there casting her apron over her head, there swaying herself in the night-wind, there will she sit waiting.

And the English, the Scotch, and the Welsh people hearing the wailing of the seated, swaying figure on the

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"r-step, rising at midnight, will ask, "What is this?" they will be told that it is the Irish Banshee, that she left Ireland and has come to wait also for those in England, in Wales, and in Scotland who, having been bribed with good Irish food, now shall seek food in vain.

Having been apprised thus far, and now knowing all, the English, the Scotch, the Welsh will come forth into the streets and come gently to the Irish Banshee, and they say to her very gently, weeping even, "Mourn not for O'good Irish Banshee, mourn not for us, thou hast indeed our own load of sorrow. But rise up and go down to the sea. Rise up and return to thy own country and tell us there that we will see to it that none interfere in the ways of Erann. We will not starve for the sake of either George or Carson."

At this word the Irish Banshee will rise up and will weep, and for the first time for seven hundred years the Irish Banshee will smile faintly, and so relapsing into soft weeping, thus will she take her way to the

Is mine,
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When All Was Younger.

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I confess that when I beheld the "jacket" on this little volume, depicting an Orangeman leathering away at his favourite musical instrument, I was, for the moment, deceived. It was not until I had read a few pages that I realised that the term "drummer" was American for commercial traveller, and that dynamite stood for the genuine explosive of that name and not for "Ulster" blatherskite.

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Still Ten Men at the Brink of Death.

There are still ten more heroes on the brink of death in a British jail in Cork. Ten more men, who on the often-repeated statements of British Ministers must die, even the Lord Mayor of Cork. At what point will the malice of Ireland's enemies break down before the vision of their own reckless folly. But passion is blind, and the passion of cruelty can be so developed that even the worst consequences are as nothing in the mad career of the criminal. There has seldom been such an example of the passion of brutality displayed to the world as the treatment of Ireland in her most recent history, and in the slow deliberate doing to death of the hunger strikers. If anyone thinks for a moment that this statement is overdrawn let him recall the ghoulia laughter in the British House of Commons expressing scorn and hatred of the Lord Mayor of Cork in his last sufferings; let him recall the laughter which greeted references to the Lord Mayor both at Churchill's and at Asquith's recent meetings. Why, ordinary men don't laugh at a dog dying by the roadside. This laughter gives living testimony of what a great Frenchman once said of England's cruelty: "Lamennais on England—'Essay on Religious Indifference' Ch. X, p. 201 (translation); written for to-day, a century since. 'Religion alone,' said 'abbé Lamennais, 'softening the hearts or terrifying consciences, placed some limits to the fury and devastation of war, and protected from the passions and the doctrines of pride and enmity, a feeble tradition of mercy.' But— he goes on—'There exists, in Europe, a country . . .

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more famous for its pride than for the purity of its morals," which "seems to have known no other rule of conduct and no other political justice than self-interest. Like the Romans it has extended by force and fraud its heavy domination over distant countries"—and over a country near—"which it oppresses with merciless craft and well-planned barbarity. It reigns, like the Romans and acting on the same maxims, like them it will reign; and acting on the same maxims, like them it will end." *Justitia fiat et fiet*—echoes from the Land of Dreams.

Who Made Freedom?

Men win the liberty they live by. Nor shall the race of men live when liberty is dead. It is God's ordinance. God gave to men and angels liberty—in the full vision of sin and Hell. But He judged the good of freedom greater than the terrific sum of the world's sins, and the devil's. He judged it greater than the evil of eternal Hell. He said no man shall enter heaven who is not free to choose. So shall no nation fulfill her destiny without liberty. To fight his natural law is to fight God. Hence the satanic crime of tyranny.

Men win the liberty they live by. The most precious heritage of men cannot be had for nothing. They must pay for it; suffer for it, die for it. To deny that liberty is worth dying for is to deny the greatness of God's law. It is, in concrete, to deny God's wisdom. It is the brand of the blasphemer and the hypocrite.

Current Lies.

The Archbishop of Canterbury knows all about Ireland through the Balkans. The British Government distributed from the *Balkan News* to all its Allies at Salonica. That *News* contained the words: "The fact must never be lost sight of that this question of self-government in Ireland is not one between the Irish people and the British Government. The British Government long ago granted Irish self-government. . . . The fact that Home Rule is not continuous tradition of the doctors of the Church. If this article is wrong it should at once be condemned, if it is right surely there is a very definite pronouncement demanded of the Hierarchy if that much revered assembly is to protect the Irish people. We do not desire to be captious, but realising the stern crisis which faces the country we appeal to all thoughtful people to study the matter carefully and to act not at the dictate of a short-sighted timidity, but at the dictate of a long-sighted wisdom and courage. In the meantime, we welcome amongst the wiser expressions of opinion the Cardinal's saying that "Success will come." That phrase, simple enough as it is, represents the assured hope of the people and the basis of their supreme courage, which grows under the stress of the terrible oppression which is inflicted on the people to-day. We hope that the mandate of the Hierarchy to observe a novena throughout Ireland up to November 6—the Feast of the Irish Saints, will be obeyed by all parties as we are sure it will be by the vast majority of the people. It begins on Thursday, October 25—the day of publication of this issue of OLD IRELAND.

"Dominion Home Rule."

Pearse (translation of Ferriter) or Cromwallian clearance.

Pirates rule in the place of princes

The aim and desire of the crew is, However they may make peace with our people, To play with those that accept terms from them. The tricks of the redoubtable cat with the mouse.

What Others Think of Them.

Commenting on the sack of Balbriggan and the murders committed by the English military in that unhappy town, the Editor of *Resto del Carlino*, a leading Italian newspaper, says: "Such is the mild rule (dominio dolce) of the English Philistines—Partisans who fought for martyred Belgium, for self-determination of the peoples, for the principles of humanity, for the right to live of small nations. The Britannie lie surpasses all understanding and all morality, it is beyond criticism or control. English rule has here again demonstrated the inferiority of the human race as compared with the monkey tribe. How such a hypocritical and cruel domination succeeded in perpetuating itself, and in making itself celebrated and exalted is one of the obscurer mysteries

of modern history, and it will be inexplicable for future historians, who will pass it on to the naturalists as being more competent to deal with it. During the war all the pictorial and sentimental inventions (ideology) were worked up by the English—from the severed hands of poor little Belgium children to the corpses utilised by the Germans for chemical purposes. It was a masterpiece of cynical perfidy. They say that Benedetto Croce one day was listening to an English philosopher narrating the usual story of German barbarity, and that the keen Neapolitan critic burst out laughing, whereupon the Englishman, by no means abashed, went on to say: "Well, at all events, you must admit it was a good invention."

The Irish Hierarchy—An Appeal.

The recent pronouncement of the Irish Catholic Hierarchy will be welcomed as an advance on any state ment hitherto issued by the whole body of Irish Bishops and Archbishops. But, frankly, it discourages us to find at the outset a suggestion that the Irish people are not observing the law of God. The phrase, we have been informed by an expert, stands either for the super-natural law or the natural law. In public and social matters obviously the only meaning it can have is "natural law." Does the Hierarchy suggest that the Irish people are not observing the natural law? If so, does it endorse Lloyd George's cry of the "Murder Gang"? On this cry depends the whole defence of the present British Government's methods in Ireland? On this question it appears to me the Irish Bishops and Archbishops should make a definite pronouncement. The Irish flock deserves to be protected against the wolves, and if the shepherds will not guard the sheep, who will? As the pronouncement, referred to above, stands it is not an adequate defence of the Irish people; it rather endorses the cry of Lloyd George. Now an article appeared in the recent issue of the "Irish Theological Quarterly" dealing with the natural law applying to oppressed nations as interpreted by the continuous tradition of the doctors of the Church. If this article is wrong it should at once be condemned, if it is right surely there is a very definite pronouncement demanded of the Hierarchy if that much revered assembly is to protect the Irish people. We do not desire to be captious, but realising the stern crisis which faces the country we appeal to all thoughtful people to study the matter carefully and to act not at the dictate of a short-sighted timidity, but at the dictate of a long-sighted wisdom and courage. In the meantime, we welcome amongst the wiser expressions of opinion the Cardinal's saying that "Success will come." That phrase, simple enough as it is, represents the assured hope of the people and the basis of their supreme courage, which grows under the stress of the terrible oppression which is inflicted on the people to-day. We hope that the mandate of the Hierarchy to observe a novena throughout Ireland up to November 6—the Feast of the Irish Saints, will be obeyed by all parties as we are sure it will be by the vast majority of the people. It begins on Thursday, October 25—the day of publication of this issue of OLD IRELAND.

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By Móirin ni Shionnaigh
(Bean Chacheabhassa).

These are terrible and stark poems, unrhymed, set to music as of the wild harp, and of sharp and ringing vowels. They are set to the sounds that are in Ireland's ears to-day (sounds of denouncing, of cursing, of triumphing only through wrenching just from despair.

"We are the unforgotten curses of the dead:

Curses of the dying cast out in the bitter rain,
Curses of men who perished alone, unremembered,

Bloodstained my breast that waits your lifted sword;
Yet mine the hour and the quenching of your pride;
Mine the long triumphing years, imprisoned, unbound."

Yet there is something more fearful—how long, O Lord, how long?

"Come down, O Watcher, the triumph is to the strong,
And that which is founded in hell shall none overthrow,
And we that have striven shall perish, no dawn is ours."

But there is the old hope again, the fine quality in Ireland of "incurable optimism," the unailing triumph in so-called failure, the trust in the appeal from might to right. And what shall we not see in the end thereof?

"Bare is my dún and dark,
Through the roof the rain drips,
By the cold hearth
I weep above my dead:
Yet on this clay, bloodstained,

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Shall the Candle be lit for the world!"
Through much tribulation

"Shall Truth and Justice then
Down return to men."

"Don't be putting yourself in the way of trouble," said a poor woman the other day in kindly warning, "we have troubles enough already." There is within the hearts of many of the troubled in Ireland peace at the heart of endless agitation. There is more. There are the words, "We can bear it all for Ireland," of the mother with her young sons lying murdered for defending their mother country. There is the forgiveness on the lips of fathers like betrayed.

And even these poems of trouble sink into some peace. Still, how to-day can they be without the cry, the agony, the passion, the clinging to the Cross?

"Reviled and bound He stood, O Mother of God:
And hour by hour as the slow night deepened and ebb'd,
Within Thy heart the grief of the world was crying,
The striving against the strong, of all the oppressed."
And then the poet seems to have seen and heard our wrongs of this very day and hour:

"Thou, too, hast heard the laughter of those who triumph,
When the lying tongue and the treacherous hand have slain,
And God is silent, man fails, and the spirit is broken:
O stricken Mother of Sorrows, hast thou forgotten?
Who will remember our grief if Thou forget?"
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A Book—And Its Cover.

We believe there is good authority for not judging a book by its cover. Nevertheless, our judgment of Mr. Burke's "Outlines of the Industrial History of Ireland" would have been less capricious had it come before the public in a different cover, bearing some such title as "Facts and Figures of Irish Economic History—Not for Use in Schools."

This work should be added to every library of Irish economics, however complete. Indeed, the more complete the library may be, the more useful the addition would prove, as a kind of catalogue raisonné. The amount of information compressed into its two hundred and seventy-two pages is astounding. The statistics relating not only to the more important industries—agricultural, woolen, cattle, provisions, fishing, etc., but to the smaller, such as milling, silk, mining, and shipping, and to crafts like metal working, are all included. The economic state of the country from time to time, as indicated by contemporary Irish and foreign records, imports and exports, revenue and expenditure, and population, is dealt with authoritatively. All the relevant enactments are quoted. The exposition of the financial relations between Ireland and England, especially since 1783, and the effect of the commercial clauses of the Act of Union, is masterly. The sections on finance, banking, and coinage, and on such details as the pension list, are illuminating.

We particularly comment to those *so-disant* historians who waste so much time trying to avoid obvious facts, Mr. Burke's account of the so-called Famine of 1846-9: "Famine," he says, "means a shortage of food. In Ireland during these disastrous years there was no such deficiency of food as to give rise to the dreadful calamity which occurred." The potato crop failed, but "all through 1846 and 1847 wheat, barley, oats, and cattle were exported from Ireland in quantities greater than were required to support her starving population, to pay the rents of absentee landlords." Prompt administrative action to retain even the grain crops in the country would have saved millions of lives. "However, Peel, under the influence of the policy of *laissez faire*, refused to take this step, and Lord John Russell never entertained it. They preferred quick remedial relief of the detested Poor Law system. In this manner the [British] Government created an artificial famine where unforeseen circumstances had produced a natural shortage. Ireland presented the dread paradox of famine in the midst of plenty. Herein lies the explanation of the verdict given now and again at the inquest on some poor victims who had perished of hunger: 'Wilful murder against Lord John Russell.'"

The book contains no traces of political bias. Of course, the history of virtually every Irish industry is shown to have been essentially the same: small beginnings developing and expanding until the jealousy of English competitors was aroused, and then repression by force, legislation, or administration—but no historian who stated the facts could avoid this conclusion, and no honest one would try to do so.

If Mr. Burke had included references to the sources from which his facts and figures are drawn, his book would be almost perfect as a summary of, and guide to, the immense subject with which it deals.

"Outlines of the Industrial History of Ireland, by John F. Burke, D.Sc., B. Com., F.R.S.S. Fallen Bros., Ltd., Dublin and Belfast, 2s. 6d. net.

Unfortunately, however, we are precluded from judging the book on its merits, for its cover informs us that it forms one of the publisher's Intermediate School Series, and we are consequently coerced to consider its value educationally. From this point of view there is a lot to be said against it. It is too highly concentrated to be readily assimilated. The brevity we have admired on general grounds is secured by the omission of arguments, generalisations, and descriptive matter. The result is not what it purports to be, an outline. It is a skeleton—complete to the smallest bone, and a delight to the economic anatomist, but still a skeleton.

The likelihood that such a work will be used mainly as an instrument for that "cramming" which is fostered and endorsed by the Intermediate Board, a use for which it is peculiarly suitable, amounts almost to a certainty. The time available for the study of any one of the subjects in small. A teacher preparing a class for examination in the extensive course covered by Mr. Burke's work, or even in half or one-third of it, would have two alternatives. He could select some of the more important sections, expand and revivify them, get his pupils to compare and contrast statistics, seek reasons for fluctuations, and generally to apply their reasoning faculties to the material before them.

In this way one-tenth of the course might be covered in school year, any historical talent there might be in the class educated and a firm foundation for future knowledge laid down, and utter disaster in the examinations made certain. On the other hand, our teacher might, as a practical man, devote all his time to examining the whole mass of knowledge into his pupils, risking the atrophy of their intelligence which would probably result. Enough would probably stick in the more receptive heads to enable their possessors to win honours for themselves and doles for their school by answering not only questions upon the most important matters we have mentioned, but even the kind of questions which are asked in Intermediate examination papers, such as: State briefly what you know of any five of the following: Allihies, Bruges, Gascony, Luddite Riots, Pynnar Report, Sidney Webb, Shanavests, and what (if anything) have they to do with Ireland?

The teacher who chose the former alternative would be exceedingly unlikely to be in a position to repeat the experiment. Neither the educational militarists nor the average parent will put up with high-falutin' theorising about education. They want what they are pleased to call "results," and they insist on getting them. We must educate our parents as well as our rulers. We are glad to think that Mr. Burke's whole heart was not in his task of depriving students of Irish economics of a valuable aid in order to conform with the absurdities of an Intermediate "syllabus." If it had been he would have presented his results in a more arresting and easily-remembered form. The frontispiece is a reproduction of Arthur Young's map showing the distribution of industries in 1776-9. It is disappoining that similar maps for other periods, for purposes of comparison, are not included. Again, statistics have except in three or four cases, to be disintegrated from the text before they can be considered and compared, and there are no diagrams or other illustrations.

This lack of emphasis adds unnecessarily to a student's difficulties. Had the statistics been tabulated and illustrated graphically—by curves showing fluctuations in trade or population, vertical columns contrasting revenue with expenditure, imports with exports, and so on, the essential would have been much more easily grasped and remembered. The eye is a great aid to the brain. Anything which has

been visualised is fixed much more firmly in the normal mind than what has merely been read or even memorised.

We hope it will not be long before Mr. Burke escapes from the trammels of the system which is playing the devil with Irish education, and gives us a book more worthy of his knowledge and abilities.

E. W. PROUD.

The Last Temptation.

"Plus ça change, plus ça reste la même chose" (the more it changes the more it remains the same) is a pithy French saying indicative of the fatal weakness of the French mind. It is "spirituel" (quick and brilliant) without being mind. It is "spirituel" in common with intellectual spiritual, and thus Paris has in common with intellectual Dublin the defect of enslavement to the "bon mot." The phrase is frequently used and was probably coined as an excuse for fatalistic stagnation or facile retrogression. But there is a sense in which it bespeaks a profound truth. An evil tree bringeth not forth good fruit, neither do men gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles. The foliage and changes, but its branches will afford no permanent shelter nor its fruit fail to be bitter in the belly, however sweet for a while in the mouth.

I have on many occasions tried to point out in these columns that the falsehood underlying the present order of society and compelling its fundamental transformation, i.e., after destruction, was at once spiritual and economic, and moreover, that the economic falsehood had its roots in the spiritual, and could by no means be separated therefrom. The customariness of the present order does not in the least lessen its guilt or the responsibility of individuals to sever guilty connection with it.

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I deliberately choose a very personal illustration, for my object is to induce any who may read this to translate their own sector of the social order into terms of personal responsibility.

I wish, too, to show how the struggle for just and moral dealing between nation and nation is no more than the introduction to the narrow struggle between man and man. In the war of physical force between nation and nation Ireland must be worsted. Only when the searching test of that struggle lays bare the moral and material injustice between man and man does Ireland's cause become invincible, possessed of a weapon against which the physical force of her enemies will be powerless.

A short time ago *The Freeman's Journal* had a sub-leader under the significant title, "An imminent danger," dealing with the refusal of the Blasket Islanders to pay the moneys due to the Land Commission as a counterblow to the withholding by the British Government of grants for public services. A true Irishman would have called it rather, "An imminent salvation."

I am ignorant of the particular terms or for what contracts entered into the moneys are "due" by the Blasket Islanders to the Land Commission. But I know this, that the Wyndham Act of 1903 the landlords were enabled

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to retire from a strategically untenable position and to retire with all the plunder. 1916 exploded the smug complacency of the Constitutional Party, resting on the laurels won in the land victory, which was no victory but only a postponement of the basic struggle. But 1916 has not yet awakened the Irish people to the economic counterpart of their complete spiritual independence. And should they continue to slumber Connolly will have died in vain. It is well that in the Blasket Islands "the West's awake."

Ireland should realise that in this refusal of further tribute to landlords or land commissions, she gets down to one of the roots of the English conquest, as it survives today, to the reality after which the political conflict is groping.

The essence of materialism is to divorce the present from the past, and the over-emphasis of some of the Sinn Féin intelligentsia on the cultural aspect of the past to the exclusion of its legacy in the present is a kind of inverted materialism. They cannot lay the axe to the root of the evil tree because they fail to realise where the root still survives in the present. And so they break their axe against the cast-iron trunk of capitalist Imperialism instead of excavating and severing the root. England conquered Ireland to levy tribute. She holds Ireland down to-day for the same reason, and she is counting on the support of the thousands of Irishmen who are indirectly her tax-collectors for what they get out of it. There is only too real a danger of her receiving their support. The landlords will support her to secure their rents or the balance of them due after sale. And the farmers will support her in the measure they prefer—the unmolested private tenure of their lands and the power to reap the maximum profit off them to the extended ownership and the enhanced life-standard of the whole Irish people.

"The processes of capital are the processes of conquest," said President Wilson at Turin. Already they have conquered him and his shallow bourgeois ideology. The processes of capital as the real instrument of conquest are about to be applied to Ireland. She is about to be subjected to the economic blockade.

The policy is being applied with fiendish deliberation, with a far deeper knowledge of how to make it succeed, than Irishmen have of how to defeat it.

It cannot be eluded or defeated except in one of two ways—the surrender of real Irish independence or the adoption of the Co-operative Commonw. My statement is startling but perfectly demonstrable.

The circulation of the economic life-blood of the country is through channels in the grip of Capitalism. While the politicians have been quarrelling over the shadow, Capitalism has been tightening its grip on the substance, and can arrest the circulation through the channels in its control. This has been done, as I say, with deliberate intent and steady foresight in the knowledge that all those whose livelihood is dependent on Capitalism must accept England's terms or find other means of livelihood.

The processes of capital distort and destroy the whole equilibrium of production and distribution. In the first stage the tribute paid to landlords in rent disturbs the equitable distribution of their own products among the tenants. In the second stage the landlord, become money-lord, uses the farmer as his agent to exact tribute from the industrial workers. Every Irish farmer who sells a beast, attracted by higher prices, which an Irish labourer needs if he could pay for it, is a tax-collector for England

or the English garrison. Thus Capitalism, in the course of years, stabilises economic distortion till it continues itself automatically, and the "powers that be" have good cause to believe that they have only to stop the distorted circulation to make life impossible and bring their enemies to their knees.

For the only alternative for a nation infected with Capitalism, when challenged by the parent vampire, is to reconstruct its whole production and distribution for use instead of for profit; and this means that all the Irish possessing classes will have to forego their profit and the means of increasing it, and enter into partnership on equal terms with that "large and respectable" class, the men of no property." England counts on their shrinking from the sacrifice, and preferring to accept her terms.

England's terms are Dominion-Home Rule. The usual sham fight is going on between the sham divisions of Capitalism. Lloyd George scouting Asquith's proposals as impossible, that he may the easier delude Ireland into a sense of victory when the Asquith proposal gains the day and is seriously offered, as it will be.

By it England has nothing to lose and everything to gain. She is exactly in the position of the landlords selling out under the Land Act; that is, she retires from further responsibility with the power to further exploit Ireland with the spoil coming from her. Only an Irish army is to do the protecting of the exploitation. Have we been told that English investments will be safe in an Irish Republic? And all the venal gentry, Unionists yesterday and Dominion Home Rulers to-day, are not likely to haggle even at calling themselves Republicans if they can be guaranteed the supreme condition of reciprocal safety with their English confrères for their investments.

"Plus ça change, plus ça reste la même chose."

J. R. WHITE.

The Quiet Isles of Love.

Cold, cold are the low fields,
And rainpools lie
Gaping after that bleak sun,
Sunk in a rainy sky;
While shivering like an old crane,
I dream of the hushful broods,
When crows flap home through the shadows
To slim boughs heavy with nests.

My love, it is well for the badger,
Warm in his furry den,
And the fish of a sedgy river—
Untroubled by men;
It is well for the wandering cuckoo,
Blithe as a Spanish queen,
And never away from the honeyed,
Cool depths of summer green.

Like a bird I would rise at the dawn-time,
Beside a laughing sea,
Maybe to find by the waters,
Tied to a hawthorn tree,
The moon-white mare of Niamh,
Neighing to bear us home—
Then, love, let us love till the dawn-time
And down to the waters we'll roam.

F. R. HIGGINS.

The British Policy of "Reprisals."

What in Ireland the British Governmental Press and able men seek to cloak under the name of "reprisals" as ever been the settled British policy, ordered by British Ministers and directed by British Generals, in all the wars of plunder and conquest that England has waged against all nationalities whose wealth its grasping greed coveted whose strategic situation its pagan imperialism sought, and the history of every land that England stole and every people that she robbed and murdered since she laid the foundations of the British Empire of to-day, and in each individual case you will find in practice the same policy that is at present being pursued in our own country. It has been the established plan of the British Government, when engaged in crushing the liberties of a weaker nation, to compel the surrender of the men by the destruction of their homes, and the starvation, outrage, and oft-times murder, of their wives and children. England's act in each of these respects in Ireland needs no telling, outlined it briefly some time ago in my articles on "The Significance of England's Prisoner Policy." The difference between the British Governments of the past and that of the present lies in the fact that the former were quite candid in accepting responsibility for what they did, and, as their State Papers show, declaring why they did it.

What England perpetrated in Ireland she also perpetrated in every country in which she set her marauding feet. India, in Egypt, in South and Central Africa, in America, in the islands of the Southern oceans, we find the same savage policy pursued in the same savage way. When that day in 1755 when in India Colonel Heron himself applied the first torch that consumed Colingoodz and

Nellecotah in flames, and drowned their men, women, and children in their own blood, we have the same course consistently followed right down to the night of the day of Omdurman, when Kitchener ordered the wholesale murder of the wounded Derivishes to avoid having to "waste" his field dressings on them. In the American War of Independence the burning, looting, and pillaging were notorious—and it was not the "troops running amok." In his autobiography (vol. 1., page 162) Lieut.-General Winfield Scott, dealing with this "English Vandalism," describes Admiral Cockburn as a "freebooter," and adds: "This is a harsh term to apply to an officer of high rank; but Cockburn made war a trade of profit as well as of vengeance, in the true barbarian spirit of Lord Bathurst's letter to Prevost." And Bancroft (vol. VI., page 416) says:

"In the march of the British army from Elk Hill to Williamsburg (in Virginia) . . . all the dwelling houses were plundered. . . . The Americans of that day computed that Cornwallis, in his mid-summer marchings up and down Virginia, destroyed property to the value of three million pounds sterling. He nowhere gained a foothold, and he obtained no supplies except through the terror of his arms. His long travels only taught him: that the bulk of the people were bent on independence."

It is unnecessary to enumerate further early examples. I pass on to the war against the Dutch Republics in South Africa, because (a) it took place in the memory of most of us, (b) it followed the drawing up of the Hague and Geneva Conventions, (c) it offers a fairly accurate parallel to what is happening in Ireland to-day, (d) we have the British official proclamations ordering the "reprisals," and (e) we have the views of Mr. David Lloyd George, M.P., on the whole "hellish policy" and on those who directed and organised it.

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Before proceeding further let me again quote three articles of the Hague Convention to which England was a subscriber, and by which she was at the time of the South African war, and is still, supposed to be bound.

Article 46.—"Family honours and rights, individual lives and property, as well as religious convictions and liberty, must be respected. Private property cannot be confiscated."

Article 47.—"Looting is formally forbidden."

Article 50.—"No collective penalty, pecuniary or otherwise, can be inflicted on populations by reason of individual incidents for which they cannot be considered collectively responsible."

"Looting," in the English "Catechism for Constitutions," is defined as the "Robbery under arms."

Here are just one or two typical instances of how this policy was carried out in the Transvaal and Orange Free State. The *London Standard* of August 10, 1900, contained a dispatch from its correspondent, Mr. Maxwell, in Pretoria, in which he said:

"The Boers sniped a train at Bronkhurst yesterday on the line from Pretoria to Middelburg. Two of its occupants were wounded. In accordance with Lord Roberts's warning, all farms were fired within a radius of ten miles."

Another English war correspondent, Mr. C. Williams, in a message in the *London Morning Leader* of the same date wrote:

"A couple of Boers from 'way back,' as the Americans would say, fire at a military train, perfectly within their rights as warriors, and every farm house within ten miles in every direction is at once committed to the flames."

If one substitutes military lorry for military train the messages read like an ordinary every-day happening in England's war against the civil population of Ireland to-day.

In a letter to a friend in Sydney, written from Arundel on December 28, 1900, Trooper Bosley, of the 1st Australasian Horse, said:

"We have commandeered a large number of horses, sheep, and poultry. The boys kill the fowls by chasing them and running them through with lances."

The houses are beautifully furnished, lovely pianos and organs. The boys break up the organs and vehicles for firewood."

That sentence about the chasing and bayoneting of the fowl might apply to what at present are daily occurrences in agricultural Munster.

Here is a description by Mr. T. F. Millard, of the *London Daily Mail*, of the flight of the Boer women and children from their burned homes along the Vaal River:

"Huge wagons, drawn by full spons of trek oxen, piled high with farmhouse furniture, where perched wistful-eyed women and children, with frightened, tear-stained faces; past deserted houses, with wide-open doors and scattered belongings; past ambulances filled with groaning wounded. It was bitterly cold. The wind had a frost edge and cut to the quick. Thinly-clad women clasped their shivering babes."

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Save that sufficient furniture was not left our Irish women and children to be "piled high" on cattle wagons, that pictured scene might represent the flight of any one of the over a hundred Irish towns and villages to have been given to the flames during the last six months.

Yet another description which has a striking analogy to the "campaign" that British militarism is conducting in Ireland now is this, under date of May 8, 1900, in the special correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* and Colonel Mahon, Dry Harts Sidings:

"In ten miles we have burned no fewer than farmhouses; the wife watched from her sick husband bedside the burning of her house a hundred yards away. It seems as though a kind of domestic murder was being committed. The effect on the troops, are gratifying their feelings of hatred and revenge very bad. They swarm into the houses, looting, destroying, and filling the air with high-sounding cries of vengeance."

I might quote further, but these extracts are sufficient to show the parallel between what happened in South Africa a score of years ago and what is happening in Ireland to-day.

The Difference.

The difference between the two cases lies in the fact that in the Transvaal and Orange Free State the British Governmental and military authorities were quite frank, did not seek to shield themselves behind evasion, excuse the fiction of "soldiers running amok." The Boer population received "warning notices" as the Irish population are receiving them, but while the latter anonymous, or, at best, issued over "penny dreadful" signatures, the former were openly signed by the British Commander-in-Chief and his subordinates. Lord Roberts in his letter to General Botha, to which I referred last week, said:

"I have issued instructions that the Boer farms near a spot where an effort has been made to destroy railroad or to wreck the trains shall be burnt."

Here is another British military proclamation:

V. R.
PUBLIC NOTICE.

It is hereby notified for information that the men at present on commando belonging to farms in the Town and District of Krugersdorp surrender themselves and hand in their arms to the Imperial authorities by July 20, the whole of their property will be confiscated and their families turned out destitute and homeless."

By order,

G. H. M. RITCHIE,
Capt. K. Horse,
Dist. Supt. Police.

Krugersdorp, July 9, 1900.

Of this proclamation the *London Star*, in its issue of September 10, 1900, said:

"Things have gone so far that it is possible for a man with an English name and a captain's rank, and presumably he claims the title of gentleman, and a typical of his class that he was chosen to command a

populous district, to issue a proclamation threatening (1) to rob; (2) to evict the wives and children of the men who are fighting against us for their independence."

But here is worse still, and this from a Major-General:

NOTICE.

The town of Ventersburg has been cleared of supplies and partly burnt, and the farms in the vicinity destroyed, on account of the frequent attacks on the railway line in the neighbourhood. The Boer women and children who are left behind should apply to the Boer commandants for food, who will supply them unless they wish to see them starve. No supplies will be sent from the railway to the town.

(Signed)

BRUCE HAMILTON,
Major-General.

November 1, 1900.

The *London Morning Leader* (December 17, 1900), in a trenchant criticism of this proclamation, wrote:

"This for cold-blooded brutality and cruelty it would not be easy, even for the Turks, to beat. We destroy all the farmhouses, drive off all the stock, burn all the stores on the farms, 'clear 'em' and 'partly burn 'em' (which means that the church is not destroyed) the town of the district, and then tell the Boer women and children—who were annexed and declared to be British subjects months ago—that they should apply to the Boer commandants for food, who will supply them unless they wish to see them starve! And then we add that no supplies will be sent from the railway to the town."

I quote that comment, not so much because it is explanatory of General Bruce Hamilton's proclamations, as because it is typical of the conditions that, with the blockade added to the burnings and the lootings, the British Government is bringing about at present in Ireland.

British Government Accepted Responsibility.

This campaign of savagery in South Africa aroused indignation amongst a section of the English Press and public, and an effort was made to have the British Commander-in-Chief and his subordinates censured. It failed because (*Manchester Guardian*, December 15, 1900) in the British House of Commons in reply to Mr. Channing:

"Mr. Broderick said Her Majesty's Government had accepted full responsibility for all Lord Roberts's proclamations."

The Reason Why.

Why this campaign of savagery in violation of the articles of the Hague Convention, which I have cited and in contravention of every law of civilised warfare? General Botha, in his reply to Lord Roberts, quoted last week, assigned the reason. "I extremely regret to learn," he wrote, "that my barbarians and my own determination to persevere in the struggle for our independence is to be laid on our wives and children," and he concluded:

"I desire to give you assurance that nothing you may do to our women and children will deter us in continuing the struggle for our independence."

The late W. T. Stend confirmed this. Said he: "Because we cannot capture or kill the brave Boers who are fighting for their country, we have made war upon their wives and children. We have burned their houses

over their heads and driven them out without food or shelter on the wintry veldt. War is Hell, indeed, but it is the British Government that has let loose this Hell."

But, a critic might say, these are prejudiced views. Well, here is the view of the *London Times* special correspondent with a farm-burning party in the Orange Free State:

"The importance of the expedition lies wholly in the fact that in destroying houses and emptying a great farming region we have inflicted damage which the Boers appreciate more than the loss of many men in battle."

We have other evidence from the British Imperialist Press that this war on the women and children was resorted to with the object of compelling to surrender the men whom the mighty British Empire could neither capture nor utterly crush. The *London Daily Telegraph*—champion of the cause, said on October 17, 1900, complained existing horrors in Ireland—on October 17, 1900, complained that the Boers would "go on fighting so long as they have a bullet in their bandoliers," and urged that "all caught with arms in their hands" should "be shot without mercy."

The *London Standard* wrote: "We cannot keep a troop of horse outside each Boer farm, but we can show its occupants that he risks something more than his freedom, even his property, when he takes up arms against the Crown." The *London Morning Post* also advocated killing without mercy, and its colleague, the *Globe*, pleaded for the confiscation of all Boer property and the treatment of the members of the Boer Army as criminals. The *St. James's Gazette* outdid all its Imperial contemporaries. In an article on August 20, 1900, condemning Lord Roberts for leaving some Boer farms unburned, some women and children unreported, and having none of them murdered, it said:

"It would be better, and not less humane, to clear every district at once. The sympathies of the country people must be with their own countrymen. Besides, the Boers who are in arms will naturally treat all those who are found to aid us as traitors, and coercion will be set against coercion. In such a case the women and children are frequently employed to carry messages. Of course they must be included in the military measures and transported or DISPATCHED."

A perusal of these extracts from the more or less official British Governmental Press of the time removes any doubt as to the object of the war on the Boer women and children; with its burnings, its lootings, and its starvation. Having failed to break the determination for independence of the men, the British Government sought to bend them to its will by a campaign of savage atrocities on their homes, their women, and their children. The same British Government is carrying out the same uncivilised horrors in Ireland to-day, and FOR THE SAME REASON. AND IT WILL FAIL. Irishmen answer England to-day in the words of General Botha to Lord Roberts:

"NOTHING YOU MAY DO TO OUR WOMEN AND CHILDREN WILL DETER US IN CONTINUING THE STRUGGLE FOR OUR INDEPENDENCE."

Views of Mr. David Lloyd George.

A strong minority in England took a firm stand against this campaign of "reprisals" in South Africa, and one of the strongest of this strong minority was the Welsh M. P., Mr. David Lloyd George. In a debate on the atrocities in the British House of Commons on December 16, 1900, this Mr. David Lloyd George said:

"It was understood that we wish to impress the

Boers with the idea that we were a just people, but what justice was there in punishing one man for offences committed by others over whom he had no control? . . . The 'clearing of the country' was an even more serious matter than the burning of farms. . . . There must be 120,000 or 150,000 women and children in the two States, a very small proportion of whom were being fed by the British army. *It struck him that we were organising famine in South Africa.* (Hear, hear.) *He wondered how long humanity would stand this attack on women and children. How long would the civilised world tolerate it? The feeling of the people of Europe might one day become too strong for their rulers.* (Hear, hear.) If the war was prolonged and operations of this character continued, we should not only suffer the shame of these transactions, but might have to face the intervention of armed humanity."

These self-same operations are, in an aggravated form, being carried out in Ireland to-day. In South Africa homes only were looted and farms only burned. In Ireland over one hundred towns and villages have already been given to the flames, and shops and factories have been bombed and destroyed. In South Africa farm produce only was set on fire. In Ireland creameries have come in for special vengeance. Here, as in the Transvaal and Orange Free State, the British Government is "organising famine." Here or there it is making a wholesale "attack on women and children." With Mr. David Lloyd George it may well be asked: "How long will the civilised world tolerate it?"

Blaming "The Statesmen at Home."

In the course of a trenchant attack on the South African "reprisals" campaign delivered at Conway on December 28, 1900, Mr. David Lloyd George, after describing the campaign as "degrading and dishonourable for Britain," said:

"The British army had been engaged in denuding the country of cattle and sheep, and the houses of food supplies, and in burning farms. He made no charges against the British troops, who were carrying out orders. But he did blame the statesmen at home WHO MADE IT ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY THAT THE TROOPS SHOULD ENGAGE IN THIS WORK WHICH THEY LOATHED. He had seen letters from British officers who said they were disgusted with the work imposed upon them."

Substitute Ireland for South Africa and Mr. David Lloyd George's stigmatisation of the "statesmen at home" applies with equal force to-day.

"Not Fair Fighting" But "Degrading."

On New Year's Day, 1901, at a meeting at Cardiff, Mr. Ben Tilt proposed a motion protesting "against the disastrous and cruel policy of making war upon helpless women and children, and the wanton destruction of farms, and the devastation of the country by British troops." That motion was seconded by Mr. David Lloyd George, who said:

"The resolution was a pretty strong one, and should never be adopted if they had not facts to support it. It embodied a serious charge against the honour of this country. . . . We were devastating the country and making it a desert. The speaker quoted in support of this statement of the *Standard's* correspondent's description of the desolation wrought in the Orange River Colony. Another paper spoke of the charred and blackened country, devastated by the bad ruin of war, which has no

crumb for man nor a blade of grass for cattle." The ho member described the action of General Bruce Hamilton at Ventersburg when he burnt down houses, captured supplies, and referred the women and children to the Boers for food, as the most fiendish act that any ruffian could commit. "This was the higher civilisation that we were introducing into Africa. The Boers were not to be terrified in this way. We could not hunt them in the field. We could not capture them, though we cornered them regularly once a week. But we could let them know that unless they surrendered their wives and the children would die of starvation. That was not fair fighting; it was degrading. The people who talked Empire—oh, the honour of no Empire was safe in the keeping."

What a condemnation this of the British Government of to-day in its campaign against the civilian population of Ireland! What a comment, especially when it comes from the lips of Mr. David Lloyd George!

With one more extract from the speeches of Mr. David Lloyd George at this period, I finish. I make no comment on it. I only ask readers to remember what happened in South Africa, as I have outlined it, and compare it with what is happening in Ireland now. With this comparison in their minds, nothing but his own words will be necessary to drive home these sentences from an onslaught on Joseph Chamberlain made in a debate in the British House of Commons on July 25, 1900, by Mr. David Lloyd George. Said Mr. George:

"We went into the country (i.e., South Africa) in philanthropy, and we remained in it for four years (Opposition cheers.) The right hon. gentleman had made up his mind that the war would produce electioneering profit to his own side. He was in a hurry to go to the country before the facts were known. (Hear, hear.) He wanted judgment from the people in the very height and excitement of the fever. He wanted a verdict before discovery was made—upon censored news, suppressed despatches, and unpaid bills. The right hon. gentleman might not be a statesman but he was an expert electioneer, and in his desire to go to the country before the country fully realised what the war meant he was the one man who pronounced the deepest condemnation of his own proceedings."

P. S. O'FLANNAGAN

Democrats.

), not the Prussian conqueror has availed To make us slaves! Better indeed that he Had boud us from without! We had been free Within, and his victorious arms had failed.

To bend our spirit, and his might had pale Before unconquerable liberty! But this consenting to our tyranny Has conquered us, and slave-like we have hailed.

With cant of sacrifice, and sanctified. The more than Prussian bonds with which we're tied We are not free nor true. A craven race, Saying we fought for liberty, we lied, And, conquered by the foe we dared not face, We wear the Prussian livery of disgrace!

ONE OF THEM

New Play at the Abbey—and a Review

The worst of the many absurdities handed down by the great dramatists is the *deus ex machina*. Aeschylus and Sophocles, particularly, saw clearly enough that the world is not inevitable tragedy; they realised also that it was good crying about it. Unfortunately, however, the philosophers had laid it down as a canon of dramatic art that the populace had to see home from the play in their regularity once a week. But we could let them know that unless they surrendered their wives and the children would die of starvation. That was not fair fighting; it was degrading. The people who talked Empire—oh, the honour of no Empire was safe in the keeping."

That was all two thousand years ago. But up to half century ago, the *deus ex machina* could be forgiven to a dramatist. For Ibsen had not arisen. Ibsen wrote the action of which had all the inevitability that the best aesthetic philosophers practised of, and which the best dramatists never achieved. Shakespeare had, in one place, faced inevitable tragedy unflinchingly. But only he runs away from it in "Measure for Measure." He runs away from it in "The Winter's Tale." That is a great modern philosopher of aesthetics like Mr. Shaw classes all his serious plays, except Hamlet, as second rate, and that is why the author of "The Serf" must be charged with as unscrupulous a disregard for artistic truth as Shakespeare. A tyrannical priest, by use of his authority, succeeds in bringing about the downfall of an enthusiastic and competent schoolmaster. That is a worthy enough theme for tragedy. Tyranny and use of power are always bringing tragedy upon the unfortunate humanity. Mr. Morgan comes near to achieving tragedy—and then he suddenly runs away from it dragging in a friendly curate, a saintly bishop, and a far better new appointment under the latter. And "The Serf" proves to be no more than a drama of intrigue, of which the moral is to avoid tragedy by keeping on good terms with those in authority over possible adversaries. And philosophy enough! And it might be made into a stirring drama, but then the bishop's saintliness would lead rather and fuller treatment.

However, though he shied at ultimate tragedy, Mr. Morgan, up to the last five minutes, showed a mastery of art, that many a dramatist of great reputation might envy. He understands human beings, particularly Irish hagers, and his dialogue has almost perfect naturalness. He says almost, for there were occasional long sentences that are too well rounded off to suggest the speech of any class body of persons, unless it might be leader writers on the daily newspapers. It seems small praise to give Mr. Morgan five minutes at the end. Why, oh why, did he run away from his tragedy?

His actors served him well. Mr. Dolan did not allow himself to display the faintest involuntary sign of indignation at his wife's unseemly intrusion into the discussion of his visitors in Act I. Otherwise his performance was flawless. Miss Delany as Mrs. Dreannan was not as happily set as usual, but she played an unsuitable part (and at short notice, too), with a discretion that showed what an accomplished actress she is becoming. Even though the discriminating majority of her audience like it, however, it must be warned against an inclination to caricature Irish country people. They do mispronounce English (and the reproduction of their mispronunciations always makes an illusion more perfect), but not even the aspiring wife of

a village schoolmaster will go to the trouble of inventing mispronunciations like *absolutely*. About gesture as an art, too, Miss Delany has something to learn. In realistic acting, for instance, it is only very rarely that hands should remain outstretched for more than a fraction of a second, and fingers should not be fully extended. Mr. McCormick, on the other hand, is developing a continual tremble of the hands and fingers that becomes all the more irritating as he develops into a more and more masterly actor. Except for this exaggerated movement of his hands and fingers his Father Harold was magnificent. Smaller parts were admirably taken by Mr. Nolan as Mr. Gorznan in a part that gave him fewer opportunities than usual, Miss Craig, who seems to be making a beautiful specialty of maidenly ladies this season, and by Mr. Barry Fitzgerald, who, within his limits, is the most accomplished actor in the company.

Mr. St. John Ervine's "The Island of Saints and How to get Out of it" calls for little comment. Apparently it was written, like a *revue*, with a perfect awareness of the sort of audience it was to be played before. After a dull beginning there was some smart talk about Ireland, America, dollars, and dyspepsia. It was done full justice to by Miss Delany, Messrs. Nolan, McCormick, and Quinn. This new venture was followed by Mr. T. C. Murray's fine play, "Birthing," of which the most notable features were Mr. Nolan's excellent elder brother, and Miss Delany's Mrs. Morrissey. Here, Miss Delany's acting was exquisite and entirely perfect.

As to production, one is tempted to ask Mr. Robinson whether he really thinks that an Ulster housewife likes to make bread standing with her back to a wide-open door three feet away—it must be draughty; that the same man could have two such pictures side by side over his writing table as that awful Mary Magdalen, which is in the worst tradition of nineteenth century German art, and that charming and little reproduced *Fete Champetre* of Corot; and that a middle-aged woman in grief would go to call on her parish priest in a large picture hat and a skirt up to her knees. T.

Our Foreign Notes.

Warsare on British Encroachment in Afghanistan.

Simla, India, July 28.—Guerrilla warfare against invading British troops is being waged by Indian peoples on the North-western frontier bordering Afghanistan. The Indian warriors are composed of men from the Afridi, Mashud, Wazari, and Baluchi peoples, and are aided by Afghans who are bitterly hostile to the British Government since the last British war against Afghanistan. There has not yet been any settlement regarding Afghan-British relations. The constant encroachment and aggression of British troops on Afghan territory is charged by the Afghans. The frontier Indian peoples and the Afghans have resisted British troops at Lundi Kotel, Neshai, and other villages bordering Afghanistan. Not only were the British patrols of superior force defeated in one engagement, but about 1,000 war and pack camels are reported to have been captured by the Indians within the past month.

Would Deport India's Workingmen From America.

New York.—The deportation of all Indian workingmen in the United States is planned by the Washington Government, according to Press dispatches. Twenty-seven have already been deported from Ellis Island; and thirty-nine

more are being held for deportation. A committee of Indians has already been formed in New York to fight these deportations.

Mahrattas Boycotted for Pro-British Act.

Amritsar.—Holding that it is a treason against India and a crime against the Sikh Brotherhood to contribute to the Michael O'Dwyer Memorial Fund, a mass meeting of Sikhs in Gurdaspur unanimously decided to excommunicate His Highness the Maharaja of Patiala, a Sikh Prince. The meeting also decided not to pay taxes to the Government, but to use the money to help the suffering families of political prisoners.

Michael O'Dwyer is the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, and General Dyer's partner in the Amritsar massacre and other Punjab atrocities.

Gadar Party to Publish Revolutionary Magazine.

New York.—Press dispatches from California have announced the fact that the Hindusthan Gadar Party of San Francisco (5, Wood Street) is to publish the first Indian monthly in America that will stand for political, economic, social, and intellectual independence of India. Mr. Surendra Karr is to be the editor of this monthly, the first issue of which will be out in September.

Tagore Inspires the Women of India.

London.—In a statement just issued Rabindranath Tagore thus extends his sympathies to, and inspires the women of India: "The extent and nature of the sufferings borne by the women of the Punjab at the late outrage will never fully be known, and therefore will miss not merely reparation, but consolation of human sympathy. This makes us realise more clearly than ever before that it is the curse of our insignificance which is so apt to provoke brutality in the people who have the power to rule over us, and yet lack sympathetic imagination or natural bond of kinship. No iniquitous act individually matters so much as the permanent condition which makes it at all easy for any people to be ignored. Therefore I feel that the time has arrived when our women must come out of their obscurity. They must have the opportunity to enable them to find their voice, to make their presence felt, to stand before the world's tribunal claiming justice for their sons and brothers and themselves."

General Dyer to be Sued for Murder.

Amritsar.—As a protest against the British Hunter Committee's white-washing of the Amritsar massacre, Dr. Maniram, of this city, has decided to sue General Dyer and Sir Michael O'Dwyer for the murder of his fourteen-year-old lad, Madam Mohan. The suit is to be filed in London.

Indian Politicians Brutally Flogged.

Lahore, Punjab, India, July 28.—Political prisoners held in jails here under martial law are being mercilessly flogged and subjected to treatment not accorded to even the worst criminals according to disclosures made by the Lahore Tribune. Throughout India, as well as in the Punjab, there are numerous men of greater or less political importance imprisoned under martial law "convictions." The same autocracy obtains here as obtained in Tsarist Russia, the executive and judicial functions of the State being one, instead of separate. The Lahore Tribune makes public a telegram sent to-day to Government authorities making it clear that many innocent persons are still suffering

imprisonment and torture. The telegram reads in part: "The condition of martial law prisoners in Lahore is extremely miserable. . . . They have been mercilessly flogged for trivial causes. . . . Martial law victims, of a substantial majority of whom are absolutely innocent, treated even worse than ordinary criminals."

Indian Revolutionists Imprisoned in Andamans.

Calcutta, July 9.—(By Mail.)—Forty-five prisoners India are now imprisoned in Port Blair jail in the Andaman Islands, the Siberia of India, according to the announcements here. Of these, twelve are from Bengal, two from Bombay, three from the United Provinces, and more than twenty from the Punjab. These men were charged with revolutionary activities against the British Government in India, and have been in prison for many years. Although the British Government has proclaimed a social "amnesty," the men are still caged in the Andaman Islands because they love their country and refuse to submit to British authority. The Andamans are composed of a number of small, marshy, and unhealthy islands in the Bay of Bengal, about 1,000 miles off the East coast of India.

Russia to Free India by Breaking Up the British Empire.

London, August 24.—The Soviet delegation, which last night is preparing to leave London for Russia, has admitted that the departure of the delegation is tantamount to a declaration of war by Soviet Russia on Great Britain and the British Empire in the East.

Leo Kamenoff and Leonid Krassin, the Russian Emissaries, told Universal Service that they are leaving London by instruction of their Government. They expect to leave before the end of the week.

In discussing the decision to leave, Kamenoff said: "It is obvious, after Premier Lloyd George's statement in Lucerne, that our commercial mission here is ended. It is not to be denied that the Russian army is in full retreat, but the war in Poland is not over. The Soviet Government will never make peace with the Warsaw Government except on terms which guarantee the safety of Russia's exposed Western flank. Poland will be unable to effectively resist Russia. We will have plenty of time to reform our army and prepare to launch another offensive. Russia maintains that it does not want to deprive Poland of her independence or territorial integrity, but cannot consent to the existence of a menacing landlord army on the Western frontier." Kamenoff recognised the consequence of the dramatic decision to leave confronts Russia with openly declared hostility to England as well as France and Poland.

But he declared that as soon as Lloyd George agrees to aid Poland with the British navy and with mobilising the Soviet reply will be in preparation to march its army into India through Persia and Afghanistan, where, they expect to work already done in those countries, the door will open to the Russian armies.

Punjab Postmen's Strike.

Lahore, India.—While the main transportation routes of the Punjab is dislocated by the North Western Railway strike, the postmen of this province have gone on strike for higher wages and shorter hours.

The Government, however, looks upon this as a part of the revolutionary propaganda to prepare the ground for the ensuing conflict, to isolate the Punjab in such a way that the British may find it impossible even to get to this province when the Revolution begins.

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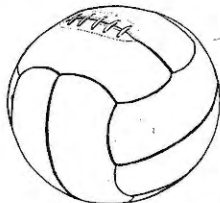
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India Trade Union Congress.

Bombay, July 21 (by mail).—After pledging their one penny wages to the starving railway strikers of the Punjab, representatives of workers in a mass meeting in Bombay, representing different industries, recently voted for an All-India Trade Union Congress to be held soon in this city. This Congress passed resolutions denouncing the attempt of the British Government to choose India's Labour representatives to the International Labour Conference. The Government nominates N. M. Joshi, but the Trade Unionists nominate Lala Lajpat Rai. The Revolutionists want Manabhai or Viendra Nath Chattopadhyaya. They hold that a Home Ruler like Lajpat Rai has no moral right to represent India, for he will debauch international public opinion and the preservation of the British Empire, is, directly or indirectly, consciously or unconsciously, an agent of the fish capitalists.



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A century ago Lord John Russell might well be sure that "the Ghabers were no doubt associated in the mind of Moore with the religion and the country" of Ireland. One of these Fire Worshipers speaks the mind of the poet:

"Yes—I am of that outcast few
To Iran and to vengeance true,
Who curse the hour your Arabs came
To desolate our shrines of fame,
And swear, before God's burning eye,
To break our country's chains or die.

Rebellion! foul, dishonouring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stained
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gained—
How many a spirit born to bless,
Hath sunk beneath that withering name,
Whom but a day's, an hour's success,
Had waited to eternal fame."

And Moore had been reading in *Les Guérras de Voltaire*, where another subject race speaks of itself under Rome:

"We're fighting for Rome, slaves, as we are. And that's the soldier's wretched lot to be a submissive murderer, and the destroyer of his own land, and his own home, at the bidding of some officer of a crown. . . . And our wives,

alas! and our infants; your daughter and my son, they've cast into unburning graves. Will Caesar give us those things most precious to us? Yet it is we who are guilty ones, in that we serve him, and obey him, and go in to him when he lit this monstrous pyre; and to the service of bloody laws offered our prostituted bravery and our mercenary arms.

And you, born amongst us Persians, and living the life of our nationality, you, O much-loved friend of my youth, to have to think of you as a Roman soldier!"

"I was weak; forgive me; the blindness of youth, it was, and its ignorance, and its mistakes; a mind always restless and a nature not able to refuse; then the opportunity being deceived—and, then, I was poor. . . . The poor man is nowhere free; in every land he must serve. . . . But hope nothing from Roman warriors. . . . Believe me when I tell you this, that the Romans keep but few of the promises."

BARRY (Dublin)—Feast of All Saints, 1920. Kevin Barry, aged 18 years, Non-commissioned officer, 1st Battalion Dublin Brigade, Irish Republican Army. Taken into custody by British Military Forces on September 2, 1920, and executed by the British Government at Mountjoy Prison, Dublin, on November 1, 1920. R.I.

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VOL. II. No. 40.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1920.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Terence Strikes the Great Blow.

When Joan of Arc was burned, an English eye-witness exclaimed, "We have ruined our cause in France." All that had happened hitherto had only shaken the supports of the English occupation in Ireland. Even the policy of outages might have given place to a policy of shrewd assuagement. But the murder of the Lord Mayor of Cork has made the dissolution of English government in Ireland inevitable. The death of Terence makes the real chasm between the two nations perfectly obvious to all eyes—to the world as well as to Irishmen. Seventy-five days of trial by hunger. The fight was to the finish. The finish has come, and where Terence did not falter to lead the Irish people will not hesitate to follow. The abyss has always existed between Ireland and England. Terence MacSwiney, by the fight of his sacrifice, makes the world of living men see vividly the depth, the length and breadth of that abyss. The mist of hypocrisy which covered that chasm is gone, thanks to the heroes of Ireland who have fallen since Easter 1916. The last great hero and martyr has finally cleared the way. We can hardly believe there will be an honest man left in Ireland who will talk of bridging the gulf by compromise. One but the most shameless Imperialist could now talk of a conciliation, a policy of give and take, or compromising on a basis of "inviting" Ireland inside the Empire. If there were any justice, mercy, or humanity in the rulers of that Empire, surely the unarmed, the sufferer, the heroic, the just would have found it. Terence has searched the hearts of English Imperialists, and found them evil. He searched the heart of the Empire, and found it wanting.

British Kultur is exposed to the world now. British Imperialism stands before the eyes of the world in all its naked repugnance. The burning of Joan of Arc was one of those decisive outrages of history—so, too, the death of Terence MacSwiney shall remain the landmark of an epoch. The whole world of civilisation cries out against his murderers. England has lost her prestige and honour. The world knows the truth now about Ireland.

Terence—Soldier—Murder Gang.

Terence MacSwiney died—"a soldier of the Irish Republic." Such was his last message to the Irish people. "Soldiers of the Irish Republic" are those who fight with armed force against England's tyranny here. Those are the people that the English Government calls the "murder gang." Terence MacSwiney was therefore a member of the so-called "murder gang" of Irishmen. Yet the whole nation and the clergy and layfolk alike pay the deepest respect in tribute to the dead. Why, then, do some allow the statement of the English Government to go with a sort of tacit admission? We regret that the answer is that there is so much severity to England left in our bones that the taunt of "murderers" passes unchallenged. Our respectable and professional classes are the worst in this respect. They use their education even to evade the right, courageous and patriotic attitude. The logic of MacSwiney's example leaves their selfishness untouched.

The Real Greatness of the Sacrifice.

The greatness of Terence's action depends on three things: The greatness of the cause—the cause of Ireland; the greatness of the enemy faced and beaten; the greatness of the sacrifice—an unheard-of fast of seventy-five days. We have yet to reap the whole harvest of victory. His example will lead men to any sacrifice. The blow he struck will demoralise much of the forces of the enemy. His action is the greatest propaganda for a small nation against a great tyrant ever achieved in history. The whole world pauses in wonder and respect, and then turns and spits on the British Empire. No Empire can stand long against the universal opprobrium of men. Terence has let loose the floodgates of the world's opprobrium upon the Pharisees of the British Empire—no wonder these whited sepulchres sought to desecrate his dead remains. Indeed, the treatment of the remains was obviously an act of blind passion. Defeated tyranny is an ugly monster—its description belongs to works on criminology. No comment can add to the public horror and the world's opprobrium.

Kevin Barry—like Casement and Emmett.

Kevin Barry, aged eighteen, a medical student of the National University of Ireland, but yesterday a schoolboy at Belvedere College, was hanged as a murderer. As a patriot he ranks with Roger Casement and Robert Emmett.

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The splendour of this young hero's character is enhanced by his refusal, under severe torture, to give any information as to his comrades. He was taken prisoner in action in King's Street. He went to the scaffold triumphantly, making his last farewell to his mother like a soldier. Erect, calm, standing to attention, he saluted as a last farewell to those he loved on earth. The effect of this outrage on Irish feeling will be exactly the opposite to that anticipated by his murderers. Instead of terrorising brave Irishmen this act will stir new sources of heroism and activity. Plain men, uninterested in politics, hitherto unmoved by any propaganda, are actually starting in horror at the treatment of Kevin Barry. But it is not causing the terror sought by the English militarists in this country. Repulsive not merely to Irishmen or patriots, but to plain men with the ordinary feelings of men. Coming hard upon the death of three hunger strikers, this characteristic deed of blood will hasten the inevitable end of British occupation in Ireland. What a death is Kevin Barry's! He has the fervent prayers of the whole Irish people to make joyful his way of sorrow. Not tears, but joy are his lot to-day. Another martyr in the cause of justice and true religion, he dies upon the feast of all the saints.

Nine Hunger Strikers in Cork.

There are still nine men on hunger-strike in Cork jail. They have now fasted some eighty days. Still they linger on between life and death, their limbs wilting away before life is extinct. The British Government will not bend to an act of justice. What will not bend must break. It has been pointed out that two of those dead have been sustained against them. What of it? Their real crime is love of Ireland and courage enough to show it. These men, some as young as Kevin Barry, some delicate, some together in jail by the chances of war, are all acting with amazing heroism. To those who can endure most—the victory! Here are a group of men taken at hap hazard from the rank and file of Irishmen, and they are all heroes. The world has never seen such long-drawn suffering. Other martyrs may have suffered more. But nothing quite like this episode of heroic hunger-striking has ever occurred in the whole history of persecution and martyrdom.

English Interference in American Elections.

England is making supreme efforts to secure a close friendship with America. She is spending enormous sums out of her public revenue for this purpose on the American Presidential campaign. To bring about this Entente, British politicians rely on the return of Cox and the democrats. It must be remembered that the Democratic Party has always been backed by the English and Anglo-Irish element. All that England's representative, Auckland Geddes, requires, therefore, is that the Wilson policy be continued towards that nation. Never in the history of the States has there been a Government in office so servile to the interests of England as Wilson's. The reason why England is spending so much upon helping the democrats is because everything for her depends upon an entente with America. For England, the next worst thing to going to war just now would be to have a hostile America. England owes America immense sums under War Loan. At present she receives lenient treatment in respect of interest. America's strength waxed; England's waned, England does not want war with America if it can be avoided. But an unfriendly America

will be a constant menace to England. It is against America alone that England holds England as a "strategic defence." There is no other Power within thousands of miles of England who could attack England through Ireland.

The Sane Policy.

Sanity with a modicum of honesty would have imposed the following policy on England: A fair and honourable friendship between England and America based on mutual recognition of an absolutely free Irish Republic. A friendly America is the only real protection England has from hostile attack—this is the real "strategic defence." The real strategic danger will be a hostile Ireland (be it militarily crushed or not crushed) with a growing hostile America behind her. If even now England would face the real facts and use human freedom instead of coercion, bloodshed, and tyranny as the bulwark of her State she could have perfect safety for her nation and an alliance with America. But the English Government is fixed in its ways of tyranny and dishonesty. English (not German or Bolshevik) gold is used to interfere with the internal affairs of America. The Irish question is dealt with by a propaganda of sheer lies. Where England to her own interest might be acting an honourable part with America and Ireland she prefers to act the crook, and with the crook's psychology she sees an enemy everywhere. Ireland is to be reconquered, as a strategic defence against America; that, translated into more militaristic language means Ireland is to be used as a point to attack from—a jumping-off ground to attack America in case of war. Thus the militarist mind works. Watch it. "Prepare for war that you may have peace." "Get your blow in first before the enemy grows too strong." America is growing too strong for England—then get Ireland ready for immediate war with America—hence the justification of pogroms, outrages, floggings, hanging, death by starvation, and even sacrifice in Ireland. Thus the militarist mind works. Woe to the nation that cannot restrain its militarist mind. Woe to the State whose Statecraft is built on the nightmare of militarism. From the assumption that all men's hands are against it, the militarist State proceeds to act as the enemy of all men. It thinks in terms of death and destruction only. On this principle of anti-human hatred England deals out death and destruction to Irishmen as a preliminary to war on America.

De Valera and the Elections.

The method of agitation adopted by Eamon de Valera, Frank P. Walsh, and the other Irishmen, in the States is in strong contrast to the underground methods of English politicians there. The English purchase the friendship of a party and pour out money to purchase votes. The Irish Republican leaders have scrupulously abstained from allowing Irish public money to be used to purchase votes. The Irish have abstained from interfering with the domestic politics of America, or in party politics. Eamon de Valera has addressed all the parties, and whilst urging the Irish claim upon all he has always refrained from advising the

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support of one party against another. At the cost of a break with some sturdy American friends of Ireland, the Irish leader has kept the Irish movement from becoming the tail of any American party. We have learnt from tragic and humiliating experience what it meant for the Irish party to be the tail of the Liberal Party in England. In America, the Irish Republican representative could not become a tail to the Democratic Party. In the struggle between Eamon de Valera and Judge Cohan, our leader has prevailed, and on the eve of the American elections it is quite obvious that the Irish are united in their support of Mr. de Valera.

In the Sight of the Unwise.

"The souls of the just are in the hands of God and the torment of malice shall not touch them; in the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, but they are in peace."—WISDOM III.

Michael Fitzgerald, Terence MacSwiney, Joseph Murphy: these three have passed strangely from amongst us. They were the chosen of the Paraclete of a just people which entered into them, sanctifying them. They have been made great beyond the greatness of men. Lowly, they have become the entombed of the world. Unknown, they have become names of invocation for many peoples. That which they have done has given grace back to the world, has pointed out God to many unbelievers. For their act is the testimony of mankind that man is made in the image and likeness of God.

To us these latest of our dead are more holy than any we have yet offered to the almost insatiable God of our

freedom. For their agony was as Christ's own agony. Seventy days these indomitable men fasted and prayed. Seventy days they lay stretched upon the cross. The mockers called to them, saying "If you are not murderers why should you not eat?" And women waited at the foot of these unflinching crucifixes dumb with an indescribable sorrow as the waxen candles which had lighted their souls burned themselves out. For it is this that is required of the mothers and lovers of men who oppose the iron and steel of an empire for justice sake.

But it is not our dead alone who are now great. The living are made holy by these things which have happened in their midst. As the crucifiers swing higher the barometers; as the scourgers bury the leader plug the despair; as the shouting soldiery fasten the thorns more firmly the strong die—but they give their strength to the weak. It is this gift by the dying of the power to die which makes an unarmed people unconquerable. We have lost many from amongst us who were unexpectably great. But we have gained many thousands who will be as great as they. The ideal which has slowly consumed the white flesh of these men is an everlasting ideal: and the people among whom the spirits of these men pass whispering the great secret of endurance is an everlasting people.

The Republic of Ireland is at this hour more securely founded than in any hour since its solemn declaration in the presence of the resurrected God in that Easter week of 1916. The enemies of our people—of all peoples—boast that "order is being restored," that "the measures recently taken are being successful," that "the more moderate sections of Sinn Féin are coming to their senses." These are but the repetitions of the phrase mumbled by unwise rulers when Christ was done to death. They are used by

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men who do not understand; men to whom justice is incomprehensible and Christ but a word for emphasis: By their own acts they have made the Republic of Ireland indestructible for all time. By their own acts they have made the meanest amongst us a soldier cherishing the thought of death. These enemies of mankind have taken from us most noble citizens and soldiers, but they have not been able to prevent the passing of the spirits of these, their victims, into the souls of a million men who still live. Michael Fitzgerald, Terence MacSwiney, Joseph Murphy have laid aside their allegiance to the Republic of Ireland. But only by this means of death could they have been got to surrender that allegiance. As with those who have passed into the great peace so with each of those whose considered ambition it is to follow them. England can destroy the Republic of Ireland by destroying the last of the citizens of that Republic. By other means than these there is for her no victory.

The independence of this our nation, has been achieved after seven hundred years of agony and blood, of naked starving people, of silent sorrowing women, of murdered chieftains, of smouldering homesteads, of fetid emigrant ships. Upon these innumerable sacrifices we have set up for honour the nationhood which God has given to our people for safe keeping. The toil and suffering of seven centuries has gone to the establishment of the Republic of Ireland. For its preservation and defence it will be even a more wonderful privilege to endure.

PROINNSIAS O GALLCROBHAIR.

To Terence.

Their captors laugh hyena-like and try
With snarl and spit to snatch their bit of meat
From the great dead who in their death defeat
Their gaolers' littleness, and so defy
With simple truth th' enthroned and armed lie:
All nations on the earth (but one!) do greet
These men who died for truth: and round their feet
The hosts of God shall kneel, and though they die
Their praise shall live on earth and they shall be
Holy for ever: for they did not fail,
And in their bondage kept their spirits free.
We shall not mourn them ever, nor bewail
Their cruel death, but, living, we shall hail
The conquering dead and sing their victory!

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Victory.

Written in a week of deep national sorrow, on the day which Ireland has chosen to take thought of the heroic deed and when many an Irish home is darkened by still more intimate griefs, there might seem to be some incongruity in the title of this article. Truly, as in ninety-eight, these are dark and evil days—but they are not hopeless days. No amount of overt frightfulness can obscure the fact that, after seven and a half centuries, Ireland has returned to the commonality of nations. English institutions have been supplanted by Irish institutions; Irishmen now think independently instead of thinking imperially; most astonishing of all, the Irish people have suddenly become aware that, not only is there an Irish language, but that there is no exceptional laryngeal obstacle to prevent human beings from speaking it. England still occupies the soil of Ireland—but a few years ago she occupied Ireland's soul. A few years ago a complete patriot was a freak. Every small town had about ten hundred-per-cent. Irishmen, who were variously regarded with pity, amusement, and dislike. But Ireland has since been redeemed. Ireland's vital existence no longer depends upon the rich and ready heroism of a select few. The difference between the sacrifice of Terence MacSwiney and previous manifestations of the Irish patriotic spirit is that, whereas others suffered for Ireland he suffered with Ireland. We are proud to think; he would have been proud to think, and to say, it implies no disparagement of his action, which was almost singular, that every Irishman and Irishwoman is potentially a Terence MacSwiney.

The country is at present displaying a spiritual strength and iron steadfastness which astonishes even those who are well informed of its best traditions. No people (it can be said without arrogance because it is so obviously true) can be defeated which has shown the determination of our people. If we compromised with British Imperialism or negotiated with England in any other way except as one Government with another, the world would quickly and rightly forget us. Then, indeed, Ireland would be a "domestic question"; but that is a possibility now so remote that it can be dismissed as dispassionately as an invasion of the earth by Martians.

The conscience of the world cannot allow the Irish people to perish by extermination, and the military party in England is working for nothing less. The British may retain possession of Ireland by the continued employment of "force, force without stint, force to the utmost," but ultimately they would destroy themselves as well as us, and it is the realisation of this that forces Asquith, Henderson, and other members of the governing class to recommend immediate evacuation. They speak ostensibly of military evacuation, but they realise in their hearts that the cessation of every British function and influence in Ireland is imminent. This is the last winter of the conquest, and though it may be one of the hardest, the New Year will see the accomplishment of all our hopes.

"The silk of the kine shall rest at last.

What drove her forth but the dragon fly?

In the Golden Vale she shall feed full fast.

With her mild gold horn and her slow dark eye.

JAMES CARTY.

For Young Ireland.

If you have, or are friendly with, any children, buy Teles of Ireland for Irish Children" for them. If not, buy them all the same, and read them yourself when no high-browed people are looking. If you must economise, mix the last two of the four parts. The first two you really could have.

Short stories they are, about the great figures and legends of Irish tradition and history from the days of the legendary Lady Cesair, Noah's contemporary, until the end of the last century. Well and simply expressed, and appropriately illustrated, they will give children who read them, hear them read, so attractive a glimpse into the treasure house of their country's tradition that they will certainly engage themselves for the voyage with a knowledge of their own language. They will, so to speak, learn to think Gaelically.

The illustrations, so important in a child's book, are admirable. Those to the traditional parts are done by George Monks, and portraying such things as "The Bard telling a Hero Story," "Patrick on Slaneah," and "A Irish war vessel, are exactly in the spirit of the text. The historical portions are chiefly illustrated by very clear reproductions of well-known pictures like "The Marriage of Strongbow and Eva" and "Interior of the Irish Parliament House." An excellent idea, this. It is unfortunate that the equally well-known "Interior of the G.P.O., Dublin, 1916," was not included, to illustrate the return of the heroic age.

One grumble we must have. Cuchulain is portrayed a hero of heroes and Brian Boru a holy man and a great dier, which is as it should be, but Lord Edward was a rebel "and Robert Emmet merely "rash," which is as

it certainly should not be. Antiquity seems to be essential to the respectability of anything Irish. Cuchulain was all very well, ancient Gael and all that sort of thing, don't you know, but that fellow Pearse—

But we must not judge Miss Bayne by too exacting a standard. She has done a fine work for Irish children, and so for Ireland. Compare her work with that of some of her predecessors. The wretched Whintley taught Irish children his famous doggerel about "a happy English child." Miss Bayne gives them "The Burial of King Cormac" and "The Weaving of the Green." We are getting on.

Messrs. Fallon have done their work well. Print, paper, and cover design are all good, and how they do it for the price we don't know. E. W. PROUD.

* By Marie Bayne. Fallon Bros. Ltd., Dublin, Belfast and Waterford. Part I., 6s.; Part II., 5s.; Part III., 6s.; Part IV., 6s.

Character in Nations and English Smugglers.

It is the misfortune of philosophical works that they are in too many instances the expression of partisan views with no loftier purpose than the aggrandisement of a certain class or nation. The charge once laid against Metaphysics that it is the attempt to find good reasons for what is believed on instinct can be brought with equal truth against kindred studies, and this is the more to be regretted since our actions as human beings in social intercourse are powerfully influenced by the leaders of thought whose function it is to clarify the intelligence of the community and direct its aspirations and activities into the way required by wisdom. At the present day there is an undoubted need for a thorough and impartial analysis of those strange mental

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and moral experiences which develop themselves when human beings unite in groups, be they only small, as in friendly gatherings, or large, as in political organisations, of indefinite extent, as in the joint conscious determination of a people engaged in a common cause as a nation. That the mysterious nature of these collective entities has not yet been fully explored is manifest from the diversity of views still expounded, and one of the most recent writings on the "Group Mind" by Dr. W. MacDougall, of Oxford, indicates how doctrines which are supposed to be obsolete still persevere in unexpected places. Even if the book makes no substantial contribution to knowledge it is useful as showing the mentality of the Imperialist culture at present predominant in England, bringing out into an open declaration the propositions on which rests the megalomania with which the English ruling classes are afflicted.

The main propositions, which are occasionally masked by a few qualifying phrases, can be summarised in a few sentences:

- (1) The English represent in the greatest purity the most independent branch of the Northern race.
- (2) There are great innate differences between races, and these may be, and in many cases have been, persistent through thousands of generations.
- (3) Even in intellectual quality there appear to be not only differences of degree, but also differences of kind inexplicable save as racial differences.
- (4) Each distinctive type of civilisation is a species evolved largely by selection; the selective agency is the innate mental constitution of the people.
- (5) Only those among whom the Northern race is predominant have developed individualistic forms of political and social organisation.

As against this assertion of the persistence of racial qualities we may recall the view of Ernest Renan, whose classic "Qu'est-ce qu'une Nation" is a gem of concise and original writing: "There is no pure race, and to rest politics on ethnographical analysis is to follow a chimera." A still more emphatic opinion was expressed by Max Müller: "Like the individual, a whole family, tribe, or race of men may in a very short time rise to the highest pitch of virtue and culture, and in the next generation sink to the lowest level of vice and brutality. A fixed national portrait is a vain thing, and all theories which derive these changing phenomena from an unchanging cause are utterly baseless." A writer of the last generation—Mr. W. D. Babinington—in his "Fallacies of Race Theories," refuted in anticipation much of what appears in Dr. MacDougall's volume, and it is singular that his powerful attack is not answered. In his volume some instructive historical data are gathered, and the claim to inherent English superiority can be tested by reference to a few of the authorities quoted. Pope Eugenius IV. said that "Englishmen were fit for anything, and to be preferred before other nations were it not for their weariness and unsettled lightness." In Starkey's "England in the Reign of Henry VIII." Pole says: "For this is a certain truth, that the popul of England is more given to idyl gluttony than any popul of the world; wch is, to all them that have experience of the manners of others, manifest and plain." Professor Rogers remarks that "Every writer during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries who makes his comments on the customs and practices of English life adverts to the profuseness of their diet and the extraordinary uncleanness of their habits and persons!" Addison makes a wealthy London citizen think it worth

while to record in his journal, as an event, the complete times a week on which he had changed to wash his face. A writer who preceded Babinington by many years, Friedrich List, in his detailed study of English commerce declared that "Those who seek for the fundamental cause of England's rise and progress in the blending of English and Saxon with the Norman blood, should first cast a glance on the condition of the country before the reign of Edward the First. Where were then the diligence and habits of thrift of the English nation?" List endeavours to show that the economic condition of a country is one of the most powerful influences on the character of its people, and this is simply a particular case of Babinington's argument that the blending of English characteristics which distinguish groups of men are mainly the results of the circumstances in which they have been placed and trained.

There are then two sharply opposed schools of thought one of which claims for inherited and innate qualities permanence which will endure through all circumstances. Incidentally this assumed superiority is held to justify placing lower in the scale. The other school, denying the existence of such innate and continuing qualities, as the determining influence to environment. It is of practical importance to ascertain how far historical and temporary racial developments support either of these views. Unfortunately the material for final conclusions has yet been impartially sifted. In the meantime, the every-observer who has found a short and easy method of settling question and, having no doubt that masked differences of between members of different nations, takes for granted these are due to causes beyond human control. Dead literature teem with typical men who serve as examples the whole of the nation to which they belong?

The possibility of differences of temperament, habit and mental outlook, as between members of each nation seldom kept in view. That this omission leads to periodic fallacy has yet to be realised. In our own country amongst our own people we have met with that despite the homogeneity which is the outcome of generations of teaching that business and money-making are unalienable the Irish temperament, and it has only been remedied by vigorous effort of a national will. Those who have opportunities for carefully watching the growing families of aliens in a strange land have seen, good reason to doubt have had well-known cases of foreign colonies remain free from admixture of native blood for several generations yet after that period they could scarcely be distinguished in character, appearance or manner from a true native.

On the other hand, the mere economic or physical advantages or hindrances which surround a people sometimes appear to produce quite opposite results. A proud state sometimes develops weakness and indolence other cases strength and activity. The making of a man in its mental and moral equipment is not to be traced to one or two causes and much closer and more complex inquiry are necessary before social scientists can speak with assurance. There seems, however, to be a certainty of one influence of a powerful and widespread kind is the collective mind; that elusive atmosphere of thought, emotions, beliefs, and habits generally which we share with the community in which we dwell. In our homes, among our various social groups this haunting formative power upon us; its origin reaching far back into the dim past when our people first came together into some distant

led and extended by the great minds of our race; and being retracted upon by each new generation, leaving for us to-day some heritage which is probably not the same as in the past, yet forms a further stage in the life-process of the collective group. Our ideals, our life, our turns of speech, ancient customs and folk-embody in a more or less appreciable expression this mind which makes us distinctively a nation. It has been affected by economic interest, by the community and sorrow, and by the blending of many relationships. Intercourse of people having similar sympathies helps to reach its full potentiality, but in the meantime claims of other nations to innate superiority can be safely ignored. Each nation has its own message, and the true priority lies in the faithfulness with which we adhere to work of making ourselves clear and courageous.

L. O'L.

Theology, Some Theologians and the Hunger Strike.

The Question of Moral Force Against Brute Violence is Before the Tribunal of Mankind.

The discussion which has been carried on in the newspapers during the last few weeks in regard to the morality of the "hunger-strike" gives evidence of a desire for correct theological teaching which can never be too highly commended.

There is one point, however, to which sufficient attention has not been paid, an omission to which the friends of Mayor MacSwiney may with all justice take exception; namely, the case for the Mayor both on its political and on its ethical side has not been stated fully and fairly. In order to form a just conception of the issues involved it must be borne in mind that a condition of war exists in Ireland and has existed for some time. The legally established government of Ireland, a government republican in form and resting on the freely expressed will of the people, a government *de jure* and *de facto* is hindered from exercising its legitimate functions by the presence on Irish soil of the military forces of a foreign power. The administration of the government of the Republic of Ireland is interfered with, its responsible heads are seized and imprisoned, exiled or sentenced to death. The officials of the Irish Republic know that the struggle they are carrying on against England is an unequal but not a hopeless one. It is a struggle between physical force and moral force. On one side are all the resources of a great militaristic state, a state filled with imperialistic ambition and the lust of war; on the other side the moral strength of a great people determined to be free. The conflict can end only when the military forces of the invading power are withdrawn or when the moral force of the Irish people is shattered and destroyed. Any weakening or any

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diminution of the moral resistance of the Irish people is a victory for England as decisive as the defeat or the destruction of England's army of occupation would be for Ireland. Ireland's armament is moral; England's is material. The moral considerations on which Ireland's claim to national existence rest are now, unhappily, closely bound up with the moral power of Terence MacSwiney to resist physical force.

The case of Ireland and that of Terence MacSwiney may have few parallels in history; the struggle of the Irish people may be unequal, though not hopeless; but the Irish people are at the present moment the foremost defenders of the modern principle of civilisation. The Irish people, in spite of the odds against them, are giving heroic expression to the doctrine enunciated by President Wilson, in New York, on September 27, 1918, and concurred in by the entire civilized world as a condition essential to permanent peace. The President asked: "Shall peoples be ruled and dominated in their own internal affairs by arbitrary and irresponsible force or by their own will and choice?"

At the present moment Lord Mayor MacSwiney is the embodiment of that moral thing, the will of the Irish people. His slender form is pitted against that other thing, hideous and infernal, from which the world sought escape through the fiery ordeal of war, arbitrary and irresponsible force embodied in the armed bands of murderers loosed on the defenceless people of Ireland by English officialdom. Were the choice his, he would no doubt prefer to meet these Janizaries sword in hand, he would gladly risk his life in open combat; but he employs the only weapon at his disposal, the weapon of the spirit. We may be permitted to ask what reply Father Vaughan has to offer in the case where a man sacrifices conviction for profit, when he places his own life above that of his fellows, or when he seeks ease and comfort through the betrayal of his country? That man has read the history of the Catholic Church to little advantage who is at a loss for a reply.

One of those persons who joined the ranks of Mayor MacSwiney's accusers sought an argument to bolster up his position by asking: "Why is it that we nowhere read of St. Peter or St. Paul or any of the thousands upon thousands of Christian martyrs ever having gone on hunger strike?" A question of this kind exhibits as much sense of historic values as if one were to ask whether the early Christians had been victims of rifle fire and hand-grenades or if their homes had been wrecked by bombs thrown by bands of armed ruffians from armoured automobiles. The alternative presented to Lord Mayor MacSwiney in the fullest sense the same alternative presented to every Christian who was brought before a pagan tribunal in imperial Rome. To the pagan mind, persistence in confessing Christ, when denial would have meant release, was suicide, pure and simple. Tertullian tells us that, "when Arius Antoninus was driving things hard in Asia, all the Christians of the province, in one united band, presented themselves before his judgment seat; on which, ordering a few to be led forth to execution, he said to the rest, 'O miserable men, if you wish to die, you have precipices or halters.'"

How Father Vaughan and Doctor MacCabe would have waggled their heads in approval of the Roman magistrate's dictum, and how they would have cried out against those suicidally-minded Christians! In fact it may seriously be

questioned whether the pagans of old did not have a better understanding of the Christian attitude on the subject of hunger-strike than some who, in modern times, set themselves up as the authorised interpreters of Christian moral teaching. Eusebius relates that the Emperor Maximianus, ordering among other things that "the things for sale in the market should be polluted with libations from the sacrifices. In other words the action of the Emperor gave the Christian the choice between apostasy or a general hunger-strike. What their answer was is clear from scores of incidents. To mention one among countless instances of the many in which the followers of Christ preferred voluntary self-immolation to the surrender of their faith, let us take the case of the Forty Martyrs of Sebaste.

"According to St. Basil, forty soldiers who had openly confessed themselves Christians were condemned by the Prefect to be exposed naked upon a frozen pond near Sebaste on a bitterly cold night, that they might freeze to death. Among the confessors one yielded and, leaving his companions, sought the warm baths near the lake which had been prepared for any who might prove inconstant. One of the guards set to watch over the martyrs beheld at that moment a supernatural brilliancy overshadowing them and at once proclaimed himself a Christian, threw off his garments, and placed himself beside the thirty-nine soldiers. Thus the number of forty remained complete. A snow-break, the stiffened bodies of the confessors, which showed signs of life, were burned and the ashes cast into a river. The Christians, however, collected the precious remains, and the relics were distributed throughout the cities; in this way the veneration paid to the Forty Martyrs became widespread, and numerous churches were erected in their honour." Had Father Bernard Vaughan passed that way the night these martyrs were dying of exposure a seen the easy and sure means provided for their escape from the warm baths and shelter, he would, no doubt, have advised them to do so. His Philadelphia congener, in the same circumstances, would have added another chill to the enthusiasm of the confessors by an inane vaticination. He does in the case of the Lord Mayor. He might have addressed them in the words with which he pooh-poohed the sacrifice of the heroic Irishman: "The alleged god-effects appear to me to be greatly exaggerated, if not altogether imaginary. Outside of enthusiastic Catechuminate and Christian circles, there is reason, I think, to fear that the effect will be the reverse of what ardent confessors are led to believe."

Lord Mayor MacSwiney, dying in Brixton prison a martyr to the cause of freedom and Ireland, is doing as would have done in the lake at Sebaste had his faith been at stake. He would have died, then as he is dying now, at the taunt of the pagan would have deterred him as he is deterred from his duty as that of the priest; the blandishments of the sophistry of the magistrates, as little as those of Monsignor in Philadelphia or in Washington.

In speaking so glibly as they have done about this matter of some, some of the theologians who have condemned Lord Mayor MacSwiney seems to have taken the trouble to think out what suicide really is. Suicide is the direct killing of one's self. But in order that any moral depravity may

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attach to the act is necessary, theologians say, that "the slaying must be done by one's own authority." Public authority has always demanded the right to order an individual to place himself in a position from which there is no escape. If the duly constituted authority in Ireland is satisfied that Lord Mayor MacSwiney's action is conducive to the life of his country who can deny that it has the right to demand from him this sacrifice? If he is undergoing the tortures of starvation in his prison with the assent of President De Valera, is he doing more than the humblest soldier who is assigned to rearguard action, as the Irish soldiers of the Irish regiments were assigned in the English retreat in the Balkan campaign. It was certain death for those Irish lads to save the fleeing Englishmen, but there was no outcry that they were guilty of suicide or unworthy of the sacraments for having done so. The utility and the dishonesty of raising a question regarding the morality of Mayor MacSwiney's courageous refusal to take food is all the more objectionable because manuals of Catholic Morals have been in circulation for years in which such questions have been discussed apart from political bias, and in which voluntary self-immolation in certain circumstances is said to be entirely in accordance with Catholic morals.

In a work entitled "Moral Briefs," published in 1904 with ecclesiastical authority, the Reverend John H. Stapleton expounds the teaching of the Church as follows: "To preserve sure death, to escape from grave danger or ills, to preserve one's virtue, to save another's life, to assure a great public benefit, etc., these are reasons proportionate to the evil of risking life; and in these and similar cases, if death results, it is indirect suicide, and is in no wise criminal." No protests were raised against the publication of this book by that astute watch-dog of Catholic orthodoxy, the Reverend Luke MacCabe, or the inconsequential Monsignor Thomas. The theological shallowness which causes them to raise their voices at this time is less surprising than the stupidity which caused them to walk with open eyes into such a clumsily baited trap of English propaganda as this attempt to create dissension about a matter of theology while the English themselves are proceeding systematically with their campaign of official murder.

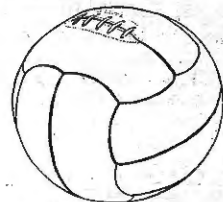
The case of MacSwiney is the acid test by which "the plain-people everywhere" are to learn whether they are to live for the future under the regime of force or under a dispensation with purely moral sanctions; the case of Ireland is the test-case of the sincerity of the nations of the Entente that they fought Germany to end militarism and to crush force. Mayor MacSwiney and those who believe in him and trust in him, may be wrong in their conviction that moral force will ultimately triumph over brute force; that un-

finching adherence to the principles of liberty will destroy the savagery of ruthless war; but this, at least, must be admitted—Mayor MacSwiney does not hesitate to die for his convictions. His life, the lives and the liberties of his people, are at stake, and it is a desecration, an act of unmitigated potherooney, to attempt to measure his motives or to judge his deeds by the mean standards of the legalist or the unworthy quibbling of the sophist. Mayor MacSwiney's appeal is to a larger tribunal—the conscience of mankind.

In conclusion, it may not be amiss to inquire how the tender moral susceptibilities of the Reverend Bernard Vaughan, The Right Reverend Luke MacCabe, and The Right Reverend C. F. Thomas react to the English pogroms in Ireland.

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LOCAL GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENT.

An inquiry on oath was recently held into a question of administration in the Limerick District Asylum by one of the Department Inspectors, and an order subsequently issued by the Department was put into operation.

In pursuance of a Decree of An Dail issued to Local Authorities dealing *inter alia* with reform and economies in the Poor Law system, a representative Conference of Local Bodies of the County of Clare was recently held to consider what workhouses could be abolished. A recommendation was submitted to the Local Government Department.

Representative bodies of County Cork made definite recommendations on amalgamation of Workhouses and the proposed closing down of some District Hospitals. Matters regarding the Pooling of Contracts, withholding of payments to persons acting for the British Government, etc., were referred to the various local bodies to be put into operation.

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DEPARTMENT OF LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

Dail Eireann Local Government Department Inspector held an inquiry—on oath—into a matter affecting the

position of engineer to the Claremorris Rural District Council.

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Kevin Barry.

By Miss McADAM.

Dead in the flower of youth, the latest martyr and the most pitiful. Men have died hard deaths, sustained by their own wisdom, their understanding of the relative values of things, knowing that justice outweighs all else. Young Kevin Barry—what did he know? Life was still a mystery—fragrant, beautiful opening flower it is at eighteen, disillusion comes only later. He had to choose between a thousand dimly-guzzled joys, the glorious adventure of the sea and the dark unknown ways of death, or, at best, the prison cell, where the bud of youth would wilt and never come to blossom. He gave his heart, his young, warm heart, an ideal, to the freeing of Ireland. He said England had no right here, no claim. Ah, it is easy to say so. The impetuous lips of youth say many grand, brave things, but stand by it—to seal the compact with one's own blood—that is the bitter test. Did the young eyes that looked on each flash, did trembling lips reflect and the defiant proud and bow? No. Facing his captors, he denied their right to try him. How proud the words of the young lips! He was a soldier, the things he had done were acts of war, he told the British court. Tortured, he would not reveal the names of his companions. The murderer's death was given him—a soldier. Tensely we have watched the progress of the tragedy, and prayed that the bullet of a comrade might spare him. But it was not so. England was allowed to spare herself. This time there is no redemption. Since again Rome burned youths and maidens no such crime has

been committed. The boy was crimeless—utterly, absolutely. He fought for his country as Englishmen fought in the false-prelences war. Even as Joan of Arc is a name to make England blush to-day, so shall the name of Kevin Barry bring shame to English brows—to-morrow—if there be a to-morrow. A political prisoner hanged as a criminal, a man hung for a political offence, and one not even proved at that—a boy whose youth would have won him a reprieve were he a criminal who had done a brutal murder. The blood-just is on England. It is one of the signs. Rome fed on blood and crashed to earth, smashed to atoms. Nero hung a careless wretch to a slave that the killings might commence. Lloyd George yawns "no reprieve" through the telephone. It is the same in essence. Blood-thirsty, blood-guilty, both men, both empires. The British Empire shall end as did the Roman one. . . . Kevin Barry, great peace be yours. Your spirit as it passed to the Great Beyond whispered the message. England is in dotage, England offers human sacrifice to the great god Hale. It is a sign of the end. . . . Horror-stricken, we are dumb in our sorrow. Words cannot tell what you are to us, boy martyr. Rest in peace.

Tir Na n—Og.

Kneel, child readers, and reverently, sorrowfully, send a prayer to God for the happiness of a young soul that has gone through Death's gates. He was not much more than a child, poor, young Kevin Barry. At sixteen he stood before a British court, charged with striking a blow at England's might. He was captured after an attack by Volunteers on a military lorry, and he was sentenced—not to the clean soldier's death by shooting, but to the death that is given the murderer. Kevin Barry was sentenced to be hanged. Defiant to the last, he refused to plead. England's law had no claim on him, he had no respect for it. Have you seen the newspaper pictures of him? A sweet-humoured boyish face, with frank eyes. He would have been a strong and handsome man—keep it, children, love it. Love this boy who died for us. Yes, died for us. A brutal murderer who, for the sake of gold, would beat an old woman to death, might be allowed to live on account of his youth, but Kevin Barry, whose crime was too great a love for Ireland, a love that did not grudge life itself, was put to death. Oh, black, black shame on England. Can such a country prosper? No, its punishment is at hand. England will suffer, and with it all those who stand by such acts. Is there a child who will not cry over the boy who met such a death so valiantly? There were always heroes in Ireland. There are many to-day, and Kevin Barry is one of them. Perhaps he is the greatest, this, our boy martyr, who left life and laughter behind and faced that bitter, bitter death, and he so young—at eighteen—oh, the pity of it—at eighteen, when the world lies before us in sunshine, when life's first calls come sweetly to us, like the Pipes of Pan,

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luring, luring. And Kevin straightened his young shoulders, set the boyish lips firmly, and met his death. Nor was he afraid even with the hand of England heavy on him, to stand up for fair play and justice! Even in his prison cell, he was not afraid to tell that he had been tortured in jail by England's servants. They wanted to force him to tell the names of his comrades. He would not speak. He suffered the pain. He died still silent. Oh, boy martyr, spirit of the Young Ireland. Staunch, true, God-loving. There was One, a Warrior, Who fought to win men's souls from slavery. They gave Him a shameful death. Be sure that Kevin Barry thought of Him, and in the thought found courage to die on England's gallows. Children, here is your light. Follow Kevin Barry, fight as he fought; if called on, die as he died. Never draw back. Never fear. Girls and boys, these are dark days. No one knows what to-morrow may bring. It will hold death for some perhaps. It matters not; the fight must go on, on, on, till the Judgment Day if free-slavery is dead. The rope that choked the life from Kevin Barry will yet choke England. May the poor old woman live to see the day. Here is your promise:

Oh, young, pure, white body,
Mangled in death,
Oh, white soul that sped
With the last tortured breath.
Till you join once again
In a life far more fair,
As rebels to live,
By you do we swear.

Preston and Lord Mayor MacSwiney.

On Sunday last (October 31) the Irish men and women of Preston, wearing their colours, went in procession to hear Mass for the repose of the soul of the late Lord Mayor of Cork (Alderman MacSwiney).

The Holy Sacrifice was celebrated at St. Augustine's Church, Frenchwood, by the Rev. Fr. McKenna, a congregation of something like one thousand being present. After Mass, the celebrant said the "De Profundis" and prayed for the deceased Lord Mayor, the congregation responding. As the celebrant left the altar the organ, played by Mr. T. Dunderdale, pealed forth the solemn tune, the "Dead March" in Saul, the people standing to attention in silent respect.

The procession then returned along the main streets of the town to the Branch Rooms of the I.S.D.L. in Lancaster Road.

On Tuesday the Feast of All Souls, a Requiem Mass for the dead Lord Mayor, was celebrated by the Rev. Fr. McKenna at the above church. After Mass, the celebrant, assisted by the parish priest, the Very Rev. Canon Cosgrave, M.R.V.F., gave the "Absolutions" over a catafalque placed in the church. The members of the I.S.D.L. again attended, and the ceremonies were carried out without any hitch or disturbance.

After Terence MacSwiney.

"To those who can endure most—the victory."
The Cork hunger-strikers to-day enter upon the 36th day of their fast.

The nuns say they never thought the human body could be reduced to such a terrible state of emaciation, and, referring principally to young Sean Hennessy, who is one of the worst cases, they say the ordinary conception of a human skeleton is not attainable in comparison. Sean Crowley has fallen away greatly in the last few days, and Bourke also among the worst cases.

O'Reilly's condition is very low; and his sister was crying bitterly when she left the prison yesterday.

This is the simple communique in the daily Press of 14 Saturday. By the time this issue of our journal appears a period of suffering for these men shall have mounted up ninety-five days. The sufferings of these heroes have become part of the very consciousness of the Irish race to-day. Whatever may, their sufferings shall remain part of the heritage of Irish traditions which shall remain for all time. Does Lloyd George relish having nine living corpses in custody?

Sonnet.

Here all things minister to the thought of you;
The friendly hollow where we used to sit,
This darkening ward of bugios and hawkspit,
That was our couch; the eyebright, quenched in dew.

That watched our wanderings, drenched what I did
Sitting alone; the querulous pee-wit,
The chattering grouse, the very bats that fit
In vague eclipses on the starless blue,

Tell of the moors wherein we harvested
Ripe hours of idleness among the gorse.
High up are cattle standing motionless
Black on the ridge; and here a shaggy horse,
Wild as a Valkyrie steed, flings up his head,
And stares to see me go companionless.

PHILINT.

All Hallows' Day.

"With broken thoughts we beat upon the gate
Of stony death, dumb and uncomforted,
While all around us hushed, compassionate
Of our strange woe, the young, triumphant dead."
DOROTHY MACARDLE.

73, St. Stephen's Green.

CORK UNION.

WARDSMAID WANTED.

The Guardians of the above-named Union will, Thursday, the 17th November, 1920, up to the hour of the o'clock p.m., receive in the Tender Box, Boardroom, Workhouse, applications for the office of Wardsmaid. Salary office is £50 a year. Rations and apartment, fire, light, and laundry will be also allowed. The person who will be appointed will be required to satisfy the Guardians of competency to cut and superintend making of Garms. The appointment will be probationary for period of 12 months. Age of candidates to be from 25 to 30 years. Preference will be given to an Irish speaker.

JOHN COTTER, Clerk of Union.

Panegyric on Terence MacSwiney.

Delivered by Father Lishan, at the Graves of the Manchester Martyrs, Manchester, on Sunday, October 31, 1920.

The sacred character of the place in which we are assembled, the solemnity of the occasion, the heroism of the death we are lamenting, and the sanctity of the principles we are vindicating, invest this vast concourse with a meaning that may not be misinterpreted, and with a purpose that must not remain unfulfilled.

To speak to you to-day of Terence MacSwiney is to speak of no ordinary man—not even of an illustrious Irishman—but to speak of him is to speak of a martyr whose living faith we share, whose ardent hope we cherish, and whose burning love we feel. We have not foregathered here merely to pay homage to the immortal spirit of Terence MacSwiney, but we have assembled to renew our adhesion to the national faith of this grand and noble man. We have come, as it were, unto a new regeneration—to a new baptism in the living, purifying, crystal stream of Irish nationality. We have come to establish contact with the unconquerable spirit that the callous inhumanity of Brixton could not bend or intimidate—to enrich ourselves with its valour, its purity, and its grandeur, so that from this place of death we may go forth braced to continue the struggle with a resurrection of patriotic grace in our souls.

"Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice's sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Men who suffer for the sake of justice are called blessed, because persecution separates them and makes them beings apart from the unjust and the ungodly; because it makes them kinsmen of the Christ of Calvary; because to per-

severe in suffering rather than deny God's law or the rights attaching to the order He has established must inevitably end in martyrdom—and in this, Saint Ambrose says, is the crown of the Blessed. I am not asking you to venerate Terence MacSwiney as a saint or a martyr as we understand the expression in its strict theological meaning; but I do ask you to venerate him as a brave Irish soldier who gave his life in defence of his country's honour, and in vindication of violated justice; to keep his memory in hallowed benediction as the memory of a man who reached the highest degree of charity in defending the rights and liberties of the Irish Republic and those of all its citizens; and whilst thus revering his heroism and rendering homage to the sanctity of his sufferings and death we may rest assured that the God of justice will have crowned him with the glory of His elect.

When Terence MacSwiney succeeded to the post vacated by the murder of his predecessor, Thomas Mac Curtain, he gave utterance to words in which we catch a glimpse of the intellectual intensity, the ardent patriotism, and the sacred idealism with which his noble soul was endowed. On that solemn occasion he spoke these solemn words: "The liberty for which we to-day strive is a sacred thing, inseparably combined with that spiritual liberty for which the Saviour of Man died, and which is the inspiration and foundation of all just government. Because it is sacred, and death for it is akin to the Sacrifice of Calvary, following far off, but constant to, that Divine example, in every generation our best and bravest have died. Sometimes in our grief we cry out foolish and unthinking words, 'our sacrifice is too great.' But it is because they were our best and bravest they had to die. No lesser sacrifice would have availed us. Because of it our struggle is holy, our battle is sanc-

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lified by their blood, and our victory is assured by their martyrdom.

In these sublime words are enshrined the ideals of Irish nationality, the duties of patriotism and the hopes of Ireland's ultimate triumph as a sovereign independent State. To Terence MacSwiney patriotism was not what his oppressors would have defined it, but what the religion of Jesus Christ has made it—a positive law founded on the eternal laws of God's justice and clarity. To him its violation was something more than the denial of words spoken by European statesmen in the hour of their danger: to him it was a profanation and a sacrilege. Against this sacrilege his manly soul revolted, and to make that revolt more perfect his body concurred, and thus his hunger strike became an act of heroic virtue. He availed himself of the hunger strike because, like the perfect martyr, he refused to co-operate, either in mind or in body, with a system of tyranny that strikes at the very roots of human liberty.

When Englishmen speak flippantly of this noble-hearted, high-souled Irish patriot as a suicide, they had better remember that in the catalogue of crime tyranny is defined as a very grievous mortal sin: that the tyranny and oppression of Governments are far greater crimes than the alleged dissipation of subjects. When the people of an oppressed nation assist the principle whereon is built the structure of all civilised Governments, and combine together to dethrone a regime of tyranny that is the very negation of civilisation, they are not committing crime—they are not guilty of sin—they are doing an act of virtue. Ireland is asserting this fundamental principle of government to-day, and the energies and activities of her people are being channeled in blood and terrorism by the bayonets of British soldiery. The Irish people, exercising their God-given right to independence, have established an Irish Republic as the concrete expression of the will and aspirations of the nation: they have constituted Dail Eireann their lawful Government, and have empowered it to enforce its mandates on and receive the allegiance of all who claim and exercise the rights and privileges of Irish citizenship. This solemn decision of the Irish people makes every other form of government operating in the land not only oppressive but tyrannical, criminal, and sinful. The authority of the Irish Republic is consecrated by the consent of the Irish people, wherefrom it derives the power to govern; the authority of the English Government is desecrated by brute force, wherefrom tyranny derives its sanction. Terence MacSwiney has been done to death because he represented the will and aspirations of the Irish people and used his powers to smash the machinery that is holding them in thralldom. He was persecuted for justice' sake—he was persecuted whilst executing an act of virtue.

Nevertheless, it is not entrapt in the gloom of Calvary, but radiant with the effulgence of Thabor, that we to-day visualise the ideal for which MacSwiney died. The great heart of the Irish race beats not to-day in unison with the mournful strains of the "Miserere" but in joyous harmony with the exultant notes of the Magnificat. We stand not here in sadness, but in exaltation of spirit that the steadfast fortitude of Terence MacSwiney is the symbol of Ireland's unshattered honour—of her indomitable courage—of her age-long sufferings for the indestructible things embodied in the concept of nationality—Faith, Liberty, Truth, and Justice! If England thinks she has trampled out these things in his death, we tell her that tens of thousands have already risen to take his place; if England thinks she can

placate with a compromise the inheritors of his ideals, she must have forgotten—or never known—that from the blood of martyrs, from the graves of patriots, spring not provinces nor colonies, but living nations. We tell her that where she mouths liberty on her empire-building mission the people of MacSwiney will haunt her, and some day, when she least expects, will wreak upon her the wrath and vengeance of outraged humanity. Were it not for men of the heroic mould of Terence MacSwiney, the rising generation of Irish men would lose the traditions of patriotism—would, in the inspiration that nerved the men, from whom those traditions are inherited, to defy the oppressor with the challenge that has come down the ages: "Our bodies you may crush, our souls you may rend, but our spirits you will never subdue." With those of Tone, Mitchell, O'Donovan-Rose, Pearse, and Connolly the name of MacSwiney will be inscribed in the litany of Ireland's patriot dead, his name will echo in the council chambers of civilised Government, the callous barbarity of British tyranny; it will go forth to the world an S.O.S. from the one white nation that is now being menaced with shipwreck in the torrent of human slavery.

In this hallowed ground, sacred to the dead, we should pay mock homage to the virtue of Christian charity were we to leave unrecorded our hatred of tyranny and our determination to overthrow it. In unmeasured words we unreservedly condemn as criminal the usurping authority of England that has robbed the Irish Republic of its best intellect, this brave heart, and this clean mind. Nevertheless, tuning our voices to the highest pitch of exaltation and pride, we reverently salute the remains of this gallant Irish Volunteer, and we rejoice that his unconquerable spirit is free. We solemnly dedicate the activities of our minds, and the love of our hearts, to the sacred ideal upon which the heroic suffering and noble death of this splendid soldier have shed such lustre and renown. We publicly proclaim ourselves, as he did, unrepentant, uncompromising Irish Republicans. We leave this place of mourning not as those who have no hope, but we leave it fully confident that the bright light of God's justice will shine perpetually upon his soul: that His strong right arm will protect the cause for which he died; and that those who follow after him will not blaspheme that sacred cause. We who have never surrendered our faith in the justice of God will not abandon the hope that Ireland will enjoy the fullest thereof in the ultimate recognition of the Irish Republic. To abandon that hope is to admit that the foundations of human liberty have passed away—that civilisation has denied the existence of God.

That these solemn proceedings may be terminated in a fitting manner, we shall summon from the realm of eternity the ghost of another patriot martyr—the ghost of Thomas McDonagh—and we shall ask him to sound the Last Post over Terence MacSwiney:

"Grieve not for him; speak not a word of sorrow; Although his eyes saw not his country's glory, The service of his day shall make our morrow, His name shall be a watchword in our story."

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The Lord Mayor's Show.

London has its yearly pageant of tinsel, tawdry, and unified mammonism at the installation of its chief magistrate, a procession of civic solidities whose ignorance is witnessed of a Lord Mayor's show unparalleled in the story of their city, and of a spectacle which made history all time, and the cause of which stands out as another stone on the ever-shortening road leading to the nation of their Empire.

It was an honour, proud but painful, to make one of the delegation from the Scottish National League who had the privilege to walk behind all that was mortal of Tairdealach MacSibhne through the chief city of the foes of our own Gaelic race. The night before, as I reverently laid wreath from my Scottish comrades in St. George's Cathedral, I and they who were with me, for ourselves, and those we represented, registered before high Heaven a prayer of increased endeavour and intensive activity against power devilish and malignant which stands for every anti-Christian and anti-Celtic.

What of the thousands in the next day's procession? What of the thousands who lined the streets, those who were the race of the martyred mayor, of the European and nationalities scattered amidst the vast crowds, of all the peoples the subject races, many even amongst the enemy people, whose hearts the Lord had touched—did not the same might strike into their minds, will not the combined, concerted wish, half curse, half prayer which rose in their hearts have the desired effect in days which are now on the way?

As we made our way to our appointed station as Scots it seemed a never-ending array of massed bands, clubs, and branches, and there at the head of each separate unit was the glorious emblem of the New Ireland and Terence. The great organ in the cathedral had led forth that very morning, "Who fears to speak of?" and the thoughts of all present had flashed to Easter week, joining up the olden past, '48-'67, recent years, more than the news, and associating all with the particular act of our coming together as the gradual unfolding of a good purpose for the Gael. Green, white, and gold on every banner and scarf, quiet greetings in subdued tones from men from out the serried ranks, directions from the daily marshals, and we found our little Scots' deputation of the Irish Associations.

We, the Scots, were next, and then came "other" associations, of which the first was "The Crusader Fellowship of Reconciliation." Here, then, we stood waiting for a signal to move and had opportunity to let the scene press itself upon the mind. Personally, I fell into a verie; the mean streets, the meager clad, but without apathetic crowd of sightseers subdued by the presence of the dead and impressed by the dignified bearing of the tholic clergy in their vestments, were all blocked out, and saw the scene of some eighty days before.

I beheld another hosting of the Gael, when I had feared the forid oratory and looked into the fearless face of him whose body was even now being sained (to use Mr. Scott's idiom) by a Prelate of the Celts; I seemed to see the Oireachtas' crowds in Atha Cliath, and the weaving of the combined piper bands. They were playing,

as I recollect, "Let Erin Remember," and marching and counter-marching, and around was the buzz of Celtic talk and the laughter of kindly Irish eyes, and someone touched and I was back in the sombre London street. Hats were being doffed, the eyes were moist, and the lip quivered as we heard the first burst of the pipes as they led the cortege round the street in our rear. A Catholic hymn they played, and we stood together turned to see the flower-laden top of the hearse pass by the junction of the streets visible through the cordons of mounted police. Beside us Scots, some of us Cameronians, some Presbyterians, and one, a distinguished man of letters, a follower of Buddha, were our Catholic friends, fingering their rosy beads, and at our side two Anglican priests, the Socialist group, and then their place, a body of rough fellows of the lower classes, "toughs" who, by their soldier-like bearing and scars and wounds, had helped their Empire to fight for the small nations. Here they were now in their ragged garments, and down-at-heel condition, standing at attention, and their leader at the salute as a very hero of heroes passed on his way sacrificed to set his little nation free.

And the march of two hours, nothing could have been more impressive or calculated to make the onlookers think, and think deeply. To those in the procession we felt there was more sympathy on the whole than sniggering, perhaps, too, more shame and fear of the future in store for their country than the usual desire of the Londoner to criticise.

But, oh, how one's heart felt sorry for the Imperial English race as we saw the vice, and filth, and degradation stamped on the unintelligent faces and dwarfed forms of their dense crowds on the southern side of the river accentuated as it was by the stillward, well-fed legions of constables, who stood out as sons of Anak at one pace distant all along the route and shoulder to shoulder at every corner.

No wonder England will not let the people go; they require the virile elements of Ireland and Scotland to recruit month by month their ever-dying, ever-degenerating city denizens. As we passed over the bridge at Blackfriars, and entered on the Embankment with faces westward, there was a chance to appreciate the magnitude of the demonstration. Before us was an endless waving of green, white, and gold, held high over detachment after detachment, and as they tramped on we wished there were arms in our hands and dirks at our side, and the women and children out of the back name stands in the minds of an Irishman, or of the haled name stands in the minds of an Irishman, or of the Scot who follows Wallace, but the fight has to be with other weapons, and so Lloyd George and his bought gang of murderers and fire-raisers will not have the satisfaction of seeing their victim of to-day pass by.

We are now in central London, more stately buildings are around, better dressed, although not better-hearted folk gaze upon us. We do not hear the continual sound of "Scotchies, look at the Scotchies" we heard south of Blackfriars. More often if we catch an eye it speaks rather of scorn than surprise, and indeed the only outburst in the

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whole procession as far as we learnt was the one as the flag of the Irish Republic was borne past a training college close to Holborn. Here the students, or some of them at the higher windows, showed contempt in the usual British bovine manner, but this was silenced by counter cheers from the spectators and the soldier boys behind, with a little of English fair play, called on the opposers to "come down to the street and boot there."

Save for this incident decency and quietness reigned amongst the onlookers, and perfect order characterised our marching men and women. Few even of the latter had fallen out, and when they did so ranks were closed up at once, and some of the sections encroached on each other, so that we had Irish and Scots together, and looking round we saw the "Crusader" banner relinquished by the delicate curate, who had manfully held it for two hours, now in the hands of a stout Irish matron. True Catholicity indeed.

And so on through the boarding-house quarter, where men of every nationality and every hue of colour or distinction of creed saw the Catholic cross in the front of the marching people, and the Anglican cross of the Crusaders at their rear, and all in between the green, and white, and gold.

In this a Euston or a prophecy? I tried to think. Here was Babylon at last. A sharp order: "officially broken up, fall out on the left." Then a struggling mass of humanity, a veritable whirlpool of people going each in their own direction. We stood at the cross roads. Going westwards was a great trampling of horse as 250 mounted constables, the rear-guard of the procession, moved homewards. Fast then, with their faces to the east, marched with heads erect, and eyes devoid of tears, men and boys and girls, and women with babies in their arms, the Canning Town Branch of the I.S.D. League and their band was playing, "A Nation once again."

LIAM MACGILLIE IONA.

Through American Eyes.

Mr. Francis Hackett describes a Sinn Fein Court in a recent issue of the "New Republic." Here is a portion of the article.

The Court was just opening when we arrived. No policeman was in sight as we went by the empty old "English" court house to come to this new Irish court house, which had a crowd around the entrance.

The Court was upstairs, in a light and well-proportioned room. It had been decorated for a show. Paper garlands in gay tints and paper lanterns still hung from the ceiling, and squares of coloured paper lined the walls. In the recesses of the high stage, before a marvellous pastoral backdrop, sat the magistrates of the day, Mr. W. and three youths "of the Fifth Class."

Directly in front of the stage the space was empty. Before the floor sloped up into tiers of seats, however, there were a few long benches parallel to the stage, and one bench at right angles, under the deep-set windows.

We took our places with the spectators. The conspicuous benches were for litigants, and confident youngsters, and as we discovered, Volunteers.

Already sixty or seventy spectators had arrived. They were young men and old, shawled women, grannies and boys. The men were artists, labourers, publicans, farmers, shopkeepers. The young fellows came with their hair freshly wetted and brushed, evidently after their day's work and straight from tea. A late arrival was a curate, who took

his place in our row. Perhaps the curate and certain many of the spectators were members of the Irish Republican Army, which they all call "the Volunteers."

There were no insignias anywhere, only the festoons of grey paper decorations of the recent show. The Court bent over the two small tables, making notes and comparing them, while the public patiently waited. The first sign of activity was a youth leaving the stage and coming to a grey back of me, saying with a nice smile, "Go gg Mrs. S."

Mrs. S. did not appear. Then Mr. W., from the special stage, made quiet observation. Mrs. S. is not here case is adjourned. The next case is John A., claimant and William O., defendant."

Two men in working clothes walked forward, one to the bench by the window, one from the benches in the middle. They stood in the open space, their backs turned to us. The stage was chest-high with them, and they were their story more or less at the magistrates' feet.

As I, the claimant, spoke too low to be heard through the room, I began to muse on the absence of formalities, no oaths, no constables, no counsel, no court attendants. But suddenly the defendant, a small farmer, as tough as gnarled as a thorn-tree, gave tongue: "A lie! A lie! I can't you speak the truth?" He glared at the claimant, a pallid shopkeeper with a thin neck and a mop of the hair.

"Are any Volunteers here?" Mr. W. inquired in slightly raised voice.

One man behind me nudged another. They lifted their chairs, stood up, and went forward in unison with resounding feet. One was a rosy-cheeked boy with burnished tail and slim, the other an older man with quizzical eyes. They said nothing, but stood on the edge of the litigants.

The defendant was not quelled. He bristled all of his head darting from one side to another and his voice bubbling with indignation.

"Sit down, wait your turn," he was told. The Volunteers came together, between him and the stage. He was reluctantly to his bench, like flaming alcohol retreating.

"Have you the receipt?" the pallid claimant was asked. He fished it out.

"Now," Mr. W. beckoned to the defendant, "we have you to say?"

"It was an accident, your honour! I had five men minding his fourteen cattle, and could I help their getting in on the towpath? Fire men, whatever he may say."

"Is that all you have to say?"

"It is."

"The decision in this case," after a few minutes' margin, "is that you have to pay nineteen and six for a new window, and a shilling costs."

The farmer in his weathered green coat went forward once again to the stage, glaring at Justice in the mild face of Mr. W. He planked down his twenty shillings and a shilling and then pushed his way from the court-room with snipping eyes and pursed lips. Half an hour later he returned, more mellow, and took his seat to enjoy the other fellows' pangs.

A village quarrel came next. The complainant, a small white-faced woman in a black shawl, drew out and held up to public gaze the evidence of her suffering—a tress of hair that had been dragged from her head. From the instant she had won her case, but the defendant, a grey old veteran with a loud rallying voice, was bent on proving herself unconquerable. "We're in this place for seven generations, the Mac's and the O's and all their ancestors before them. Would I be giving in to the likes of you?"

"In this case, Mrs. B., you have to pay two and six pence. . . . Aw, more power to your honour! Up the Sinn Feiners!"

"And you are bound over to the peace for six months."

"Aw, don't bind me over, Peter!"

"And if you don't behave yourself we'll have to hand you over to the Volunteers."

"Fine boys they are," beaming on the Volunteer next to her.

"And you must take the pledge."

"I'll do that, in any case."

"When will you take the pledge, Mrs. B.?"

"The day after to-morrow, your honour!"

"Do you give me your word you'll take it?"

"Deed and I do. I'll take it from Father D. on Friday."

The little white-faced woman interrupted, "I'm afraid to go home to-night."

The veteran stopped to look her over, from head to heel. "You're not worth killing," she said, and walked out.

The old lady's son, a seal-headed man with a weeping moustache, was fined in turn, and admonished that "a man's house is his castle." A good British axiom, handed out soberly by Mr. W.

"Up, Sinn Fein!" squeaked the complainant, as she and her faithful witness cleared out. She had a victor's smile shining through her fear.

The youngsters in the Court had become relaxed during this proceeding, but the chief Volunteer in evidence came back to them. "Is it in a ball-alley you think you are?"

The great gravity of the Court was renewed.

Another case of disorder, but a much more serious one, was next entertained. Three young men, it appeared, had come to a publican's late on the night of the circus. They tried his back-door to get in for more drink. It was back to them. "Is it in a ball-alley you think you are?" and came to an inner door. This the big publican opened, rushing out to see what was the trouble, followed by an elderly friend who had been talking to him in the kitchen. The moment the publican appeared he was struck down, "with a bottle I think," and lay "killed" in the channel.

At the sight of her father "killed," his daughter rushed up the street, met some young Volunteers, sent them to the rescue, and as reward had everyone, including her resurrected father, arrested for disorderly conduct. As to the disorder, indeed, everyone was agreed.

The Volunteers in this case had their own troubles. The publican, a big man with a willing tenor voice, was unwilling to bring charges against his assailants. But he could not understand why his account of what happened was held to be beside the point, especially when his forehead was split open. The Volunteers, on the other hand, could only assert "disorderly conduct" and stir the six defendants into a fury of explanation. They were a very young section of the Volunteers.

Out of the explanations, however, one heard the word "axe." The Volunteer in charge of the case let it be known that someone had done something with an axe.

This word provoked extraordinary passion in one of the defendants.

He was a man of thirty or so, wearing canvas trousers like a miller's, and every movement alive with the compressed energy of his body. His head was like John Massel's, with close-clipped hair, but in front a lock like a comb, and a touch of blood in the cheeks, and a rounded

startled eye. Standing with shoulders swung ready, his nose sniffed the bottle, I expected he would at any moment spring on the Volunteer giving evidence.

He surged forward steadily toward the man who was testifying, the two attendant Volunteers carried with him like rushes against the breast of a swimmer. "He lifted the axe to me? You know no man ever lifted an axe to me. If he did that, I'd cut the head off him." The two Volunteers bore against him lightly, and back he yielded for a moment, even turning and putting his elbows on the ledge of the window, to loop his mind on some distant object and leash his fighting sinews.

No game-cock was ever more superb. At a word he disengaged with, he'd whip round and shoot out denial. When he agreed, "we admit that. That no one denies." But the Volunteers, with fine aplomb, kept this fury from exploding. They had him in the net, and slowly, very slowly, they were drawing him in. It was young law, law that depended on this tanker, "tameless and swift and proud," no less than on the older and more docile. And not one of the young men on the stage of justice, or one of the agents of the Competent Military Authority (the Sinn Fein commandant, that is), strained the new dispensation too eagerly. The Volunteers held their ground with insistence, but they gave play to this fiery human nature—which is their own nature, but disciplined and responsible and dignified, the nature that has made these Irish courts.

"It was the wildest night we ever had in the Court, and they are the young boys altogether," the driver said to me afterwards, "it's a pity you didn't see the older men into it."

"But everyone was there?"

"Oh, not one third. It was a small Court to-night, sir."

"But more than when English law was in the country?"

"Oh, indeed so, sir. Sure this is the people's own law."

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"Irish Bulletin," Wednesday, November 3, 1920.

ONE DAY'S RESTORATION OF ORDER.

The non-Republican Press in Ireland of this date reports the following acts of the English military and constabulary in Ireland:

Four murders:

Incendiarism, sacking and looting in Longford (Co. Longford), Tralee (Co. Kerry), Clare (King's Co.), O'Brien's Bridge (Co. Clare), Miltown Malbay (Co. Clare), Listowel (Co. Kerry), Thurles (Co. Tipperary);

Many assaults on men, women, boys and children.

THE USE OF EXPANDING BULLETS IN IRELAND. Suggested Legislation which would Exterminate the English Army of Occupation.

In the English House of Commons on Monday, November 1, 1920, questions were addressed to the English Prime Minister in which information was sought as to why the death penalty was not imposed on those in Ireland who were found in possession of expanding bullets. The English Prime Minister replied:

"If it were possible within the power of the law to mark our resentment of such conduct and to do more than we are already doing to repress it, the House might depend upon it that the authorities in Ireland would exercise all the powers they possess. But our information is that it (the infliction of the death penalty) cannot be done without fresh legislation."

Replying to further questions, the English Prime Minister added:

"It (the infliction of the death penalty for the possession of expanding bullets) is one of the things which the Government are considering, and they might have to take action and ask the House to pass the necessary legislation."

In view of the threat contained in this statement of the Prime Minister of England, it is well to understand all the circumstances concerning the allegations that have been made that the members of the Irish Republican Army have used expanding bullets in their conflicts with English military and constabulary.

It is significant that no charge of this kind was made against the Republican Army until after the English Military Government on September 3 issued a decree making illegal the holding of coroners' inquests. Up to that date some sixty constabulary had been killed in armed conflicts. No allegation was made that any one of them had been killed by expanding bullets. Had such a charge been made it could have been publicly disproved by the medical evidence at the coroner's inquest.

It is significant also that after the suppression of coroners' inquests the first allegation of this kind made against the Republican forces was made in an official English report of the attack on an armed constabulary patrol at Rinsen, in the County of Clare, on September 22, 1920. The attack was followed by the sacking of three towns and by the savage murder of four innocent and unarmed civilians. At the time of the occurrence of these sackings and murders the English Press was agitated by the excesses of English troops and constabulary in Ireland, which just then had been brought forcibly to their notice by the orgy of murders and sabotage committed at Balbriggan, Co. Dublin, on

September 21, by English constabulary. The first allegation of the use of expanding bullets by the Republican forces was made by a Government harried by publicity into finding some extenuating circumstance for the atrocious acts of its armed agents in Ireland. It was made the more likely in that the English Military Government had declared illegal the public inquiry which could have proved the allegation false, and had substituted for it a court of inquiry of its own agents, themselves guilty of sackings and murders, and consequently anxious to justify these acts. Since this accusation was first made against the Republican forces the sackings of towns and villages have become more frequent, and as it is natural to expect, the accusation that the Republican forces use expanding ammunition is now made more frequently.

In view of Mr. Lloyd George's statements quoted above, the source of supply of ammunition in Ireland is a matter worth investigating.

There are no ammunition factories in Ireland. The importation of ammunition into Ireland is prohibited by the English Government, and this prohibition is enforced by rigorous precautionary measures. The result is that practically all arms and ammunition in Ireland have been imported by the English forces. The ammunition so imported not only equips the English forces but also the Irish Republican Army, which obtains its supplies either by disarming English troops or by purchase from them. The kind of ammunition supplied to these English troops has been described in letters to the English and Irish press during the last few days by writers whom even Sir Hamar Greenwood may hesitate to include in his comprehensive category of "tainted" witnesses.

Mr. G. A. Hinkson wrote from Magdalene College, Cambridge, to the London "Daily News" of October 28, 1920, the following letter:

"Allow me, in the public interest, to comment on a statement attributed to Sir Hamar Greenwood some weeks ago, and to Sir Edward Carson in the House of Commons on October 25, that 'Irish policemen had been murdered with expanding bullets.' It is well known that a considerable quantity of the ammunition used by Sinn Fein in Ireland has been captured from the forces of the Crown. Now all those who have served with His Majesty's Forces are aware all the revolver ammunition (as distinct from automatic pistol or rifle ammunition) issued by the Government to the forces of the Crown in Ireland and elsewhere contains a soft-nosed leaden bullet without a covering of nicol to prevent it from expanding. This bullet on striking a hard object, such as a human bone, will expand, and as Sir Hamar Greenwood has said, will 'cause horrible mutilation.'

This is the only ammunition supplied for revolvers by the Crown to its servants in Ireland. So it is not difficult to trace the origin of the expanding ammunition used by Sinn Fein. This is a very deplorable fact, and could very easily be remedied."

On November 1, an ex-officer of the English Army, of high rank, wrote to the non-Republican "Irish Daily Independent" as follows:

"An Irish Volunteer was sentenced by court-martial a few days ago to several years' imprisonment for the alleged possession of Dum-Dum, or expanding bullets. It is unreasonable, therefore, to inquire into the record of the English Army in this matter."

"At Dum Dum, near Clontarf, there is an English

foundry for firearms, and here, for the first time, an expanding bullet was cast, with the deliberate and avowed object of causing ugly wounds, which would not only put an enemy out of action but mutilate him for life.

"The peculiarity of this bullet was that it was hollow-nosed, but other and improvised forms of expanding bullets were used in India and the Soudan, the commonest methods of securing expansion being to file down the point until the lead core became exposed, and to make longitudinal slots in the nickel envelope."

"All these forms of bullet have come to be described colloquially, and even in diplomatic documents, as 'Dum Dum,' from the English foundry in which an expanding bullet was first invented. The proposals made at the second Hague Convention to forbid the use of these bullets by international agreement were agreed to by all the European Powers except England. (See 'Encyclopedia Britannica,' Vol. 8, 'Dum Dum.')

"In every recent war in which the English have been engaged they have attempted to use soft-nosed ammunition, and in each case have made the same barefaced charge against their enemies."

On November 2, Capt. D. D. McManus, of the English Army, wrote to the London "Daily News" from Trinity College, Dublin:

"Mr. Hinkson is mistaken in stating that the automatic pistol ammunition issued by the British Government is not a soft-nosed leaden bullet similar to that issued for the service revolver. Indeed I never saw any other kind of ammunition issued while I was in the army for the 450 Automatic Colt except these soft leaden bullets. There is not the slightest doubt that these and the shot-gun cartridges which are used account for the kind of wounds of which Sir H. Greenwood complains."

The English Prime Minister's implied threat that all those found in possession of expanding bullets may be sentenced to death would have the effect of removing the English Army of Occupation by a method more drastic than any proposed by the perfervid "Sinn Fein extremists."

ONE DAY'S RESTORATION OF ORDER.

THURSDAY, NOV. 4, 1920.

The non-Republican Press in Ireland for this date reports the following acts of the English military and constabulary in Ireland:

Murder of Thomas Wall, Tralee;

Incendiarism, sacking and looting at Athlone (Co. Westmeath), Nenagh (Co. Tipperary), Bridgetown (Co. Clare), Kilbreest (Co. Galway), Killybegs (Co. Donegal);

Flogging of Mr. M. Forde, Republican County Councillor, at Kilohreest, Co. Galway.

Woundings and assaults on men, women, boys and children.

EDITH CAVELL, OCTOBER 13th, 1915:

ELLEN QUINN, NOVEMBER 1st, 1920.

"They have cast aside faith, honour, truth, mercy and

Lord Salisbury, October 23, 1915.

Miss Edith Cavell was shot at Brussels by German troops on the morning of October 12, 1915. The news of the execution was published in England ten days later.

It drew forth many statements of horrified indignation from English public men and from the English Press.

The official acknowledgment of the receipt of details of the execution sent by the English Foreign Office on October 23, 1915, to the American Minister at Brussels who had forwarded them contained this passage:

"Sir Edward Grey is confident that the news of the execution of this noble Englishwoman will be received with horror and disgust not only in the Allied States but throughout the civilized world."

The London Times commented on the execution in its issue of October 22, 1915. It said:

"The ordinary German mind is doubtless incapable of understanding the 'horror and disgust' which the military execution of Miss Cavell will arouse throughout the civilized world. . . . They have killed the English nurse, and by killing her they have unmeasurably deepened the stain of infamy that degrades them in the eyes of the whole world."

Lord Selborne, speaking at Shrewsbury on October 23, 1915, said:

"The killing of Miss Cavell is the greatest crime committed in the name of Law since the Middle Ages. The spirit which animated the Germans who committed that crime was brutish. They have cast aside faith, honour, truth, mercy, and pity, and we have to decide whether such a power is to dominate the world."

The English Home Secretary (Sir John Simon) was interviewed on the subject by a representative of the Associated Press of America. The New York correspondent of the London Times reported in the issue of that paper for October 25 the publication of the interview in the United States. He wrote:

"Sir John Simon, in conversation to-day with a representative of the Associated Press of America in London, referred to the killing of Miss Cavell as a 'horrible act of brutality,' and said the case had, and could have, no parallel in Great Britain."

Many American papers commented on the execution. The Boston Transcript said:

"The deed explains, as Louvain and Lusitania explained before it, why America hates and condemns German militarism."

The German Press and German statesmen, when they realised the horror with which the execution had been received in the allied and neutral countries, sought to palliate it. An inspired message from Berlin was issued to the neutral Press on October 25, 1915, explaining the execution. It began with words which are now used daily by the English Chief Secretary for Ireland, and will probably be used in the official English explanation of the more horrible murder of Ellen Quinn. The Berlin message began:



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"The foreign Press is discussing in an incorrect and exaggerated manner the execution of the Englishwoman, Edith Cavell."

The message then gave an explanation of the execution similar to those now being given daily by Sir Hamar Greenwood in explaining away the excesses of the English armed forces in Ireland.

Herr Zimmerman, the German Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, went into a more detailed palliation of the execution in an interview with the Berlin representative of the Associated Press on October 25, 1915. The interviewer reported Herr Zimmerman as having said:

"It is indeed hard that a woman has to be executed, but think what a State which is at war will come to if it allows to pass unnoticed a crime against the safety of its armies because it is committed by a woman. No law-book in the world, least of all those dealing with war regulations, makes such a differentiation, and the female sex has but one preference according to legal usage—namely, that women in a delicate condition may not be executed. . . . Once for all the activity of our enemies has been stopped, and the sentence has been carried out to frighten those who might presume on their sex to take part in enterprises punishable with death."

Ellen Quinn was deliberately shot dead at Kiltartan, Co. Galway, by English constabulary, on November 1, 1920. Ellen Quinn was aged 23 years, was married, and was within two months of child-birth. When she was fired upon by English constabulary she was holding in her arms a baby of nine months. There was no other person in the vicinity. There was no attack upon the English constabulary. Ellen Quinn was fired upon deliberately, and was mortally wounded in the abdomen. The following is the non-Republican Press account of this horrible execution:

"The victim of the appalling occurrence is Mrs. Ellen Quinn, of Kiltartan, wife of a popular farmer and daughter of Mr. M. Gilligan, Raheen. She was standing by a stile in front of her house with her baby in her arms when a lorry of uniformed men passed by at a rapid rate. Suddenly there was a burst of fire, and Mrs. Quinn was hit in the right groin, and a number of fowl in the yard were killed. Mrs. Quinn staggered to the door with her baby, which she handed to a servant, and she then collapsed in a pool of blood.

"Dr. J. Sandys, Gort, and Dr. Foley, Ardrahan, were quickly on the scene, and Surgeon O'Malley, Galway, was telegraphed for, but so great was the terror created by the armed forces that he could not get a motor car to take him to Gort. Eventually he and Dr. Mahon travelled together in the latter's car, only to find that Mrs. Quinn had died to death.

"Mrs. Quinn was in great agony for two hours before she died. She leaves three children, the eldest of whom is not yet four years of age. Her husband was in Gort at the time, and a messenger, who summoned a priest and doctor, acquainted him of the occurrence. Another messenger, going to Ardrahan for Dr. Foley, was wounded by a stray bullet.

"Uniformed men passed into Gort subsequently, firing shots about the place. When the lorry passed the house where Mrs. Quinn lay dying, the terror-stricken inhabitants fled the back way."

In the case of Miss Edith Cavell, the Rev. Mr. Gahan, who administered to her immediately before the execution, gave the details of that tragedy. Mrs. Ellen Quinn was attended by Rev. John Considine, of Gort. This is his account of her death:

"I have heard of Turkish atrocities," he said, "I have read of the death of Joan of Arc, I have read of the suffering of Nurse Cavell, and as I read those I often felt my blood boil, and I often prayed that the good God would change the hearts of the perpetrators, but little did I then dream that I should witness a tragedy more cruel than any of those things, and that here, in our own little peaceful parish, My God! it is awful! At about 9 p.m., Fr. Considine called Malachy Quinn, weeping bitterly, called for him, and said he had just heard that his wife had been shot. Father Considine procured a motor car and hurried to the scene. At the gateway there was a large pool of blood on the roadside. About three yards away, in the yard, there was another pool, and the porch leading to the kitchen was actually covered with blood. In a room was the poor woman lying on her back, with blood oozing out through her clothes.

"Oh, Father John," she said, "I have been shot. 'Shot by whom?' I exclaimed. 'By police,' she answered. She added that she saw them in two lorries and that the shot came from the first lorry. At this point she became weaker and he put no further questions to her. After a few moments she rallied, looked at him, clasped his hand, and exclaimed, 'Father John will you do something for me?'

"I tried to console her as best I could," said Fr. Considine, "and immediately administered the Last Sacraments. When I had finished she whispered to me, 'Bring me Malachy (her husband). Bring him to me. I hear him crying. I have something to tell him.' 'I did so,' said Fr. Considine. 'What scene. Then she became weak. He fainted or Gradually she became worse.

It seems the poor woman, whom, I am informed was within two months of her confinement, was sitting on the wall outside her house, holding her nine months old child in her arms, when the lorry passed from which the fatal shot was fired. The bullet pierced the stomach. The child fell from her arms. She managed to crawl over the wall, which was bloodstained, into the yard, where she lay for some time, and then crawled to the porch to tell her little servant girl that she had been shot. 'Take in the little children,' she said. From 3 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. she lingered on in pain. Occasionally she would clasp my hand, pull me toward her, and say, 'I am done; I am done.' At 10:30 in condition became worse, and we knelt by her bed to recite the Rosary and prayers for the dying. Sir tried to join, but she was too weak. At 10:45 the little children, who were playing as if nothing had occurred began to cry, and with them the crowded house burst into tears; and as I read the last prayer of the Ritu she looked around, then closed her eyes, and died."

Only three of the important London papers mention the murder of Ellen Quinn. Only one states that she was shot by English constabulary. One of the two others do not mention who fired the shots. The third leaves it outrage to be attributed to Sinn Fein.

On November 3 the murder was brought to the notice of Sir Hamar Greenwood, English Chief Secretary for Ireland. He refused to accept as evidence the statements

publicly made that the murder had occurred, and ignored the occurrence. It will be remembered that the Berlin message explaining away the execution of Nurse Cavell began with the words:

"The foreign Press is discussing in an incorrect and exaggerated manner the execution of the Englishwoman, Nurse Cavell."

And it will also be remembered that Herr Zimmerman excluded from those who should pay the death penalty for war treason.

"Women in a delicate condition," "Once for all," Herr Zimmerman said, as Sir Hamar Greenwood impliedly now says, "the activity of our enemies has been stopped, and the sentence has been carried out to frighten those who might presume on their sex."

Some Distinguished Views on Ireland.

"Foreign Affairs," the monthly journal of the Union of Democratic Control (price 3d., Orchard House, 2-4, Great Smith Street, Westminster, S.W.1.), publishes in its November issue a series of articles on Ireland. As this journal does not reach a very large percentage of our readers, we quote from many of the articles. We advise our readers to obtain a copy of this journal, so full of interest for Irishmen.

The first article, entitled "The Peace-war," by E. D. Morel, describes the present state of the English Government and its policy. The article is headed with the following quotation from Lloyd George: "The need of the land is not material—it is Spiritual. Get the Spiritual, and the Material will follow. The wounds of the world are bleeding,

and material things will not help them. The one need of England is the healing of the Cross."—Cricieth, July, 1914.

Here is Mr. Morel's reference to England's policy in Europe and Russia:

"Take, for instance, the action of the immoral rout which is possessed of executive authority in this country (i.e., in England), and which is presumed to interpret and to execute the will of the people of this country. It is engaged, as Mr. Arnold Forster and Commander Grandall are demonstrated in these columns, and has been for two years, in a scientific destruction, by the weapon of blockade, of Russian men and women and children. It is destroying them in various ways, depriving them as far as it can of food, clothing, fuel, light, soap, medical necessities, and means of transport—in short, of the things without an adequate possession of which mankind contracts disease, and perishes. No more cruel, bestial, calculated, cowardly and altogether diabolical method of destruction of human life has ever been devised. It does not merely affect the actual generation. It sows the seeds of swift decay in the next. It saps the toddling child's vitality. It poisons the babe at its mother's breast. It introduces the germs of dissolution into the mother's womb. It is the most perfected agency for the infliction of physical pain, and of mental and spiritual wretchedness the world has ever known. But the Government chiefly responsible for promoting the affliction declares that it is not at war with the Russian people, or with any section of the Russian people."

The same writer refers to Ireland thus:

"Then turn to Ireland, where there is neither 'War' nor 'Peace' it seems, but where the Welsh Moses of the new dispensation applies through his armed myrmidons the

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'healing of the Cross'; where, amidst smoking towns and villages, in the glare of burning creameries and hayricks, to the sound of the Georgian equivalent of the Russian knout thrashing bare bodies' the spiritual needs of the land find just expression. Miss Llewellyn Davies sets forth eloquently in our columns this month the achievements of co-operative, creative work in trade and industry which Sir Horace Plunkett has so successfully carried out in the co-operative creameries of Ireland. But, as Lord Montagu shows in his striking contribution to our Irish Supplement, the Prime Minister has patented in Ireland a new co-operative movement, to wit, co-operation in destruction that the paralysis of peasant industry may be assured. What matter to him that an unofficial Committee of eminent and responsible citizens is sitting in Washington to-day investigating the doings of his Irish 'Peacewar' which they say 'threatens the unspeakable enmity of war between Great Britain and the United States'; or that the Democratic Candidate to the American Presidency declares the situation in Ireland 'to concern the conscience of the world.' Reckless, he leads his team of 'hard-faced' colleagues and followers at a gallop down the road which points to national dishonour, bankruptcy, and chaos.

"Do not let us, then, talk of 'Peace' and 'War,' for these terms have become meaningless to express conditions they once were wont to designate. Let us rather apprehend the naked truth, which is that political insanity and human wickedness, in deadly combination, and to a degree never yet attained, are presently installed, incarnate, in power in London and in Paris; that in the grip of their fell madness whole populations writhe and wither; that they are hurrying us swiftly to immeasurable material catastrophe and spiritual desolation; that, indeed, mankind is faced with a conspiracy which, if undetested, will destroy the common people of Europe and plunge all humanity into unfathomable depths of torment."

The editorial article in this journal is of particular interest, so we quote a large portion of it:

"Ireland is the classic example of what is called British 'hypocrisy.' During the Great War, it was the chief factor which prevented the neutral world from accepting the professions of the British Government that it was 'fighting for small nationalities.' And to-day it is paralysing the whole action of that Government, even when rightly directed.

"Let us take a simple example. In view of what is happening to-day in Ireland, how much actual influence in international politics is likely to be exerted by such admissions as the following. It is taken from Mr. Lloyd George's Lucerne Note to the Soviet Government:

"What has befallen in this short war to invaders of national rights, whether in Russia or Poland, ought to teach wisdom to oppressors. The world, East and West,

* See Mr. Hugh Martin's letter on the whelpings in County Clare and County Galway in the Daily News of October 21.

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is crying for peace, but it is only obtainable on the basis of the full recognition of nations."

"Such cases are numerous, and that of Ireland does not differ essentially from the rest. It resembles, even in minute particulars, that of the Czechs against Austria, of the Belgians against Germany, of the Rumanians against Hungary. In all these cases the claim is based on the same grounds. The 'Ulster problem' under one form or another is always present. The argument of strategic necessity is invariably the last and strongest defence of the imperialist government concerned, the struggle always takes the same course, from constitutional demands to political repression, from repression to assassination, from assassination to Government reprisals.

"History shows, too, that where the struggle has reached anything like the degree of intensity and persistence which it long ago attained in Ireland, the end is always the same. The claim is ultimately conceded.

"The recognition of Ireland's right to independence is attacked on the grounds that Ireland might be used against us by a hostile military or naval force. This is the kind of argument which, if upheld, would defeat every claim of every struggling nationality. It is one which the Austrians could and did apply to Czecho-Slovakia with far more force and justification than we could apply it to Ireland. If there are risks of this sort—and if we are to contemplate a continuance of the old international relations, with the constant threat of war—then all we can say is that such risks must be taken, rather than that the whole cause of national freedom should be betrayed. But in point of fact we advocate freedom for Ireland because it would afford to Great Britain, not less security, but more. That has been, by universal consent, the result of the Campbell-Bannerman policy in South Africa.

Ireland, at the outbreak of war, when she thought Home Rule was assured, was a source of strength to Great Britain. It was only when she was deceived and betrayed, and the British Government applied in Ireland the Prussian conceptions against which it claimed to be fighting in Europe, that she became a source of weakness. An independent Ireland, applying for membership in the League of Nations, would, naturally, give the same guarantees as are required of all other applicants on the subject of armaments.

"The steps necessary to realise the new policy can be briefly outlined. The Government would summon to an immediate conference the leaders of the majority in Ireland—not the leaders of the Sinn Fein as such, but the men responsible to the Irish Parliament, or Dail Eireann, which in its turn consists of the duly elected representatives of the Irish people. It would at the same time declare that it was prepared to negotiate with them at the conference on equal terms, and that no preliminary conditions would be imposed of such a character as to limit the degree of independence, or the kind of constitution which Ireland might claim. The purpose of this conference would be to make what would, in effect, be a Treaty with Ireland. Simultaneously with the summoning of this conference, the British forces should be withdrawn, and an amnesty granted for all political

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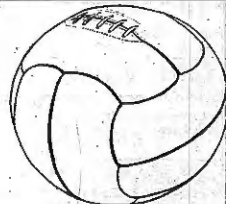
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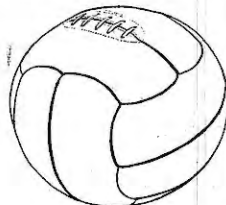
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"The Land of Wonders."

This is the first book of Padraic O'Conaire's that has appeared in English. He should allow his other works to be translated. Not because they might then be read by laggard Irishmen, but because a first-rate artist owes it to himself and his art to reach an extra-national public. For the same reason they might appear in French and (very appropriately) in Russian. Even if it were his fate to become "the rage" among the dull intelligentsia of the London suburbs, like the "dear Russians," he would still, like them, have advanced the literary reputation of his country. That, of course, is to suggest that Padraic O'Conaire's work is of European consequence. Quite possibly it is, and the rendering of him in another tongue may be the means of calling general attention to the richness and distinctive literary values of our language, as the French translations of Poushkin and Turgenieff revealed the extraordinary possibilities of Russian. "The Land of Wonders" is not itself a great book. The characterisation is too thin and the descriptions and incidents too slightly elaborated, but it has the authentic note of greatness.

At first sight it is simply a wonder-tale and a pleasing story to tell to children. Children will like it, because it is a new story with the old properties, friendly animals, defeated villains, and victorious child heroes. But it is

much more than that. Few children would appreciate (let us hope) Mr. O'Conaire's rather grey realism. Like many of the greatest fiction writers (not all of them) he is completely unidentified with his characters. His prime villain, "Satan," a very bright blackguard of the true Hispaniola breed, is as dear to him as Máire or the Dúra—neither more nor less. Speaking paradoxically, there is only one character in the book who is really human, and that is an animal—the old lion.

Much praise is due to the translator, Eamonn O'Neill, whose English is neither Oxford English nor Lady Gregorise. The description of the little girl in the hold of the ship, afraid of the rats, is so excellent and so typical that it may well be quoted:

"She was afraid of her life, but she did not cry out. She was sure that, if she cried, these fierce, hungry little animals would attack her. She did not know what suggested it to her, but she began to sing a gentle, soothing little song. It was a kind of lullaby, and she closed her eyes while singing it. When she opened her eyes the little red stars were no longer visible, and to this day she does not know whether the gentle music frightened the rats away or whether the unusual sweetness of the melody threw them into a deep slumber."

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VOL. II. No. 42.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1920.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

"The peace of the world hangs to-day on the tenuous thread of Anglo-Irish peace."—J. Marchal, in "Le Sôir."

Diplomatic Opportunities Coming for Ireland.

The international position was never brighter from an Irish point of view. It is full of possibilities. Eamon de Valera, Frank P. Walsh, and our leaders in America and elsewhere have, and shall have, opportunities of victory never before afforded to any Irish leader. The condition of the world, the relations of all nations is making and will continue to create a more and more favourable opportunity for Ireland. We are not prophets, and nothing is certain, especially in international politics. But there are certain facts and certain overruling forces which provide the thoughtful with the data for seeing ahead into the future, and of measuring the forces which will react favourably for Ireland. These justify us in saying that Mr. de Valera's work in America is only beginning.

First Step—Annihilation of Servile Pro-Britishism.

Ireland will halt the political annihilation of Wilson and Wilsonism as the preliminary clearance of hypocrisy and of servile pro-Britishism in the government of the States. Never in the history of America has any party been so slavish in serving English Imperialist interests. If intervention in

European affairs is to be judged by Wilson's policy towards England, then no one could blame honest Americans for saying, "Away with intervention in European or world politics." This is the mood of America. It is the same America which returned Wilson at the last election on a peace program, and against America's entrance into the world war. Wilson broke his pledges to his people when he entered the war. He entered that war in the interest of Imperial England. Again, in the interest of Imperial England, Wilson, after the most solemn pledges on his fourteen points, betrayed the freedom of the world and the freedom of the seas at the Peace Conference. So Wilson with his pro-British bag of tricks is gone. What is to follow? All America waits expectant for the policy of him who is to take his place. America has no illusions about Harding—the President-elect. It is not to declarations men look now, but to dominating influences which will rule the policy of America in the near future.

Harding for Peace or War Policy.

Mr. Harding has now before him the necessity of framing a policy which will establish a world peace, or, on the other hand, a policy which will lead inevitably to a world war. Between servility to England and entanglements in the League of Nations, entanglements detrimental to America, and aggressive American imperialism, Mr. Harding must steer his course. The fate of Wilson will be sufficient warning to him of the Scylla of a pro-British Empire policy. From the recent war and its effect, even in victorious countries like England and France, Mr. Harding will be warned against such a war. He does not want to see America lose her financial predominance in a world war, as England has lost it. He does not want internal conflict with the English in America, nor will he welcome Labour conflicts engendered by more conscription. Even Lloyd George, who loves coercion, finds it useful to use the threat of conscription as a bogey—he knows it is intensely unpopular. As in England so in America.

Mr. Harding—the Mid-Victorian.

One learns from the Press that Mr. Harding is a typical mid-Victorian in his views. He is no saviour of the world. No fourteen points. No Wilsonian idealism. That's no harm. American has had enough of Wilsonian pronouncements. The critical Press tells the world that Mr. Harding is not a great personality. He is no Napoleon of strength. Be it so. Men of Destiny like Lloyd George and Clemenceau are at a discount—they will be more so later. But in the recent campaign Mr. Harding had the backing of Senator Borah and Senator Johnson, two of the outstanding men of real character and statesmanship in the United States. Their influence must be felt in the new Administration, because they brought their large following to support Mr. Harding and the new Republicans elected to the Senate. All of these little facts go to indicate that the new American Government will be neither out-and-out reactionary, nor will it be very Radical.

The Skillful Use of Principle.

To the student of politics the possibility of Mr. Harding adopting a policy of undiluted "real-politik" appears improbable. It is as improbable as the suggestion that he will play the idealist all the time. There will be a careful mixture of American self-interest and of the principles of international justice. That's where Ireland comes in. But before discussing Ireland let us see why Mr. Harding should avoid a policy of hard-faced "real-politik." "Real-politik" is the German name for a policy of out-and-out ingratiation, which openly ignores utterly all principles of justice and charity towards other nations. Germany adopted that policy, and in the end lost the confidence of her people, and the Allies used those very principles of justice and charity to weaken and demoralise the German Army. Wilson's points and Northcliffe propaganda was the real engine of destruction which broke the German strength. It is just at the point of supreme crisis that high principle tells for or against a cause. The skillful use of principle in American foreign policy would draw immense strength from the Irish in support of the U.S. Government.

Example of Mid-Victorian England.

Mr. Harding and his advisers know all that better than we do. They are getting a fresh warning on "real-politik" in the world-wide outcry against the "reparations" policy of the English in Ireland to-day. On the other hand, England in the past owed a large part of her world power and prestige to her cunning use of high principles. Wherever English interests would not be hit by her adoption of those high principles she always tried to enforce them. Wherever they helped her trade or political power, she worked might and main to establish the principles of "freedom." The freedom of many a small nation in Europe owed much to this careful policy of England. The English politicians helped Belgium and Greece in the old days on these grounds. Norway in her struggle for independence had the backing of England. This was simply a counter-move to Russian influence in the Baltic. The independence of Holland and Belgium was maintained and guarded to keep Germany from the seas. This mixture of principle and interest was characteristic of mid-Victorian England. Now Mr. Harding is a "mid-Victorian." Is it not likely that this careful mixture will come natural to him as a foreign policy?

Where Ireland Comes In.

It is highly probable that America will adopt such a foreign policy in the near future, and Ireland is a country to which it is eminently applicable. Hitherto the Irish propaganda in the States has been largely confined to stressing the principles of justice and freedom in Ireland's interest. It will now become necessary to emphasise the American interests involved in making Ireland free. Ireland's geographical position between America and England is very similar to Holland's and Belgium's position between Germany and England, and similar to Norway's position between Russia and England. England without a breach of friendship with Russia, or with Germany, restrained the power of those great States by standing for freedom. Their freedom was not without certain advantages for those two great Empires, for it protected them from England. In a word, they were "buffer" States. Look at Ireland from the militarist point of view. England regards her as a strategic point of vantage, both offensive and defensive. English militarism regards Ireland as a good jumping off ground to attack America. American militarism regards

Ireland as a ground for attack on England. Some American militarists regard it as advisable to keep Ireland discontended until America comes to attack England. But this view suffers from shortsightedness, for Ireland is much nearer to England than America, that in a war England would use Ireland as a jumping off ground long before America could invade her. What do Irishmen and women think. Do they want Ireland to be a battlefield? Not at all. They desire to have her as peaceful and free as possible, and would be content that she should be a buffer State like Holland or Denmark.

False Analogy to Belgium.

Here let us pause to deal with a certain fallacy about Belgium. There is no analogy between Belgium's position between France and Germany. The fallacy lies in ignoring the fact that Germany, Belgium, and France are all the same land, and that the natural and artificial barriers of mountains and fortresses before the late war ended just where Belgium began, and the flat plains of Belgium made that country the obvious route for invading armies on both sides. The intervening sea between Ireland, England and America invalidates the analogy to Belgium. Ireland as part of the British Empire would make it certain that Irish ports would be stormed by the Americans in war, and that Ireland would be blockaded. A discontended Ireland under England would make Ireland a supreme danger to England, because it would encourage America to attack, but England would use Ireland all the same. A free, neutral Ireland would be the natural compromise for all parties looking for peace. But unlike Belgium—a free Ireland would offer no royal road to London.

American Prestige and Peace.

But to return to the reasons why American interests are involved in Irish Freedom. In the first instance, if America were to play a big part in freeing Ireland, she would add immensely to her prestige in the world. Her reputation for justice, so deplorably damaged by Wilsonian hypocrisy, would be rehabilitated. Mr. Harding's party would gain in glory, and would win the immense and enthusiastic support of the Irish race. That is no small consideration. Just consider the political energy and ability of the Irish in America, and in the English Colonies. Then, again, consider the effect from the point of view of peace. It is very well known that the vast mass of American opinion is against any new war and in favour of peace. "On the tenuous thread of Anglo-Irish peace hangs the peace of the world." That Anglo-Irish peace can only be based on Irish Freedom. In America to-day the Irish are winning under the lash of English "reparations." Their anger is rising like a great angry tide against the English race. Indicative threats have been hurled at non-naturalised English in America. We state the fact without comment, approval, or disapproval. Mr. Harding will face the fact, and the wisdom of placating the exasperation of Irish policy will become more and more apparent.

Financial Interests and Ireland.

In the region of finance, too, the peace feeling is likely to predominate. Norman Angel in his book, so much commented on before the war, pointed out that a European war was unlikely because the financial interests of all the countries were so intermixed, that to hit one nation was to hit all. He was wrong, but not so wrong as his critics thought. The intermixing of financial interests was a big factor in making peace, and will be an even bigger factor in maintaining peace.

Certainly, so far as the relations between England and America are concerned the present financial position of England and the immense credits given by America to England make for peaceful relations. It is true that many financial interests in America would gain by war, but an American policy which will maintain peace and at the same time secure predominance of advantage for American interests will serve the great majority of these interests. That's where Ireland comes in. A free Ireland would undoubtedly be a link of peace between the two countries.

England's Financial Weakness.

However England might dislike such a policy, her present financial position would not allow her to raise an effective protest, if America were determined. Under the Wilson terms with England, the country has got very favourable conditions for the repayment of the loan. An unfriendly America could, with advantage to herself, tighten the screw on her debtor. One has only to read Sir George Paish's recent comment on English finance to realise England's difficulties. Paish is one of England's greatest financial experts. America does not desire, in her own interest, to see England getting into such a morass of extravagance as to be unable to pay back her loans. The present English Government policy involves extravagance, and the further depletion of the English exchequer. Mr. Asquith warns the people of England on that point in his most recent speech. The Irish in America will not help to ease England's position so long as Ireland is not free. The obvious way of smoothing this path to a more satisfactory financial situation is for America to enter into a treaty securing the freedom of Ireland, and making it a condition precedent to a firm understanding with England.

Harding Must Do Justice.

In the recent Presidential campaign in the States, both parties put forward their programs for international organisation. The Democrats stood for the League of Nations, the Republicans for no League but for an association of Nations. The critics of the Republicans point out that their program is very vague. Certainly Mr. Harding is committed to no definite proposals, but he is bound by a pledge to exercise as great an influence as possible for the establishment of international justice. He is faced with immense difficulties if he sets out to organise a scheme of international organisation. He has before him the lessons of Wilson's failure. America knows well the part played by the Irish in smashing the League, because Ireland was not ensured justice by it. America has seen two efforts to form an Anglo-American alliance frustrated by Irish power in the States. At the same time Harding is known to be not unfriendly to England. Therefore the necessity of placating the Irish is a pressing need from which Mr. Harding cannot escape. The instinct of the practical men in certain difficulties is not to frame immense and elaborate machinery for a world peace, but to take the "inch before the saw" Ireland is, and will be made, more and more "the inch before the saw" in American foreign policy. Instead of framing large academic propositions and a vast organisation, the tendency will be for the practical politician to say, "Let's take a leading case and prove by direct action that we stand for international justice. Let it be said that the Republican party has redeemed its pledges on the score of international justice by settling the most obvious case at issue to-day." Ireland is the most powerful small nation in America. What more natural than to take her case, which, without injuring America's interests, will prove that

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America can do something for international justice? This does not involve war with England, for America has such an economic grip on England through her loans and through her control of many raw materials required by England, that immense pressure can be exercised without any rattling of sabres or without waving the big stick of war.

Trade Interests on Ireland's Side.

In such an effort Mr. Harding will have the backing of those great interests in America which depend on European trade. Trade always flows through the quickest and most direct channels. Ireland is the nearest land to America, and transit through Ireland to England and Europe will be by several hours quicker than by long sea route round the coasts of Ireland, England, and Scotland. Besides, direct trade through a free, neutral Ireland will be far more secure. In the recent war, trade with Europe was much assisted by the existence of a neutral Holland and Denmark. In the event of war an Ireland outside the war zone would mean that American trade would be far less impeded or interrupted than when Ireland is held by England. It would be contrary to the rules of war for England then to blockade Ireland. It would be more easy for the American navy to protect and enforce those rules of war than to protect the freedom of any other ports in Europe. What, in the past, has prevented trade from taking its natural course through Ireland? What but the direct interference of England? England's tyranny over Ireland is in direct antagonism with the interests of American and world trade. This tyranny is actually injuring England: For England will gain rather than suffer if the course of trade passes through Ireland. For such trade must also pass across England. At present a great deal goes by long sea route, and does not touch England. Under the more natural and scientific system of sending trade through Ireland, the English railways and certain ports would benefit immensely by the change. This change would be a benefit to all, and on the principle of what is "good for the bee-hive is good for the bee," all would benefit by the change. Indeed, nothing but the narrowest selfishness, the blindest jealousy, and the crassest tyranny could stand against such an improvement in the means of world transit.

Where England's Interest Lies.

It is apparent, too, from the history of the recent war that English trade would have an advantage in a neutral country like Ireland in the event of war. The Germans gained immensely by the proximity of a free Holland to trade through, and the real reason of her not invading Holland during the war was due to those absolutely essential trade relations with Holland. Again, Lloyd George is wont to frighten his hearers by telling them that in case of war enemy submarine bases would be placed along the Irish coast. He points out that during the late war such hostile bases existed. But along the Dutch coast international law forbade such hostile bases, and it was the interest of Holland to intern all belligerent craft in her waters. So would it be for Ireland. Obviously Lloyd George could secure by treaty that Irish waters would not be used by any belligerent. Ireland would see to it in her own interest that such treaty be kept. Lloyd George's statement on this point shows the future of holding Ireland by force, for with all "Britain's mighty naval strength," she was unable to prevent Irish waters from affording naval basis for the enemy. The simple reason being, that Ireland under English tyranny had no interest to keep her own

waters free. A free Ireland would guard her freedom on sea as well as on land from all alien intrusion.

England's Friends Realise inevitability of Irish Republic.

It is becoming apparent at last to the more intelligent English thinkers that it is to the interest of England to withdraw from Ireland. Some have only realised that a discontented Ireland is going to smash the Empire, as it is ruining the prestige of England throughout the world. They realise that now the withdrawal of troops is the least of all evils for England. In America, too, the more intelligent friends of England are realising the facts. The New York weekly journal, *The New Republic*, is typical. That journal has always expressed admiration of England, and on the whole has dealt excessively gently with persons like Mr. Lloyd George. On the Irish question it was often silent at awkward moments. In the issue of October 27 an Editorial unsigned article appears, which, if not wholly satisfactory from an Irish point of view, at least admits certain very vital facts. We quote the article in full in the present issue. Our readers can judge for themselves. The real importance we attach to it is that it indicates that England's many friends in America admit that an Irish Republic is inevitable.

What Then of the Struggle in Ireland?

Having devoted so much space to discussing Ireland's chances through her foreign policy, let us emphasise the greatest of all sources of hope. The source out of which all other hopes and chances spring. That is the strength and energy of the Irish in Ireland. It is out of the great struggle taking place in Ireland, and especially owing to the great sufferings of the Irish people, that men are coming to realise that Ireland is a great factor in the future peace of the world. Let no man, woman, or child imagine to-day that Irish sacrifices are made in vain. The very victims who die like Mrs. Quinn, or Gort, or the little girl of twelve shot last Saturday in Chancery Place by English soldiers, become by their death the worthy instruments of establishing Irish Freedom. Mothers and relations will be proud that their own have been chosen to help to free Ireland. If famine comes, and Geddes, Greenwood, and Lloyd George intend to enforce it upon Ireland, no one will lose heart to-day. Famine cannot come if we keep our heads. Privation and voluntary sacrifice on the part of individuals will be demanded, and upon the public spirit and generosity of the Irish people in this crisis depends final victory. Irish history is not going to be repeated. It is going to be reversed. Through persecution and outrage Ireland was ground down. Through persecution and outrage Ireland will rise to freedom and to the fulfilment of her destiny. The great Tom Clarke—hero and martyr of Easter week, 1916—was wont to say when Ireland is getting free, when Ireland is fighting her last fight with England, England's brutality will show all its venom. That time is upon us now. Ireland—every decent man, woman, and child in Ireland knows it to-day that it is the malignancy of desperation that inspires the awful policy of England in this country. Every outrage makes Irish courage rise higher.

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Every "reprisal" taps some new source of courage and energy in the Irish people. Ireland has not yet suffered in proportion to her population as many deaths as France did in the late war. But the French courage was up, her people were on their mettle. To-day Ireland is on its mettle, and no torture, death, or famine will daunt her. The anger of the Irish race throughout the world is rising to uncontrollable heights. In every colony of the British Empire the Irish shall get out of hand, and British government in those colonies will become impossible. Throughout the world the reverberations of the deeds wrought in Ireland are shaking British power, humiliating British pride, and casting abiding shame and dishonour on the British name. It is Irish sacrifices which have placed Ireland on top, and Irish valour at home which will enable Eamon de Valera to reap the great rich harvest of Irish Freedom. Truly, the seed sown in sorrow shall be reaped in joy.

Why Did They Pass the Union?

What is a Unionist? This is not an invitation to our readers to display their attainments in the way of inventive; it is the statement of a question which seems easy to answer until one tries. Let us seek a definition. "A Unionist is one who stands for the Act of Union, the whole Act, and nothing but the Act." That sounds satisfactory, but it won't do. The Irish Church and the Local Government Act, and a number of other enactments, chiefly fiscal, have in effect repealed most of Pitt's purchase, in witness whereof we appeal to Unionist denunciations of the measures in question. The only people, then, who would come within this definition would be advocates of the repeal of every enactment which reverses or modifies any section of the Act of Union, and we never heard of any such logicians. The only alternative definition would have to run something like this: "A Unionist is one who wishes to retain, in some form, Britain's suzerainty over Ireland." This is the logical and strictly accurate definition, but its applicability is somewhat wide. It puts in the same gallery the Repealer Dan O'Connell and the "Feeler" Carson, with a host of Federalists, Tory Devolutionists, Orange Republicans, and Home Rulers of assorted brands, with their allied British White Guards, Red Guards, and blackguards. So it seems that we have not yet got our definition.

But though it is so hard to decide what Unionists are—the difficulty being largely due to the fact that they themselves do not know—there is, unfortunately, no doubt that Unionism exists, and has been a potent force for evil in Ireland for a century and a quarter. We may think of it, loosely, as the body of opinion represented in the British Parliament by the "Irish Unionist Party." The genesis, motives, policy, and effects upon Ireland of this Unionism Mr. James Winder Good has set himself to trace in his most valuable contribution to the "Modern Ireland in the Making" series.*

Here and now the writer proposes to break with a hoary tradition of journalism. He holds that the journalistic "we" is pretentious and misleading. It is calculated to clothe with the authority and dignity of an anonymous but implicitly omniscient editorial corporation the individual opinions of a writer, and to lessen any sense of responsibility

he may possess. Wherefore it ought to be, and is hereby, abolished.

Before I began to think for myself I thought I was a Unionist. Family tradition, membership of an Anglican Church, and innumerable minor but powerful influences, were responsible. My conversion I do not propose to describe, but its first stages may be considered relevant to this article. I happened to be amongst foreigners, who challenged me to justify the political faith I professed. My *apologia* did not seem very convincing, even to myself, so I sought for an authoritative, reasoned, sympathetic statement of the Irish Unionist position—and I could not find one. Appeals to sectarian jealousy and class hatred, and morbid sentimentality about the Guelph family, were forthcoming in plenty, but I was ashamed to trot them out. Wild statements that Ireland could not, unaided, "pay her way," were belied by English Treasury returns. The history of Ireland gave no assistance. Some fairly damaging attacks by Unionists upon details of the Irish Parliamentary Party's program promised better, but proved to be only special pleading, not getting at principles. Finally I hit on a book in which Mr. (now the Right Honourable Mr. Justice) Samuels attacked Asquith's Home Rule Bill and fairly and logically demolished it. In so doing, however, he proved conclusively that Ireland had been persistently overtaxed and her development systematically repressed under the Union, and pointed out triumphantly that the alternative to the Union was not Home Rule but total separation! That was the only rational attempt to justify the Act of Union I have ever met, save the long-discredited prophecies of its sponsors. But I am supposed to be reviewing Mr. Good's book, not my own misspent youth.

Anyone could define the principles and ideals of Nationalism in a few words (in two, so far as Ireland is concerned), but a whole book is necessary for the analysis of the complex of sloppy thinking, reaction, snobbery, bigotry, and anti-patriotism which is called Irish Unionism. Hence Mr. Good has found it necessary to write what amounts to a history of Irish politics since 1795 to indicate the circumstances in which the movement (if stagnation be movement) had its birth, and the forces which have acted and reacted through and upon it during its existence. His readers will rejoice that so extensive a background was required, so illuminating and important are the sketches it contains of Irish men and movements of the nineteenth century. He knows his subject so well that he can select essentials and exhibit them, stripped of irrelevances, in their proper perspective.

Mr. Good helps us to put the Act of Union itself into perspective. Both its supporters and its opponents magnify it. Of itself, it is neither "the keystone of the wide arch of Empire" nor "a fetter which binds Ireland to the chariot wheels of her conquerors, destroys her individuality, and enables her rulers to tighten with one hand the grip on her throat while with the other they rifle her pockets." It is merely one of the many devices, from the sword of Cromwell and the "Plantation Acts" to the bombs of Greenwood and the "Restoration of Order Act," to maintain and extend British supremacy in Ireland.

It should be borne in mind that there never was an Irish Parliament until the year 1918. The assembly which exchanged its nominal independence for real dominance, plus Pitt's gold, was merely an Ascendancy Soviet, not chosen by even a single class of the Irish people. It was chosen by and representative of only that English colony referred to, by the renegade Lord Clare when he said "the

* "Irish Unionism." The Talbot Press, Ltd., Dublin. (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd., London. 6s. net.)

whole power and property of the country has been conferred by successive monarchs of England upon an English colony composed of three sets of adventurers. Confiscation is their common title. And what is their security? The powerful protection of Great Britain. If by any fatality it fails, you are at the mercy of the old inhabitants of the island." This garrison was as little concerned with English as with Irish interests. It was ready to sacrifice either, or both, to maintain its own ascendancy. Clare had no illusions about the garrison in whose cause he was nominally fighting. "A pany and rapacious oligarchy," he said; "they hold character and consistency in very laudable contempt, and if they are but well paid will in the next session unsay everything they have been swearing in this." So much for the men who passed the Union. Now let us consider the circumstances in which it was perpetrated.

The new gospel of democracy which had freed America from external and France from internal tyranny enabled them to unite the Northern Presbyterians and the mass of their fellow countrymen, against the common enemy, who practised both tyrannies. The Republicanism of these Ulstermen, strange though it seems in 1820, was natural. "When Calvinism is not the dominant force in the State," says Mr. Good, "it makes for Republicanism." Faced by what seemed to be a rising tide of liberty and equality, the ruling minority everywhere was showing its defenses. Privilege in Ireland was even more concerned than privilege elsewhere to safeguard its position. In other countries the rise of democracy might threaten the supremacy of the ruling classes; in Ireland it cut at the roots of their existence. This is a factor to which due weight has not been given by those who see in the Union merely a sordid transaction in which Parliamentary votes were bartered for stars, ribbons, and hard cash." Clare, the brain barter of the garrison, saw that the shadow of independence must be sacrificed to the substance of ascendancy, and accordingly the Union was passed "as part of the defensive system organised by aristocratic Europe to withstand the assaults of democracy."

That this theory as to the *raison d'être* of Irish Unionism is correct is amply proved by its subsequent history. The Irish oligarchs found at Westminster a wider field for their activities. There they speedily allied themselves to the extreme reactionaries, and it is unnecessary to cite proofs that they have been ever since the most devoted defenders of the "last ditch." There is at least one thing to be said in their favour. Except in one or two cases, such as the formation of the Ulster Labour Unionist Party under the presidency of Sir Edward Carson, they have been consistently and frankly reactionary, and have not sickened honest men with hypocritical cant about democracy, after the manner of their English Liberal and Labour confederates.

But, from the Irish standpoint, the services of Irish Unionists to the cause of reaction in general are of less interest than the manner in which they utilised the Union to consolidate their position in Ireland. To use current cant, they "dug themselves in" at Dublin Castle, and there they remained, sallying forth to harry the country as and when opportunities arose. "The transfer of legislative functions from College Green to Westminster," says Mr. Good, "has obscured the fact that the Union restored the system of the undertakers, by which Great Britain handed over the control of Irish affairs to a group of territorial magnates. . . . Like the prudent politicians they were, Irish Unionists did not remain satisfied with

Parliamentary assurances and safeguards. They prepared on their own account a central redoubt in Dublin Castle which could be used either for offensive purposes against Ireland or for defensive purposes against England. What Westminster might make the laws, the power of administering them must remain with the Ascendancy. As they had rigged the Parliament in College Green in the eighteenth century, so throughout the nineteenth their efforts were devoted to jobbing their friends into places under the 'Irish' executive." Mr. Good instances this jobbery with a particularity which will disconcert not only Unionists in general but, in particular, many living scions of the Irish nobility (the word is used in its conventional rather than in its etymological meaning). But as Mr. Good insists criticisms of the oppressiveness, costliness, corruption, and inefficiency of Dublin Castle are pointless. It is a most efficient instrument for oppressing and robbing one nation in the interests of another, the purpose for which it was designed.

So long as the Castle is used only in subjugating and despoiling Ireland, one cannot expect the English people to interfere for the sake of abstract justice. Ideals have no money value, and a nation of hucksters has no use for them; but in supporting the system the English people are keeping a rod in pickle for themselves. They have had a few touches of it lately. "It was not merely an accident that Mr. Shortt, who as Chief Secretary sponsored the German Plot to defeat the anti-corruption campaign in Ireland, should, as Home Secretary, produce a Belshazzar Plot faithfully modelled on the same plan for discrediting English Trade Unionism. The creation of a department of political police under the wing of the Home Office has been indignantly denounced by Liberalism and Labour as a return to Sidmouth and Eldon. Mr. Shortt did not waste time in hunting up century-old precedents upon which to base his new departure. He adopted the simpler and more satisfactory course of duplicating in Whitehall part of the machinery which, as Chief Secretary, he learnt to manipulate in Dublin Castle. . . . Politicians who impose their will upon Ireland by the simple devices of usages and martial law are irresistibly tempted, when confronted with similar problems in Great Britain, to meet them in the same way. A study of the reactions of Dublin Castle upon Downing Street inside the last generation would convince any doubting Thomases who may still exist amongst the British electorate that whether the co-existence (sic!) of self-

government can be justified or not as an act of justice to Ireland, it is imperatively needed to ensure fair play for the English democracy." It is to be hoped that the rod, well pickled, will be applied vigorously to the "doubting Thomases." If and when that act of justice is performed, they will no doubt discover that the continuance of Castle rule is against those g-r-r-rat principles of humanity and justice for which the G-r-r-rat War was waged and won, and upon which their mighty Hemphill is based, and will use the power they indisputably possess to end it in a week—and they will proclaim to all who care to listen that they were actuated solely by love for the Irish people, and not at all by a desire to save their own miserable hides.

The objects and policies of Unionist leaders, not only at the time of the Union but ever since, seem fairly clear if that measure be regarded rather as a counter-revolution than as the sale of Irish independence. The diagnosis takes all the symptoms into account, even the one which has possibly occurred to some critical reader, who would ask the stout Northern Presbyterian Republicans of '98 become the blinded followers of the oligarchy which, much as it despises and exploits them, depends for its political existence on their fanatical support? The answer is fairly well known. Concessions were made to Presbyterians which, while not putting them on a level with members of the Church as by British law established, gave them liberties not granted to their Catholic fellow rebels. It was represented that these liberties would disappear if they were extended to Catholics. The educational machine was used to preserve sufficient ignorance amongst the Presbyterians, fed in the schools on such intellectual pabulum as "Irish Rogues and Rapparees," "The Monk," and "Moll Flanders" to prevent them from realising the absurdity of the representation until the breach had been sufficiently widened. It was quite a simple plan, requiring only men sufficiently destitute of principle and honour to carry it out, and they were easily found or bought. The effectiveness of their work was proved when the Land League attempted the time of reuniting Irishmen. The Manifesto to Ulster pointed out that "the measure of the affection of Protestant landlords for Protestant tenants was to be found in the fact that inside a generation the emigrants from Ulster numbered over 782,000, and the decrease in the number of holdings of fifteen acres and less was 104,000." Saunderson's only argument was that the expropriation of landlords would prove a prelude to the extirpation of Protestants of all classes (an argument I have often heard since). Anticipating Carson, Saunderson realised that

"the way to obscure the economic issue was to kindle the fires of a Jihad," and that the nascent cries of nationality must be drowned in the noise of the big drum. So he kindled the fires, banged the drum, and shrieked red rebellion.

Here ends the vain quest for a patriotic, economic, or even logical justification of Irish Unionism. Its leaders know well that it has none, and rely on any props they can find to support their fissiparous fabrication. They allege as the root of England's title to Ireland a Papal Bull of doubtful authenticity and no efficacy, and supplement it with howls of "To Hell with the Pope"; they profess loyalty to the English king, and threaten to kick his crown into the Boyne if he does not obey their orders; and, holding up their hands in pious horror at alleged German atrocities in Gallant Little Belgium, plead that the murder of unborn children, the torturing and hanging of boys, the desecration of the dead, and wholesale looting and incendiarism in Ireland are gallant efforts to "grasp murder by the throat." England's rule, under which Unionists would keep us, is always the same. It is only her lies that vary. E. W. PAOUR.

The Condition of an Irish Settlement.

From the New Republic.

It is now about forty years since Parnell forced the issue of self-government to the surface of British political discussion. From 1880 until the present time the question of how much independence the British Parliament would or would not grant to Ireland has remained on the top or just below the top of Imperial British politics. It has ruptured parties, ruined the careers of statesmen, distracted public opinion, and in certain respects perverted the normal course of British political development. At the end of it all, Ireland is in open revolt, British Imperial authority in the island defied as never before, and the British public, as a trustworthiness English correspondent of the New Republic pointed out in our last issue, irresolute, dismayed, and heartily sick of the calamitous contest. The average Briton longs to be well rid of it, but he cannot make up his mind to approve the magnanimous act which would free him from his costly and impossible responsibility. He is, consequently, driven to endorse coercion. But he is far from easy about the brutal method by which alone British government in Ireland can maintain a semblance of authority. His mixture of sedium and persis, his conscience over the necessary violence of Dublin Castle without abandoning the attempt to govern Ireland at all.

The fact that the successful insurrection in Ireland irritates and bores the average Englishman instead of infuriating him will, of course, encourage the Irish nationalists to persist. No doubt a mixture of irritation and tedium may breed temporary callousness to the means which are used to obtain relief, but when these means fail an irritated and bored public is not likely to insist indefinitely in its ill doing. If the Irish can maintain their insurrection without succumbing to the error of excessive reprisal, it looks as if their rulers would finally, as a consequence of the ignominy and futility of the prevailing policy, be driven to adopt the course which, as we believe, has the best chance of bringing about a permanently amicable adjustment of the relations between Ireland and Great Britain. That course is to withdraw the British troops, at least from those regions which are in

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surrection against Imperial authority.* This is the policy recently recommended by Lord Grey and it has apparently become the only practicable alternative to ruthless, arbitrary and necessarily bloody coercion. The present government will never adopt it, but it is to our mind so clearly the only behaviour towards Ireland consistent with the increasing democratic convictions of the British people, with their better political traditions and with the ultimate security of the British Empire that confusion and disaster will overtake the government which refuses to adopt it.

The withdrawal of the troops is an essential condition of a permanent Irish settlement because it is the only effective way of acknowledging the wrong done to Ireland by the original occupation and the only way of bringing to an end its disastrous consequences. As soon as the government withdraws the troops, but not until then, the Irish people will enjoy the privilege of having something decisive to say about their collective destiny. That is a privilege to which under every democratic principle they are fully entitled. Before the war, under the political conventions which then obtained, the British Government might have disarmed Irish resistance by a less drastic concession, but after the breaking up of the Empires of Central Europe, a government which is so completely repudiated by its subjects as is British government in Ireland, must begin its reformation by the abdication rather than by the attempted qualification of its authority. Ireland, or that part of it which repudiates British dominion, has attained a national self-consciousness and a degree of moral independence which forbids it to accept any settlement as a gift from British authority. It demands as a condition of future political co-operation complete freedom of negotiation. It cannot obtain freedom of negotiation unless the troops are withdrawn.

The withdrawal of the troops would, of course, be equivalent to a recognition of the independence of Ireland, for Imperial authority would vanish with the troops. But it would not involve the acquiescence by the British Empire in any policy which the Irish national government would subsequently adopt with respect to Great Britain. The relation between Ireland and Great Britain would after the withdrawal of the troops become the subject of negotiation. In that negotiation it would be the task of the British Government either to persuade the Irish to accept a Canadian status within the Empire, or, if that is impossible, to negotiate a treaty analogous to the treaty which determines the relationship between the United States and Cuba. It would seem, considering the essential economic and political interdependence of Ireland and Great Britain that the interests and forces which made for an agreement would rise superior to the interests and forces which interposed an agreement. But, of course, that is only a guess. It would be foolhardy to promise or predict a satisfactory outcome to the negotiation from the point of view of British Unionism. The new Irish government might adopt an attitude towards Great Britain analogous to that of a Balkan State towards its neighbours rather than analogous to that of Canada with relation to the Empire, or Cuba towards the United States. In that event would not a British Government in the interest of British security be justified in resuming a policy of coercion? And would it not by the withdrawal of the troops have enormously increased the amount of bloodshed and suffering which coercion would involve?

For our part we cannot understand why an immediately irreconcilable attitude on the part of an independent Ireland towards Great Britain would, under existing circumstances, justify a policy of coercion. If Great Britain ever found herself again exposed to attack from an enemy

as dangerous as the German Empire was in 1914 and if independent Ireland was willing to lend military and naval assistance to the enemies of Great Britain, then under the terms of war the Irish would expose themselves to any military and naval reprisal which British security seemed to require. But just at present British Sea Power is irretrievably gone. France and the United States are the only nations which could conceivably use Ireland as a submarine base against Great Britain and for the present a collision between Great Britain and either of its associates in the late war is inconceivable. The British Government has, consequently, enough time to win the friendship and the cooperation even of an Ireland which was disposed to be a while irreconcilable. Neither do we believe that by abdicating military control and trusting to negotiation she would be running any considerable risk. She would always have Ireland at her mercy in the event of ultimate irreconcilability, and in that event the Irish would suffer economic and in every other way far more from the breakdown of negotiations than would the British.

The immediate threat to the security of the British Empire comes not from the abandonment of military rule over rebellious peoples but from its continuation. While Britons have to fear is the disintegration of their Empire in so far as it is based upon force rather than its overtopping by external attack. Wherever they can, British statesmen will do well to substitute, as they are trying to substitute in Egypt, government by consent for merely Imperial authority. The existing relationship between the British Empire and its self-governing dominions, is the most successful and instructive example of an essentially moral yet still effective among substantially independent peoples which history has to record. This is the novel ingredient of British Imperial politics, and it is only by acting in the light of this admirable precedent that British statesmanship can prevent Ireland from remaining a source of weakness and demoralisation to the British Commonwealth.

* This is not literally correct, as Lord Grey suggested a delay of two years before withdrawal. Why not advocate not partial, but the entire withdrawal of British troops? In a recent article in the "Daily Mail," "Domestic Affairs," "Leave Sinn Fein to us. We can deal with it,"—Ed. G.L.

"Irish Bulletin."

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1920.

THE OFFICIAL ENGLISH POLICY OF TERRORISM IN IRELAND AND AN ENGLISH MEMBER'S ACCUSATION AND CERTAIN FACTS

Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy, English member, Parliament for Hull, made the following accusation in the English House of Commons on Monday, October 25, 1920. The quotation is made from the report of the Parliamentary proceedings which appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* of October 26, 1920:

"He wished to make a definite accusation that it had been arranged between the heads of the War Office with a certain section of the Cabinet and the heads of the army in Ireland, by which certain persons had undertaken to give a free hand, to apply to the disturbed parts of Ireland the methods that were being used for dealing with the savage tribes on the North-west frontiers of India and they had guaranteed within a certain time to break the spirit of the Irish people."

In view of this accusation the following sequence of events is of interest:

On January 21, 1920, the Republic of Ireland was definitely established as the result of the mandate given

by the Irish electorate in the General Election of December, 1918. A Parliament was created, a Government responsible to it was selected. Departments for the various offices of State were established. The organisation of the Republic by the elected Government was begun. Within one year the Republican Government was successfully functioning with the enthusiastic support of the Irish people by whom it was created. It was then rejected by the English Cabinet to crush this functioning Republican Government. In the January, February, and March of 1920 round-ups of the elected representatives and other active Republicans were of daily occurrence. One thousand two hundred and fifty active Republicans were arrested and imprisoned without trial or charge during these three months. But the Republican Government continued to function, and the Irish people continued to give it their enthusiastic approval. The English Cabinet realised that ordinary methods of arrest and imprisonment would not break the spirit of the Irish people. Towards the last days of March, 1920, the adoption of a policy of organised military terrorism was decided upon by the English Cabinet. The methods as to the forms this terrorism would take were later decided upon.

On March 28, 1920, the *London Daily Express*, mouthpiece of Mr. Bonar Law, announced that General Sir Nevill Macready, Chief Commissioner of the London Metropolitan Police, had been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the British Army of Occupation in Ireland. In making the announcement the *Daily Express* said:

"His (Sir Nevill's) sudden appointment to Ireland and his dramatic departure from police headquarters indicates that once again the Government requires a more hand on the military lever in Ireland, and that a new method of dealing with Irish disturbances is to be adopted."

On March 29 the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the London evening paper of the English Prime Minister, referred to the appointment of Sir Nevill Macready, and said:

"The very wide powers to be conferred on him will enable him to employ not only the military and police forces at his discretion, but other means and forces will be available to deal with whatever circumstances may arise."

On the same evening Mr. Lloyd George announced in the English House of Commons that General Sir Nevill Macready had been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the English forces in Ireland.

On March 31 Mr. Lloyd George wrote to the Lord Mayor of Dublin in reply to a letter protesting against the arrest and imprisonment without trial or charge of many members of the Dublin Corporation:

"The Executive . . . may at times have no option but to be grapple with the problems of organised murder, but to dislocate in some degree the normal life of the community."

On April 3 the *London Daily Mail* said:

"Sir Nevill Macready, who is leaving for Ireland to take up his new post as Commander of the forces there, has been given practically a free hand by the Cabinet."

On the same day the *London Morning Post* said:

"Sir Nevill Macready is about to assume the command of the military forces in Ireland, and we assume

that he is instructed to suppress the rebellion by whatever means may be requisite."

On April 10 the Press announced the retirement of those among the high officials of the Royal Irish Constabulary who were known to be opposed to a policy of frightfulness. The officials who were asked to retire were: Mr. W. M. Davies (Deputy Inspector-General of the R.I.C.), and Messrs. H. D. Tyacke and R. S. C. Flower (Assistants Inspector-General of the R.I.C.). The Press on the same day stated that these officials were to be replaced by Mr. C. A. Walsh, Mr. A. A. Roberts, and Mr. F. M. Clayton. All these had proved their thoroughness in aggression. Some short time previously Inspector-General Sir J. A. Byrne was removed from office and his place was taken by Mr. T. J. Smith, a notorious advocate of aggressive measures.

On April 23 the *London Daily Chronicle*, semi-official organ of the English Coalition Government, stated:

"The new policy which the Government have decided to adopt in Ireland is being rapidly developed. . . . General Macready has the full confidence of the Cabinet."

During the last week in April and the first days in May, it was stated in the non-Governmental Press in England that the English Government had decided to cease its aggression in Ireland and attempt a policy of conciliation. In reply to these statements the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the Press Association published this inspired announcement:

"The Prime Minister has decided that at present there can be no change in the Government's Irish policy. The Cabinet are united in approval of the Prime Minister's decision."

On May 11, 1920, an English Cabinet meeting was held in London. The Press announced that it was presided over by Mr. Bonar Law, and was attended by the following: Mr. Walter Long (First Lord of the Admiralty), Sir Henry Wilson (Chief of Imperial General Staff), Mr. Edward Shortt (late Chief Secretary for Ireland and inventor of the "German Plot"), Lord Birkenhead (late Staff Officer of Sir Edward Carson's Volunteers), and Mr. Winston Churchill (Secretary of State for War). Sir Nevill Macready was present at this Cabinet meeting and took part in its proceedings.

On May 12 Mr. Bonar Law was asked a question in the English House of Commons as to what steps had been taken to secure greater co-ordination between military and police in Ireland. He replied:

"I am glad there is an opportunity of answering that. General Macready has already taken most important steps, and yesterday in consultation with a conference of the Cabinet he had many other suggestions to make all of which will be granted by the Cabinet. He does believe that in a comparatively short time the changes he has made will show effect."

On May 13 Lord Birkenhead, one of the Cabinet Conference, which had discussed the "suggestions" of Sir Nevill Macready, spoke at a dinner in London, and said:

"I cannot speak here to-night of what the Executive have done, or to tell you of the conclusions they have reached; but I can tell you this, that as a Government we have decided to reinforce these men (the constabulary) by

every means in our power. . . . We have taken special and wholly exceptional steps."

On June 19 Divisional Commissioner Smythe addressed the policemen in the police barracks at Listowel, and outlined the new policy of the English Government. The main points of his announcement were:

1. "Now, men, Sinn Fein has had all the sport up to the present, we are going to have the sport now."
2. "I am getting seven thousand police from England."
3. "If a police barracks is burned, the best house in the locality is to be commandeered."
4. "The police are to lie in ambush and to shoot suspects."
5. "The more you shoot the better I will like you. . . . No policeman will get into trouble for shooting any man."
6. "Hunger-strikers will be allowed to die in jail—the more the merrier."
7. "We want your assistance in carrying out this scheme and wiping out Sinn Fein."

On the same day it was announced to the police in Tralee Barracks that inquiries on victims of police shootings were about to be abolished by the English Government. Some of the police to whom these announcements had been made resented them and made them public.

It was denied by Sir Hamar Greenwood, English Chief Secretary for Ireland, on July 22 in the English House of Commons that any such statements had been made, but on the following day, July 23, Inspector-General T. J. Smith issued a secret order to the Royal Irish Constabulary, announcing that "Government has directed" that no prisoners were to be released until they had served their sentences. In other words: "Hunger strikers will be allowed to die."

On August 2 the English Chief Secretary for Ireland introduced in the House of Commons the Restoration of Order in Ireland Bill, one of the clauses of which made coroners' inquests illegal. The Chief Secretary admitted in the introduction of this Bill that it had been drafted in the previous June—in other words, it was known in that month to the English officials in Ireland that it was the English Government's intention to suppress coroners' inquests.

All of the other points of Divisional Commissioner Smythe's review of the "special and wholly exceptional steps" the English Government had on May 11 decided to take in regard to Ireland, have been borne out by events subsequent to the Commissioner's speech. Thousands of English recruits are being brought to Ireland as "policemen." Whenever a police barracks is burned the houses of prominent Republicans are commandeered or burned by the "police." Sixty-seven innocent civilians have been murdered since the Commissioner's speech was delivered. That the Divisional Commissioner's address to the police in Listowel was an outline of the official policy of the English Government is no longer in doubt.

Meanwhile General Sir Nevil Macready's "suggestions" to the English Cabinet, "all of which" were

approved by that Cabinet, were put into operation. By May 11, 1920, the following are the numbers of Irish towns and villages sacked, "shot-up," or partially burned:

- May—Five towns or villages.
- June—Eleven towns or villages.
- July—Twenty towns or villages.
- August—Twenty-one towns or villages.
- September—Forty towns or villages.
- To October 18—Thirty-six towns or villages.

Sir Nevil Macready having "the full confidence of Cabinet" has not shirked at taking responsibility for policy of terrorism which, in the words of Divisional Commissioner Smythe has for its object "the wiping out of Fein."

On September 16 Mr. J. Annan Bryce, brother of J. Bryce, forwarded to General Macready a threatening letter served upon the manageress of the Eccles Hotel, G. Garriff, Co. Cork, by an English military officer. The letter threatened that the forces of the English Crown will destroy a Republican leader's house if a police barracks or Loyalist house were destroyed. The following letter was sent to Mr. Bryce:

"Sir, Sir Nevil Macready asks me, in reply to a letter of the 16th inst., to state that he is acquainted with the distribution of the notices, copy of which enclosed.

Truly yours,

WILLIAM BRYCE
Major-General I/C. Administration, Ireland,
G. H. Q. - Ireland, Parkgate, Dublin, Sept. 18, 1920."

On September 22 General Sir Nevil Macready interviewed by a representative of the Associated Press America. The report of the interview was submitted to before publication. He approved of it. On September 23 the interview was published in the American Press. The following phrase in it is important. The interviewer states:

"He (General Macready) said, however, that if guerrilla warfare of the Irish Republican Army continue the situation might become such that a policy of repression would be necessary."

On September 25, two days after the sack of Balbriggan which was accompanied by the savage murder of Law and Gibbons, a secret order was issued to the English in Ireland by direction of the "G.O.C. in C.," or General Sir Nevil Macready. In that secret order it was said:

"There are indications that the measures now taken by the Government for the suppression of this war in Ireland are beginning to bear fruit, and have the desired effects in, at any rate, the more moderate sections of the Fein. . . . Without being unduly optimistic, the Government hope that if the pressure is maintained, if certain other measures which they have in view are successful, a great improvement in the situation may place within the next two months."

It is well to keep these facts in mind, in view of efforts of the English Government to condone and minimize the excesses of its troops and "police" in Ireland, and pretend that the sackings of towns, the murders, and general military terrorism are mere sporadic outbreaks of "human nature," and not an official Governmental

THURSDAY, 28TH OCTOBER, 1920.

THE CASE OF KEVIN BARRY.

IRISH MILITARY GOVERNMENT TORTURE A PRISONER OF WAR AND ARE ABOUT TO HANG HIM.

The following are two statements concerning the case of Kevin Barry, who has been sentenced by the English Military Government in Ireland to be hanged. The first is a sworn statement of the condemned boy. The second is a message sent to the civilized nations of the world by Mr. Hugh Griffith, Acting President of the Republic of Ireland.

(1) THE SWORN STATEMENT OF KEVIN BARRY.

Kevin Barry, of the City of Dublin to wit:

I, Kevin Barry, of 58, South Circular Road, in the City of Dublin, Medical Student, aged 18 years and upwards, solemnly and sincerely declare as follows:

(1). On the 20th day of September, 1920, I was arrested in Upper Church Street in the City of Dublin by a sergeant and the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and was brought for escort to the North Dublin Union, now occupied by military. I was brought into the guardroom and searched. I was then removed to the defaulters' room by escort with a sergeant-major. The latter and the escort belonged to the 1st Lancashire Fusiliers. I was then handed.

(2). About quarter of an hour after I was placed in the defaulters' Room two commissioned officers came in. They belonged to the 1st Lancashire Fusiliers. They were accompanied by three sergeants of the same unit. A private policeman, who had been in the room since I entered remained. One of the officers asked my name, which I gave. He then asked for the names of my companions in

the raid or attack. I refused to give them. He tried to persuade me to give the names, and I persisted in refusing. He then sent a sergeant out of the room for a bayonet. When it was brought in the sergeant was ordered by the same officer to point the bayonet at my stomach. The same question as to the names and addresses of my companions was repeated with the same result. The sergeant was then ordered to turn my face to the wall and point the bayonet to my back. I was so turned. The sergeant then said he would run the bayonet into me if I did not tell. The bayonet was then removed and I was turned round again.

(3). The same officer then said to me that if I persisted in my attitude he would turn me out to the men in the barrack square, and that he supposed I knew what that meant with the men in their present temper. I said nothing. He ordered the sergeants to put me face down on the floor and twist my arm. I was pushed down on the floor after my handcuffs were removed by the sergeant who went for the bayonet. When I lay on the floor one of the sergeants knelt on the small of my back, the other two placed one foot each on my back and left shoulder, and the man who knelt on me twisted my right arm, holding it by the wrist with one hand while he held my hair with the other to pull back my head. The arm was twisted from the elbow joint. This continued to the best of my judgment for five minutes. It was very painful. The first officer was standing near my feet and the officer who accompanied him was still present.

(4). During the twisting of my arm the first officer continued to question me as to the names and addresses of my companions, and also asked me for the name of my company commander and any other officer I knew.

(5). As I still persisted in refusing to answer these questions I was let get up and I was again handcuffed. A civilian came in and he repeated the questions with the same

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result. He informed me that if I gave all the information I knew I could get off. I was then left in the company of the military policeman, the two officers, the three sergeants, and the civilian leaving together.

(6.) I could certainly identify the officer who directed the proceedings and put the questions. I am not sure of the others except the sergeant with the bayonet. My arm was medically treated by an officer of the Royal Army Medical Corps attached to the North Dublin Union, the following morning, and by the Prison Hospital Orderly afterwards for four or five days.

(7.) I was visited by the courts-martial officer last night and he read for me the confirmation of sentence of death by hanging to be executed on Monday next, and I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing same to be true and by virtue of the Statutory Declarations Act, 1835. Declared and subscribed before me at Mountjoy Prison in the County of the City of Dublin this 28th day of October, 1920.

(Signed) MYLES KEOGH,

A Justice of the Peace in and for the said County.

(Signed) KEVIN GERARD BARRY.

(2) MR. GRIFFITH'S MESSAGE TO THE CIVILISED NATIONS. Mr. Arthur Griffith addresses the following message to the civilised nations:

The boy Keving Barry, whose sworn testament of torture inflicted on him by his captors has been published, has been informed that he is to be hanged on Monday next.

Kevin Barry, when captured was one of a body of armed Irish Volunteers which had attacked an armed English military escort with the object of disarming them.

Under similar circumstances a body of Irish Volunteers captured on June 1 of the present year, a party of 25 English military who were on duty at the King's Inn, Dublin. Having disarmed the party the Volunteers immediately released their prisoners.

This was in strict accordance with the conduct of the Volunteers in all such encounters. Hundreds of members of the English armed forces have been from time to time captured by the Volunteers, and in no case was any prisoner maltreated, even though Volunteers had been killed and wounded in the fighting, as in the case of Cloyne, Co. Cork, when, after a conflict in which one Volunteer was killed and two wounded, the whole of the opposing forces were captured, disarmed, and set at liberty.

Brigadier-General Lucan, of the English army, was taken prisoner by the Irish Volunteers on June 26 of this year. During the six weeks of his captivity he was treated in strict accordance with International Law, being afforded all the privileges due to his rank as a prisoner of war.

The English Government now proposes to set aside the high standard maintained by the Irish Volunteers, and to execute prisoners of war, previously attempting to brand them before the world as criminals.

Such an outrage upon the law and customs of nations cannot be permitted to pass in silence by civilisation. It may be in the power of England to hang an Irish boy of 18 under such circumstances, but it is not in her power to prevent the conscience of mankind reprobating with horror such an action. That conscience Ireland invokes against this intended outrage upon God and man.

NOTE.—There will be no issue of the "Irish Bulletin" published to-morrow, Friday, October 29, 1920, owing to the decree of Dail Eireann ordaining the observance of that day as a day of national mourning.

Battle Cry.

By TERENCE MACSWINEY.

Glory to God, we shall not die without another blow.
Glory to God, the living flood is sweeping all below.

The flame has cleft the darkness, the old and fierce
Has even swept the slave into a white and mounting fire.

'Tis no mad dream; I hear the tread of countless marching men.

Old Ireland is ablaze, ablaze in city, field and glen.

"To arms!" the cry goes down the wind, and wild delight

We rush to arms, and pray: "Good speed another gallant fight."

And we had cursed our bitter time of black and freezing shame—

Christ, on our knees for this brave hour, we bless Thy sacred name.

We shall not perish off the land in dastardly disgrace,
Glory to God, we'll do a deed worthy our royal race.

Old Shane the Proud, look up in heaven, we send it to stars;

We shall be proud, and you shall hear the clamor of wars.

Old Brian, smiter of the Dane, and you shall hear as
Shout your great name, and smite the foe and sweep the sea.

What happy field in heaven holds you, our brave Red Hugh,
But you must flash in spirit down the battle to renew.

And mighty Aodh shall soar above the well-known Yellow Ford,

And smile to see us bare again the Freedom-winning sword.

Oh, shade of valiant Owen Roe, the black treachery
That struck you down has burst upon the ancient ones.

The evil game they tried again—set their own train afire
Glory to God, we'll give them now more than their hearth desire.

Shout for the long-despaired-of fight; by heaven, we shall not fail.

Led by the hotted spirits of the warriors of the Gael,
From out the shining East they come, up the undying Well.

From Donegal to Desmond with glory manifest.

But soft and still a while the exultation fierce and loud,
Oh, martyred spirit, see where stands our Emmet, bold and proud.

One passionate prayer we breathe below our hushed
exulting laugh;

We swear it by the living God to write his epitaph.

Oh, by the Cross of Agony, where Christ, our Saviour died,
Let not the kiss of death itself by one man be denied.

Oh, Thou who holdst in Thy hands the issue of this strife,
We freely offer pain in death and every hope in life.

Only set on the battle swift, and make us fit and free,
Yea, reckon up the price for us, however great it be.

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Correspondence.

To the Editor of OLD IRELAND.

"The laughter of those who triumph,
Then the lying tongue and the treacherous hand have slain."

Sir,—An Irish landowner, an honest man, just tells me as a letter from an Irish girl in a London hospital, on the morning of October 25, the news was brought: "The Lord Mayor of Cork is dead." And then all the nurses, dishyomen, in the ward clapped their hands, in English station. Is that the explanation? "Things are as they are and their consequences will be what they will be. Why, should we wish to be deceived?" N.C.D.

P.S.—To the same, an Irishman, in Ireland, recounts hearing a male of the breed say this: "I got seven shillings for murdering my wife in England. And here I am in Ireland getting thirty shillings a day for murdering Irish."

India's Tremendous Resources.

New York.—As a reply to the oft-repeated statement that India is a poor country, the Friends of Freedom for India have compiled the following figures, that speak for themselves: India's production, in round numbers, of rice 8,000,000 tons; wheat 10,000,000 tons; Rape and Mustard 1,000,000 tons; ground nut 1,000,000 tons; sugar 3,000,000 tons; cotton 4,000,000 bales; jute 2,000,000 bales; tea 400,000,000 lbs., etc., etc. Her production of manganese is valued, in round numbers, at \$100,000,000; petroleum \$8,000,000; gold \$11,000,000; coal \$1,000,000,000. And yet, the people of India are the poorest in the world. The reason, as given by eminent Indian economists like Nurooji, Gokhale and Dutt, is England's early occupation and merciless exploitation of this land of ancient culture and fabulous wealth.

We regret that owing to great pressure on our space we are unable to conclude the article entitled, "Some Distinguished Views on Ireland," in this issue.—Ed. O.I.

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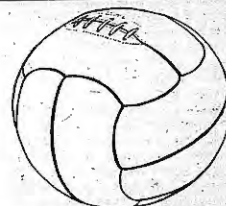
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Book Review.

"THE HOUNDS OF BANBA." By Daniel Corkery. (The Talbot Press, 4s. net.)

The Republican spirit of new Ireland has never been better expressed in prose than in this new volume of short stories by Daniel Corkery. In the "Hounds of Banba" we have all the pride of the fight, the passion of it, the heroism, tragedy, and humour—an authentic picture of these hard and glorious days that will be valued highly long after our struggle has reached an honourable conclusion. This is not to suggest that Mr. Corkery is consciously a propagandist. His characters interest him as men and women, not as figures in a political movement, but the love of Ireland is so much a part of their lives that Ireland itself seems to be the chief human character in the book (and is therefore rightly given chief place in the title).

The limitations of space prevent us doing full justice to a book, the publication of which should be a matter for national pride. Each one of these stories is worth a separate criticism, better than some of them have not been written in English for many years. Some readers will vote "On the Heights" the best of the collection, and others "Seumas," which is the most moving and tragic, but, personally, we consider "An Unfinished Symphony" the

most successful and typical example of the author's art. It is the account of a railway journey—the journey of an I.R. officer who is on the run to meet his "gradh geal." One worked and "drained of spirit," he has determined to go back his old energy by a brief holiday in her home. He is to pass through the snares of the enemy—there was danger, but the prospect! . . . We would laugh, we would cry, we would dance the *rinne fada* in the farm kitchen, we would play cards with the labourers, we would borrow the farmers' hunters and make the roads ring beneath our hoofs, we would go shooting in the bogs, we would climb the high hills, we would surprise the simple people who were giving us so large-heartedly of their stores, of their pity, of the love. . . . He was destined after all to be disappointed. The policemen at the railway station "were not half so observant as he had thought," and we are reminded on more that the Irish State was established and is being consolidated at the cost of personal sufferings and self-sacrifices.

If the true theory of the short story is that it should be centred around a single conspicuous incident or character, most of the greatest short stories in the world are—Daniel Corkery has achieved technical perfection. Yet his sense of the drama of life is never sacrificed to his sense of form. "The Ember" and "A Bye-Product," particular instances of fine craftsmanship, are worthy of De Maupassant.

If there is any literary taste in the country "The Hounds of Banba" ought to sell in thousands. J.C.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Nine British Victories in One Month.

KILLED.	
November	1—Mrs. E. Quinn and unborn child.
"	5—Miss O'Connell, of Ardferb.
"	18—Annie O'Neill (aged 8 years).
WOUNDED BY RIFLE FIRE.	
October	15—Miss Glynn.
"	17—Miss Brabazon.
"	17—Master McCooey.
"	20—Miss Brosnan.
"	27—Miss Gibson.
November	13—Teresa Kavanagh (aged 6½ years).

This list is the only commentary we need make on the ravings of George and Greenwood about "gripping murder by the throat," "Sinn Féin murder gangs," and such like. The British House of Commons is satisfied with their "explanations," which of itself proves their falsity. If the killing, wounding, and torturing of men and boys and the burning of homes, shops, and creameries in the same period were added, the list would fill an entire issue of OLD IRELAND.

The Freest Country in the World.

Greenwood recently informed the English House of Commons that the military inquiries which he finds less embarrassing than coroners' inquests are open to the public.

The same right honourable gentleman also said that "Ireland is the freest country in the world."

One statement is as true as the other. Even the next of kin of murdered Irish men, women, and children are habitually excluded from these tragic-farces, and are refused copies of the depositions of the witnesses.

The British General Maurice once accused Mr. George of being a liar. The British House of Commons debated the matter solemnly, and decided that he was not, by a majority which, strange to say, exactly equalled the excess of "Coalitionists" over the opposition parties. No vote has yet been taken as to Greenwood's veracity, but no doubt the Canadian's word would be vindicated as thoroughly as was the Welshman's. Someone should see about having a statue to Anunnias erected in the "Lobby."

Crude!

Some weeks ago a report that Sinn Féiners had poisoned a number of horses, the property of the British Army in Ireland, was "featured" luridly in the English and pro-English Press, and provoked a shudder of righteous horror in our kindly rulers. Shortly afterwards unobtrusive paragraphs in the corners of some of the same rags stated that the story was false.

Last autumn a lecture and discussion took place in the United Services Institution, London, in the course of which General Swinton, one of the many sole and original inventors of the "tank" said: "The final form of human warfare is germ warfare. It will come to that, and so far as I can see there is no reason why it should not, if you mean to fight."

These two incidents indicate the genesis of the latest "plot." It is not well done. The "German plot" was much more artistic, and so was the famous propaganda yarn about the "Huns" boiling down the corpses of their dead soldiers for oil. The method, outlined in the correspondence "captured" last week and read by Greenwood to a horror-stricken Parliament, for loosing a horde of ravaging typhoid germs on the British soldiers in Ireland, and glanders bacteria on their horses, seems to have been devised by someone better acquainted with horticulture than with bacteriology. The wicked plotter, "Chief of Staff of the

I.R.A." did not quite know "how to grow the microbes." He should join the United Services Institution and learn all about civilised warfare.

Important concoctions of this sort should really not be left to unskilled subordinates.

The Hunger Blockade.

With the closing down of the Irish railways and the virtual prohibition of road transports the plans for the starvation of Ireland are nearly complete. Well, it will not be the first artificial famine in Ireland, and yet our race does not seem to realise the benefits of British rule. We do not think that the decision of the railway men, whatever it may be, will affect the situation very much. Excuses are easily found.

It was good to hear from Miss Bennett and the other women speakers at the Trades Congress that the women are prepared to "see it through." It was what we expected. The women of Ireland will not be broken by privation, bereavement, or the indignities and anxieties they are called on to bear for Ireland and, through Ireland, for suffering humanity the world over.

Twisters Ad.

The *Daily Herald* calls the English Labour Party Executive's latest piece of evasion "Labour's Great Challenge." "There is nothing for it now," the Executive declares, "but

- (1) to withdraw the armed forces from Ireland;
- (2) to place the responsibility for order on the local authorities;
- (3) to provide for the immediate election of a Constituent Assembly to work out, without limitations or fetters, a constitution for Ireland."

Two conditions only would be made: protection for minorities, and the preventing of Ireland from becoming a military or naval menace to Great Britain.

"Great challenge," smooth! The only point in the whole farrago which concerns English Labour, or any other English party, is the first. The "armed forces" are manned, and largely officered, by labour, and labour need not try to put its guilt on Greenwood or George (who have enough of their own to bear). "Labour" could end the present horror in a week, and it would if its chosen leaders were not a gang of job-hunting canting hypocrites.

As to the second point: Henderson and his fellow chancellors know well that the responsibility for order is already on the local authorities, and also that the responsibility for disorder is on the usurping "authorities."

There is no need to "provide" for the election of a Constituent Assembly or the working out of a constitution. The Irish people have done that already, and *An Daib*

Eireann, not Arthur Henderson, has been lawfully appointed to decide these matters.

The three points we mention might possibly be work of honest, if ignorant, men. The two conditions attached to them are certainly devised by shifty politicians, who, fearing they have advanced too far, want to take way of retreat open. Under a democratic constitution that of the Irish Republic minorities are quite safe. The rebellious and insignificant minority in Ireland has been pampered far too much. It must, and will, have its rights and those rights are exactly the same as those of every other section of the Irish people; no more and no less.

The second condition is, of course, another form of conscription for England. It is nothing to us whether Lloyd George's silly squeal that freedom for Ireland involves conscription for England. It is nothing to us whether he does or not, but the odds are, even on a population by 10 to 1 against us, and, anyhow, if England cleared out Ireland, and stayed out, we should have no reason to fear. Naval and military questions should be settled by regular procedure—a conference between the parties primarily affected, and such neutrals as may be concerned followed by a treaty embodying the agreements arrived at.

After all, we think the manifesto is a "great challenge"—to anyone who believes in its authors.

One of George's Puppets "on the Run."

The American people realised Britain's real, as distinct from her pretended, war aims. Hence the result of Presidential Election. All the resources, in lies and most of British diplomacy were behind Cox, because his victory would have brought America into the League of Spoliators and so strengthened Britain's relaxing grip on Ireland, dragged America's young manhood across Europe in bloody wake of George and Churchill. And with all possible emphasis America said "No!"

After America, Greece. It will be remembered that King Constantine, with British and French aid, rebelliously deposed his King, and made himself virtual dictator over Greece, which he proceeded to govern in the interests of his force supporters. This *coup d'état* was hailed in the English pro-English Press as a spontaneous revolt of the Greek people against King "Tino's" alleged pro-Germanism.

The recent death of the nominal King necessitated a General Election. The Venizelists permitted this, because they thought a result satisfactory to them could be ensured by judicious intimidation and misrepresentation. As a further precaution, the Entente Ministers in Greece took characteristically insolent step of ordering the Greek people not to vote for King Constantine's supporters. But to the Greeks, as to the Americans, to be pro-British is to be patriotic and—Venizelos is "on the run."

Another Just Starting.

Lloyd George was too wily to hit out straight at the Irish Republic. She was too big, so he piously said "we never beat Bolshevism by force," and proceeded to subvert Poland and various adventurers and counter-revolutionaries to make things unpleasant for Russia. It worked long enough to cause the starvation of a few more uncounted thousands of women and children and the deaths of the thousands of "cannon-fodder," but Poland has had claws clipped and now the notorious Wrangel (apparently and of Russian Churchill) has been driven right down to Crimea, and if this third puppet is not yet "on the run," soon will be.

George seems to be more dangerous to his friends than his enemies.

Loyalty.

When the British Government promised, in response to the courageous agitation of the Egyptian nationalists, to recognise the freedom of Egypt, very few people were deceived. They knew there was a "catch" somewhere. They are now informed that Imperial necessity requires Britain to keep—no, not her word—Egypt. That unfortunate country is to continue to be a British "Protectorate," it is humorously called. If anyone wants to know what freedom "under British protection" means, let him inquire of Denshaw, or Amritsar, or Tralee.

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The Genesis of the German Plot.

(From the Irish Bulletin of 19th inst.)

Mr. Lloyd George: "Yes, sir, the Government have decided to publish these documents in a few days. As a matter of fact, they are in front of me now at Downing Street. There is a good deal of information which comes from secret sources and that has to be very carefully scrutinised, otherwise we might give away something valuable to the Empire. That is the only thing preventing immediate publication."

This was the English Prime Minister's reply to a question put to him in the English House of Commons on November 11, 1920, asking whether the English Government had decided to publish the evidence upon which they charged the leaders of the Irish people with conspiring with Germany and arrested and deported them without trial on May 18, 1918, and on subsequent dates.

The decision of the English Government to publish the evidence of the famous "German Plot" is come to two and a half years after the accusation of "treasonable communication with the enemy" was first made; exactly two years after the Armistice was signed, and little less than one and a half years after the Peace with Germany was concluded.

This belated desire of the English Government for the publication of the "evidence" of the "German Plot" is

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co-incident' with a political situation in England which is unfortunate for that Government. The murder, pillage, and arson practised by the English armed forces in Ireland has created an increasingly numerous body of English public opinion hostile to the present English policy in Ireland. It is naturally the desire of Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues to stay the growth of English popular sympathy with Ireland. False official statements of barbarities committed by the Irish Republican Army have not had the effect for which they were invented. Therefore, the decision has been come to to revive the war-hatred in England and direct its full force against the National Movement in Ireland.

The history of this bogus plot is as follows: In the year 1916 Ireland rose in arms against England's domination as she has done in practically every generation since that domination began. During the recent war the subject nations under Germany and Austria made alliances with the enemies of their conquerors, received help from them, and are now free nations. The Irish people rose in arms. No help came to Ireland from England's enemies, though the Irish people, knowing that the liberation of their country was their first duty, would certainly have accepted assistance whether it came from England's allies, England's enemies or neutral States. The insurrection was crushed. The leaders paid the penalty of their patriotism with their lives, and some three thousand combatants and suspects were either sentenced to penal servitude or deported to English jails. England exacted the full penalty from the insurgents. After the rising at Easter Week it became more and more apparent that for the successful prosecution of the war England needed America's assistance. This need eventually led to the amnesty granted to insurgents in June, 1917.

On April 6, 1917, America entered the war as an associate of the Allied Powers. Her war aims were clearly stated to be the liberation of subject nations and the establishment in every part of the world of Government with the consent of the governed. But English Government in Ireland was glaringly at variance with the American war aims. Ireland was held in subjection under martial law. And to obtain the confidence and wholehearted support of the American people it became necessary for the English Government to have the appearance at least of putting into operation in Ireland the American doctrine of "self-determination." For this reason the English Prime Minister on May 22, 1917, projected an Irish Convention. Before this conference was called, Mr. Lloyd George laid down terms of reference carefully excluding any demand for more than local autonomy. This effectively prevented the representatives of the majority of the Irish people from participating in the Convention. But even the minority representatives who formed the Convention showed signs of desiring for their country a larger measure of even local autonomy than the

English Government were prepared to give. On February 25, consequently, Mr. Lloyd George addressed a letter to the chairman of the Convention further restricting its terms of reference. It had been hoped that by the time the Convention finished sitting the war would be over and England would have no further need of the goodwill of her Allies and associates.

The war was still on and had reached one of its most critical phases. As the Irish Convention could no longer serve to win American and Allied approval for England, it became necessary to win American and Allied disapproval. On April 9 the report of the Convention was presented to Mr. Lloyd George. Without taking the trouble to read the report, as the English Prime Minister himself admitted, he introduced on April 10 a Bill to impose full conscription and then Home Rule upon Ireland. And at this point the "German Plot" emerges into daylight.

It is clear from the foregoing that America's entry in the war on England's side necessitated at least an apparent change in England's attitude towards Ireland. English statesmen could hardly speak approvingly of America's war aims and be at the same time without an excuse for putting these war aims into operation by granting to Ireland the right of self-determination. The first excuse was the establishment of an Irish Convention which was carefully designed to be abortive. "The Irish cannot agree among themselves so what can we do." But the Convention threatened to agree upon something and the English Prime Minister hurriedly wrote restricting its already restricted terms of reference, and the Convention fizzled out. But America still spoke about self-determination, and the English Government felt it necessary to introduce a Home Rule Bill, but one certain not to be passed. Therefore, Home Rule was made contingent upon conscription, which the English Government knew the Irish people—still under martial law—would never accept.

On April 12, 1918, a mysterious man landed in a mysterious way on the coast of Clare. He came in a collapsible boat. He was arrested soon after his arrival. On April 18 the organisation of all Ireland to resist conscription was begun. All national parties sank their sectional differences and formed the "Mansion House Conference," which had as its members the leaders of Constitutionalism, the leaders of Labour, and the leaders of the Sinn Fein movement. The English Press lamented that the establishment of the Mansion House Conference meant the acceptance by the whole people of the policy of Sinn Fein. On April 25

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secret alteration was made by the English Government Clause 14a Defence of the Realm Regulations empowering them to deport and intern Irishmen. On April 25 the Irish correspondent of the London Times advised the English Government to break up the Mansion House Convention and recreate the party differences in Ireland. Just as the threat of conscription had united the Irish nation in opposition to it, so it had also revived sympathy for Ireland among parts of the colonies and in America. On May 1 Mr. Edward Shortt was unexpectedly appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland; on May 8 Lord Wimbourne was unexpectedly recalled from the Lord Lieutenantcy and Lord French took his place; on May 10 General Sir Bryan Mahon held his post of Commander-in-Chief of the English forces with deep regret. "Obstacles to the discovery of the German Plot" were being removed. On May 8 Sir Edward Carson made a statement in the London Times: "The Government have the clearest evidence in their possession that the Sinn Fein organisation is and has been in alliance with Germany," and on May 18 the "German Plot" was suddenly discovered, all the Sinn Fein leaders were arrested, and a proclamation was issued by the new Lord Lieutenant stating that as this treacherous conspiracy had been unmasked "we hereby call upon all loyal subjects of His Majesty in Ireland . . . to assist in securing the effective prosecution of the war and the welfare and safety of the Empire."

The London Times of May 20 published one of the real reasons for the great discovery:

"On Friday morning the Nationalist Party was the bond slave of Sinn Fein. The Government's coup gives Mr. Dillon a heaven-sent chance to break away from that fatal servitude."

Five days later Mr. Lloyd George speaking at Edinburgh said:

"Let me make one point clear. The Irish Nationalist leaders had nothing to do with it; they were not even cognisant of it."

On May 27 the London Times published another of the real reasons for the "discovery" of the "German Plot": "Ireland's friends in all countries accept the Government's assurance about the plot and . . . American and all-Allied opinion is now marshalled solidly against sedition and the defenders of sedition in this country."

But the English Government forgot to produce any proofs of the existence of the plot. A cry was raised for their production, even among the most obedient servants of the English Government in Ireland. Captain Stephen Gwynn, arch-propagandist of English militarism in Ireland, cried out on May 20:

"If any persons in Ireland have been plotting with Germany let us have proof of it. . . . No reasons for

State can justify the policy of withholding from Ireland the facts upon which the proclamation was based and the arrests ordered."

The London Daily Mail of May 20 published the following from its special correspondent in Ireland:

"Really sensible people urge that the Government should give us some indication of the nature of the evidence that they possess of a plot with Germany."

By May 25 the outcry for proof became so deafening that the English Press Bureau issued the "evidence." It was so perfunctory that the London Times which had accepted wholemeal the proclamation of May 18 commented weakly on May 26:

"It is not evidence of the guilty complicity in a German plot of any individual."

While the Manchester Guardian of the same date said:

"In the evidence . . . there is nothing to incriminate the Sinn Fein Executive or any Sinn Fein leader."

This evidence, which had so unfavourable a reception from both the Conservative and Liberal Press in England, comprised two parts. The first part dealt with the events prior to the Insurrection of 1916—a "conspiracy" which was not only "discovered" two years previously, but for which sixteen men had been executed and three thousand deported. The second part dealt with the events subsequent to the Insurrection of 1916. This was the real, live evidence of the plot. It consisted of: (1) Alleged captured correspondence between German subjects in Berlin and German subjects in Washington on the question of Ireland; (2) Two quotations from public speeches by Mr. de Valera; (3) Extraneous comments by Dublin Castle. It is hardly necessary to point out that no Irishman could have prevented German subjects, or the subjects of any other Government, from writing to one another on the Irish question, but it is of interest to note that the first of these captured letters was written on June 17, 1916—six weeks after the imprisonment by the English Government of the supposed "conspirators," and the last on January 18, 1917, five months before these same "conspirators" were released from English jails. As to (2): public speeches as evidence of a "plot" are never very convincing. But in (3) Dublin Castle supplied all the proof by a series of assertions which were not less imaginative than the "plot" itself.

The "plot" died in June, 1918. It was killed fittingly enough by a series of public speeches. On June 20 Lord Wimbourne, who was Viceroy of Ireland and head of the Irish Executive until May 6, 1918, spoke in the English House of Lords. He said:

"Amid the obfuscation of events one fact which stood out was the change of personnel of the Irish Executive. That change was not confined to the offices of the Lord

Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary; it included the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, the Commander of the Forces, and other functionaries great and small. As far as one could see, the changes had removed from the Irish Government all or nearly all who had sympathy with Irish nationality. The change had been so complete and dramatic that one was entitled to ask the Government what it might portend. In partial explanation the Government had alleged a "German Plot"; but it seemed strange that in view of the highly specialised means of obtaining information which recently existed in Ireland, neither he, nor as far as he was aware, any member of the Irish Executive had been aware of the existence of the "plot" until it was discovered by the British Government."

On June 25 Mr. Lloyd George disclosed other of the causes for which the "plot" was invented. On April 10 he had introduced a Conscription and a Home Rule Bill. Although the Conscription Bill was made law, the Home Rule Bill never got beyond the introductory stage. In explanation Mr. Lloyd George said on June 25:

"What has happened since I made a declaration of policy (i.e., on April 10) in this House? The first thing that happened is the discovery of a very serious conspiracy to act in conjunction with the Germans. . . Can anybody imagine that a discovery of that kind did not make a difference when it came to a question what you were to do in Ireland in regard to . . . Home Rule?"

But Lord Curzon and Mr. Shortt, two other members of the English Cabinet, had previously boasted:

"Our sources of information were able to warn us that an agent from Germany would be landed, as landed he was on April 12."

So that Mr. Lloyd George must have known of the plot—if there were a plot—when he introduced his Home Rule Bill on April 10. It is trying to do too much with plots of this kind that causes them to fall to pieces.

Again, on August 5, Mr. Shortt declared that the object of the "plot" in so far as it was aimed at the Sinn Fein leaders was to get them into prison and keep them there. Refusing to set up an inquiry into the "plot" he said:

"Suppose they (the Sinn Fein leaders) were found innocent of that (i.e., conspiring with Germany), do you imagine that would let them out? Of course it would not."

On July 8, 1918, the mysterious man in the boat, who turned out to be a Corporal Dowling, of the English Army, was court-martialled in Westminster Guildhall, London. This is the comment on the trial which appeared in the editorial columns of the *Manchester Guardian*:

"The most surprising thing about the Dowling trial has been not what it disclosed, but what it did not disclose. According to the official statement issued on May 26 in explanation of the arrest of Sinn Feiners who are still in prison, Dowling was the pivot upon which the plot turned."

Now, not only was Dowling not charged with any connection with the plot, but not a word was said at the trial about it. On the contrary, all the evidence showed that nobody in Ireland came to assist him or shelter him, and that he went about, got drunk, and changed his suspicious money in the ordinary way. There was not a vestige of the plot. . . . There is something here that requires explanation."

This is the disreputable "German Plot" which the English Prime Minister in difficulties with the public opinion of his own country is about to reinvent in order to revive the latent hatred of the war and direct them against the Irish National Movement for Independence.

The Mandate.

"I, myself, will put a term to my imprisonment!" said Terence MacSwiney when the mockery of a trial had come to an end. The Irish people have put a term to the hunger-strike in Cork prison. This is as it should be: in neither case does England count. The thought of what England thinks, what England says, what England does, has ceased to eat like a sore into our race-consciousness. We have proclaimed ourselves a free people, and day by day we are asserting and realising our freedom. We are concerned now with what our people choose; what our leaders choose; what Ireland chooses.

Ireland chooses that the hunger-strikers shall live. For 93 days these men have suffered martyrdom. They have knit themselves into the hearts of a people who prayed night and day for them—who have to a certain extent agonised with them, and who have for that reason more than common pride in their achievements, more than common gladness in the thought that they are to live.

It, too, often happens that the hero-deed puts the deed of it beyond our thanks. How shall our acclamations stir the saint and martyr who has angels to wonder at him and Christ Himself to welcome him? But these are still with us: we can see them with our eyes, touch them with our hands, we can thank and bless them—lavishly, as we would fain thank and bless those dead, already crowned and accepted, and beyond the need of anything we can give. May God who gave them so much fortitude give them full vigour and strength of life again. He has raised our nation almost from the dead, shall He not raise these also? E.Y.

Some Distinguished Views on Ireland.

(Concluded from November 13, 1920.)

"The exact procedure by which the treaty with Ireland could be made is a matter of secondary importance. What is essential is that Ireland should be treated as an equal, and that Great Britain should recognise her right to full independence under whatever form of constitution, republican or otherwise, she may choose to adopt."

"We urge this recognition, not as a concession to violence—for acts of violence are the symptom, not the cause, of the trouble—but as the best way of dealing with a revolutionary situation, which can only be met by a new departure, simple, timely, decisive, even dramatic."

"But while the step suggested is a way of escape from desperate *impasse*, it is, at the same time, much more than this. It is a great and far-reaching stroke of high policy. It would have its echoes both throughout the Empire and throughout the world. It would go far to lighten the whole atmosphere of international politics, revive the fading belief in justice, and restore the damaged credit of a country which claims to be the champion of liberty."

An interesting article contributed by Lord Montagu deals with the following devastating questions:

"Why, one cannot but ask, are co-operative creameries specially selected for these reprisals? Is it because co-operative benefits are so widely diffused?"

"Why, lastly, are reprisals tolerated if not designed by Government? Is it not because the Government know that but frightfulness has broken down?"

George Russell ("A.E.") is quoted as follows:

"I doubt whether any exposition of the Irish question will have the slightest effect in bringing about an Irish settlement. So far as I can see the British Government is determined to make Ireland a desert by wrecking its towns and industries rather than allow the Irish nation to control its own affairs. And I do not see any power in the world which is going to lift a finger to prevent this wreckage. The British Government has the power to do it, and so far as can judge by the actions of its agents here, it has the will to do it. I do not believe the Irish question will ever be settled as between Ireland and England. Only world circumstance will bring it about. What that may be I do not know, but most Irishmen with the experience of seven hundred years of Irish history, do not see that there is any-

thing to be gained by explaining to any generation of Englishmen the wrong being done in Ireland."

Mr. James G. Douglas follows with a good, sound statement from an Irish point of view. We give just a few telling quotations from it:

"Irish affairs are foreign affairs whether the people of Great Britain like it or not. This is true not only because the Irish Republic is already recognised by a very large majority of the Irish people as their lawful Government, and is steadily increasing the scope of its authority, but also because the British policy in regard to Ireland has done more to damage their prestige abroad than perhaps anything else. No one can observe the steady stream of journalists who come to Ireland from week to week representing the foremost journals of Europe and the U.S.A., without realising that conditions in Ireland are of world-wide interest and that satisfactory foreign relations with European countries will be impossible until England has decided to deal honestly with the Irish people."

Lest any doubt should remain in the mind of any Irishman, Mr. Lloyd George and his Government were still more definite in a further official recruiting appeal entitled "Ireland and the Peace Conference." In it was stated:

"The Allies declare in specific terms that they are out to give freedom to small nationalities. The Central Powers, Germany, and Austria, refuse to declare any such thing, and their treatment of Belgium, Serbia, Montenegro, and Rumania in the present war is enough to show their principles and method. But they go further, and ask the Allies to agree to close out all nations not in the enjoyment of freedom prior to the war. The Allies refuse. Is it not in the interest of Ireland, then, to test the public declarations of the Allies and aid them in the fight they are waging for small nationalities. They cannot, then, in the face of Europe, give freedom to all the small nations and leave Ireland out."

"The absolute necessity for the consent of the Irish people seems to be ignored even by would-be friends of Ireland in Great Britain. The papers are full of letters advocating this schema or that—all kinds of 'Dominion' settlements are talked of and written about, but scarcely anybody seems to realise that an Irish Government is functioning in Ireland—that it has the consent of 90 per cent. of the people—that any order that there is in a large part of Ireland is maintained by this Government, and that it has gained the formal allegiance of the County Councils in 28 counties of

Ireland, including two of the six Ulster counties, which Mr. Lloyd George pretends must not be coerced.

"The only people in Ireland who can agree to a 'settlement' are the elected representatives of the Irish people, and until the British people realise this fact and make their Government act upon it there can be no real peace between Great Britain and Ireland.

"The members of Dail Eireann have been constitutionally elected under British law—their great offence is that they prefer to govern Ireland from Dublin rather than assist in misgoverning Great Britain and Ireland from Westminster."

"You must set up a Government which the people want, otherwise it would be an outrage upon all the principles for which we fought in the war." Contrast this statement about Russia made by Mr. Lloyd George in the British House of Commons with his speech about Ireland made a few days ago at Carnarvon, and then remember that British Labour is prepared to strike to ensure 'Hands off Russia,' yet does nothing but pass resolutions about Ireland even after scores of Irish towns and villages have been sacked by British militarism and when numbers of Irish women and little children have been left homeless and desolate."

Miss Louie Bennett, secretary of I.W.I.L. and I.W.W.U., traces the alternate policies of repression or recognition. "If the former succeeds," she says: "Ireland will be guided, protected, and garrisoned by England. But England will have on her flank an enemy possessed by deadly hatred and resentment, watching untiringly for the opportunity to hit back, which cannot fail to come under existing world conditions."

The latter policy would be based on negotiations. The door is open for such. To prove her contention, she quotes our leaders thus:

"Both De Valera and Mr. Arthur Griffith have, time after time, reiterated their readiness to negotiate along the lines suggested. It is worth while to quote some of their latest utterances. 'The problem,' stated Mr. De Valera recently, 'can only be solved by a Treaty of Peace, signed by the accredited representatives of the two people, on the basis of a guarantee of Ireland's independence, on the one hand, and a guarantee of British security on the other by some international instrument. The Irish people will, I believe, readily consent to give Britain a guarantee which can be ratified internationally, that they will not allow their

island to be used as a base for an attack on British independence.'

"And hear Mr. Griffith: 'Ireland seeks no more than the acknowledgment of her independence. Provided that acknowledgment be made, she is quite ready to enter into a treaty by which the independence and security of the two countries can be mutually guaranteed. . . . freely admit that Ireland has the right to choose her own government, and Ireland ceases to be your enemy. Some of your politicians refer to Ireland as an enemy on your flank. When you deal with Ireland as a nation with a nation, there will no longer be an enemy on your flank. She will be a country by your side whose interest and whose will it will be to live in peace and amity with you.'"

Mr. John H. Barlow, Chairman, London Society of Friends, speaks of his experiences thus:

"The appeal for relief for the sufferers states that, at the time of issue, 5,000 workers with over 10,000 others dependent on them were in dire need. We saw the districts where houses and shops had been destroyed, and visited Lisburn, where the fury of the mob found expression in burning out the property belonging to Roman Catholics, and expelling all Roman Catholics from the town. The place was like a city within the war zone, and the wonder was that the conflagration had been kept within bounds and prevented from annihilating the whole place.

"Then it is abundantly clear that there are two governments in Ireland; the British and the Sinn Féin. The administrators, two judiciaries, two armies. Sinn Féin claims to govern 80 per cent. of the country. Next January it will be an acute problem for the law-abiding members of the population to decide to which Government to pay Income Tax!"

He draws on his imagination when he says: "Beside these, we came to the conclusion that there is a large body of moderate opinion ready to accept any fair and reasonable measure of self-government which hold out the prospect of a permanent settlement."

This conclusion has no basis whatever in fact. Mr. Douglas proves it.

The series of articles ends with a quotation from speeches of Mr. E. D. Morel. Here is the quotation:

"Referring to the Irish question at a number of large attended meetings at Dundee, Edinburgh, and Paisley, Mr. Morel, after denouncing the 'reprisals' policy of the Government, asked what Labour was doing. If the Government were led to believe by public apathy here that it

latest developments in their Irish policy could be pursued with impunity, they were being virtually invited to adopt the same spirit and the same methods under circumstances of acute friction with Labour in England and Scotland, and who would say that such circumstances were not within the bounds of possibility. If the British working classes remained indifferent to what was being done in Ireland they were preparing a rod in pickle for their own backs. The half-and-half solutions which were now being offered for a settlement of the Irish question came too late. No proposals were worth anything which were not preceded by a frank recognition that Ireland was a nation with which we must treat as one nation with another. Sooner or later they would have to come to this. They could not grant independence to Egypt and refuse it to Ireland. There were, no doubt, risks in such a course. But a statesmanship which refused to take risks was not worthy of the name of statesmanship. The statesmanship of Norway and Sweden took a similar risk with the happiest of results. And no risk involved in doing what was right and in consonance with our pledges in the face of the world was comparable to the risks involved in persistence in wrong-doing. No nation, however formidable, could flout the universal conscience as our Government was doing in the matter of Ireland without invoking a certain Nemesis. The cancer which destroyed Germany was her treatment of Belgium. She had as good a case in the war, indeed, a better case, than the Franco-Russian combination by which she was opposed. But she morally destroyed it by her invasion of Belgium. That was a warning that all men who had eyes to see and ears to hear would neglect at their peril."

A National Land Policy.

Our readers will remember that in a recent issue of OLD IRELAND we sketched briefly Daila's scheme for the restoration of the common right to the land, as the basis of the co-operative commonwealth, as set out fully in "An Irish Commonwealth."

Daila has now stated his policy in a pamphlet.* He claims as securing the advantages claimed for "land nationalisation" without the obvious drawbacks attaching to that unnatural theory, and he is certainly on the right track. As the pamphlet is intended to help in spreading his views, we feel justified in setting out the summary with which it concludes. Anyone who is interested in the land problem and the many other problems which depend on its solution, should get the pamphlet and study it carefully.

* "National Land Policy," by Daila. (The Talbot Press, Dublin, 6d.)

Daila's "conclusions" are as follows:

"The common good manifestly requires that the economic power which a class wields over the lives and liberties of the people—by reason of the fact that the natural sources of wealth are in the arbitrary control of that class—should be largely taken out of their hands, and that opportunities for producing and enjoying wealth should be more widely and effectually shared by the mass of the people.

"The State may legitimately restore to the whole people what is their natural birthright, namely, the benefit of the natural sources of wealth which exist in the land of the nation. (But this could not be done effectively if full compensation were given on the basis of the swollen monopoly value of land. To 'buy out' the monopolists at the prices exigible under the present conditions of monopoly would be simply mortgaging to them and their descendants, in the form of State pensions or Government stock dividends, the wealth produced by the labour of the present and future generations of workers.

"All taxation is 'consentation' in the original meaning of the word—taking something of value from the individual citizen and transferring it to the public 'fisc' or treasury. So, for the public good, and in the discharge of its ordinary functions, the State may legitimately make a levy on the value of natural resources held and controlled by individuals, if this would effectively lessen acute economic inequality and distress. For reasons which are too long to give here, but have been developed elsewhere, economic inequality and distress would be effectively relieved by such a measure, and cannot be effectively relieved without it.

"The natural resources of a country were not created by those who now control them, or by their predecessors. The value of such resources arises not from any work or expenditure of those who control them, but from the presence and activity of the whole population and their need and ability to utilise those resources. There is therefore special reason in justice why that value, arising from the common needs and energies of the whole people, should be brought into the common treasury and applied for the common benefit.

"Such a levy would not violate the natural law by taking away from anyone what has been called 'the naturally inalienable and inviolable minimum of productive wealth,' but, rather, would be the means, and the most effective means, of securing to all the right of access to natural resources which is dictated by the natural law, and the opportunity to produce and own substantial property, and to use it for the production of further wealth, which the laws of society should confirm and promote for the common good of the whole community. Surplus wealth would be reduced, in the sense of wealth which now goes to those who

have not earned it, do not need it, and do not make suitable use of it. But the total output of wealth would be increased, and it would go to those who have earned it, do need it, and would make suitable use of it, and in whose hands it would no longer be surplus wealth.

"Such a levy would enable the weight of taxation on the poor and industrious to be lightened. It would tend to bring all natural sources of wealth into full use, and to open fresh fields of profitable industry which are now locked against labour. It would gradually enable the workers to secure a widely-distributed ownership of capital, and would destroy the virtual monopoly of capital in the hands of a few employers. It would free wage-earners from their present servitude, which depends on their being shut out by land monopoly from opportunities for independent industry. It would allow of the spread of co-operative ownership among both the rural and urban population, organised into industrial or trading groups and guilds. Given extensive opportunities for acquiring moderate ownership either individually or as co-operating working-owners, those who preferred to remain journeymen or wage-workers would be in a position of independence, and able to enter into really voluntary wage-contracts, under which they would receive a remuneration equal to the value of their work.

"Such a policy, being definite, feasible, and just, would obviate the dangers of some of the appeals which are being made nowadays to the masses in Ireland. Under it the interests of all sections of industry, both employers and employed, would be found to be complementary and not conflicting, and the occasions for bitter class antagonism would be removed."

The Birth of a Nation.

There is in Ireland and in America a tendency to stress the similarities between the struggles for independence waged by the two nations against the same enemy, with the result that fundamental differences are apt to be overlooked. It should be remembered that the American insurrectionaries were not, when they took up arms, the army of a nation resisting usurped rule. They were colonists whose leaders were avowedly and actually loyal to the British crown and constitution, rebelling against the abuse of legally-constituted authority. The Irish position is quite different. Our objection to foreign misrule is not, primarily, that it is misrule, but that it is foreign. Our insistence on

our nationhood is the cause of British oppression, whilst America's nationality was invoked by that oppression out of a community of ideals, sufferings, and material interests.

With these facts in mind Mr. Kevin O'Shiel has, wisely, not attempted in "The Making of a Republic" to make comparisons between the two fights for freedom. He has simply told a plain and inspiring story of America's struggle, leaving it to his readers to observe the similarities and take encouragement from the result.

I have suggested that the lines of Irish and American freedom are not parallel. But they run in the same direction, often merging in one another, and never getting very far apart. British policy towards freedom-seeking peoples never varies. As Mr. O'Shiel points out, her reply to the insubordination of her American colonists in objecting to economic oppression was "A string of coercion acts," the "proclamation" of representative assemblies, the removal of "disaffected" persons, the closing of ports and, of course, the supersession of the civil authorities by military governors, backed by an army of occupation.

The American people retaliated by adopting a very thorough Sinn Fein policy. They would not use English food, drink, or clothing, and even procured a substitute for tea so as to hit the British Exchequer. As a result, England lost £3,000,000, a very large sum in those days, in a couple of years, and many London merchants were ruined.

Because America's fight lasted but seven years, and ended in such complete victory, one is inclined to think of it as an uninterrupted triumphal march of the whole people. Mr. O'Shiel is wise to show that it was nothing of the sort. Even when things were at their best pro-British intrigue and subsidised treason were rampant. Privation broke the spirit of many fair-weather warriors, and it took all the noble

"The Making of a Republic" by Kevin R. O'Shiel. (The Talbot Press, Ltd., Dublin; T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd., London, &c. net.)

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bravery of Washington and his staff to keep their ragged and hungry troops from open mutiny and wholesale desertions. As the campaign dragged on without any signs of final success political intrigues deprived the army of some of its best leaders. Swindling contractors battered on the half-starved troops, and the finances of the country became chaotic. But the half-naked, ill-armed, famished armies, and especially the Irish Catholic and Presbyterian regiments, which formed more than half of the American forces, fought on doggedly against the trained British and German mercenaries and their Red Indian allies, until, on the 25th of October, 1781, Cornwallis and the remnants of the British army of occupation surrendered at Yorktown to the "execrable rebels," and the United States of America were free to shape their own destiny.

I am not competent to criticise this history from the military point of view, but it has enabled me to visualise the several campaigns and their chief incidents with great clearness. The description of Burgoyne's dash from Canada is especially fine. One's anxiety grows and grows as he and his Iroquois scalp-hunters sweep down Lake Champlain, past Ticonderoga, almost up to the Hudson. Then the luck turns. Burgoyne delays to get his breath, and the Americans have time to block his further advance with great trees, and to cut down bridges. His food supplies grow scanty, and, finally, he makes a dash across the Hudson to Saratoga.

There he puts up a good but vain fight, and, finally, the British army surrenders. One need not be an American to feel the thrill.

Mr. Shiel is to be congratulated on this book. He has managed to get into a small compass a mass of details without obscuring the general outline. Whether as an account of a war which changed the course of the World's History or to show Irishmen and Irishwomen what their American brothers and sisters endured for liberty's sake, it is admirable.

It is almost superfluous to say that the printer's and publisher's work is well done. The name of the Talbot Press on a book has become a guarantee of good craftsmanship.

Mood.

I saw the moon's drowned crescent in a pool
Last night amid a shadowy grove of yew,
And tried to fish it up until I grew
Weary and flung my net aside "a fool."
I said: "thus wastes these scented hours." Alas!
I thought to snare joy, then, where roses throw
Their crimson petals on the lawns—but, lo!
Like blooddrops seamed the rose leaves on the grass.

CYRIL CARVER.

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Thanks to the initiative of Miss Cox and Messrs. P. J. O'Hanlon, U. D. C. O'Molloy, the people of Dun Laoghaire and district are to have a co-operative distributing store. A preliminary meeting was addressed by Mr. Shaw, of the I.A.W.S., who, after a masterly sketch of the co-operative movement in Ireland and elsewhere, got down to details, and showed how his hearers could begin there and then to do their part in building up the co-operative commonwealth, which is so essential if we are to free Ireland economically.

This movement can only succeed if the workers of all classes "put their backs into it," and there is every indication that they will do so.

It was decided to hold a public meeting in the Town Hall, Dun Laoghaire on Friday evening, November 26, at 8 p.m., to inaugurate the society. Several popular co-operators will speak, and applications for membership will be received.

It is hoped that when the distributing business has got on its feet producing organisations will follow, so that in due time the workers of the township will be a self-organised and self-supporting unit in a free community.

The Tricolor.

You ask us what is the meaning
Of the green, white, and gold of our Standard?

It is that our Faith springs eternal
As the grass on the green hills of Erin,
It is that our Cause is as pure
As the snow on the mountains of Wicklow;
It is that our Warriors are true
As the gold that is tried in the fire.

So by Faith, Virtue, and Honour,
Our hearts steelsd 'gainst danger,
We fight as true soldiers of Erin!

JAS. JACKSON.

"Irish Bulletin."

Friday, November 19, 1920.

ONE DAY'S RESTORATION OF ORDER.

The non-Republican Press of Ireland of this date reports the following acts of English Military and Constabulary in Ireland:

- Murder of James Coleman, North Mall, Cork City.
- Attempted murder of Charles O'Brien, Stephen Coleman, and Collins in that City.
- Incendiarism and sabotage at Donagall and Tipperary.
- Indiscriminate firing at Cork City.
- Maiming of cattle (as reprisals for Republican raid on mails) at Killecommon, Co. Tipperary.
- Petrol poured over fowl and pigs and both set on fire.

THE MAIN WEAPON OF ENGLISH TERRORISM. TWENTY-THREE MURDERS IN 18 DAYS—BUT NEW DESCRIPTIONS OF THEM.

The main weapon of English terrorism in Ireland is murder. Fifteen murders in the month of July, eleven murders in the month of August, eighteen murders in the month of September, twenty-three murders in the month of October, twenty-three murders from November 1 to November 18. These are the totals since the terror throb said his disguises and admitted itself to be a terror. Not one of the men, women, and children who are counted in these totals was killed in armed conflicts or while using arms. Not one was killed by military or constabulary in the necessary discharge of their military or constabulary duties. They were murdered either as an "example" to a district because they were believed by their murderers to be prominent in the movement for National Independence. On October 20 Sir Hamar Greenwood mentioned, during a speech in the English House of Commons, that his constabulary in Dublin had "killed" two men. He was corrected by Mr. Asquith, who suggested the word "murdered." Sir Hamar Greenwood replied: "If the right hon. gentleman the Member for Paisley, gets any satisfaction out of it I will say 'murdered.'" Since then such murders have increased in Ireland, but recently an official report is issued in the majority of cases which accuses Sir Hamar Greenwood for saying "murdered." In every case mentioned in the following list the official statement is known to be false. Men are murdered in cold blood while in military or police custody. The official report states they were shot dead in an effort to escape. Men are assassinated in their beds. The official report states that they resisted arrest. Men are shot dead in the public streets. The official report states that the Crown forces were fired upon and returned the fire. Women and children are deliberately killed. The official report states that it is a very unfortunate business, but it is necessary "as a precautionary measure." Men are murdered in their beds by English constabulary or military in civilian dress. The official report states that the men were killed by Sinn Féiners or persons unknown.

But in every case it is murder and it is meant to be murder. The descriptions in the official reports of the killings as "precautionary measures," as "returning the fire," as "killed while attempting to escape," are far circulations outside of Ireland. In Ireland itself the English Government makes no pretence of justifiable killing. Its policy is to terrorise by murder, and it does not hide that it is murder. In its own official police publication, *The Weekly Summary* of October 29, the following paragraph appears as the decision of that body of English constabulary in Cork City who call themselves "The Anti-Sinn Féin Forces":

"If in future any member of the Sinn Féin Party in the County of Cork will be killed. And in the event of a member of the Sinn Féin Party not being available their sympathisers will be killed. This will apply equally to laity and clergy of all denominations. In the event of a member of His Majesty's Forces being wounded or a attempt made to wound him, one member of the Sinn Féin Party will be killed, or if a member of the Sinn Féin Party is not available, two sympathisers will be killed."

At six o'clock p.m. on November 17, Sergt. O'Donoghue of the English Constabulary was shot dead in Cork City, at 11-45 p.m. English Constabulary forced an entry into a tenement house in Broad Street in that City. They murdered Mr. Patrick Hanley in his bed and attempted the murder of Mr. Stephen Coleman and a man named Collins. After midnight other constabulary forced an entry into the

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November 14.—Patrick Lynch, of Golden, Co. Tipperary, shot dead in the public street.

November 17.—Michael McMahon and John Egan, of Scariff, Co. Clare, and John Connelly and Michael Connelly, of Whitegate, Co. Clare, shot dead while in police custody. Official report: "These four men were shot dead while trying to escape from the escort at Killalee. They were shot shortly after midnight." They had been in custody over nine hours before they were murdered.

November 17.—James Coleman, Eugene O'Connell, and Patrick Hanly shot dead in their houses. Official report: "The official report suggests that James Coleman was murdered by Sinn Féiners and the other two by 'persons unknown.' All were murdered by English Constabulary in uniform."

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house of Mr. Eugene O'Connell, 17, Broad Lane, and murdered him in the presence of his wife and child, first wounding him, and when he had fallen, killing him. They attempted the murder of Mr. Charles O'Brien in the same house. At 4 a.m. English Constabulary forced an entry into the residence of Mr. James Coleman, North Mall, merchant and member of the Cork Chamber of Commerce. They murdered him in the presence of his wife.

The following are the twenty-three murders committed by the English military and constabulary in Ireland during the eighteen days—November 1 to November 18:

November 1.—Mrs. Ellen Quinn, of Kiltartan, Co. Galway, shot dead as a "precautionary measure."

November 1.—John Eoolihan, of Ballyduff, Co. Kerry, taken from his bed and shot dead as a "reprisal."

November 2.—Thomas Wall, of Tralee, Co. Kerry, shot dead in the public street as a "reprisal."

November 4.—John O'Brien and Thomas O'Brien, both of Nenagh, Co. Tipperary. Official report: "These two were killed in attempting to escape from the lorry in which they had been put."

November 5.—Miss O'Connell (aged 15 years), of Ardfer, Co. Kerry, shot dead in the public street as a "precautionary measure."

November 5.—Mr. McGuire, of Ardfer, Co. Kerry, shot dead while in police custody.

November 6.—William Mulcahy, Cork City, shot dead in the public street for refusing to halt.

November 8.—John Castillon, of Ardfer, and Michael Brossan, of Castletand, Co. Kerry, shot dead in the public street. Official report: "Two of the attackers were killed." There was no attack.

November 10.—Christopher Lucy, of Cork City, shot dead at Ballingarry, Co. Cork. Official report: "Christopher Lucy, a civilian of Cork, fired on members of the Auxiliary Forces who were searching a house. One of the police returned the fire and Lucy was killed."

November 10.—Frank Hoffman, of Farmer's Bridge, Co. Clare, shot dead in the public street. Official report: "He was suspected of being a Commandant of the I.R.A."

November 12.—P. MacMahon, J. Walsh, and John Herlihy, of Ballymacelligott, Co. Kerry, shot dead while at work in the Ballymacelligott Creamery. Official report: "Two of the attackers are reported killed in the engagement and several wounded." There was no attack and no engagement.

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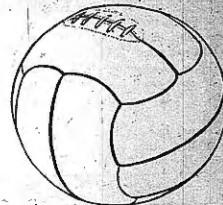
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Symbolic.

The recent mobbing of Mr. Joseph Devlin in the British House of Commons for asking a question about the Croke Park pogrom has been quoted as a proof of the general vulgarity and want of dignity of that assembly—a proof which surely is superfluous. It seems to us that the incident has a deeper significance. Devlin's fellow members did him the honour of assuming that he represented Ireland, and as his question implied that the Irish people possessed the right not to be murdered, they answered him with the only argument they understand—violence.

"Coimisiun Fiafruite."

MINUTES OF EVIDENCE, Part I (Milk Production and Milk Products. Fishery). 5s. net.

Anybody who has tried to make a study of Irish Economics must have been met with a difficulty which is not likely to get in the way of the student of national economics in Germany or the United States—the grossly incompetent nature of the official reports and statistics on which he has chiefly to base his work. (We have particu-

larly in mind the Census of 1911, which would have disgraced any Government but the garrison Government of Ireland.) Work which ought to have been carried out by highly-trained specialists was made one of the many duties of the village policeman, who, poor man, got about the business in the way described in the evidence of Miss St. J. Whitty: "I think there are 50 or 20 goats in this district." Many publications of the Department of Agriculture admittedly deserve praise, but an Occupation Department is always open to the suspicion that the requirements of England, not those of Ireland, are its main consideration.

Consequently it is a special pleasure to come across an official publication like this report of the evidence on Milk Production and Fishery before the Commission of Inquiry. The selection of witnesses, the arrangement of the evidence, the accompanying tables, etc., were, to some extent, we presume, the work of Mr. Darrel Figgis; the selective taste of the whole document is recognisably his. Proportion, orderly sequence, and a handsome format are all attributes of beauty, and it is possible even for a book about butter and cheese to be beautiful—or ugly. It is the very lesson that our farmers are learning in the marketing of their wares—that people pay for what pleases the eye as well as for what pleases the inside. Slowly reporting, the omission of some necessary point of view, cheap printing, any accidental negligence might have obscured the value of the evidence taken; but there was no negligence, no relevant point of view is absent, and the turnout is a credit to Irish printing. Here we have a mass of information from everyone that matters—I.A.O.S. officials, creamery managers, bacteriologists, practical farmers—which is the last word on the position and prospects of the Irish Dairying Industry.

As the Interim Report of Milk Production, previously reviewed in OLD IRELAND, stated, the entire Dairying Industry of the country is in a somewhat precarious position. The present average yield of a cow is about 420 gallons per annum. No cow giving less than 400 gallons per annum can be said to support itself. "Therefore, it may be taken that the Dairying Industry exists within a margin of 20 gallons per cow per annum of bare subsistence." The Interim Report was prepared in March, and the upward tendency in prices was then being maintained. At the present time there is every sign that that upward tendency has been finally arrested. The English Food Controller

admitted (November 24) that there was no possibility of a fall in the price of butter for some time to come, but if our farmers are wise they will not rest in ease on that account, but be prepared for the world-wide drop in food prices which will set in before the spring. In addition, they must be ready to meet the opposition of the Russian co-operatives, which will soon be once more an active force in the agricultural world.

The prospect seems discouraging enough, but there is a very simple remedy. Hundreds of thousands of cows are being kept in the country which do not pay their way. The farmer has no means of knowing which cows are worth keeping and which are not. His traditional shrewdness is no use to him here; the cow which seems to give most milk in the herd in reality gives least. The one means of finding out whether cows pay is the general adoption of the system of Cow-Testing Associations. About twenty-five farmers belong to a Cow-Testing Association. They employ an expert, who regularly tests the milk of every single cow, both for volume and butter-fat content. By the elimination of bad milkers and by careful breeding the average milk-yield of a cow might be increased from 400 gallons per annum to 700 (many cows give over 1,000 gallons per annum). The resultant gain to the national revenue would be about £20,000,000 a year.

That desirable result is well within attainment. It would be good for Ireland, for the country generally, for the city poor, and for the farmer himself. The difficulty is to persuade the farmer that it is worth his while to pay a man a respectable salary to carry out these periodic tests; you must have good men and a large number of them. The I.A.O.S. has a still harder task in trying to convert him to winter dairying. (Speaking of winter dairying, we have the valuable suggestion from L. Smith Gordon of creating, "in conjunction with the creamery, a plant which, with much the same labour and practically the same power, working only in winter, can be used for winter alcohol production or the production of beet sugar.") The conservatism of the former can be neutralised by effective propaganda, by showing him that new ideas really pay. Mr. Roger Sweetman's suggestion of sending a number of young men to Denmark every year to study the most perfect system of agricultural economy in the world is good, but we think it would be better and quicker to have the Danish experts come to Ireland instead.

The most important thing of all is to get all classes—town communities and agricultural workers—to realise that the needs of the nation in general must always receive first consideration, and must be fully supplied before the question of export occurs at all. The Commission of Inquiry has, therefore, rightly included the point of view of the Irish consumer and the wants of the city population. "In

Boston," says Professor D. Houston, "they won't admit any milk for sale into the city which contains more than 200,000 germs per c.s., but they admit into Dublin milk that contains 16,000,000." The regulations enforced by the municipal authorities in Toronto (vide Mr. L. Smith Gordon's evidence) include (a) "All milk must be shipped in sealed cans stamped with the producer's initials; (b) Milk must not reach the city at a temperature higher than 50°F.; (c) A record is kept of offences, and a notice is sent to the shipper after each offence. Failing improvement the supply is excluded from the city." Mr. Smith Gordon took to his bed for seven weeks following a short experience of Dublin milk after Toronto. Ninety per cent. of the blame for the deplorable condition of the Dublin milk supply is due, not to the consignors, but to the railway companies. Anybody who has seen the way milk cans are hauled about at the railway stations will readily agree with that, but the construction of the lids is so badly adapted to railway transport that, even with the most careful handling, they could scarcely fail to admit dirt. The lids ought to be properly closed and stamped (a small point, apparently, but one on which hundreds of lives may depend), and the consignor should be entitled to a guarantee that the tests of his milk will be carried out by competent and fair-minded men. Usually in Dublin they test only for water, and water, as Mr. Houston says, is "the least harmful impurity that could be added to milk."

We read with much surprise and relief the evidence of Dr. Hayes, T.D., on the question of Dried Milk. He is convinced that not only does dried milk reduce the risk of disease to a minimum but that it is equal in nutriment to cow's milk, and, in addition, possesses certain medicinal qualities. "The clot produced in the stomach by dried milk is nearer in its character to human milk than ordinary liquid cow's milk, which means a great deal for babies and infants who are suffering from gastric and intestinal trouble." The proportion of bacteria in dried milk is actually less than when it left the cow.

Mr. L. Smith Gordon emphasises the importance of "keeping in our hands the manufacturing and marketing process of every commodity we produce." The manufacture of dried milk ought to be a considerable national industry. Another point revealed by Mr. Lucy is that the butter plant used in creameries is not made in Ireland, although the whole lot of it, except the large boilers, could be. There seems to be some difference of opinion as to whether it would pay our creameries to continue to go in for cheese-making. That is a question which cannot be decided at once (the opinion of one witness that it provides 100 per cent. more employment than butter-making is worth consideration), but there is one point on which we should make up our minds at once—that the whole Dairying

industry of the Irish nation "should be organised on the basis of being able to turn quickly from butter to cheese, and from either of these to condensed milk, or from one of these to dried milk," according as the need arises. Obviously before this can become possible we must set about the federation of all Irish creameries so that they may be able to act as a unit.

JAMES CARTY.

[The Minutes of Evidence on Fishery will be reviewed next week.]

Farming at High Wages and Good Profit.

Now that the Municipal Council has decided to close the Sanatorium at Crookling, for the present at any rate, while continuing farming operations on the land attached, it will interest many to know how a mountain farm, portion of which is 1,000 feet above sea level, was worked during the last financial year, when a profit of more than £1,000 was made, while the labourers employed were paid the same rates as the Corporation labourers in the city and worked the same hours.

It will be necessary to go back a few years in order to see how Crookling came to have a Sanatorium erected on it. Most people will remember the campaign Lady Aberdeen

conducted through Ireland during the first decade of this century.

Whether as a result of the enlightenment given by this lady or not I cannot say, but a number of public boards in County Dublin, including the Dublin Corporation, decided to erect a sanatorium, and after much looking about purchased the Crookling farm as the best site available. Many have since questioned the wisdom of the selection, but as I intend to deal mainly with the farm as apart from the institution, I shall leave it to others to discuss "sites for sanatoria in Ireland."

After a few years' working under what was known as the Dublin Joint Hospital Board, composed of representatives from each of the contributing public bodies, it was found that Dublin City supplied nearly all the patients, and would need the whole building to deal with its tubercular poor. As a result, in 1915 Crookling became the property of the Corporation of Dublin alone. The grazing of all the land unoccupied by buildings was then let, with the exception of about 80 acres, on which about ten to fifteen cows were grazed and the milk supplied to the institution. As the number of patients kept increasing, the nursing staff had to be increased, and a very much greater quantity of milk was required for the needs of patients and staff.

One of the city fathers, who knew nothing about dairy farming, suggested that in view of the difficulty of securing a

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regular supply of good milk in the neighbourhood it would be wise to experiment in milk production on the mountain land they owned instead of letting it to graziers and only producing a merely nominal quantity of milk as indicated above.

After much discussion with officials at the Custom House and reports from the Department of Agriculture, Merrion Street, it was decided that farming operations should be started, mainly with a view to producing milk and vegetables for the institution. To ascertain if the experiment was profitable, a separate set of books had to be kept for the farm, and everything supplied to the institution charged for at the average market rates. Some difficulty in fixing a fair price for the milk was experienced at first, as it was pointed out that it would be quite just to charge the price a local supplier would have to be paid. Later, however, it was decided to charge the price paid the contractor who supplied the Tuberculosis Hospital on the Pigeon House Road.

A farm manager was appointed, and took up duty in February, 1916. He had a most difficult first year, and found himself at Christmas with a large number of dry stock, dairy cows and sheep, two feet of snow on the ground, houses for 17 cattle and fodder for about 20. In the succeeding months things did not improve, and the weather continued to be the worst experienced since 1894-5. He resigned in May, 1917, and his successor was appointed in July of that year. The accounts for the first financial year showed a loss of over £600, and much more loss continued in the months succeeding the close of the financial year. The new man was asked by everybody, from the Lord Mayor down, "Could he make it pay?"—and to all he answered that he could, but not in his first year. He had every hope of being able to do so in his second year, and for a certainty he'd make a profit in the third with ordinary luck.

This seemed a reasonable promise or assurance considering everything, and the members of the Tuberculosis Committee, as business men, knew well that it was exceptionally good if a newly started business in any line paid in its first year.

However, the German Plot Round-up took place in May, 1918, and the manager of Crooksling was deported before he had completed his first year there. Things went on and no substitute was appointed, as releases were daily expected, and the resident medical superintendent undertook to assist in running the farm also. The harvest weather of 1918 was wretched, and it would sorely have taxed the ability of the manager had he been on the spot to save all the corn at Crooksling. Still, although one field of ten acres was completely lost, when the trading account for the year ending March, 1919, was made out it was ascertained that the loss was only £150.

This would have been the present manager's second year, and had he been at liberty it is not difficult to believe

that he would have been as good as his word and made at least a small profit on the year's trading.

He resumed duty in March, 1919, and thus we come to the year under review, in which, by judicious management, he made a profit of £1,069 for the ratepayers of Dublin.

But I do not regard this profit as the most important item, although there have been comparatively few undertakings of the Dublin Corporation made to pay.

This profit was made mainly on the sale of milk vegetables and fruit supplied to the institution, and situation are unsuitable.

Neither was the farm suited for milk production, as there is no good grazing land on it, and the lowest field is 700 feet above sea level. Cows have to be housed from mid-October till middle of May, and roots and hay have to be either grown or purchased to feed them during that period. Therefore the manager aimed at carrying as few cattle as possible over the winter and no sheep. He purchased store sheep early in September of last year, and sold them early in December, just double what they cost. Then he had only 20 to 25 milk cows to feed, as well as five horses. That number of cows was needed to supply milk to the institution, and realising that milk was his main source of profit, he kept up the supply even though he had to buy some hay and roots in the spring.

Good oat straw was fed to the cows by placing just a bundle between every pair the last thing before men left off at 4 p.m., after the cows had already cleaned up their halping of hay roots and cake or meal. In the morning they were found to have most of the straw eaten also, and the remainder made bedding. The food ration was simple. Turnips or mangels as available, about three stones per head per day, more or less, according to yield of milk and general health of animal. Mixed through the pulped turnips was a mixture of dried yeast and bruised oats in the proportion of 8.1, each costing approximately 4 lbs. per day, good milkers and strippers fattening got a little extra. Later in the spring when supply of oats was needed for the horses, palm-nut meal was used with admirable results in its stead, and the mixture was now composed of equal parts of it and the dried yeast. The cattle were found to keep in perfect health and splendid condition, and milked well right through the winter and spring, but much of the success in this respect is attributed to the care with which the individual requirements or whims of each cow were watched and her feed altered increased or lessened accordingly. In the late spring a patch

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of rye and vegetables supplied a much relished bite of green food for a week before the cows were put on grass.

The great drawback to dairy farming at this altitude is that you have to house the cows so early in the autumn, and have no pasture to put them out on, even by day, until well into the month of May. Add to this the absence, until recently, of a supply of water in the farm yard, and the difficulty of growing roots successfully at such an altitude. Rye or other catch crops cannot be successfully grown in any quantity.

The wages bill for the year, was a little over £1,000, exclusive of the salary of the farm manager.

The most important fact revealed by the figures of the year's trading is that if the profit was wholly eliminated the milk would have been supplied from the farm to the institution at 1s. 2½d. per gallon, which figure represents the cost of production of milk per gallon on this mountain farm, which may be considered most unsuitable for milk production. At present the milk is being sent in by the Dublin and Blessington train to the Dublin Union, where the average contract price is paid, and this, in the opinion of the manager, should ensure that no loss will be incurred in continuing to work the farm at Crooksling, and so have it in readiness to supply the Sanatorium again should the finances of the Corporation allow of it.

In several reports the farm manager pointed out to the Council the advisability of working a farm at a lower altitude in connection with the Crooksling one. This advice, if acted on, would make farming in Crooksling less dependent on the weather, and therefore more profitable. But what is of much more importance, a supply of pure milk could be provided for the other institutions under the care of the Municipal Council, and perhaps for some of the hospitals to which the Council contributes.

Also we must not lose sight of the advantages to the men employed, and the profit afforded that farming properly conducted can pay decent wages.

It should also be mentioned that no pigs or poultry were kept at Crooksling, and all the offal of the institution simply went to waste owing to lack of housing accommodation and plant necessary to sterilise the offal before using it even for pig-feeding.

[NOTE.—The manager of Crooksling, who reported on these facts to his authority, is now in Mountjoy Jail under suspicion of doing, or of likely to do something of a seditious nature. Hence it has not been quite easy to make the article as detailed as one would like. The vital facts proved here are that a poor farm pays high wages, and yet produces milk at the cost of one shilling and two pence three farthings a gallon.—Ed. "O.I."]

The Cult of Rhythm.

Subtlety of rhythm was a leading characteristic of the school of poets, now happily in rapid decline, of which Mr. Yeats was, wittingly or unwittingly, the inspirer: whatever else they may or may not have been, they were anyway masters of rhythm. And signs on, nothing but the subtle for them: how they despised the jog-trot tune butter and eggs make as they go to market! No hand-clapping, toe-tapping, tambourine-rapping for them. A rann of the market place like

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown—

set their nerves all a-jangle, while anything like

C'est par-ci, c'est par-là
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la!

would surely have left them speechless and overcome! Turning over their choice pages one would rub the eyes if suddenly one caught sight of a "hey and a ho and a hey nono": it would seem as if a bacchanalian revel had burst into their dim, whispering haunts of twilight and pale ghosts. But there is no fear of meeting in these pages with so vulgar an abandonment to the clap-trap of rhythm: one might as soon find a big drum at a quakers' meeting.

Not but that rhythm is a beautiful study in itself; not but that some poems of real beauty have been written in our own time by these men; perhaps the wild propagandist spirit, which never will have any but the most violent drum-and-bfe rhythms in its poetry, needed chastening at their hands. Perhaps also one may question if many of these beautiful poems could have been written by those men at all if rhythm had been no more to them than it was, to, say, Browning or Meredith or Mangan; perhaps these delicate rhythms have saved them; one could not produce a violently offensive piece of colouring if limited to a few pale tints, and we all know what a subtle rhythm did for Moore in the case of "At the mid-hour of night." Neither these men nor Moore could ever have written that "Toccata of Galuppi's" in the way it is written; perhaps they cannot bear even to read it. Yet for all that it is a grand thing, and it makes mince-meat of all finicky theories of rhythm!

Their rhythms were characteristic of their attitude towards life. From men and women "in their ordinary attire" they would fly to the twilight people; from the common pavements they would fly to the lake-ials of Innisfree. If their work can ever be spoken of as a commentary on life, one must be careful to add: on life when life is lapsing into dream. And in so much is their work very un-Irish. Irish poetry at its best, as in the "Hug

of Beers," certainly gives wings to one's spirit, takes one afar. Never at the same time does it forget life, to use that word in the ordinary way; never does it deny life, stating that this is not "life at all." It rather builds up its dreams on that very solid, solid flesh that melts off only when death is come. Irish poetry and Irish music work in the great tradition; denying that the way to the imaginative is through the gates of drowsiness, asserting that the imaginative is achieved only through the intensification of the real.

These subtle metricians of ours, denying the claims of life, are in a manner justified of their unwanted rhythms; for the jig-trot rhythms of the market place singer have much to do with the pulsing of the blood, the tramping of feet, the dangling of infants. Poets who scorn all such activities are justified if their rhythms do not march or leap or dance, if, in fact, they reach the end of each and every line in a state of swoon. Content and manner are well met. But if with them rhythm be a first consideration, and if this be the great lesson they have learned from a master poet, not mere metricists, what a pity it all is! It is not for everybody to sing life to a psalter!

Prose is the right place for the subtle rhythm—there as often and as subtle as one likes. Rhythm as such cries out for repetition; it is a repeating design. But the subtle rhythms of these poets—it is against nature to repeat them even once, let alone a dozen times! Poetry, paradoxical as it may seem, uses rhythm that it may be done with rhythm. Its tendency is to reduce rhythm to its lowest terms. And this it does for the sake of what is higher than rhythm in the scale of beauty. Of all the elements of poetry is there any lower in that scale than rhythm? It is only poverty of thought, then, would make it the first thing looked at. One can imagine Beethoven making occasional studies in rhythm—fixing a rhythm and making a melody along it; but one cannot imagine him making a practice of this, as Sir Arthur Sullivan is said, I believe, to have done. And so it will be always; the great creator leaves rhythm more or less to take care of itself. A thousand great poems can be named which share rhythms with the thousand worst; but who can name even one poem which rhythm of itself sets up and makes dear?

At its best rhythm is a thrilling undersong; it announces; it re-echoes; it makes firm and majestic; it makes fly; but all this it does by means never far removed from the mechanical. When it holds us up, draws our attention to itself, why then the larger music, of which it is the undersong, has ceased!

DANIEL CORREY.

INSURE your LIFE and PROPERTY with THE IRISH NATIONAL ASSURANCE CO., 30, College Green, Dublin.

All-Ireland Industrial Conference.

At a meeting of the Council of the Dublin Industrial Development Association held at the offices, 12, Molesworth Street, Mr. J. P. O'Shea, President, presided.

Subscriptions were acknowledged from Messrs. Dixe and Co., soap manufacturers; Messrs. Dellardel-Printing House (Dublin), Ltd.; Messrs. Shortall and Co., Ltd., shoe fitters; J. Gibson and Co., antiseptic ointment manufacturers; Todd Burns, Ltd., Dublin and Wicklow Manure Co., Ltd.; Irish Coal Co., Ltd.; Keadue; Cuala Industries, Ltd.; Dundrum; James Winstanley, boot manufacturers; Macardell Meers and Co., Brewers, Dundalk; E. D. McCrea, Ltd., shirt manufacturers; Irish Curled Hair Co.; W. Watson and Co., shirt manufacturers; Milray Bros., sweet manufacturers; James Walker (Dublin) Ltd., colour printers; C. Jones and Son, Ltd., contractors' decorators; Dock Milling Co., Ltd., flour millers; Walter Brown, flour-millers; Irish and Continental Trading Co., Ltd., Waterford; W. M. O'Neill; E. and R. Davys; R. Coulfield Orpen, F.R.I.A.I.; T. Hackett; Major Le Froye; Cere and Grimes, solicitors; P. J. O'Sullivan, Allihies; Miss O'Connor; T. C. Wexford; Mr. T. C. Ray, curled hair manufacturer; Dr. Bradley; Mr. F. O'Connor; D. J. Crémin; Kenmare and George Bilberry, Eustace Street, Dublin.

A number of new members were elected.

It was unanimously agreed that an all-Ireland Industrial Conference be held in Dublin next year. A special Organising Committee was appointed, and a Guarantee Fund opened, to which several generous contributions were made by those present. Industrial Conferences were a feature of Irish life previous to the war, and were responsible for many important developments industrially. The establishment of the Irish Trade Mark, the first national trade mark of the world, was decided upon at an industrial conference, while the movement for the standardisation of contracts for public boards and important questions of transport were usefully affected by action taken at later conferences. Now that so many questions of vital importance to the industrial life of the country are pressing for solution the forthcoming conference may well be the most important yet held. The organising Committee hopes to get to work immediately in arranging a wide-spread appeal for a Guarantee Fund.

Transport.

The question of transport as affected by the coal strike, and the railway stoppages, was fully discussed. It was noted that the M.G.W.R. was closed to all traffic except food stuffs and live stock from Monday last, and impending

stoppages of other lines were also referred to. It was decided to convene a meeting of industrial, commercial, and carrying interests, with a view to the adoption of emergency measures.

Belfast Expelled Workers.

The Secretary of the Belfast Expelled Workers' Committee forwarded a list of the classes of unemployed workers for whom employment is being sought. Over 600 skilled tradesmen, comprising fitters, turners, riveters, platers, welders, brass finishers, coppermiths, machinists, electricians, joiners, shipwrights, painters, and cabinet makers included in the list, together with 4,000 labourers. It was decided to circulate the information with regard to certain classes of men, to Dublin firms likely to extend their payments, for which heretofore skilled labour was not obtainable.

Spinning Industry.

Mr. J. C. Garvey, L.L.B., Castlebar applied for information with regard to procuring expert advice as to the building and equipment of a spinning factory in Westport. A subsequent letter was read from Mr. Garvey thanking the Association for the very full and valuable information sent. The President asked that similar information be sent to Wexford, where a similar project is under consideration.

Billiard Table Repairs.

The Hon. Sec. of the Grocers' and Vinters' Assistants' Association, Banba Hall, writing in reply to the Council, admitted that repairs to four billiard tables had been carried out by a Manchester firm. Two members of the Council, Miss Sully and Mr. Sparkes, were appointed to interview the committee on the subject, the Council holding that on the information before them there would seem to be no justification for placing the contract outside Ireland.

Shop Fitting.

A letter was read from Messrs. Hopkins and Hopkins intimating that the Council's representations as to the necessity for having their forthcoming shop fitting work carried out by an Irish firm, would come before their Board at its next meeting. The Council had information that it had been in communication with cross channel shop fitters on the subject, and it was felt that the representations could be followed up, if necessary, by a personal interview. A reference was made to Messrs. Cley's shop fitting contract which is now to be carried out by a Dublin firm to the great satisfaction of the Council.

Home Industries.

The Crochet Class, Deegs, Achill, forwarded samples for advice as to a suitable market. Orders for all

classes of crochet work can be executed most satisfactorily, a beautiful silk knitted jumper and motifs and trimmings being forwarded as samples. Stockings and socks made in Achill are also available. A correspondent in Co. Down wrote stating that employment for women doing hem stitching and coloured embroidery is urgently required, and suggesting that Dublin firms desiring to develop this side of their trade could get work excellently carried out. A Co. Tyrone resident also stressed the necessity for Dublin firms availing themselves of the opportunity of increasing their trade, and states that the distributing houses and manufacturers of various classes of goods could command an immense new market by taking the matter up promptly. A Dublin manufacturer of footballs for the wholesale trade applied for information as to possible markets, and the Secretary reported that full information was being sought for.

Export Trade.

The Secretary reported that a South African caller, a person of considerable influence and experience had pointed out that a good market for agricultural machinery exists, and suggesting that Irish firms should utilise the South African Press to familiarise the public with their goods, and gave various important details as to the best means of reaching the farming community. Information had been sent to the manufacturers of such goods, and replies thanking the Association were read from two eminent Wexford firms. Important information relating to markets abroad had been sent, it was also reported, to poplin manufacturers, producers of art work of various kinds and to producers of Church goods.

Mons. L. H. Kerney, Representant Commercial Pour L'Irlande, Paris, wrote with regard to trade possibilities in France. Messrs. Connelly, Shaw and Co. wrote with regard to direct fruit trade between Dublin and Spain, and the Department of Overseas Trade forwarded information as to markets abroad for various classes of goods.

Tobacco Trade.

Acknowledgments of the Council's suggestions as to combination, co-operative advertising, window dressing and bonus system scheme to popularise Irish tobacco and cigarettes were received from Messrs. W. and M. Taylor, Wm. Ruddell, Ltd., F. J. Carroll and Co., Ltd., Dundalk and Lambkin Bros. Cork. Red, Fr. Gaynor, Co. Clare, wrote interestingly with regard to a campaign being carried on there to popularise Irish goods generally and Irish tobacco particularly, and applied for certain information, which was duly sent him.

National Exhibition.

The Organising Committee of the Mater National Exhibition, 1921, wrote stating that their project is to be on the scale of a genuine national exhibition, and inviting

the co operation of the Council. It was decided that several members confer with the Organising Committee with regard to further details, and the possibility of arranging for joint action.

Imported Prayer Books.

It was reported that the question of imported prayer books was being discussed by a committee representative of all the interests concerned, but that certain information with regard to the use of non-Irish paper in prayer books bearing the Irish trade mark, was awaited before the Conference could re-assemble. It was agreed that action in the matter be taken at the earliest possible moment.

"Holy Romans."

"**HOLY ROMANS: A YOUNG IRISHMAN'S STORY,**" by Aodh de Blácaim (Maunsel & Co., Ltd., 7s. 6d. net.)

When we first heard the announcement of a forthcoming novel by Aodh de Blácaim we were confident that it would contain the evidences of a well-informed mind and an opulent imagination. Those things it does contain, but it contains also what is still more necessary to success in the storyteller's art—skill in characterisation and the power of recording, not only the external reactions in human relationships, which anybody who can write can record, but the underlying motivation of these reactions, which only the gifted few can. The history of a man's life from early childhood to his marriage in the late twenties is the theme of Mr. de Blácaim's first novel. It might be thought that it is the easiest kind of novel to write, but in point of fact it is incomparably the most difficult, and few of the many writers who have attempted it within recent years have met with any considerable success. We have in "Holy Romans" neither a blight of pessimism, nor the pathology of an abnormal egoism, nor the analysis of any kind of "complex" (as the new cant goes). Mr. de Blácaim has written a simple story, but he has undeniably achieved a success.

Shane Lambert is born in exile (one feels that from the first), and his early years are spent in an atmosphere of aggressive and joyless Calvinism. Arid religious controversies surround his young days. They pain but do not sour his sensitive romantic mind. He dreams, and at first thinks to realise his dreams in God's great lands, the rolling West or the Antipodes, but by and by he is captivated by the tradition and history of his father's people. The influence of the old Fenian, Peter Joyce, and of the brilliant young enthusiast, Fergus O'Cryan, turn his thoughts more

and more towards Ireland. He knew Irish before he ever seen Ireland, learning it in company with others of the exiled race in the evenings after work. (Some well-known figures glimpse through the London pages under easily recognisable cognomens. Who was "Mickey—a wild youth who called everything bloody and lived to sit in Cabinet of the Irish Republic"?). At last he arrives Ireland, and his first experience of Portabeg is entirely happy until an unfortunate misunderstanding forces him to leave the North. He then works at journalism in Dublin. Here the coming of the Great War finds him, and here he remains until Easter Week. We are carried all too swiftly through these memorable days. Shane Lambert returns "home" to Portabeg soon afterwards. Now his persistent nostalgia is appeased; he is happily married and engaged in a nationally useful career. His foot is on his native soil. But we want to hear more of Shane Lambert, and Mr. Blácaim, in the preface, gives us a definite promise that he will.

The author does not attempt (wisely, perhaps, considering the scope of "Holy Romans") a very deep analysis of the history of Shane's character. The hero is indeed from colourless, but the most powerful and ably painted portrait in the book is that of the old Presbyterian, Sam Armstrong. Also finely done is the character of Fergus O'Cryan, made for gaiety and success, whose tragedy is deplorable yet so inevitable. Marcus O'Friel, Nana (Shane's nurse), and Robert Lambert (Shane's father) are all done with a mastery surprising to find in a first novel. The author's success with Tessie is not so assured; one suspects that her problem rather baffles him towards the end. The marriage to the Rev. Trot, who subsequently elopes with a "laetress," is not a convincing culmination. Possibly with regard to the Rev. Trot, Aodh de Blácaim's dislike of a certain type of religious absurdity causes him to use the primary colours of that gentleman's character insistently.

But these are minor defects. "Holy Romans" is a brilliant achievement, and we shall await its successor with much interest.

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Erin's English Champion.

[From *Catholic Times*.]

[SPECIAL.]

An Irish priest, of whose friendship I am proud, once told me that he had found the sincerest friends of Ireland among the few Englishmen who had studied her history. Not that he was under any delusion about the utter ignorance of the many and the gross malice, generally speaking, of the ruling classes—gross, for their prophet and guide is damnation. The half-educated often cherish a woolly benevolence that is worse than useless. "Give the poor devils some sort of Home Rule. Above all give them some money to go on with." No one has begun to understand Ireland until he is free from the notion of English superiority. Patronising "sympathy" can be worse than open hostility. Between Imperialism and Ireland there is a gulf as wide as that which separates Imperialist "history" from sober fact. The Cross, as Veullot saw, alone explains Erin's story; and the student is forced to recognise in the English Government and its abettors, from Henry II. to the emerald Celts and squalid adventurers of to-day, the spirit that prompted the cry "Crucifigatur."

Fearless and Outspoken.

Such a student was Frederick Lucas, the child of Quaker parents. A passion for justice and fearless outspokenness marked him from the first. When the hour of grace struck he answered "adsum" and became a Catholic, in 1839. Like Stephen de Vere he was undelayed by the Anglican mirage. Indeed, his shrewd comments on the Oxford movement give a welcome relief from the terribly serious literature of that subject. Of the hereditary or Old Catholics he wrote: "They are in the daily habit of enduring, with the uncomplaining fortitude of martyrs, an unparalleled amount of abuse, insult, and positive injury. But they cannot endure responsibility. They will suffer children in workhouses, soldiers, sailors, the poor and the prisoner, to be molested of their dearest rights with the most heroic apathy; but they will never be able to endure the wasting agony of a bold and uncompromising advocacy of the rights of their religion." (I. 82.)

Extreme timidity then, and jingoism now. The "Catholic Institute," like the later "Catholic Union," seems to have believed that the earth was the British Empire's, and all the fulness of it.

Journalistic Venture.

Lucas always nailed his colours to the mast. Disliking the "sacred privacy of religion" he founded in 1840 a journal, the "Tablet" (*Hæc quantum mutatus ab illo*) and printed Our Lady's image at the head of each number.

From the first he found a generous response in Ireland, though he was a convinced opponent of Repeal, until a visit to that country in 1848 began his conversion, upon which he published his frank retraction. The "Life" by his brother Edward (2 vols., 1885) gives many witty paragraphs from the "Tablet" of those days. Such frankness led to several efforts to remove him from his post. For a while a rival paper was set up, upon which Lucas called his the "True Tablet." (On one occasion Irishmen saved his premises from a violent conclusion). Presently he migrated, with his journal, to the place West Britons call Kingstown (after George IV) and later entered Parliament. With energy he threw himself into the Tenant Right movement. British hypocrisy manoeuvred a cry of "politics" against its clerical upholders. This provoked Lucas:

"His principle was that men who acknowledge the wickedness of doing wrong on a small scale are not at liberty to co-operate in doing wrong on a great scale, and evade all moral responsibility by nicknaming the plunder politics; as if, when Moses received the tables of the law, Aaron had had orders to make a marginal note that, in the matter of stealing, politics are an exception." (I. 140.)

Relations with Cardinal Cullen.

Suddenly and silently Archbishop Cullen had gone over to the Government. Two of the best priests in Ireland were unjustly punished, Fathers O'Shea and Keefe. Henceforward Lucas's life was like one long duel with Dr. Cullen. In the Statement he drew up for Pius IX., but did not live to finish, he says:

"The politics of the Irish priests are to protect the lives, the faith, and the dearest interests of the Catholic poor. The new policy and the new legislation propose to discourage the clergy in the discharge of these duties. None but venal priests who sell their sacred calling have any other politics but these; yet the venal priests are not touched by the proposed legislation, and are positively encouraged by the new policy. The politics of the Irish priests at this moment are neither more nor less than those prescribed, sanctioned, and commanded by his present Holiness, as appears by a letter received by the Archbishop of Cashel in February, 1848." (II. 151-2.)

"I am told that all the extravagant falsehoods printed in the anti-Catholic journals about the elections of 1852 have been translated into Italian and pressed upon the attention of the Holy See." (II. 163.)

"If this design should succeed . . . there is no doubt that in England and in Ireland . . . the enemies of the Church . . . will hail it as the triumph of their past exertions, and as an encouragement to assail us for the future. . . . They will boast that they have persuaded the successor of St. Peter to do the work which the successor of

Elizabeth had in vain striven to accomplish in her own name." (II. 153.)

It might be possible to find even later parallels!

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Lucas fought for the removal of disabilities and proselytisms in England and Scotland also. But there was a formidable obstacle.

"During the last two years Catholics have had a great opportunity of procuring redress of their religious grievances. That opportunity my friends and myself have striven to turn to the best account, in spite of the discouragement we have all received from the Archbishop of Dublin; and I have no hesitation in saying—what I know to be true—that that opportunity has been almost wholly lost in consequence of the obstruction placed in our way by the Archbishop of Dublin and his policy. Nay, to such a point have affairs now come, that if Dr. Cullen succeeds in his political designs, redress of religious grievances must henceforward be sought, not from the use of human means, but from the miraculous intervention of Providence alone. It seems to me the more necessary to state these things plainly, because I have found, since I came to Rome, that the decision of Irish affairs rests with those who, to great merits of another kind, great zeal, vast diligence, and sincere anxiety to do good, add, unfortunately, a want of acquaintance with Irish affairs, an inability to read the language in which these affairs are ordinarily transacted; and an inability to make themselves acquainted with the course of events and necessities of Ireland; and who, therefore, on too many very important matters, are very liable to be deceived. I would not say this if my own personal experience in Rome did not give me strong reason to be certain of its truth; and as I know that for a long series of years the Holy See has been studiously misinformed from all quarters about Irish affairs and Irish persons, I have the less hesitation in going pretty fully into detail." (II. 148.)

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"I but regret what I have often heard. Not I, therefore, but the Catholic people of Ireland, would say that the fatal predilection for England through which Adrian I. deceived by false representations, gave Ireland to the murderer of St. Thomas of Canterbury; through which Alexander III. was persuaded to confirm what Adrian had done; through which John XXII. was induced to reward the excommunication of heroic struggles of unconquered Irish chieftains for the maintenance of their rights; and which, come to later times and to this century, has given to the capital of the land a succession of Archbishops, eminent indeed for their piety and zeal, but pre-eminent alike for the influence in Rome and for their unhappy subservience to the enemies of our Church and people—that that same fatal predilection still exists which made Adrian and Alexander the remote instruments in the hands of an inscrutable Providence for inflicting centuries of persecution upon this faithful portion of the Church of God." (II. 154.)

The Danger of Civil War.

About the time of Mullaghmast Lucas uttered words that should be blazoned over the world to-day to confront the Barabbas of Belfast and his friends:

"Without provocation there will be no civil war; and if civil war is provoked and forced upon Ireland, we hope to live to see the day when the 'Minister of Massacres' whoever he may be, from whose cowardly ferocity such war alone can proceed, shall expiate his crimes on the scaffold." (I. 136.)

To guerrilla warfare he was opposed, not for O'Connell reasons—he admitted Ireland's right to independence (I. 303, 308-311, etc.)—because a long and careful study of military tactics and history had convinced him that the conditions and preparations which made success possible in I. Vendée were absent from Ireland.

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Imperialist Thoughts.

Of Imperialism he had a scornful horror:

"Are we not strong? Have we not always been successful? Can we not act precisely as best pleases us? Is Fortune our vassal? God our instrument? Justice our feature? Empire our inheritance? Have not all these things been so from the beginning, and will they not continue so to the end? If we do not actually watch over God and keep Him from falling into blunders and mistakes, He performs that kind office for us, makes us the first-born of created beings, the occasion and final cause of the very redemption itself." (I. 140-1.)

"He looked upon 'England as the murderess of the Germans, the murderess of the Belochee, the breaker of treaties, the poisoner of China, the public robber throughout East.'" (I. 140.)

National Haughtiness.

Of England's conversion much was spoken then as now. Few does it ever seem to occur that humility is necessary. Those who seek the grace of God, nations as well as individual souls. Even were it a good—and stolen property cannot be so accounted by any Catholic—the Empire would well lost if thereby the Faith could be regained. Conversion implies repentance!

"It is," he continues, "a common notion that this favoured island" and that Englishmen are the chosen

people of God; and yet we Catholics are no more free from national pride and repulsive haughtiness than the rest of the people. "An Englishman is in our eyes, as well as in theirs, the greatest and most favoured of God's creatures, a little defective, it may be, on the score of religion and eternal life, but in the main an admirable production of the Deity. Is it not England whose commerce covers the world, upon whose Empire the sun never sets whose ships domineer over all seas, whose armies overthrow the greatest conqueror of modern times, and are invincible (except when they happen to be beaten), whose strong arm upheld the Pope when he was struck down, and who can make right wrong, and wrong right whenever it pleases ourselves? And can such a power as this, boasting the best constitution in the world (though a little out of order just at present), can she miss obtaining the greatest treasure of all? Forbid it, Heaven! It is grossly improbable. We may therefore set it down as a settled thing that England is to be reconverted, and that having had for so many ages the rewards of Mammon, she is to have the Kingdom of Heaven added to them as the complement and finish of them all." (I. 160.)

The Wholesale Perversion of Children.

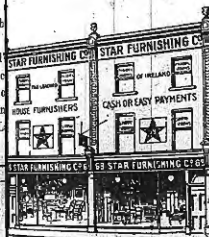
Again he asks: "How are we calling down the blessings of God on this country to convert it when we allow the wholesale perversion of our own children?" (I. 161.)

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Mention OLD IRELAND.

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The Danger of Civil War.

About the time of Mullaghmast Lucas uttered words that should be blazoned over the world to-day to confront the Barabbas of Belfast and his friends:

"Without provocation there will be no civil war; and if civil war is provoked and forced upon Ireland, we hope to live to see the day when the Minister of Massacres whosoever he may be, from whose cowardly ferocity such war alone can proceed, shall expiate his crimes on the scaffold." (I. 186.)

To guerrilla warfare he was opposed, not for O'Connell reasons—he admitted Ireland's right to independence (I. 308, 308-311, etc.)—because a long and careful study of military tactics and history had convinced him that the conditions and preparations which made success possible in L. Vendée were absent from Ireland.

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Imperialist Thoughts.

Of Imperialism he had a scornful horror:

"Are we not strong? Have we not always been successful? Can we not act precisely as best pleases us? Is Fortune our vassal? God our instrument? Justice our nature? 'Empire our inheritance? Have not all these things been so from the beginning, and will they not continue so to the end? If we do not actually watch over God and keep Him from falling into blunders and mistakes, He informs that kind office for us, makes us the first-born of blessed beings, the occasion and final cause of the very temptation itself." (I. 140-1.)

"He looked upon 'England as the murderess of the Germans, the murderess of the Beloches, the breaker of treaties, the poisoner of China, the public robber throughout East." (I. 140.)

National Haughtiness.

Of England's conversion much was spoken then as now. Few does it ever seem to occur that humility is necessary. Those who seek the grace of God, nations as well as individual souls. Even were it a good—and stolen property well lost if thereby the Faith could be regained. Conversion implies repentance!

"It is," he continues, "a common notion that this is a favoured island" and that Englishmen are the chosen

people of God; and yet we Catholics are no more free from national pride and repulsive haughtiness than the rest of the people. 'An Englishman is in our eyes, as well as in theirs, the greatest and most favoured of God's creatures, a little defective, it may be, on the score of religion and eternal life, but in the main an admirable production of the Deity. Is it not England whose commerce covers the world, upon whose Empire the sun never sets, whose ships dominate over all seas, whose armies overthrow the greatest conqueror of modern times, and are invincible (except when they happen to be beaten), whose strong arm upheld the Pope when he was struck down, and who can make right wrong, and wrong right whenever it pleases ourselves? And can such a power as this, boasting the best constitution in the world (though a little out of order just at present), can she miss obtaining the greatest treasure of all? Forbid it, Heaven! It is grossly improvable. We may therefore set it down as a settled thing that England is to be reconverted, and that having had for so many ages the rewards of Mammon, she is to have the Kingdom of Heaven added to them as the complement and finish of them all.'" (I. 160.)

The Wholesale Perversion of Children.

Again he asks: "How are we calling down the blessings of God on this country to convert it when we allow the wholesale perversion of our own children?" (I. 161.)

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With hypocrites he was ever "short, sharp, and decisive."

"It had been our wish," the *Times* avowed, "to separate as much as possible the English from the Irish question." "Quite so," replies the *Tablet*. "It is 'our wish' to eat our meal by degrees." (I. 434.)

Why should the *Times* recommend brickbats and bludgeons, Italian revolutions and new penal laws, while other journals issue the war-cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon"? It is because the principle of Protestantism is of its father the devil, and is bound by no obligations, whether of oaths, or treaties, or of conscience.

He announced the forthcoming "condemnation of the traversers" (I. 420) in the O'Connell case: the term *trial*, he said, would be inaccurate as implying that the result was not predetermined!

Scathing Description of the Landlords.

His verdict upon the Irish landlords may stand with O'Grady's, and is the more scathing in that, like O'Grady, he had no confidences in democracy (wherein the present writer must be content to follow him).

"There is always a *locus penitentiae* for individuals; institutions that have fallen into transient disorder may resume their pristine health; classes of men whom an occasional laxity of practice has disgraced may retrieve their honour and position; but a class so thoroughly corrupted and diseased as the Irish landlords, so full of bad qualities, so empty of good ones, thriftless extortioners, mean and proud, profuse and avaricious, incapable and arrogant, worldly and yet not worldly-wise, careless about their own faith and yet hating that of their neighbours, with not one principle of order in their composition, the spawn of chaos and might, thoughtless, reckless, hopeless, helpless—if they are susceptible of reformation, we may live to see the Devil kneeling at the footstool of God. They are utterly incorrigible.

"What a notion these men must have of the uses and dignity of an aristocracy who think this race worth preserving! We have no democratic tendencies, thank God; no aversion or dislike to hereditary and aristocratic institutions. On the contrary, we reverence and admire an aristocracy grounded on real services." (I. 256.)

Peasant ownership was his ideal. Like "Æ" and most Irish Irelanders, he dreaded the townward drift. (I. 399-400).

"Good Society."

His wholesome hatred of worldliness is needed in England—possibly also in West Britain!

"Good Society" owes us no gratitude and we owe it no allegiance. On the contrary we regard it as a corrupt heap of religious indifference, of half faith, of cowardice, of selfishness, of unmanly impotence. If the *Tablet* were

to sink to-morrow, our only regret would be that we have no found words adequate to express the indignation with which the conduct of 'good society' in these matters overweighs us." (I. 120.)

And further: "Whether the wrong be in Ireland, India, Canada or China, in prisons or in poorhouses, yet we speak not, we must be like the times, shun all appearance, singularity, wear the devil's uniform for company's sake, eschew 'boldness,' abstain from 'rashness,' avoid startling sin by too glaring a contrast with virtue. Indeed, it would be a shocking thing if we did anything to incur censure, by any act of ours we gave opportunity to those who instinct is to blaspheme, to speak evil of goodness in persons. It would be frightful if we exposed ourselves to ridicule, horrible, if we were so rash as to get blamed (I. 158.)

A Foe of Tyranny and Imposture.

Though he spent his life—no long one—in unremitting combat with injustice, and seemed (to the working) to be worsted, he was not a gloomy soul. Father Whitty, S.J., who gave him the last Sacraments, compared him to the martyr Blessed Thomas More. Lucas, too, could "just death out of gravity" while thanking God for his suffering. "The last time I ever saw him alive, on my asking how he felt, 'thank God,' said he, 'I feel every day getting weaker and weaker.'" (II. 452.)

On another occasion Mr. Swift expressed a hope he might still pull through. "Yes," he said, "I've no doubt whatever I shall pull through, and find myself on the other side!" (II. 452-3.)

My purpose is amply achieved if these rough notes serve to revive interest in a Catholic patriot, Irish by choice and adoption, far-sighted, shrewd in judgment, whose utterances ring true and relevant at this day as in his own. A man who spent himself in the single-minded service of God, sworn foe to every form of tyranny, cant, imposture and time-serving. *Anima nostra, cum anima ejus!*

Apostrophe!

Now, I may not forget you evermore,
O dark-eyed girl of the raven hair—
What matters it that others be as fair
As summer noons: Am I not all the more
Unhappy in my blindness to the show
Of their more comfortable comeliness!
What treasures worldly that I now possess
Would I not bravely, if unwisely, throw
For consummation in a holocaust
Before your person—my improvidence
Would scarce indict me of a high offence
Were I to venture thus: And if I lost,
Should I repent me of the pride, it cost
To send you this absurd impertinence!

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Graves of Those who Died for Ireland

Meanwhile corpses lie in new-made graves, bloody corpses of young men.

A rope of the gibbet hangs heavily, the bullets of princes are flying, the creatures of power laugh aloud, all these things bear fruit, and they are good.

These corpses of young men.

These martyrs that hang from the gibbets, those hearts pierced by the grey lead, and motionless as they seem, live elsewhere with unslaughtered vitality.

They live in other young men.

A grave of the murder'd for freedom but grows seed for freedom, in its turn to bear seed, which the winds carry afar and re-sow, and the rains and snows nourish.

A disembodied spirit can the weapons of tyrants let loose.

It stalks invisibly over the earth, whispering, counselling, cautioning.

Let others despair of you—I never despair of you."

WALT WHITMAN.

India's Burden of Taxation.

India.—The Mahratta has the following: "A memorandum by Mr. Montagu, Secretary of State for India, shows that the taxation per head of the population of India in 1919 was 3s. 9½d. To get at the total payment to the Government by the bulk of the Indian masses these figures will be considered in conjunction with the payments of land revenue, which form a very considerable proportion of an average revenue (over £25,000,000 out of £88,000,000). If the average payment for land revenue be added to the rate of taxation the burden of taxation goes up to 5s. 6½d. head of the population."

"Unless the seed, falling into the ground, die."

(To PATRICK PEARSE, Executed May 3, 1916.)

The young, green lime-leaves laced the skies

That were of burning blue:

So bright the leaves' translucencies,

So good the sun-soaked heaven's hue,

They seemed liked holy mysteries

Till hands blindfolded you.

And fired. But then the May you left

A holier spring shall break;

For, like the buried seed, heretofore

Of life for later blossoming's sake,

You yielded your heart to be cleft

That what it willed might wake.

Bare is my dún and dark,
Through the roof the rain drips,
By the cold hearth
I weep above my dead:
Yet on this clay, blood-stained,
Within these bare walls
Shall the candle be lit for the world!

They that ride by
In gold, glittering mail,
Trampling in blood and mire
My fields, once green,
No crying for them will be heard
But the screaming of vultures.

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of free men. 6th.—The French Republic. May the altar of Gallic liberty be founded on the immutable basis of Social Order, and be cemented with genuine Freedom and Equal Rights. 7th.—La Fayette. May Americans exhibit to the world an example that free men never can desert their friends in adversity. 8th.—In our festivity let us remember our brethren in slavery and in chains, and may the public spirit of Americans speedily wipe off the stain of permitting their fellow-countrymen so long to continue captives in Algiers. 9th.—May the circle of social happiness know no boundaries but that of the Empire. 10th.—May America recognize the just value of their present happy Constitution, and should occasion require, shed the last drop of their blood in its defence. 11th.—May the Genii of Reason and Social Fellowship condemn to the guillotine the Demons of Envy and Superstition. 12th.—The Irish Nation. May the Hibernian Harp speedily vibrate in unison with the sweetest chords of liberty. 13th.—The Society of Mankind. If in this narrow world their pleasures must be circumscribed, in the world to come may they convene in full meeting and enjoy the favour of the Supreme President of all worlds. Volunteers by gentlemen visitors. 14th.—The American Republic one and indivisible. 15th.—May the harmony and felicity of the Shakespearian Society continue until the *ecumene omnes* of Time shall prepare mankind for the first scene of ETERNITY.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Truce and Real Statesmanship.

In view of the prominence given at the moment to the topic of a "Truce," it may be well to emphasise a few fundamental considerations. The long view in International politics may not please everyone, but a real peace, not only for Ireland but for the world, must be based on no short-sighted policy. And that policy in turn springs from certain facts which require to be noted and not ignored.

Between February, 1917, at the Roscommon Election, and the last General Election for local government, the whole Irish people has twice deliberately and solemnly committed itself to the establishment of an Irish Republic. The solemnity was added to by the sacrifices of imprisonment, death, losses, and sufferings of Irish Republicans. By the first and most important principle of representative government, by a moral law upheld by the whole tradition of European civilisation, the true moral authority of Irish Government has been established before the eyes of all the world. What, then, is this talk of giving Ireland something else besides what she demands? What is it but an infringe-

ment of a sacred moral principle, an attempt to undermine the true allegiance of the Irish people? This is an obvious conclusion from not less obvious fact.

The World Needs Peace.

The second fact which requires to be noted is that the world requires peace to-day—and, to quote a French authority, "the world's peace to-day hangs on the tenuous thread of Irish peace." But a true peace with Ireland cannot be based on a lie. It must be based on a recognition of the expressed will of the Irish people. Now will England gain or lose more by the establishment of an Irish Republic? That is the question which requires to be faced steadily, and with the "long view" of real statesmanship.

In the terms of reference which offer a basis for conversations between English and Irish Labour organisations the third was the protection of England from the menace of foreign invasion. The other two terms, it will be remembered, are: 1, The withdrawal of the army of occupation from Ireland; 2, The establishment of an assembly representing all the views of the Irish people in strict proportion to the support they receive from the population. We do not propose to comment on these latter terms here. We confine our remarks to the first.

Real Protection for England.

It is legitimate that English people should be protected from the menace of invasion. Let us see how the establishment of an Irish Republic would affect such an issue. A peace treaty between England, America and Ireland would offer permanent peace to the world. France and Italy might also be parties to this treaty—how and why we shall see in a moment. The greatest guarantee which England could have against foreign invasion would be an honourable agreement based on real international justice with America. When people talk vaguely of an external menace to England, what is really meant is war with America. It is a commonplace to-day for politicians and statesmen to talk of war between America and England as probable within the next fifteen years. The Americans who entertain this prospect say: "English Imperialists think they own the world. We are the greatest power in the world to-day. We must teach these proud Imperialists a lesson." The prospect of another vast war strikes the ordinary man as a terrible madness—a kind of international rabies. Irishmen do not want to see the

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world plunged in war. And if the world must be plunged in war, Irishmen would prefer to be out of it. Ireland a free state—neutral and independent—would not only be out of the war, but her seas would be outside the zone of war even as Holland's were in the recent war, and for the same reasons both belligerents would have an interest in keeping her out of the war. England's line of coast defence would be lessened by almost 1,000 miles. Ireland's whole energies would be devoted to keeping her seas clear for her own sake. That would be the real bulwark against invasion by any power.

Ireland as a dominion of England under Home Rule would not be immune from invasion by America, and an Ireland not entirely free would always look forward to America as a deliverer and a liberator. By what sinister miracle are the eyes of English politicians blinded to the truth of these obvious conclusions?

Immediate Benefit of Irish Republic.

In the immediate future England would be immensely benefited by acceding to Ireland's rightful claim. England is indebted to America for an enormous war loan. The Wilson Government has not enforced that debt. It has not enforced the payment of even the interest on that loan. To secure a continuance of this policy England spent over two millions on an effort to get Cox and the Wilsonites returned to power. She failed. Harding was elected by an overwhelming majority of five million votes. Harding cannot but make more stringent terms with England. A sound authority estimates the Irish racial influence in America at 40 per cent. of the whole community. The entire political influence of the Irish elements in the States has gone to support Mr. Harding. This solid block will therefore have enormous influence in the future policy of the Republican Government. It must be remembered that the foreign policy is in the hands of the American Senate, and that, as happened in the case of Wilson, that assembly can frustrate the efforts of any President if it so chooses. That Irish influence will undoubtedly be thrown against England, if Ireland's full demand is not satisfied. If Ireland's demand is satisfied the whole driving force of the Irish race will go to support more friendly terms to England.

We referred above to the interests of Italy and France. Those countries also owe large loans to America, but their treatment will necessarily be on a similar footing to that of England. It is, therefore, to their interest also that Irish influence should be on their side in a settlement. They have no interest in Irish coercion, therefore they will regard England's refusal to satisfy Ireland as an injury to themselves and an obstruction to their getting the best terms possible from their creditor, America.

The Madness of Coercion.

Suppose, on the other hand, the present condition of affairs continues. Suppose England insists in her present policy towards Ireland. What happens? The outrages may continue. Certain towns may be wiped out; men murdered; a real famine cannot and never will be enforced against the whole of Ireland. But an attempt may be made through the stoppage of the railways; parts of the country may submit, the trade communications destroyed. Incidentally, Belfast trade will suffer with the rest, only more so: because popular hostility will increase with the devastation. Already Belfast has lost its linen market in America through Irish influences. But the spirit of the real forces of Irish nationality will remain intensified, even as the spirit of France held out, though it suffered far more than Ireland has suffered yet. That is not all. In England the logic of reprisals will continue, and with the growing problems of industry and unemployment the situation will grow more and more acute. No matter how much Ireland may suffer, England will lose more in the long run, for the simple reason that she has more to lose. Her prosperity depends on harmony and goodwill throughout, at least the English-speaking world. For she is essentially a trading nation. Can she face a ruthless race war throughout her Empire?

Civil War in the Colonies.

The Irish are one-third of the Australian population. In Australia every event in Ireland will produce a deadly repercussion, and no matter how the Irish may suffer the imperial relations will be jeopardised, and the internal peace and liberty of that colony will be destroyed by bitterness, and possibly coercion. There, too, Labour will be in a natural alliance with the Irish and the imperialist policy will be negated. In South Africa the presence of Irishmen is making itself felt very appreciably. A new Irish Society is very active there now, and in the elections which are now in progress the whole energy of the Irish element will be thrown into the balance against South Africa remaining inside the Empire. This is the obvious result of not treating Ireland with justice and humanity. So, too, in Canada. If relations become strained between America and England the whole sympathy of the Irish and French will certainly not be on the side of England. Admiral Fisher once pointed out in certain famous letters that in the event of war between America and England the economic interests will drive Canada into the war on the side of the United States. If the English are long sighted they would at least placate Irish feeling in these delicate relations, in order that her enemies be reduced to a minimum.

In the States.

Then in the States the whole hostility of Ireland will go into countering England's plans. The coming settlement

of terms of the debt due by England to America will certainly be adversely affected by the influence of one fourth of the population, which will be feverishly exasperated against England.

A new alarm has been started in the London *Times* as to the English fleet. It seems that there is a new pattern of warship called the post-Jutland type. The Americans and Japanese, learning from the lessons of the Jutland naval battle, have produced new ships which are proof against shell fire. America is soon to have twelve ships of this type, and Japan is to have sixteen in a few years. England, so the contention runs, so far has none. This may be mere camouflage. But the chief lesson to be drawn from all this is that a new and more colossal armament race has already started. It must be perfectly obvious to all that in that race the richest nation wins. Thus England is now spending a hundred million pounds a year on the Navy, and yet the *Times* is not satisfied. The intelligence of England must realise that in this new race America must win. Lord Fisher emphasised very vehemently in those last sensational letters to the *Times* the absolute necessity of an entente with America. Anything else he regarded as criminal madness. He admitted frankly the overwhelming power of America. What then is the same policy for England but friendship with America, and this they cannot possibly obtain by intrigue and with Ireland exasperated. Time after

time England's intrigue for friendship has been frustrated by Irish influence. Even when America had a Government most friendly to England, namely, the (almost) late Wilson Government, the Irish made an alliance impossible. What then will happen when America is undergoing a vehement reaction against England, and when the Irish are more powerful in their hostility than ever before? Why, if Ireland is made a desert under these circumstances, the Irish race abroad, exasperated beyond all measure, will bring about the defeat of England.

Ireland's Destiny—A World-Peace.

Now Ireland has a great tradition of civilisation, culture and peace, and if in the future she could play the rôle of a protagonist of world peace, if she could be a link of peace between Europe and America, she would be living up to her great tradition and fulfilling a destiny of which all her sons and daughters would be proud. But she could not do this save she were entirely free. No mere politicians' settlement of Home Rule will do. Dominion Home Rule means nothing now, for the dominions are in a transition stage towards the fullest freedom. Why, the very term is misrepresented.

The "Colonial" Farce.

The test of the falseness of the term as used by imperial politicians is that neither Australia, South Africa nor Canada

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In Choosing a Christmas Present

It is well to consider the question of utility as well as beauty. Any of our Gold Bangle Watches combine those requirements, as we only stock a reliable quality. Anything else in a watch is worthless. Prices from 69 up.

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would tolerate the settlement put forward under that name for Ireland. It is a false and deceptive policy to proceed as if Ireland would be satisfied with anything short of her only claim. Ireland would not be satisfied. Old friction would give place to new friction. Nothing would be secure or settled, and the sources of suspicion would remain. It is, we submit, a reckless policy to pursue—and will lead only to disaster. If England is too proud and tyrannical to grant the only claim Ireland makes, then whatever she does give us is to get herself out of her difficulties is given only for our undoing. Whatever she does give will be given to defeat, not to satisfy, the claim for which Ireland has made all the sacrifices. Those who advocate such a settlement are speaking falsehoods when they say Ireland is willing to accept Home Rule. They are acting the part of traitors to the moral authority of the Irish race. They are recklessly postponing a real settlement and making another tragedy in Irish history necessary for the fulfillment of Ireland's real claim.

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"This is a time when our opponents are trying their best to seek to undermine it (the Irish movement). The essential thing to remember is that no matter how destructive the violent measures taken to attempt to suppress the Irish nation and its claim to sovereign independence, there is behind these measures a political plan which seeks to win a compromise with Ireland. As long as they think that they may win a compromise they will continue to exercise the utmost violence, and any sign of weakening would only cause the enemy to intensify their efforts. The time calls for a steady and unyielding determination. In the words of the message we have received:

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The Irish people have paid almost in full the great price. Black as these times seem to be they are brighter, more glorious, more triumphant than all the peaceful years of the past. It is in adversity that a man proves best his manhood. It is in the grip of a merciless terror that a nation proclaims its unalterable nationhood. Let the weakling murmur as they will, this day is the greatest of all days for this Nation of many dead. Why should we doubt, we who live? Those who have died—two hundred of our brothers and sisters in this one year—these did not doubt. Thómas MacCurran did not doubt. Terence MacSwiney did not doubt. Kevin Barry did not doubt. Richard McKee did not doubt. James Howley did not doubt. Yet to them the Irish Republic meant death. To us the Irish Republic means life—and we doubt!

Which of us is afraid, and why? There can be no fear if man forget himself and remember his duty. It is our selfishness which makes us afraid. What man who takes to pieces his motives and examines them can be uncertain of the part he is to play? Two things are transcendent in this struggle of an oppressed people—the ideal of liberty and the Nation of Ireland. Individuals have no part in this contest of God against Satan. We are not this man or that man, we are a whole people. Each one of us is Ireland, the unconquered and unconquerable. By the actions of each one of us, that Ireland will be judged, judged by a squalid enemy to whom every failure, every weakness, every whole or partial surrender will be as new blood to the veins. Ireland cannot surrender the claims she has made. No generation can surrender those claims in her name. No individual can surrender them. Every man is part of his nation. He is not separate from it. It is him and he is it. What the nation demands every individual in it must demand. What the nation refuses to forego no man can yield. And what that nationality means, it is what a man's duty to his country means. The highest and the lowest amongst us are not free to decide. The Nation has decided. It is for each in the nation to cherish the decision and joyfully to abide by it in sorrow, want, torture, horror, and death. The nation which has not a multitude ready to embrace all we for its sake is dead and has ceased to be a nation.

Some call for a truce; among them some who admit but one authority in Ireland, and that the God-begotten authority of the people. All of us would welcome a truce. But the nation cannot, must not, and will not accept any truce but one which places upon the head of our Nation the crown woven for her by the dead. Never in the history of honour among men have the living betrayed their dead. Never in the centuries of our bitter servitude has the surrender of our ideal been wrung from us. Our Nation has been a vast rack upon which whole generations have been tortured. But they have passed on to us the soul of our

greatness unswayed. We must do as they did. If we are not to succeed, we must not fail. For when a people have failed there is no resurrection. Let those who call for a truce understand the meaning of the words. Every act which emboldens the tyrant whose claws are buried deep in our flesh is an act of pitiful betrayal. How soon have some of us forgotten Terence MacSwiney! How soon do we ourselves wish to loosen the trap-door on which Kevin Barry stands.

But the many are resolute. The great cohorts of those who hold their own safety as nothing are marching against the enemy of this people fearlessly, irresistibly. There will be now no defeat, O Eire of a thousand defeats! There will be now no betrayal, O Dead of a thousand betrayals! Let those who fear sacrifice speak out. It is the silent who are always triumphant. Prison and torture and death, the scourge, the torch and the sword. All these we have known for centuries, and we have not quailed. Victory we have not yet known, but the night is ruddy with dawn. For Christ was justice begotten and in the triumph of justice Christ expressed.

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British Propaganda.

The Great War has caused a vast output from the printing presses in the last two years. Everyone seems to be bound in honour to answer the query of the famous recruiting poster—"What did you do in the Great War, Daddy?" Generals have important things to say about the conduct of the campaign; and books like "Le Feu," of M. Barbusse, reveal the real life in the trenches. But there is one class of books of which one must be suspicious. They are written to put the author right with the public—to inform the public; they usually take the form of "Autobiography," "Memoirs," "Impressions." Among the latest to appear is "Secrets of Crewe House."* The wonder is that it was not one of the first. It tells of Lord Northcliffe's later activities in the war—how he destroyed the morale of the enemy by his leaflets and other propaganda, and thus ended the war long before a purely military decision was expected. On every page you can see it written: "Northcliffe did it; he saved many months of war and at the rate of £6,000,000 per day, you can calculate or imagine how much he stands a benefactor to the British Empire."

And when the victorious Premier of that Empire, arrogant in the support of a reorganised Coalition Press, feels himself strong enough to "scorn the base degrees by which he did ascend," you can understand the aggrieved newspaper magnate, feeling in his heart the "et tu Brute," appealing to his record in the Great War and the millions saved for the development of the Empire.

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Now, propaganda is an essential factor in modern warfare. When you are fighting for a just cause and really believe it, no one can blame you for saying so and adducing proofs to the world. But when professed war aims are *toto coelo* different from intentions and from practice, then propaganda is organised falsehood. That "Crewe House" look over the treaties of 1919.

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When one reads this book and thinks over the ingenuity, human insight, organisation, patience, and downright hard work displayed in a few months' propaganda, one begins to realise to some degree the secret of England's success in her foreign relations—how she could acquire and maintain a reputation for fairness and magnanimity among the nations of the world. For British propaganda never ceases in peace or in war. There is always a "Crewe House" to present England's case. Perhaps here, too, we may find some of those invisible bonds that bind the far-flung possessions of the Empire to the Mother Country. Such bonds are not, could not be, merely military or economic; they are something more subtle and more effective—a subjection of the national mind or soul to the Imperial mistress wrought by a long process of indoctrination in newspaper, pamphlet, literature, and social intercourse.

And we in Ireland have had first-hand experience of that insidious and pervading influence which, in the last century, had done more to Anglicise us than the purely repressive policy of the preceding six centuries of occupation. The history of Ireland since 1800 shows a long process of national enslavement and the subjection of our national outlook to the ex-centric interest in a foreign Parliament and in the state of British political parties, the decay of our native tongue, the national life dominated by Britain in every way: education denied, or administered in British interests; our literature, until the revival of 1893, based on London *Standards*; newspapers modelled on London organs with their service of news controlled by British agencies. Such influences as these working continuously and almost unseen from part of British propaganda in a subject country. And it was all but successful. In 1914 we were almost as British as the British themselves. It required a baptism of blood and fire to redeem the soul of Ireland. But the old influences are still there. And the wonderful feature of our present struggle is that with not a single Irish daily newspaper in support of our national demand, the Republican movement grows stronger day by day. A common bond of trial and of sorrow and a common pride of country is unassailable, even by the admirable machinery of British propaganda.

S. U. M.

The American Commission.

The Committee chosen by the Commission of One Hundred to investigate Irish atrocities held its first session in Washington, on October 29, and issued the following statement:

The American Commission on Ireland has accepted the task entrusted to it with the sincerest desire to improve the relations between the United States, Great Britain, and Ireland, to obtain facts as to what is actually happening on Irish soil, and to discover ways and means of offering continuing mediation if such ways exist. Firmly believing that the present situation, if long continued, will menace the peace of the world, and realising that it is already becoming a domestic political issue in America, the commission seeks to shed light upon what is happening, in order to present an actual picture of the crisis to the

American people, so that, with this background, constructive suggestions may arise as to a way out.

The members of the commission are unanimously of the belief that the friendship of the English-speaking peoples for one another is of such priceless value to the welfare of the entire world that for Americans to leave a single stone unturned to preserve that friendship would constitute a grave culpability. The commission is, moreover, profoundly stirred by the long-continued reports of lawlessness and the wholesale shedding of blood in Ireland on both sides. Its members cannot sit by unmoved at the possibility of an outcome so terrible that it might easily mean the destruction of the bulk of the sorely harassed Irish people, a people so gifted as to be able to make a unique contribution to the culture and progress of the world, a people whose voluntary martyrs have begun to make the whole globe realise that the situation of Ireland has reached a pass where brave men prefer death to its continuance.

If, in such an hour the constitution of an unofficial commission of citizens of a friendly nation seems unusual it is to be explained by the unprecedented circumstances in Ireland, by the fact that millions of Americans of Irish blood can know neither contentment nor happiness until peace is restored to their kin across the Atlantic, and by the historic American devotion to those peaceful ideals which but recently animated our troops in the World War. Ireland would be an America recalcitrant to its traditions and to its faith.

JANE ADDAMS,
JOSEPH W. FOLK,
JAMES H. MAUREE,
DAVID I. WALSH.

The fifth member of the committee, Dr. Howe, was unable to attend the first meeting. A cable was sent to Cardinal Logue asking him to select a delegation of two of three Irish Bishops who will come to Washington to testify. The mayors of several Irish cities will also be asked to send witnesses. In the meantime the witnesses at hand will be examined. Quite naturally the British Ambassador to the United States is a bit disturbed about the committee, and feels that nothing can be accomplished until quiet is restored in Ireland. To restore quiet in Ireland is one of the purposes of the committee and perhaps the Ambassador will see his way to help in this laudable undertaking.

(From America.)

A Rebuke.

Do Blacum, make no common rhyme of me
For any laughter, nor lift your voice from westward
Against my drifting voice. I am not less
Than Raffery and hold a wider deaf.
Betrayed by many men and by a woman
Made wise, I wander under heavy grief.
In rich, strange lands, without praise, without wine,
The last and proudest singer of the Gael.

France, 1920.

AUSTIN CLARKE.

The Attempt to Degrade.

In her endless efforts to suppress the Irish Nation, England has never abandoned the attempts to degrade the people she wishes to rule. Her constant effort is to convince the outside world that the Irish are an inferior people, held in subjection because they are not worthy to enjoy the comforts of civilised rule and the inalienable right to self-determination. To the latest and the most farcical home-rule bill, which has just passed its final reading in the English Commons, the British Government has appended the final clause that, should Ireland not accept home rule, its people would be governed—as England governs the savage tribes under her dominion—as a Crown colony. Ireland is to be treated as the Empire rules the backward tribes and races for which she exerts her sway. And yet, "she can not truly boast of having been the birthplace and abode of high culture," said the eminent German scholar, Professor Mommsen, in his paper on "The Irish Element in Medieval Culture," in the fifth and sixth centuries, at a time when the Roman Empire was being undermined by the alliances and the inroads of German tribes, which threatened to sink the whole continent into barbarism; but also of having made enormous efforts in the seventh and up to the tenth century, to spread her learning among the German and Romance peoples, thus forming the actual foundation of our present civilisation. While (in the fifth century), on the mainland and in Britain, bidding Christianity and the norms of Western culture, such as it was, were effectually hidden under foot . . . when universal crudeness and depravity seemed to have gained the upper hand, and the fire West threatened to sink hopelessly into barbarism, the Irish established several seminaries of learning in their own country."

IRISH SOLDIERS.

John Ruskin, in the preface of his "Bible of Amiens," writes the following from a speech by the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords: "My Lords, it is mainly to the Irish Catholics that we all owe our proud predominance in our military career, and that I personally am indebted for the laurels with which you have been pleased to decorate my bow."

CULTURE IN IRELAND.

Campion, in 1574, desiring the destruction of Irish culture, to supplant it by English subjection, tells us what he found in Ireland: "Without any precept or observation of integrity, they speak Latin like a vulgar language, learned in their common schools of Leachcraft and Law, wherewith they begin children and hold on sixteen or twenty years, learning by rote the Aphorisms of Hippocrates and the maxims of Justinian; and a few other parings of these two cultures."

GENERAL LEE'S TRIBUTE.

It does one good to read in papers of by-gone days such tributes to Irishmen from an English source as the following from the correspondent of the "London Times," writing

from Lee's headquarters near Fredericksburg during the Civil War: "To the Irish Division commanded by General Meagher was principally committed the desperate task of bursting out of the town of Fredericksburg and forming under the withering fire of the confederate batteries to attack Marye's Heights. Never at Fontenoy, Albuera, or at Waterloo was more undoubted courage displayed by the sons of Erin than during those six frantic attacks which they directed against the almost impregnable position of the foe."

"CHURCH-TIMES."

"It is a matter of common knowledge," says the editor of the "Church Times," the organ of the High Anglicans, "that law and order prevail wherever Sinn Fein rules. The Sinn Fein courts of justice are resorted to, not only by Republicans, but also by Unionists and Protestants for the easily understood reason that in them justice is administered promptly and damages are recovered expeditiously. This is naturally very distasteful to the Dublin Castle authorities, and they are resorting to all sorts of topsy-turvy proceedings and devices in the hope of stopping it." The High Anglican editor declares that he must maintain and insist on his point that Sinn Fein had demonstrably proved the capacity of the Irish people for self-government, and their undeniable ability as good organisers and administrators in most difficult circumstances. He quotes from a number of letters bearing similar testimony, including one from a Protestant lady, an Englishwoman, sojourning in a pretty Cork village. She says she has found the Sinn Feiners "a charming people to live amongst, and this little village seems like an earthly paradise."

COURAGEOUS.

Rev. Father M. J. Doyle, recently appointed Honorary Chaplain to the British Forces, in recognition of his services in the war for the "rights of small nationalities," has sent the following protest against the treatment of his fellow countrymen. "Sir—Will you please convey to the War Office authorities my sincere thanks for their having appointed me Honorary Chaplain to the Forces, with permission to wear uniform on all appropriate occasions. May I also ask you to do me the favour of intimating to these same authorities that, owing to the disgrace and degradation into which that uniform has been brought by some of those who wear it in Ireland, I cannot, in any way whatever, associate myself with it until the British Government comes to its senses and, not only saves Ireland for the Empire, but also restores discipline and dignity to the army."

FROM "AMERICA."

It is significant that one of the first messages of sympathy to reach Ireland from abroad was sent from Chaplain General Troy, of the A.E.F. now in Germany. It read:

Please convey to the Lady Mayores my profound sympathy in her great bereavement. Mayor MacSwiney died for the things we thought we fought for in the World War, and his name shall go down the ages as an immortal who did not quake before the tyrant, but whose soul was as grand as the ideal for which he died. I have said Mass for him and the other martyrs in Cork jail and will do the same on the Feast of All Souls. Their names will forever be treasured, not merely in Ireland, but wherever the word and reality of freedom are loved and honoured.

INSURE your LIFE and PROPERTY with THE IRISH NATIONAL ASSURANCE CO., 30, College Green, Dublin.

Diarmid, son of Aodh Slane, King of Tara, marched against Guaire, defeated and slew him at the battle of Carn Connan, A.D. 684. The storyteller leaves no room to doubt the cause of Guaire's defeat and death.

The scene of the third story is Brittany. Vortigern, king of the Britons, married his own daughter. He was commanded by St. Germanus to dismiss her at once. He did not do so, but was afraid to meet face to face the righteously indignant Saint. He fled to the mountain, called after him Vortigernman, whither he was pursued by St. Germanus and a considerable number of his monks. For forty days and forty nights the king remained in hiding, but the monks maintained the siege. Finally running the blockade, he got away to one of his castles. The Saint followed, and now resolved to use the last weapon at his disposal. He fasted on the king three days and three nights; then fire fell from heaven and consumed the guilty king.

If these stories were true, I suppose our first conclusion would be that in ancient times it was a risky business to resist a Saint when he went on hunger strike. If they are but the inventions of the imaginative Celt, and I think they betray no more imagination than medieval stories originating elsewhere, they were intended for edification as well as entertainment. The moral is clear. The fast must have been looked on with religious awe, and the neglect of it was a matter of serious consequence. The idea of "fasting" on somebody is what is peculiar to these Irish legends, because of Irish law and custom. That law and custom cannot have been a dead letter at the time the legends originated. It might be said that none of these stories illustrate the Brehon Law in the matter of recovering debt. That is quite true; but it can be urged that they rather indicate that the "fast" was more widely used to redress a wrong of any kind; in general, to force the mighty to walk in the way of justice.

From a recent issue of the "New Republic," New York.

The death of Terence MacSwiney on the 74th day of his hunger-strike brings British management of Irish affairs to a pass from which retreat seems impossible, and any road ahead will be barred by redoubled bitterness and hatred. Once embarked on a fatal policy of coercion, the British Government could not release MacSwiney without abandoning the whole policy of force, of which this one measure was an inevitable servant. Great Britain would have considered MacSwiney's release a confession of weakness. But to allow him to die when it must have realised the disastrous result such an event would have on an already desperate situation, is not the sort of thing a really strong government, convinced of the justice and expediency of its course, chooses to do. On the contrary, it is the act of a government which, having got itself into a bad corner, seems to find no extrication from it except in an increase of violence and obstinacy. This is the kind of straw that must inevitably break the camel's back. The dealings of Great Britain with Ireland have been black enough, but there are yet darker days ahead.

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The Parable of the Undertakers, the Grave-diggers, and the Pest House.

Two men encountered upon O'Connell Bridge. After they had conferred upon the situation, one of the exclaimed: "Are the eyes of God's providence averted? His right hand clenched? Is His strong arm stretched still?"

Upon hearing these words of the first man, the other laughed. "Listen," said he, "to the parable of the undertakers, the grave diggers, and the pest house. At that word the first man stung sun, a golden stream of its petals upon the river as a mourner upon a grave strewn its petals upon the river as a mourner upon a grave.

"There was a certain man," began the parable, "passing an undertaker's establishment, a very large undertaking's establishment in the wholesale way of trade. The man, as he passed along, observed and wondered at the number of the coffin-makers in the establishment. The extraordinary cheerfulness, however, it was chiefly riveted the passer-by's attention. Actuated by some impulse he entered the wholesale undertaker's workshops, and there he stood gazing for a space, being welcomed by the undertaker's operatives and employees themselves, to whom the visitor was by no means a stranger, he, as a matter of knowing each of the coffin-makers by name.

"After having idly strolled by eyeing matters casually for a time, the visitor suddenly became aware that the name intended for the lid of each coffin bore the same name as the individual workman to whom the construction of each particular coffin was entrusted. After the visitor had fully perceived this fact, and had convinced himself beyond the possibility of a doubt, the visitor addressed the coffin-makers themselves. 'What,' asked he, 'might be the meaning of this cheerio on the beano? Why, it's all so lively. May I ask if any of you folk have so much as taken trouble to the name inscribed on the name-plate of the coffin any of you is constructing?' 'None of us,' answered the coffin-makers, 'ever read names on name-plates of coffins, against regulations.' The visitor gasped and staggered. 'Would you be much surprised or pained if I tell you the name inscribed on the name-plate of each coffin be the name of the worker who is constructing the coffin.' 'Jong out of that,' shouted the coffin-makers together, 'you mind your own business and we'll mind ours. What he know?' And the coffin-makers went on with their hilariously constructing their coffins.

"Now the same man happened to be sauntering on a quiet country road, mountain, wood, and stream still in his listless eye, and suddenly he came to a churchyard where were a number of heterogeneous looking figures hard at work digging graves. Theirs was anything but a solemn religious mood. Deaths-head and cross-bones from inspiring fear, appeared to excite and stimulate sanguine disposition. The place reverberated to death laughter and to many a profane and ribald jest. He approached, the grave-diggers saluted the man in the He and they, as it happened, knew each other by name.

"The man entered the churchyard, observing surroundings narrowly. Suddenly he remarked that the cut upon the tombstone that stood at the head of each

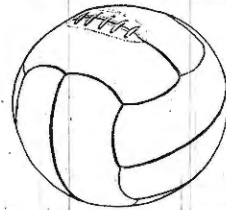
DECEMBER 11, 1920.

responded to, and was identical with the name of the particular man who happened to be digging the grave in question. 'Look ee,' exclaimed the visitor, 'ye folk are cheerio on the beano. You're all mighty light-hearted, to say gay and balmy, over the job. May I be pardoned, has any one of you men so much as taken the trouble to cipher the name that's inscribed on the headstone of the particular grave he is assigned to dig?' To the question by the visitor—all the grave-diggers responded in a chorus: 'We never read headstones. It's against regulations. Answered, 'Let me tell you, friends,' rejoined the visitor, 'it's only to cool your ribs, and to moderate your hilarity, we take the liberty to tell you people that the name and date of birth of each grave-digger here is inscribed upon the headstone of the grave he is digging.' 'Ge' long,' shouted the grave diggers, as they spat on their hands and clanged their spades. 'Do you mind your business and we'll mind ours. Don't we know by his nose he's a liar? What does he know!' And they horse-played as they went on with their business cheerfully.

"Shaking his head sorrowfully, the same man passing came to a certain pest house, whither the plague-stricken were taken to die. Invoking the saints, stooping under a low lintel, the man entered the pest house. A highly-respectable elderly gentleman, sullen favoured, in tall silk

hat, irreproachable frock coat of professional black, and spats that appeared to burn, he, presumably the resident physician, welcomed effusively the visitor. 'Feeling the symptoms?' he solicitously asked. 'No sir,' replied the visitor, 'I am come to inspect.' The professional-looking gentleman undertook to show the visitor into the great ward of the pest house. The visitor accepted the invitation, invoking the saints. In the course of his inspection, as he went round the great ward of the pest house, the visitor remarked that upon the bedside table of each wretched, dying creature, there stood a sinister-looking phial, and upon each phial was attached an etiquette or label, and upon each label was imprinted the words 'Ignorance and Injustice.'

"Now the plague-stricken ones were being continually administered of the contents of the phials in tablespoonfuls. Appalled at the sight, the visitor exclaimed in tones of horror, amazement, and alarm. 'Do you men see you are being poisoned? Don't you see it is this stuff that is destroying you?' The plague-stricken ones gasped and stared—then suddenly the head medical attendant, the highly respectable elderly gentleman of the sullen complexion, he of the silk hat, of the frock coat, of the spats that appeared to burn, intervened. Throwing aside his manner of civility he showed his teeth and growled. 'Ge' long,' said he to the visitor. 'Do you mind your business and I'll mind mine. You're a liar? What does he know!' (the last to the patients). The



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painful-stricken ones, aroused for a moment, relapsed as quickly into their dreamy half-comatose condition, the weary heads falling back upon the pillows, and all was quiet in the ward again. But the head medical attendant's silk hat fell off showing goat horns, a tail suddenly descended and showed from under his frock coat, and something like a cloven hoof glared under the spats that had appeared to burn.

"At that the visitor departed invoking the saints. What else could he do? Because the wicked are they who make their own coffin, the wicked are they who dig their own sepulchres, the wicked are they who execute themselves, who prescribe their own hope of ignorance and of injustice, aus their own coffin, the wicked men are they who dig their own looms by the wicked."

"Now," asked the second man, "what do you think of my parable of the coffin-makers, of the grave-diggers, and of the pest house?"

"To tell you the truth," replied the first man, "I think well of it." And as they two shook hands, and as they parted, the last fading petals of the golden rose, diltated in the west, dropped down upon the bosom of the old grey river, and drifted silently into the shadow of O'Connell Bridge, and so was lost in the mauve twilight.

But in the corridors of Hell is heard huge and unbounded laughter at an empire's progress that completes the fall of man.

WATCHER.

Review of the Books.

"IRISH WITHOUT A TEACHER."

It has been well said: "If you know the irregular verbs in a language you know the language"; and anyone conversant with modern languages has found out this truth for himself. The irregular verbs are irregular just because they are those which were the most used. "Come," "go," "hear," "see," "say," "get," and their like are words in constant use in every language; yet one has often to wade through a year's study of a new language before one masters their ordinary forms. The man who is trying in odd moments snatched from a busy day to get a working knowledge of Irish has in the ordinary way to wait for long before he acquires a knowledge of the irregular verbs, that is, of just the words which he wants to use, if he tries to make Irish the medium of ordinary intercourse. A little set of booklets, "Irish Without a Teacher," lately published just meets this very want. The booklets, as their name implies, are meant for those who cannot, in their busy lives, attend classes in Irish, or who are placed where no teacher is available. Many a grown-up person who is eager to learn some spoken Irish, and to learn it quickly, will greet this book with welcome. He will have to wade through no learned perorations on phonetics, grammar and syntax, and will have to cope with no unaccustomed written characters. He

"Irish Without a Teacher," compiled by Lili ni Aodha and Breandán O'Náolha, M.A. H. Dip. Ed. Part I. 7d., Part II. 7d., Part III. 9d. Published by Mairéad Aodha, Home Street, Dublin.

will find just the phrases which he wants in ordinary intercourse there written out phonetically and in characters which he is used to. He has only to take and put a little determination into the work of memorising them. Rightly the authors insist again and again on the need of thorough memorising every phrase, and then of using it on every possible occasion. The authors, Lili and Breandán Hay, are well-known figures in Irish-Ireland circles. They have deserved well of their country in putting into the hands of the busy man these little booklets which will give him without a teacher, enough of Irish to put him in the way of becoming an Irish speaker; for if he masters the phrases given in these booklets he will be able to enter into conversation with speakers of Irish, and the rest will follow. On within the ring he will learn from hearing others speak; and in any case, by practising these ordinary work-a-day phrases he will be all the time doing one man's part towards the building up of an Irish Ireland.

The Victory Ball.

By ALFRED NOVES.

From the Chicago Press.

The cymbals crash and the dancers walk
With long silk stockings and arms of chalk,
Butterfly skirts, and white breasts bare,
And the shadows of dead men watching 'em there.

Shadows of dead men stand by the wall
Watching the fun of the Victory Ball;
They do not reproach because they know
If they're forgotten it's better so.

Under the dancing feet are the graves,
Dazzle and motely in long bright waves,
Brushed by the palm froonds' grapple and whirl,
Ox-eyed matron and white skinned girl.

Fat, wet bodies go waddling by
Girdled with satin, though God knows why;
Gript by satyrs in white and black,
With a fat, wet hand on a fat, wet back.

"What did you think we should find," said a shade,
"When the last shot echoed and peace was made?"
"Christ!" laughed the fleshless jaws of his friend,
"I thought they'd be praying for worlds to mend."

"Fish," said a statesman standing dead,
"I'm glad they can busy their thoughts elsewhere."
"We mustn't reproach 'em, they're young you see."
"Ah," said the dead men, "so were we."

Victory! Victory! on with the dance,
Back to the jungle the new beasts prance!
God! how the dead men grip by the wall
Watching the fun of the Victory Ball.

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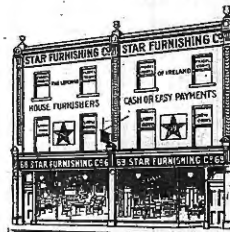
War.

You might have fought upon Emania's plains,
When the sun glistened on a thousand spears,
On brazen battle-shafts and shields of bronze,
And warrior-princes wrapped in crimson cloaks,
And golden torcs and dazzle of white bodies,
And saffron tunics of Cuchulainn's host.
There might have found your dearest enemy
And striven all day for mastery, and wretched
His limbs and yours with scarlet battle-flowers,
Till your eyes darkened and the sun went down,
A red rose dim for grief on beauty's grave!

With these you might have fought, or under skies
Of unimagined Northern thunder,
Where a Valkyrie guards her hero's fate
And singing, weaves the web of destiny;
There the soft darkness of enclosing death
Is but the darkness of her midnight hair,
And the sharp edge of death the jewelled rim
Of that ordained cup whose precious wine
Falls not throughout Eternity! With these
You might have fought, or with the shepherd boy,
Whose sensuous child-mouth of cruelty,
Unpassionate of human love, had known
No mistress fairer than a yielding town;
No rape so sweet as slender swords ensheathed
In slender virgin bodies, and in nights
Of yellow moonlight meeting saffron dawns
Beside Genoa's he slept, and dreamed
Of glistening cities with sculptured gateways set
Like jewels in the desert; and he saw
Lovely Damascus, laughing in the sun,
And sad Persopolis, like Helen pale
With weariness of death about her walls;
Bagdad and Babylon, sweet courtesans
Inviting love; and far above them all
The dream-limbs of the veiled Samarkand.
A prisoned princess beckoning to a knight!
These were not hypocrites; they lived their lives,
They loved and hated, aimed and passed away;
They held no Empire for the Empire's good;
They crucified no Christ in any Cause;
His shadow troubles not their pagan sleep,
But these, who make a carnival of Hell,
Singing with living throats, "Give peace, O God,
Give peace again!"—What shall we say of these?"

PHILLIPS.

November 30, 1920.



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As Others See Us.

O vad some power the gittie gie us
To see ourselfs as ithers see us.

After the Dreyfus trial, at which he was present during the two days occupied by Maitre Demange's speech for the defence, it was intimated to Lord Russell of Killowen that Queen Victoria would like to know his impressions. He gave them in a paper written on September 16, 1899, and which was read by the Queen. Some of the remarks it contains are not without point to-day.

It was unfortunate for Dreyfus that among the most prominent advocates for revision were to be found: (1) Foreign journals, and in France (2) amongst the class of men like Clemenceau and Urbain Gohier, in the *Aurore*, and Jaurès (the Socialist leader) in the *Matin*. These men were only too glad, while advocating the rehabilitation of Dreyfus, to make his cause the opportunity for an attack upon the enemy as an institution. As to the foreign journals, France has not yet realized the fact that every great drama, whether in Courts of Justice or elsewhere, is now played before the whole world as an audience, and is, therefore, subject to the criticism of the whole world. France has not realised that the telegraph and the telephone have almost brought the ends of the earth together, and that it is quite impossible to treat as a purely domestic concern any question which, like this one, appears to touch the very foundation of justice. In all circumstances it not only

distrusts the motives of foreign advice or interference, but repudiates and grievously resents it." Referring to the attitude of the British Press he says: "It is but just to say that, in its comments during the actual sittings of the Court, the British Press, from the *Times* upwards downwards, almost without exception, have indulged in such partisan comment as would have earned for their editors, the hands of English Judges, prompt committal to prison had any such comments been made pending a trial in England." Dealing with the officers who formed the court-martial and their verdict, he writes: "The explanation of the erroneous judgment, as I conceive it to be, at which they arrived I take to be this: they were unversed in law, unused to legal proceedings, with no experience or aptitude to enable them to weigh the probative effect of testimony they were steeped in prejudice and concerned for what they regarded as the honour of the Army; and thus, impressed or overawed by the heads of their profession, they gave undue weight to the flimsy rays of evidence which alone were presented against the accused man. It seems to me that good may come for the world in general out of the sufferings of this man. In the first place, I think it will render impossible the continuance of courts-martial, at least without more complete legal safeguards and controls than now exist, and I think this will be a gain."

Ireland, at least, has not benefited by the sufferings of Dreyfus, and we can imagine from the above what would have been the opinion of Lord Russell on what is going on in his own country were he alive to-day. V.C.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1920.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Peace Talk Excuse for Ruthlessness.

The speech of Mr. Lloyd George will be regarded simply as a further declaration of war on the Irish people. There can be no doubt as to the real convictions of the vast majority of the Irish people, and we state a plain, unvarnished fact when we say that the Irish people do not belong to the class called by Lloyd George "Moderates." This English politician is not a good psychologist. He attempted to split Irish opinion into what he calls the "extremists" and the "moderates." The fact is—the plain, historic fact—the vast body of Irish opinion is "Irish Republican." The effect of Lloyd George's speech will be to knit still closer all the great forces of Irish nationalism. Everyone realizes that the peace offered to Ireland is based on the "unity of the United Kingdom"—these are Lloyd George's terms. They mean that Lloyd George will grant Ireland peace on the basis of the "Union." This pre-arranged that Unionism and the Unionists are triumphant. It implies the utter defeat of Irish Nationalism. Everyone sees that clearly in Ireland and England. All the Tories now that is what Lloyd George means. They know that it means the present Tory policy as embodied in the Home Rule Bill now before Parliament. The only people in these islands who do not pretend to know it are the Liberal and Labour members and journalists, who see something

"hopeful" in the policy of peace plus war, in the policy of peace talk plus more ruthlessness. The Liberals! Labour! Ye gods!

As the People See It.

Here we may quote a letter from the daily Press of Monday—it is the second letter from "Watchman." Our readers will remember that a previous letter was referred to by Mr. Collins in his letter to the Press. We feel we are fulfilling our function by merely indicating what we believe are the convictions of the vast majority of Irish-women and Irishmen, and we believe that no statement of ours can put the real truth in quite uncoloured language better than this letter of "Watchman's." Think what you may of it, it does represent the only force worth counting on in Ireland—namely, the unchanging convictions of the majority of the Irish people.

"DIGNITY OF THE NATION."

FARMER'S "NEW SORT OF CANS."

To the Editor, "Irish Independent."

"Sir, Let us face the facts. A fortnight ago we stood in a strong position which it was not possible to misinterpret. Terms for a discussion (not necessarily involving a settlement) could have been arranged that would have been honourable, equal, and international. What brought us to that position? The firm dignity of the man empowered by the nation and entitled by his colleagues to act as spokesman; and the firm dignity of the nation at large.

Then three things occurred that ruined all. The national determination was not weakened, but the public aspect of that determination was confused, with the result, of course, that English statesmen at once leapt at the opportunity to misinterpret. These three things were:

(1) The letter from Roger Sweetnam;
(2) What purported to be a resolution of the Galway Co. Council, but which was nothing of the kind. The Galway Co. Council is comprised of 22 members. Its quorum is eight. Only six were present when the resolution was passed which has done much mischief. To issue a resolution passed in this way as the act of a Co. Council calls for such a description as I will refrain from in your columns.

(3) The telegram from Fr. O'Flanagan, who had no authority to speak as Vice-President of the political party known as Sinn Féin, much less to let that Vice-Presidency pass, without contradiction, for that quite separate thing, the Acting-Presidency of a State.

The result is what might have been expected. A cock-a-whoop cry of triumph went up at once in Downing Street, and we received martial law in four counties and two cities as a beginning, while Lloyd George assured his pack in Parliament that these were the voices of a nation. Are we, in spite of our long and bitter experience, never to learn that to speak fair to an Englishman is to

arouse the bully in him, and that the only way to treat with him is coldly and with iron indifference.

"Thanks to ill-timed benevolence, we have lost much of which a month in time is the least. Lloyd George is now playing a new suit of cards. When he learns that that now suit will not avail him, and when he learns that this nation has not endured untold hardship to throw all its gains now to the winds, then he will return to the suit he was considering a fortnight ago. In the meantime, let us learn from our mistakes, and see that they are not repeated.

Where Morale Counts.

A further letter of interest appeared in the "Freeman's Journal" of December 7, signed "An Old Officer." It is certainly picturesque, and has undoubtedly expressed the conviction of the real public opinion in Ireland.

"NEGOTIATING PEACE."

To the Editor of the "Freeman's Journal."

"Sir,—It was a saying of Marshal Foch that 'Victory resides in will; that a battle won is a battle in which the possibility of defeat has not been admitted'; and again, 'Victory always comes to those who merit it by their greater strength of will and intelligence.' This will and intelligence and determination to achieve has been the cause of all Sinn Féin's success hitherto. Let me give a few historic examples which may be a lesson to us not to indulge in panic at this most critical period of our campaign.

"It was not the German army which was defeated in the Great War, but the German people, who lost their morale, forced the army to retreat.

"Fifty years ago a Russian army invaded Turkestan, and after a long and arduous march through a desert country the fort of Gark Tepe was attacked. Unable to capture the place by assault, the town was bombarded, and the inhabitants, frightened by the destruction which ensued, a Council of War decided to surrender before the morning light enabled the cannonade to begin again. Meanwhile provisions ran short in the Russian camp, the General, fearing starvation in the desert, retreated during the night, so that when the Turcoman deputation arrived at the Russian lines they found them deserted. A few more hours of courage would have given the Russians a victory.

"In our own country about 30 years ago a situation arose closely resembling that with which we are faced now. English statesmen and the English Press indulged in the same propaganda of abuse. It was said that Parnell and his followers were 'steeped to the lips in treason,' and that 'crime dogged the footsteps of the Land League.' The "Times" published the Piggot letters, and, under cover of this barrage, Buckshot Forster threw 4,000 young men—'village ruffians' he called them—into jail without trial, and followed this up by imprisoning Parnell and all the leaders he could put his hands on.

"But the country stood as firm as a rock. The people resolved to win and did win, so that the English Government was only too glad to accept the treaty of Kilmainham.

"Peace we want, and the English have begun to want it even more. But unless we stand fast to our principles and trust the President and the Deil to negotiate we shall get a Peace of Versailles—a peace of defeat.

Yours truly, "AN OLD OFFICER."

The Truce

Galway had no quorum. Hence the Galway Co. Council so-called resolution has only a fictitious existence. Roger Sweetman's constituency repudiates his action by the real resolution of Westford. There remains but the voice of the Archbishop of Tuam. His latest explanation is that the phrase "Truce of God" is a phrase that stuck in his mind in his youthful student days. Evidently his then unformed mind did not grasp the full significance of the phrase, or he would clearly see now its inapplicability to the present state of things. I hope the Archbishop will not persist in relying on his memory of a phrase or he will find himself in the position of an ancient predecessor of his.

It is rather a remarkable thing that one of the leaders of the Truce Party—the moderates—the saner Irishmen in the time of Eoghan Roe and Cardinal Rinnceini, was the then Archbishop of Tuam. A look in the Vatican archives in the Nuntiatore at Francis for the period will show what his Truce and his moderation led his Grace. So far did he pursue his moderation, his desire for peace, and his Truce politics against Eoghan and "the extremists" and independent dance party that he finally fell under the censure of the Church. The Nuntiatore archives still contain his petition for absolution therefrom.

Ireland must not be betrayed. Terry MacSwiney's sacrifice must not be rendered nugatory. He understood the Truce Party. Here is how he addressed them in his own Council. Though our readers may have seen these remarks in the daily Press, some will be glad of this reminder: "To you, gentlemen, I would address a word—and I don't say it to hurt you—that you have a lively faith in the power of the devil and but little faith in God. But God is over us, and in His Divine Intervention we have perfect trust.

"Facing our enemy we must declare our attitude simply. We see in their regime a thing of evil incarnate. With it there can be no parity, any more than there can be a truce with the powers of Hell. This is our simple resolution.

"We ask for no mercy, and we will make no compromise. But to the Divine Author of Mercy we appeal for strength to sustain us in our battle, whatever the persecution, that we may bring our people victory in the end. May I go back to the Vatican archives and produce the following message of comfort sent by the Pope to the inhabitants of Drogheda and Dublin in 1644, April 27. I will bring new life and hope to our boys:

"With God as your leader and guide, the suffering of the present life will bring glory to you, and liberty to yourselves and your Motherland, which we pray the Divine Majesty to grant you.

For the rest, to all men of Truce we declare we did not start this fight for Peace, an ignoble Peace, but for Liberty, a just Peace. And only when 'Justice and Peace have kissed' shall we lay down our arms.

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"All-Ireland Irish."

FROM A GAELIC STUDY.

Quite calmly, not the faintest sign that he was rampaging, hohnailed, over the fiercest veins of a quivering soul, yet—much as he might have said, "A pity, when a handsome face includes two noses"—that Eminence of the Gaelic world said, "Oh, Mac L., has, of course, very fluent Irish, but mixed; a hotch-potch from all the parishes."

Now a learner of Irish—or has everyone finished his learning now?—the learner should stick to one parish, to one house, to one voice if possible, till he can live in his own Irish from his rising to his lying down; but, once a master of all the simplicities, he has still to possess the beauties, the elegances, the exactitudes, the profundities: whether he's to write or not, he is to be able to talk upon occasion as a writer writes, and he is to be able to judge writing. He must needs own to some degree all the riches, all the colours, all the musical values of a language whose native resources are immense and as yet, in the modern forms, all but untried.

In literature I like rich feeding: Elizabethan repelion in English, Rabelais for the sound and gleam of him in French. I don't like grey classics, codfish and boiled rice; but it is such Friday feasts that most of our writers spread for us. I demand smoking, brown dishes, warming wines, the sparkle of fruit and silver and glass against glowing flowers. I would like to get all our writers under an autocratic thumb and force them to tasks: a daily half-hour of translation, preferably from English, on pieces chosen to bring out now this, now that quality; half-an-hour of original composition on a set musical scheme: "Here you are to be at once pianissimo and staccato, now a crescendo culminating in a crash, here we snarl, here white, here growl, here below,

ending on a sharp scream." These things, the power of using such trickery—discreetly and to right purpose, of course—that is style; the miracle not to be achieved by many, but to be toiled after by every writer: all the rest, all their little grammatical pedantries, no one but the whippable school boy need think of them.

But, precisely, our Writer-in-training would find himself forced, then, to play, like a pianist, over all the great keyboard, like a conductor, over all the instruments of the orchestra: the little provincial octave, the delightful but narrow family trio, would not suffice to his heart's cry for variety, volume, richness of expressive utterance.

Long ago there was a demand for non-provincially-limited Irish: "All-Ireland Irish" they called it. It was denounced and put on its keeping; no one would shelter it. It came too soon: not enough of the plain stuff had been printed, and the writers tended to flatness, Aing'easchas, or Keatingesque. One may hazard that it is time to bring it out and up again: a heresy is sometimes only a truth that would be misapplied at its own moment. I am willing to die at the stake for the old Irish, now truth, that the only Irish for a self-respecting Iresian is All-Ireland Irish—and within certain limits, those of simple common sense—All-Age Irish I find very modern things very admirably said in the *Leadars* in the Proverbs of Ulster many words and turns, neat packings, pretty melodies, that would delightfully enrich Munster and Connacht. I look over Dr. Dinneen's dictionary—a charming browsing field—and I find in it exquisite words—painting full-length portraits in three expressive syllables, singing lovely tunes one-measure long—words we never see anywhere else, because, I suppose, our writers are afraid: our writers are not writers, they are talkers with the pen;

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they do not dream of the height of their craft, which is to riot while making the strongest thought, and the remotest allusion and the rarest word seems familiar as strabour and milk only by the skill of the serving. I have in my mind's-eye a lovely troop of Dr. Dinneen's Sleeping Beauties—by no means sleepy though—and I mean to parade them here, some of these days, in the hope of awakening our writers for the Charners long ignored, Cinderella of the Gaelic hearth. So, too, with the powerful Irish collected by Dr. Sheehan, the very lavish phrase of Professor O'Máille. A word, only seized here and there, a neat turn, a brevity, a liberality, a dancing bubble of sound or colour; but enough, I hope, to convince men of good faith that it is treason to the language to set up village barricades, or even to pretend any real sound distinction between "Sheán—nimshreádh" and "Nua—Aimshreádh."

All that can matter is that our writers give us—beside their personal thought or their impressive picture—authentic Irish, root-true and loyal to the ancient and living spirit of the language. To-day root and spirit are scattered: it is the business of the artist—even the poorly efficient tradesman—to gather them wherever they lie hid; the Múnach will often find his word, his sound, his colour, his tricky neatness in Ulster or in Connacht; the rich Irish, even the shabbily adequate, will be an All-Ireland compost. 'Till we have surely exhausted this, why look abroad?

"Coimisiun Fiafruigte."

Minutes of Evidence, Part I. (Milk and Milk Production. Fishery). American Chambers, O'Connell Street, Dublin. 5s. net.

II.

"When I was a boy," Father Farragher tells us in the course of his extremely valuable evidence, "Galway Bay was black with boats . . . but now the fishing industry is almost gone. The boats they have now are the same as one hundred years ago." In 1854 we were teaching fishery methods to Scotland; now foreign travellers monopolise the splendid trawling grounds at Kilmore, while the local inhabitants confine themselves to hand-line fishing. We have a much longer coast line than England has or Scotland has; yet the entire existence of the Connaught fisheries is being imperilled by the lack of money to buy a few motor boats. For that we have to thank the Occupation Boards. Incompetence may be explanation enough to some people of the extraordinary actions and inactions of these garrison bureaucracies. All the witnesses in the City Hall were too kind-hearted to suggest any other. But the impartial reader of these minutes will ask: Can incompetence alone have brought about such a transformation? The most charitable person will scarcely be able to believe that the activities of the Department of Agriculture and the Congested Districts Board were consistently directed towards the economic welfare of this country.

The C.D.B., which is supposed to supervise fishery on the western sea-board, confines its supervision to the loaning

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of insignificant sums, the repayment of which it claims with its promptitude. As to showing the men how to look after the boats, market the fish, etc.—it has no idea that it ought to fulfil any such function. We hear how one of the C.D.B.'s "expert" repairers ruined a poor man's boat at the beginning of the fishing season in the attempt to fix it up for him. With characteristic woodenness the Board came on him then for the wretched "instalments," and would actually have taken the boat away from him but for Father Farragher's intervention. The same paternal Board once set about fish-curing as "an object lesson." It was a neat lesson to the local *gaimbin* men—a heartening demonstration of how a middleman might make 300 per cent. profit out of fish by dictating a starvation price to the men who had risked their lives to get them. The Department of Agriculture is equally to blame. (Apparently there is no separate Fishery Board attached to the Castle, the prevailing tendency being to regard fishery as a branch of agriculture.) It arranged an insurance scheme with an English firm by which the unfortunate Howth fisherman who is advanced £1,000 to buy a boat has to pay back nearly £2,000 before he is clear. Why not arrange a co-operative insurance scheme among the fishermen themselves? Mr. Thomas May asks. Why not, indeed? But the Department has at all times shown a vicious dislike of co-operative methods.

The evidence of the Kilmore harbour-master and of Mr. J. Traynor on South Wexford picture a condition of things that would have delighted the old *laissez-faire* economists. There is no suggestion of State aid or State control at Kilmore; not even a fish-curing "object lesson" by the C.D.B. has penetrated there. No "authority" has, in a moment of mental exaltation, reasoned thus to another "authority": Down from Rosslare, around the point to Kilmore, and beyond that to Dunmore, the sea is rich with the most popular kinds of fish—herrings, mackerel, cod, pollock. Obviously there should be transport facilities, curing stations, easy supplies of ice, motor-boats (and, of course, repair shops). . . . None of those necessities are down there. The boats are primitive. The fishing is all hand-line. The men stop fishing at eight in the morning, and there is a competitive rush to catch the strictly limited market. They have no control at all over the prices they are paid. A 4lb fish could be bought in Kilmore for 3d.! The men are quite willing to keep fishing until two or three in the afternoon, Mr. J. Traynor tells us, and the yield of fish in that area could be more than trebled—if there was a fish-curing station nearby. The people are eager to have a railway or motor service arranged to the markets and to organise the local fishery on progressive and co-operative lines, but nobody expects fishermen and farmers unaided to undertake the duties of a State department.

The backwardness of fishery in Ireland is chiefly due to transport difficulties. In our inland counties, we firmly believe, there is a very large potential demand for fish, but it is cheaper at present to send fish to New York than to Clontarf. For that we have the railway companies to blame. In the first part of this review we directed attention to the way the transport of milk is handled on the railways. The position with regard to fish is even worse. The Great Northern refuses to accept fish for delivery from Howth to Dublin. The Midland once repudiated a contract they had entered into upon which the entire existence of the western fisheries hinged, having calculated (wrongly it afterwards appeared) that their share of the perks would not be large. It scarcely needs any recent event to make the public suspect that the Irish railway director's idea of public spirit and patriotism is, to say the least of it, peculiar.

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The home demand should, of course, be our first thought, if the phrase "co-operative commonwealth" has any meaning. Fish is an extremely nutritious food, and could be marketed on co-operative lines so as to be sold at a low price to the consumer, whilst yet ensuring an adequate return to the producers. (The best kinds of sea fish are cheaper usually than the inferior kinds of meat.) The present system of marketing is highly unsatisfactory, but one can hardly blame the buyers. Mr. May gives us an illuminating detail which explains why the fishermen are so poorly remunerated: . . . Just a fortnight before that a large quantity of mackerel (£3,000 or £4,000 worth) was condemned in Dublin, and the buyer had to buy as cheaply as he could to get back what he had lost." All because our pre-historic railways, given at the same time a consignment of porter and a consignment of fish for delivery, will invariably send on the porter first.

It may be doubted whether these companies will ever be fit to be entrusted with the transport branch of our reorganised fisheries. Motor service is much more swift and facile in an industry which necessarily has many of its chief centres in out of the way places not touched by the railways. The arrangement of such a service will doubtless be one of the first matters to engage the attention of the Board of fishery when again free to function. Another pressing necessity is the introduction of a uniform Irish brand similar to the "Crown Brand" of Scotland. That is if we want to send cured fish to the Continent, where, according to Mr. May, there is already a considerable demand for it.

JAMES CARTY.

In the End.

(After the French of Pimodan.)

Come, O ye suffering, ye disinherited,
Creatures ill-fitted for the bitter strife,
Ye sick, ye crippled, ye whose souls have bled,
Ye conquered in the fatal fight for life,
Come all, the singer's heart is full of love;
Sore not his voice, an echo from above,
The voice that tells you, "After the night, the light;
After the evil, good." No fancy, nay,
No piety lie; trust in a clearer sky,
A surge down; in the undying Day
For when the body lies among the dead,
Skyward the soul, amazed and ravished,
Sweetly shall rise!

Then, ye unfortunate!
Other than ye have known will be your fate:
You dreamer, singer, haggard, trembling, spent,
Fruit of the Idea, you thinker, bent
To light thought's darkness; you, self-sacrificed,
Lone, yet man's brother, Priest who offer Christ;
You, Virgin who, immured to your grief,
Disdain the loves of earth, to contemplate
The Spouse Divine; you, soldier of the Right,
Dying for freedom; ye whom the cautious crew
Describe—"Poor fools!" It seems almost a crime
To their own harm . . . without advantage, too:
We have more sense than that! O fools sublime,
Whose hearts the age of money could not blight,
Ye lowly, whose souls seek the eternal shores,
Though the world lash you: THEN ye are Conquerors!

GEORGE NOBLE PLUNKETT.

South Africa and Ireland.

(This account is quoted from the *Cape Argus*—a journal not friendly to Ireland.)

Bloemfontein, Wednesday.

The Congress to-day was mainly engaged on "bardic annuals." An interesting discussion, however, was raised on the Irish question. Referring to this, Mr. Charles G. Fichardt, M.L.A., said the Irish question was a world question. In America and other places the question was not regarded as a domestic question, and everyone sympathised with the efforts of the Irish to have the right of self-determination. He moved "that this meeting of Nationalists of the Free State sincerely sympathises with the endeavours of the Irish people to get acknowledgment from the nations of the world of the republic founded by them. In this connection this meeting herewith wishes to express its opinion that the right of self-determination of nations as laid down as a principle by Great Britain and her Allies is not only to be applied to those portions of the British Empire which possess the status of Dominions, but also particularly in the case of a civilised and developed people such as the Irish people, and trusts further that the spirit of justice and the sound intelligence of the civilised nations of the world will ensure the full and speedy recognition of the Irish Republic, based on the will of the people of Ireland."

The Ladybrand delegate seconded the motion, and said that British police were out not to maintain order, but for the purpose of engaging in reprisals and acts of revenge.

Mr. Joynt (Harrismith) asked that the motion be forwarded to Ireland, and mentioned that the people there were being most cruelly treated. The sham ideal of Britain to protect smaller nations was nothing but to murder such nations (hear, hear).

Mr. van Niekerk, M.L.A., said that Ireland deserves the wholehearted support of all civilised nations. Let England do what she liked, but the cannons of the world could not destroy a national ideal.

General Hertzoq said that they had to be careful not to say how another government should rule. He had often been asked to give his views on the Irish question, but he had always refused, because whatever he would have said would not have helped Ireland in attaining her aim. England and her Government had proclaimed the right of every civilised nation to govern itself, and when people were under another nation the latter nation had no right to refuse the right of self-government to the nation with which it was connected. The Irish people, according to what the English Premier, President Wilson, and heads of other civilised nations had laid down, had the absolute right to decide on its own form of government. The appeal had come to them to defend that right, and they dared not refuse to support that appeal, for the time might come when they themselves would wish to carry the right of self-determination into being. He regretted that circumstances had forced everyone to give his views on the question, but it was not a matter of government but a world principle. He, therefore, heartily supported the appeal. In 1917 or 1918 General Smuts had been in England and had said that the Irish people had no right to

secede without the consent of the Imperial Government. If General Smuts had spoken thus as the Premier of South Africa, it was up to the people of South Africa to say that they did not associate themselves with that view. They should not, however, express themselves of facts of which they did not know the truth. But even against the reprisals mentioned in the English Press, he as a man, had to express his protest and to say that he hoped that Ireland would get what was her due. The motion was carried unanimously.—(Reuter.)

The "Pacific Outlook."

(We hope to draw certain conclusions from the article next week. It is quoted from the *Daily Herald*.)

By "DEUCALION."

Colonel Repington called his Book of Revelations *Diary of the First World War*.

That christening is his confession of faith that the "War to End War" was nothing but a curtain raiser or, at most, an experiment in a new technique.

That faith is shared by the leading sailors, soldiers, and "statesmen" of the "civilised" world.

They respect the credo of the Church of Antichrist Scientist. They move under an old dispensation, in a New World.

The age of Steel and Gold has merged into that of and gas. The rest is but a forgotten year striking backward.

To them the League of Nations is but a toy for puppling democracies of the nations.

They regard the gambols at Geneva as a trainer wild beasts for the arena of old Rome may have watched his tiger cubs playing with a skull.

The Veil of the Temple.

In the meantime, behind the veil of the temple, and cover of parliamentary platitudes and prostitutions, the men that matter in this dispensation get on with the work that matters.

They are planning where and how the next world war shall be fought. Occasionally some inkling of their purpose some stray echo from their anvil, reaches the doped and docile multitudes outside.

But the veil of the temple is not rent asunder. Such an echo is the present controversy over the next New Estimates.

There is to-day much questioning as to why we must still maintain a great navy. There is more as to why we must continue to build "capital ships," those fleet-footed fortresses costing £9,000,000 to build and a quarter of million annually to maintain, when these monsters are susceptible to attack by submarine, aeroplane, and mine.

The Secret of the Riddle.

The whole truth has not been revealed. The answer to the riddle is not told. That answer is the secret of the strategy of the next world war.

Modern navies take years to build and organise. Building programs are conditioned by strategy and strategy by policy.

The policy of the Men that Matter is based on the conviction that the next world war will be a racial struggle between Yellow and White.

The European naval problem was resolved at Scapa Flow. There remains the problem of the Pacific and the Eastern archipelagos.

It is the conviction of the Men that Matter that Japan must fight America or perish.

They work as scientists, watching the approach of an irresistible force to an immovable attack to see what will happen. What happens is a bran-mash of cannon fodder and a "new orientation."

The Surge of Population.

Japan, they say, must expand or perish. The pressure of population is driving the yellow peoples outward as it has done on scores of previous occasions through the pages of recorded history.

America is closed to them by the Monroe Doctrine. Australia by the White Man's Burden. Siberia has too harsh a climate for the Japanese. China is populated and over-populated to the limit of subsistence. The Chinese masses survive by the operation of periodic famines.

And the population of Japan, now about 60,000,000, is increasing by some 800,000 every year. Therefore, Japan and America are building warships, building them as if they had never heard of a League of Nations, building them as if their very existence depended upon them. And according to the faith of the Men that Matter, it does.

The United States have now under construction 10 battleships and six battle cruisers, all of them laid down since 1916. Japan has a program authorised of eight battleships and eight battle cruisers, of which four battleships are actually under construction, and an order for another capital ship has just been placed in England.

In addition, both States have in hand great numbers of smaller craft of all kinds, and their respective programs are due for completion somewhere between 1925 and 1928.

But why, in the light of experience in the First World War, are they building capital ships? Because the Pacific Ocean is the destined arena for the next stupendous struggle.

The Masters of World Dominion.

The nations of old Europe have committed suicide by falling upon each other's swords. The focus of world evolution has shifted from the North Sea to the Pacific.

The narrow seas of Europe are at the mercy of the mine and the submarine and the torpedo-carrying aeroplane. But, for a time, in the Pacific Ocean, with its vast spaces, the capital ship is still the mistress of the waves. Not yet has been solved the problem of aerial warfare over this vast extent of water.

The First World War has made old Europe bankrupt. Japan and America alone are fit for a war for world dominion in the approaching future. And it is in the credo of the Men that Matters that they will fight it, because Yellow and White will never mix on equal terms. And what has Great Britain to do with this simian iniquity, this cold-blooded Satanism?

It is of the essence of a world war that no nation or people can keep out of it. We British will find ourselves the mercenaries of one side or the other; just as we have made the black and brown races our mercenaries in the past.

Then under which flag, Proletarian? Under the rising sun that scorched Korea, or the Stars and Stripes that scourged Haiti and the Filipinos and the negroes of the South?

We are the Allies of the one and the blood-kindred of the other. Real-Politik cares nothing for alliances. They are but scraps of paper.

The White Man's Burden.

We could not, say the Men who Matter, fight for the Yellow against the White in that war. Nor could we stand aside, because the future of Canada and Australia would be involved.

What are the Japanese Imperialists saying even now? Listen.

"But, using China as our steed, should our first goal be the land? India? or the Pacific, the sea that must be our very own, even as the Atlantic is now England's? The land is tempting and easy, but without dangerous. Did we begin there the course White races would too soon awaken, and combine, and for ever immerse us in our own long-since-grown intolerable bounds.

"It must therefore be the sea; but the sea means the Western Americas and all the islands between; and with those must soon come Australia, India. And then the battling for the balance of world-power, for the rest of

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"North America alone will support a billion people; that billion shall be Japanese with their slaves. Not arid Asia, nor worn-out Europe, nor yet tropical Africa, is fit for our people. But North America, that continent so succulently green, fresh, and unsoiled."

That was written by a Japanese in 1916, and is quoted by an American in 1920.

"Into That Silent Sea."

Already the pressure of population is causing the West-waters to murmur of the coming catastrophe.

And at Versailles the Yellow races were forbidden equality of immigration with the whites to the sparsely populated lands in the Temperate zone.

That is why the British Admiralty is planning a new naval program on a grand scale. That is why that program is a capital ship program. That is the secret of the Navy Estimates concealed behind the veil of the temple of prostitution.

That is the prophetic words of Commander Bellairs, speaking in the House of Commons on the Navy Estimates on June 1, 1920, is "The Pacific Outlook."

And in that outlook there is already a cloud of a good deal bigger than a man's hand—the Vanderlip concessions from Soviet Russia to Big Business in the United States. That concession is a standing menace to Japan.

Already the pawns are moving in the Great Game. Already the new Russia is involved.

Under which flag, Proletarian, on that Pacific "Day"?

NOTE—PLAN TO DRAW BRITAIN IN, IF AMERICAN ASIAN WAR OCCURS.

TOKIO (received yesterday)—Baron Sakamoto, a well-known member of the House of Peers, advocates the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, but insists that the clause which was inserted to exempt Great Britain from any obligations under the Alliance in the event of trouble between Japan and America shall be deleted.

The Baron argues, says the Tokio correspondent of the Central News, that this exemption clause is against the spirit of Article X of the League of Nations Covenant, which places an equal obligation on every member of the League in respect of mutual defence, and therefore renders exemption of any one nation in respect of another member of the League impossible and unreasonable.

He contends that the peace of the Pacific is now secured by the triple balance of power of Great Britain, America, and Japan, and declares that if England is relieved of her obligation to support Japan the equilibrium of power on the Pacific will be destroyed.

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At the Tomb of Napoleon.

A little while ago I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold. It almost for a dead deity—and gazed upon the sarcophagus of red and nameless marble where rest at last the ashes of the restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world.

I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon—I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris—I saw him in the head of the army of Italy—I saw him crossing the bridge of Lodi with the tricolour in his hand—I saw him in the Alps in the shadows of the pyramids—I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo at Ulm and Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, where the infantry of the snows and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like withered leaves. I saw him at Leipzig in defeat and disaster—driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris—clutched like a wild beast banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where chance and fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

I thought of the orphans and widows he had made of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his breast by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes, would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing on the door, and the grapes growing purple in the kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky—with my children upon my knees and the arms about me—I would rather have been that man who went down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless death than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder known as "Napoleon the Great."

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The Dublin Drama League and Music.

Judging from the appearance of the house on the second night of the above Society's presentation of "The Cassilis Engagement," Dublin is really beginning to appreciate the League's excellent work. The play was well acted, and Mr. Ralph Brereton Barry was refreshingly free from the traces of effeminacy which he displays in so much of his work. As Geoffrey Cassilis he contributed a clear and thoughtful study, setting quite an appreciable amount of psychology into his scene with Ethel Borridge in the last act. Miss Ellen French-Mullen's "charm" rather mattered a charming personality; she played with grace and sweetness throughout, but somehow did not make one feel that she was engaged in real struggle to save her son from the clutches of the magnificently vulgar "Borridges, mother and daughter, Mrs. Kirkwood-Hackett contributing a sapient whiff of Eckham in the former character. I have seen Miss Margot Jackson do better work than in her study of the daughter. The ever-welcome Breehn O'Rourke would have won a majority anywhere as Major Warrington, a small part, but undiluted joy while it lasted, and Miss Esmé Ward gave one of those finished "grande dame" studies which we learn to expect from her, and in which I would rather be her than as an old woman. In the latter type of character she is a fine artist, but blood-curdling. Miss Edith St. Faith is rather patchy in her work, nevertheless she was sweet and whimsical in her handling of scenes with Mrs. Borridge. Minor parts were played by Misses Nano Dillon, E. Stewart, Helena Kelly, and Messrs. F. J. McCormack and Jacky Smith, the latter is a rather "precious" butler. The acting was clumsy in places, casting high shadows on to stage before the characters entered.

Now that Mr. Arthur Gaynor, Secretary of the Irish Dramatic Union, has joined the great majority of political speakers along with his colleagues, Messrs. T. Meldon and Miss Keogh, what, I wonder, will happen to the Union's affairs at the Abbey, notably that for the 19th inst., when it is proposed to produce Frank J. Hugh O'Donnell's "Keeper of the Lights"? We are in a bad way for drama music. The Irish Theatre in Hardwicke Street is to be moved into a factory; the Irish Musical League has suspended concerts, and one of its principal figures, Mr. John Mundy, has gone to America; the Irish Society of Composers, from which some of us expected so much, has given us two concerts with innumerable songs in French, German, and Italian, and verily it seemeth that the gods are dead. One hears of Mr. Molyneux Palmer is at work on an Irish opera. Will be the eternal "traditional" stuff, or are we to find in Mr. Palmer an Ajax to defy the lightning of our reactionary folk-maniacs? Mr. Palmer has given us good stuff in his singing quartet—I hope that he has turned to a modern setting for his opera. When shall we find one who can give us a Dublin "Louise"? It's success would never for a moment be in doubt, no matter how faulty might be such effort, and perhaps if our composers will not progress for patriotism they may be prevailed upon to do so for pelf. I

learn that one rash pioneer has submitted a five-act "Deirdre" libretto to one of our leading musicians. Heaven help us! The continual resort to appeals for progression is that "the times are too bad," and yet, when were the times good for music in Ireland? If our operatic societies, instead of slavishly binding themselves down to the usual routine, would give a chance to some of the local writers, I am convinced that good would result.

In lighter vein, Mr. E. J. Taylor's "Demon's Pawn," Mr. Phil O'Donovan's "Top o' the Morning," and Mr. Tom Madden's "King of Dublin," faulty as they all undoubtedly were, all show the possibility of developing a local school of musical comedy, if not comic opera. The dramatic movement has been brought to a high pitch by the Abbey Theatre; we can find no one to help music progressively? The trouble with us is that the progressivists are, as a rule, anti-national or apathetic, and vice versa. Think it over, some of you, and I will dilate further on the subject. A SARC.

A Dublin Artist.

By FAY SARGENT.

Despite grumbings at whatever Corporation is in office, or whiffs from the Liffey or splashes from muddy streets for his city. If he were asked why his answer would be vague and uncertain. If he were asked to name any particular beauty spot he would hesitate. And yet every day Dubliners pass streets and scenes that leave but a blurred impression upon the mind.

It is to an artist like Miss Solomons that the beauty of an old Georgian doorway appeals, or some dock scene in Ringsend. How often have Dubliners scurried through the Leinster Market on their way from the Theatre Royal, and failed to note the loveliness of that old laneway? Miss Solomons has an exhibition of etchings and paintings at her studio, 26, Great Brunswick Street, and all who love to see their country through the eyes of Art may do so until December 18.

In these exciting days, when lives and property can be destroyed at a moment's notice, it is well that we can aid memory by the genius of the artist.

Sonnet.

There's a victorious sunset in the sky;
Gold curling into amber; flake on flake;
Wherever in your wanderings, you take
MacSwiney's sunset with a quiet eye,

You will not raise the keen for him, nor cry
"He offered up his life for Freedom's sake,"
But only this: he did not fear to break
The dream that robbed him of reality.

Hunger no more will touch him at that feast
Where he is a bidden guest by those
Who are the unsleeping Watchers of the East;
Already he can see the hand that throws
Shadows of life upon the earth, and knows
Secrets undream'd by prophet or by priest.

October 31.

PHILINTS.

Correspondence of Interest.

The following is a connected account of letters which have already appeared in the Press:

On Monday, December 6, 1920, a report appeared in the *Irish Independent* which purported to describe negotiations said to have taken place at the English Foreign Office with a view to arriving at a truce in Ireland. In the course of this report it was said:

"This much was definitely agreed upon. That in the event of the negotiations between the two sides materialising, the safety of Michael Collins (whose life, it transpired in the initial talks at the Foreign Office, would not be guaranteed) was to be assured."

On Tuesday, December 7, 1920, the following letter, addressed to the Editor of the *Irish Independent* by Mr. Michael Collins, Minister of Finance in the Cabinet of Dail Eireann, was published in that journal:

"There has been no such agreement. No person in Ireland or anywhere else had any authority to use my name. My personal safety does not matter and does not count as a factor in the question of Ireland's right. I thank no one for refraining from murdering me. At the present moment there is very grave danger that the country may be stampeded on false promises and foolish ill-timed actions. We must stand up against that danger. My advice to the people is 'Hold Fast.'"

For insertion in the issue of the *Irish Independent* of the following day (Wednesday, December 8), Mr. Michael Collins addressed to the Editor of that paper a letter amplifying his previous communication. At 1-30 a.m. on the morning of December 8 the following incident occurred in the office of the *Irish Independent*:

Three or four armed auxiliary officers rushed the independent office and commenced operations by cutting off the wire room. They asked about the letter written by Mr. Michael Collins which had appeared in Tuesday's issue.

One of the sub-editorial staff was questioned and said that the copy was supplied by another member of the staff whom he named. This member of the staff was ordered before the auxiliary police who held revolvers at his head and demanded from him the address on the letter from Mr. Collins. He refused to give any information. The auxiliary police then demanded the "copy" from which the letter had been set up. It was produced and was found to be in the handwriting of the member of the staff who had supplied it. Thereupon, a lengthy cross-examination of this journalist began. The auxiliary police made many threats, and references were made to dead bodies in the Liffey, etc. The journalist still refused to give any information as to where he got the letter. He was asked for his own address, and gave the street but refused to give the number of the house. He did not sleep in that house on the night of Tuesday-Wednesday. (The *Independent* takes exception to certain details in this statement.)

On Saturday the following appeared in the *Independent* and other papers:

December 7, 1920.

"The Editor, *Irish Independent*."

"A CHAIR,

"As everyone knows pretty well the circumstances of my existence, it will not be surprising that my statements were so brief yesterday. I do not see the papers early, and difficulties of distance and touch add to the delays."

"There are a good many things that might profitably be said at this juncture, and a good many things have been said that might, with equal profit, have been left unsaid."

"The one thing that needs greatest emphasis is the Ireland at the General Election of 1918 chose its representatives, and these representatives alone are competent to express the will of the Irish people. The head of the representatives is President Eamón de Valera, who is present in the U.S.A., but is, and has been at all times in close touch with his colleagues. Mr. Arthur Griffith, who has acted in his place all through the President's absence, has been seized and thrown into prison, while he is no longer free or able to confer with his colleagues. It is while these two heads of our movement are so placed that others rush in to talk 'truces' and to talk of the willingness to have peace. As if Ireland were the aggressor, Ireland has always wished for peace, but Ireland is the aggressor. Her acts of force are acts of self-defence. If the aggression ceases there will be no longer any need for defence. But is the aggression ceasing? Look at enemy acts of the last few days—continuous hunting members of Dail Eireann, arrest of six members of the Dublin Corporation who had met to carry on the civic business of their city, raids, imprisonments, deaths, from over the country. Everywhere the enemy has gone with his attack. Let us drop talking and get on with work. In this regard I hope everyone will have read the excellent letters published this morning; one was signed 'Watchman' and appeared in the *Irish Independent*; the other was from 'An Old Officer' and appeared in 'Freeman's Journal.' They are a ray of light in the shadows caused by the ill-timed intrusion of the 'Watch and wait.' They both state the position with clearness. Watch and wait. This movement of ours may at any time be placed face to face with a situation more critical than any which has yet confronted it. Everyone in Ireland is reason to be profoundly distrustful of English politicians of all schools, and we have learned to be more distrustful of their promises than of their threats. Prepare to meet their threats, but let their promises be realised. They can bestow thanks according to value. Their peace at the present moment is a promise unfulfilled. One is fulfilled the splendid men and women in this movement must carry on as before. Remember their past effort to break Sinn Fein. The present moves look like a renunciation of these—a renewed attempt to revert to the position of always fooling our nation. There was a General Election, and English politicians did all they could to divide Sinn Fein from Labour. There was no division, the national position was maintained unbroken. An

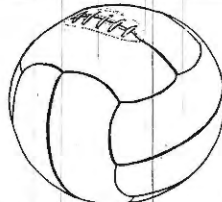
was then made to appeal to 'moderate' feeling, but the popular movement went on unheeding. Now is the time to ensure that what the enemy has not been able to do by force or fraud, or political wile, he shall not do by propagandist jugglery of the pleasant peace talk variety. Wait for the fulfilment of the promises. Meanwhile, get on with the work."

"More insidious than the foolish talk is the gross misrepresentation. Be assured that I would not trouble you with this note at all but for the unwarranted and most objectionable use of my name in yesterday's issue of your paper. It needs to be repeated again that my name was used without my sanction, knowledge or authority. No question of my safety is of any consequence or consideration in such circumstances. One thing, however, is made clear by the negotiator—that is, that the English Government had definitely decided upon taking my life. Heretofore, prisoners have been reported killed in resisting arrest, in attempting to escape after capture, but here is direct proof of actual Government responsibility."

"Of equal danger is the general misrepresentation which is indulged in, and which is allowed to pass for one

reason or another. To-day, for instance, you give prominence to a most invidious suggestion by some unknown English correspondent. 'The suggestion is now made,' said he, 'that Mr. Griffith was taken into custody in order that he might negotiate more freely and safely.' Does any one think that Mr. Griffith will be so foolish as to negotiate with anybody from behind prison bars, away from his followers and from his movement? But a more prominent figure from England does not hesitate to do his part in the campaign of misrepresentation. According to a *Daily Chronicle* interviewer, Mr. Arthur Henderson is represented as saying that 'he came into contact with every school of thought—political, religious, and economic.' From this people may think he has been in consultation with Dail Eireann. Such is not the case. On his own initiative he went into Mountjoy to see Mr. Griffith. He said to Mr. Griffith that he had come to help him to get a truce. Mr. Griffith replied that we were not asking a truce—that if one were offered we did not reject it, but we did not ask for it. That is the position."

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An Early Transliterator.

Would that some competent person would give us a solid history—of course, a 6d. booklet would cover the ground—of the spelling of modern Irish, i.e., from the seventeenth century downwards.

Meanwhile, can anyone give information as to the editor or arranger, date and place of publication, of the book of which the title follows: "An Scéagail do réir Lucais, agus gníomhartha na Nainéal: the Gospel according to St. Luke and the Acts of the Apostles . . ." In the copy in hand at present the title page is torn, so that the publisher's imprint is lost. As is indicated, the book—perhaps 100 years old?—badly printed on poor paper—is bilingual and, to some considerable extent, phonetic as regards the Irish part. It purports to be fully so: a note says: "The words are to be sounded as spelt, and these marks were adopted only to point out the original spelling."

The marks are no miracle of device: an h with a stroke through the top indicates the aspirated t; h with an apostrophe before it aspirated f. V is used freely, as is the u coming from aspirated b or m; y does not appear to have occurred to this early transliterator. On the whole the method is not scientific, but in the plan attempting to combine phonetic indications with standard spelling there certainly seems to be the solution, to be perfected one day, of a very vexed and very urgent question. The English is that of the Anglican Authorised Version: the Irish, that of Bedel (as in Grierson's reprint, 1827) with a very few unimportant discrepancies. Here follows the Magnificat: A—Anglican version; T—this transliterator; in L I have permitted myself to transliterate Father O'Leary's translation from the Vulgate (Brill Agus Nuallán)—though it is only right to say that Father O'Leary did not approve of any spelling of Irish but, approximately, the traditional and that of the Fola system; transliteration is used in this brief extent mainly for convenience of printing.

A.—And Mary said: My soul doth magnify the Lord and my spirit rejoiceth in God my Saviour.

T.—Agus a dúirt Muire: Abmoál manam an Tiarna agus do ní mo spirid gáirdechus a nDia mo 'Lanóir.

L.—Agus dúwairt Muire: mor-vola' ó m'anam-sa don hiearna. Agus do ghlac mo spiorad gáirdeachas i nDia mo Hlánuiyheoir.

A.—For He hath regarded the low estate of His hand-maiden, for behold from henceforth all generations shall call Me Blessed.

T.—Do brí gur 'éach se air úla a van-oglaí (vean-óguluyé) fein; óir, féach, ó so suas goirfid na huile dhine bannaíthe dhain.

L.—Oir d'éach shé air ishléach a chailin, mar, féach, se so samach, déar-haid na shléachta go léir gurab aofvinn dom.

A.—For He that is mighty hath done to me great things, and holy is His name.

T.—Oir do rinne an té ita cuvachtaí náite mora dhousa agus is motha a ainm.

L.—O do yéin an t-é atá cówachtach neithe mora ghuos agus is motha a ainm.

A.—And His mercy is on them that fear Him from generation to generation.

T.—Agus ita a hrocaire ó dhine go dhine. don dreim a a uil a eglá.

L.—Agus á a hrocaire ó hliocht go shliocht air muintir air a vúil a eagla.

A.—He hath showed strength with His arm; He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their heart (Douay: conceit).

T.—Do rinne se gnóv láidir le na láiv: do spre (B. spréig) sé na daoine unvreacha a smuaintio a gaoie féin.

L.—D'ghai' shé cówacht le n-a láiv: do sgaip shé lucht an údwair n-a greeyóv agus na n-aigie.

A.—He hath put down the mighty from their seat and exalted them of low degree.

T.—Do harrig se na daoine cuvachtaha as a gaoie, and do ardaí se na daoine uvla.

L.—Do leag shé lucht cówacht ó n-a gcahaofreacha rioga agus d'árdú' shé lucht na h-úwlyeactha.

A.—He hath filled the hungry with good things and the rich He hath sent empty away.

T.—Do lion se na daoine coraíse le neivh maha ags do chuir se uagh na daoine saivre, folá.

L.—Do lion shé le neivh h'ánsa lucht an coraíse agus chuir shé chun sídwail, folav, lucht a tsairvris.

A.—He hath holpen His servant Israel in remembrance of His mercy (Douay: received . . . being mindful of . . .)

T.—Do hóg se suas Israel a shervoanteie féin ó chuirvighu agus hrocaire, mar do lavraí se re ar n'abrachais Abraham agus le na shíol go bráth.

L.—Do ghlac shé Israél, a heivrisheach, a' cuivne dó air a hrocaire; fé mar a laúair shé le n-ár n-abrachais le h-Abraham agus le n-a hliocht go deó.

STUDIES

An Irish Quarterly Review.

Vol. IX, No. 36. December, 1920.

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Sonnet.

Lo, here I sit, a lord of nothingness,
Where many thousand years ago we trod
This mountain track together, and unshod
I went, to feel hot ling and eyebright press
My naked feet with prodigal caress.
And we lay down and rested on a sod
Where lizards darted, and perhaps some god
Had lain at sunrise; and the drowsiness

Of noon had vanquished all the hidden birds.
The hour was yours; and yet in idle spleen
You let it drift away in barren words;
The air was like a lover; yet I lay
With heart and lips as cold as tho' I'd been
Alone upon the margin of Lough Bray.

PHILINTE.

Lines.

No man can drink in any public-house
Of Dublin, but this foreign clan make trouble
And break the door in. Keep to your brave trade
Nor raid the empty pockets of a poet,
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No curse will find more in me than this verse.

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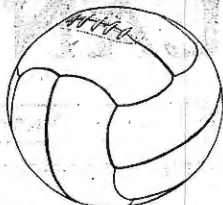
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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

are the Defeatist Spirit.

For the first time in the history of the recent Irish nationalist movement we have been discouraged. Not by a stranger's ruthlessness, not by the supreme and conscious increasing sacrifice, burning for ever through the fog, dark night of Irish oppression, not by the sufferings of recent men and women, not by the malignant slanderaped on Ireland's most heroic children, not by these can Ireland be conquered. Yet for the first time in the course this great struggle men have had misgivings. The yellow reek showed itself; very slightly if you like, but just sufficient to give the enemy hope, and to encourage that enemy to greater ruthlessness. The very elements who gave such enormous assistance to the enemy at the time of the Trinity College Lloyd George convention, suddenly became verily active and did exactly what was required by the enemy. We attribute to that small group the very best motives. We make the fullest allowance for their good motives. But one must judge by results. It's no use crying but thought it was water, when you have thrown a bucketful of petrol on a fire to put it out. Your lack of a sense of smell may prove a danger in a crisis. The lack of a fire or instinct for political principle on the part of a few is undoubtedly caused a reverse to the Irish cause. Let us all, for God's sake, this time learn the lesson, that we may not again bring suffering and disappointment upon the

country. The futile and humiliating Trinity Convention handed a victory to the English politicians. They needed time. They needed to appear to America as willing to settle the Irish question. They organised the Convention, and a sufficient minority of people fell into the trap. The English politicians got the time they required. They carried off the elaborate fraud on world opinion until they drew America into the war on their side. Then they threw over the Convention and once America was in they could with impunity throw all the real Irish leaders into jail on the "German Plot" fraud. There is no use crying over spilt milk, but Irish men and women, and especially those who are making the sacrifices, have good reason when the same type of people proceed to spill the milk in exactly the same manner once again. Besides, the situation has changed. To-day there is a formally established authority representing the will of the Irish people, which must not be ousted or ignored without committing the offence of treason to the Nation and the State. One thing is fairly certain, and that is that those who recently played the part of "moderates" squealing for peace, to use a phrase characteristic of the *Morning Post*, have given the English politicians the excuse they needed for introducing the sterner measures of martial law. It is no small matter this, but the Irish people realise the calamity to the full. The people know who was used this time as the instrument for giving the screw of repression a tighter turn. It is the people, too, who will do the suffering.

The Dangerous Minority.

It is worth while glancing at the kind of people who are trying to bring about a surrender of the claims of the Irish people. The Most Rev. Dr. Gilmartin, in his most unfortunate letters to the English Press, stated that there was a large body of opinion which would take something less than the Republic. His actual words were worse than that, for he suggested that the Irish people would accept a settlement on some kind of Home Rule inside the British Empire. That, of course, was false. The statement was unjustified and unsupported by any evidence. But, making full allowance for loose thinking, what misled him to believe such a statement? There are many groups of opinion in every community. In Irish life there is, as in every State, a group of shortsighted opportunists out of touch with real public opinion, and without vision. Obviously, Dr. Gilmartin is wholly out of touch with real public opinion. He voiced the views of this calamitous group and thought it was the opinion of the country. "Representative men" who represent nothing. Possibly railway directors, officials of the English Government in Ireland. Comfortable old gentlemen who believe that the Sinn Féin is a passing fit of madness. Contumacious traitors who are too blind and too obstinate to believe the facts before their noses, and a few intellectuals whose excursions into politics can only be described as deplorable from the national point of view. These constitute

the medley which Dr. Gilmore thought represented public opinion in Ireland.

These negotiators "gone mad" are thus described in the *Morning Post*: "As a matter of fact, the London and North-Western Railway has been clogged for months past with gentlemen on their way to Downing Street to settle the Irish question. And none are turned away without a hearing. Generally they turn out to be self-opinionated persons with an undeveloped scheme and an over-developed sense of their own importance; and they are ushered out with all possible speed. Occasionally they prove entertaining and are asked to breakfast. But it never gets further than that. For none of them have any goods to deliver; only the debased coinage of Irish Nationalist politics—intensive chatter."

The Tragedy of the Daily Press.

Unfortunately, there is no daily Press in Ireland which represents the policy of the vast body of Irish opinion. So the daily Press in Ireland was also in the rank of the surrender group which has brought further calamity on the people. Our daily Press is persistently misrepresenting Irish opinion. There is no reason why the pseudo-Irish National daily papers should not frankly admit the truth that Irish public opinion is instantly Republican. The policy of pretending that it is otherwise is merely stupid. It deceives no one in Ireland. It merely offers people like Lloyd George and Lord Chancellor Bickenhead the excuse they require. One has only to read the references in these people's speeches to "a healthy change to moderate views in Ireland" to realise that one of the strong arguments in the defence of the present ruthless regime is that it is changing Irish Republicans into "moderates." Our daily Press is handing these oppressors their best defence. There is no reason why the daily Press should not state the truth, and yet stick to its own opinions. Freedom of opinion is not curtailed by telling the truth; no one is going to prevent the daily papers from advocating their own views. But to say the country is in any shape—that is to play the ostrich, and to lead nowhere except into impossible positions. Any daily paper which, whilst not changing its own views, will frankly state the truth about Irish opinion, will gain in distinction, and people will accept its statements at least as reliable, even if they reject its own opinions. But at present the daily Press is part of the Irish tragedy.

A United Front v. Recklessness.

We know good people who may resent the views expressed here, but let's put the matter in another way. Suppose all these influential and clever people were *with the people of Ireland*. Suppose to every English approach Ireland presented an unbroken front; if Ireland were adamant in its claim, coercion could not continue. The whole mind of coercion continues to exist by hope of surrender, and every minute indication of wavering is seized avidly, is magnified and exaggerated into a great sign of collapse of real Irish Nationalism. Now, in the present time, English journalists and politicians are continually coming to Irish people, testing views, seeking for a sign of the break. They always meet the wrong people who advise them in whispers that although Ireland claims a Republic, of course, it would accept less. This is not true. But it supplies exactly the need of those who send the seekers to our country. Some people have advised (indeed, we have read such advice in the *Freeman* in its balmy old days before the I.P. went

U.P.) that some sort of Home Rule should be enforced by means of coercion on the country and then the country would accept it. "Home Rule enforced at the point of the bayonet would," they contend, "save the faces of the Republican leaders." It might, but it would not save their lives from the bayonets. That is the policy exactly as it is being carried out to-day. But even if the Home Rule Bill means more than it does, even if it included freedom of custom and excise, still the advice would be vicious and reckless because it encourages coercion with all its terrible consequences. The necessary preliminary to any settlement not coercion but the real withdrawal of the forces, namely of the army of occupation. Another example of false diplomacy was given by some individual last week when asked would Ireland take something or other, started talking of fish. He said a salmon fisherman if he landed trout might not be quite satisfied. He was asked would he take a salmon-trout, and his answer was not very satisfactory. This man simply made a fool of himself by analogy; he suggested a compromise where there is no ground for one. For him the present Home Rule Bill means good enough as a sprat—he can wait till it grows up. What the plain Irishman asks is, why this huggler-muggler? Why not say what was said on every public platform for two years and what the whole people endorsed with their vote, namely, that Ireland demands an independent Republic, nothing more or less. To say otherwise is to betray the Irish people, and to play the traitor to the man who sacrificed and died for one thing and for one thing only—Republic. Think you that Terence MacSwiney died for Home Rule—colonial or otherwise? If his example does not appeal to these moderate diplomatists—who are moderate mostly in political ability and courage, let them learn from Carson. He knew his own mind, and never flinched from expressing it clearly.

Silence the Weapon.

Even at this late hour if our busy-body "negotiators" would only grow silent and join the majority of the people. When asked to negotiate if they would refer everyone to the Dail and become inscrutable an enormous advantage would be gained and many of these excellent people would do a most valuable work in breaking down the mouths of those who are carrying out a peace offensive against the Irish people. There is one thing absolutely certain: the English politicians will not even consider offering Ireland what is called Colonial Home Rule until they realise that such offer is their last card to save them from giving up the Republic. Lloyd George in his recent offer of "United Kingdom" must not be broken. Obviously, this means financial unity. Clearly the grant of customs and excise in a Home Rule measure would smash that unity. Lloyd George will not budge from this position, and it is more humiliating and demoralising to go on talking of asking these measures as an act of benevolence. Lloyd George is great all these things when he sees that it is the only way to save Ireland for the English connection. He will never offer it otherwise. When he does offer it, the terms be such as to make it possible to take away Home Rule again.

A Word to the Wise.

No one doubts the good intentions and sincerity of Mr. Sweetman and Dr. O'Connell (we do not class them with the surrender group), but now that their efforts have

been made, and produced wrong results we hope they will be the matter drop. Both their efforts were used by the enemy merely to demoralise the Irish, and as an excuse for their severity. Let us learn from our mistakes. Fortunately both acted as individuals, but in the case of Fr. Flanagan we cannot understand how he interprets the Irish Constitution so as to entitle him to enter into direct communication with Lloyd George. As an officer of Sinn Féin, he is one of the leaders of a political organisation. He is not officially connected with the Irish Government. He is against the most astute and unscrupulous master of politics in the world, and so far that gentleman has had by far the best of the sparring match. This is no discredit to a decent man, but the obvious lesson to be drawn now is that no further parleys should take place except through Sinn Féin, according to all the rules of the Irish Constitution (or of any constitutional Government), are the proper persons to negotiate when the time comes. The idea of a conference between Labour, the Church, and the English politicians is simply absurd. People who suggest this course do not take the Irish Government seriously as a Government, or else they are innocent of all the forms and rules of international negotiations.

The Strength of the Weak.

People do not always realise the power of complete nerve. One of the German generals in the recent war tells the story of how he came upon a Belgian lady whose property had been destroyed and family scattered by German forces. She was sitting by the road near the ashes of her house. He tried to help her when he heard her story, but once she

heard that he was German she stonily refused all assistance. He describes the effect of this refusal upon him. He felt the fullness of the destructive power he could command to tame the spirit of such people, and the thought weighed more heavily upon him than the loss of a great battle. If we could establish a uniform and unbroken moral reserve of this kind the victory would be very near, and with the hope of taming the Irish spirit gone, the inspiration and motive for armed outrage and oppression would be destroyed. Such an unbroken front would certainly reduce the torture and save much bloodshed and burning.

The Prudence of Courage.

The plain fact is, there is nothing, even according to the dictates of self-interest, to be gained by yielding now. Courage alone can save suffering and save business interests. It is well that traders and people with big and small business interests should realise it. We are in the midst of a decisive struggle and if the Irish do not win, trade, business, and all the material interests will suffer as much as the trade and industry of Ireland suffered after the Union of 1800. One has only to look at the mansions of the rich merchants of eighteenth century Dublin to realise how trade and industry were destroyed by national defeat. Look at those houses sunk into slums and from slums to ruin. That will be the fate once again of Irish trade prosperity if Ireland does not win out. It won't matter whether one be Unionist or Nationalist or anything else, the decay will be universal and none shall escape. There are times when caution or even cowardice cannot save one's interests. Such is the present time. Courage alone can save both the individual and the community. Let us realise the great growth of prosperity and enterprise if we should win, and let us be steadfast to the solidarity of the Irish people.

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Gems from the "Morning Post."

The following little passages are quoted from an Editorial of a recent issue of the *Morning Post*. "There is a rumour," it says, "that the Prime Minister has been consulting with a member of the muller gang through the kind offices of the Roman Catholic Archbishop (sic) of Cork. . . . We are so old fashioned as to favour the presumption that even a policeman is innocent until he is proved guilty. . . . Even now we have got a Home Rule Bill which might be described as a fig-leaf intended not merely to cover nakedness, but to conceal impotence. Everybody knows that Ireland do not want this Bill, that what they want is what we dare not give them, namely, a Republic. The Home Rule Bill gives them a certain amount of power; if they use it they will use it against our remaining friends in Ireland—if there are still any. . . ."

This is pretty frank—no nonsense here about self-determination, nor of the great body of "loyal opinion in Ireland."

America, Japan, and England in War.

Last week we published an article, quoted from the *Daily Herald*, dealing with the new menace of war involving Japan and America. The first conclusion to be drawn is obvious. There is to-day a race of armaments which will certainly exhaust England financially. Even now she is hardly equal to the strain, nor can she stand it for long. It is significant that the American correspondent talks of a truce from warship building as a benevolent measure. This would certainly save England. The continuous policy of England has been to form alliances against her greatest rival (in the present instance this would naturally be America), and to foment trouble between that rival and other Powers. Thus when an Italian journal published a rumour that England was making trouble between Japan and America, students of history took it as natural that such an intrigue would be highly probable. Still there are reasons why, in the present condition of England, such a policy would not be pursued very far. From last week's quotation it is clear that Japan must have a close offensive and defensive alliance with England before she would go to war with America. Neither in finance nor armaments could she face a great war with America single handed. She would have to be absolutely certain of such an alliance before she ventured against a Power of such immense resources as America. She can never be certain of England joining her in such a fight. Blood is thicker than water. England and America are both English-speaking. Both are "white" races. And a white race—even England—will hardly go into war for the victory of a "yellow race" over a white race. Besides, England has no money to lend on a fresh war. On the other hand, she knows that America's entrance into war would close her credit to England. No matter how much she might desire to see the predominant Power of America reduced by a war, she is too much tied up with that State in finance and otherwise to take the field against her. If her statesmen were wise they would not even intrigue against America. Apart from State loans from America, England is bound hand and foot through her trade credit with America. If the Federal banks of the U.S.A. were to shorten her credits with London, they could smash

the finance of London and Europe. Europe, including England, on trade credit owes America 3,500 million dollars, and the bulk of the transactions represented by this sum have been carried through by London bankers.

These are the figures of an American finance expert—Mr. Anderson. Already the finance of London is in a shabby condition. The sensation of the week in London trade is the announcement of the possibility of a moratorium; moratorium is a postponement by law, or by Government order, of the time for paying debts. If England postpone the payment of trade debts, it will mean that many great financial undertakings are on the verge of bankruptcy. To smash may thus be put off for a time, but in the long run that smash must come.

Suicidal War and Intrigue for England.

It is impossible to follow the probabilities of future international intrigues, but the ruling factor is finance, and with the growth of power in a recovering Russia and Germany many new elements will be introduced into the international situation. Empires of decreasing strength are not so tractable, and even the Roman Empire, on the decline, is to compromise with its most difficult enemies. England can never again be the greatest financial Power of the world. Her mastery of the seas is only a result of her financial predominance. That, too, will pass silently into the hands of America. There is no one who has watched carefully the decrease of financial power of England who will admit that England, with all her boasted strength, is faced both internal and external difficulties of the greatest magnitude. The Irish question is involved deeply in many of these difficulties, and the clearest minds in England know it well. Readers will have noted the three recent articles in the *Evening Herald* by an English journalist, showing why England wants peace with Ireland, because of her own economic difficulties, which the ruling classes fear will lead to revolution. Much noise has been made about the article by Lord Rothermere upon the extravagance of the English Government. The supplementary estimates with War Lord Churchill has supplied amount to over 40 million pounds, and which really mean 60 million pounds—the estimates have made the great capitalists of England, and out in dismay. Taxation on these lines will ruin the impulse of industrial enterprise. That is true under the present system, and the consequent paralysis of industry will be greater and increasingly greater unemployment in England. At present the English Labour estimate of the number of people, including all the dependents of the unemployed affected by unemployment is from four to five million. This number will increase. With these difficulties at hand England will not look forward to more war. She will seek peace. She can have peace and a great security by satisfying the full demands of Ireland. But at the moment it is the trader intelligence which is in the ascendant. It is the War Lord mind. There will be a severe conflict between these two powerful influences and, whatever be the outcome, peace with Ireland will remain a supreme necessity for English people.

It is open to English politicians to plunge into an intrigue with Japan encouraging her to prepare for war with America, and to involve America as far as possible

difficulties with all her neighbours, these English politicians can continue (possibly) to make waste Ireland simply for the purpose of holding her as a safe jumping off ground to attack America. But all this leads to a war which will be suicidal for England. On the other hand, a fair peace by treaty doing justice to Ireland with America and England as the nearest guarantors, will secure both England and America from attack, and would be the first step towards disarmament, for with the coming of justice suspicion goes, and great armaments are largely the outcome of suspicion.

Irish Generosity.

We learn from a comment in a German journal that the Irish contribution to the Pope's collection to succour the starving children of Central Europe was one-eighth part of the whole sum collected.

England's Irish Trade in Danger.

The following article appears as "Editorial Comment" in a financial monthly known to be the organ of a syndicate of several large industrial financial enterprises. The name of the journal is *Sperling's Journal*.

In the House of Commons on November 8, and the following day at the Guildhall, Mr. Lloyd George declared his confidence that the murder conspiracy in Ireland was being broken up. He may, of course, be right. His sources of information must, in any event, be far more ample than any unofficial outsider can have access to. Whether they are equally trustworthy, and whether the inference he draws from them is correct, may, perhaps, be more open to question.

Many men who know Ireland and the Irish people and Irish history with a thoroughness to which the Prime Minister makes no pretence have the gravest doubts as to the soundness of his calculation. In their judgment it was tolerably accurate a few months ago to speak of a murder gang as the centre of resistance to British authority. But they are less sure to-day that such a description covers the facts. What they greatly fear is that murder as a weapon of retaliation, instead of being a form of terrorism adopted by a small and unauthorised body of gunmen, is rapidly becoming the policy of the Sinn Féin party; and the numbers, nature, and especially the wide geographical distribution of the outrages that have taken place in the past few weeks lend colour to their apprehensions.

There cannot, of course, be any question as to where lies the balance of strength and resources in a struggle of force. If Britain has to set about the reconquest of Ireland she has undoubtedly the power and the perseverance to carry out her task. But before that end is consummated a ghastly record of destructiveness will have been accumulated, and a legacy of hatred piled up, such as generations will not suffice to obliterate; nor is it at all likely that the British name will emerge at the end of the tragedy un tarnished.

The Business Aspect of the Irish Tragedy.

In this journal, which is essentially non-political, there are several aspects of the present situation in Ireland, and of its probable developments, which we do not care to discuss. But there is one aspect that not only comes within our province, but which hitherto has been insufficiently noticed—the business aspect.

In the disordered state of our finances anyone can see that a policy which obliges us to spend £1,000,000 a month

on an army of occupation in Ireland is a policy it would be desirable to alter. But the direct expense is only part of the cost the Government is pursuing is only part of the evil. Its indirect economic consequences will constitute a heavier penalty both on Ireland and on Great Britain than most people seem as yet to realise. Ireland, though it is often forgotten, is this country's best customer. Ireland takes from us in goods and products not only more, but very considerably more, than any other country in the world. In 1918, for instance the last of the pre-war years, Ireland imported commodities to the value of some £74,000,000. Practically the whole of this came from or through Great Britain. To no foreign country, not even to Germany or the United States, did we export so much; and inside the Empire India alone approached Ireland's purchases of British merchandise.

Our piece goods, our metals, coal, machinery, chandlery, leather goods, and so on have long found in Ireland a lucrative, accessible and expanding market. Moreover, we draw from Ireland many of the first necessities of life. More livestock, more poultry, more eggs and potatoes come to us from Ireland than from any other country; and in the matter of bacon, butter, and oats she is our second or third largest source of supply; and Irish linens, yarns, ships and drinks, and a few raw materials, such as hides, have always commanded a steady sale throughout Great Britain.

Our Best Customer.

The commercial relations between the two countries, in short, for many decades past, have possessed a happiness which has been conspicuously absent from their political intercourse. In matters of trade each has been essential to, has depended upon, and has supplemented, the other. Nowhere can Great Britain procure some of her most vital supplies of foodstuffs and live stock so easily and cheaply as from Ireland. Nowhere can Ireland obtain the raw material and the machinery and the finished goods she needs and does not herself produce so abundantly, with such expedition, and at such little cost as from Great Britain.

The two countries, the one being predominantly agricultural and the other predominantly industrial, dovetail into one another as do no other countries of earth. Between them there has developed a trade which cannot to-day be worth less than £250,000,000 a year. It is a trade, moreover, that, given political peace, ought to grow in volume and value. Irish prosperity is no war-blown bubble. It rests on the most solid of all foundations, a land-owning peasantry.

Of no country in Europe can one more confidently prophesy a bright material future, if only its political tranquility is assured. There exists in Ireland every element of national well-being and contentment, except that of satisfaction with its form of government. And just now the Irish market is of peculiar importance to the British manufacturer and merchant, just as every British household would be affected if the flow of Irish produce were stopped or deflected. In this country we live by our exports—and Ireland takes in normal times more of our exports than any other land. We depend for our existence on food imported from abroad—and Ireland has been accustomed to supply us with a very considerable percentage of our needs. With many countries our commerce is at this moment interfered with or deranged by difficulties of exchange and by the prostration of purchasing power.

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There are no difficulties of exchange between Great Britain and Ireland, and the latter country, perhaps, never had so much ready money at her disposal. Every consideration, therefore, of self-interest prompts us to increase our exports, develop our trade and steady the cost of living by cultivating to the fullest possible extent the Irish market which lies at our doors.

A Trade of £250,000,000 a Year in Jeopardy.

Now, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that if matters are allowed to continue on their present lines there will soon be no Irish market left worth cultivating. Do people in Great Britain realise that in a very few weeks there will be only one railway company operating in Ireland, and that the commerce of the country, imports and exports alike, is being literally strangled? What is happening in Ireland is simply this, that our best customer is being put out of business and one of our main, and by far our most convenient, sources of supply is being dammed at the fountain-head.

With the rights and wrongs of the policy that has led to so disastrous a situation we have here no particular concern. But we hold very strongly that every British business man ought to understand that Irish anarchy affects him very closely; that it is he, who in the long run, partly by extra taxation and partly by loss of trade, will have to pay for it, and that it is to his clear interest to inquire into the causes of the present chaos, and to do his best to remove them. A trade of £250,000,000 a year is in jeopardy. It may be that we are sacrificing it for some supreme political end which is so manifestly just that all considerations of a merely financial character ought properly to be subordinate to it. But one cannot be sure that this is so. Indeed, there are some rather strong reasons for thinking that it is not so.

Quite a number of people, whose knowledge of Ireland entitles them to be heard with respect, maintain that the present state of the country is mainly due to sheer bad statesmanship, and that we are ruining the magnificent Anglo-Irish trade, which it was never more necessary to develop than at this moment, because our political leaders have refused to bring to the consideration of the Irish problem a single grain of the vision, imagination and courage that they showed with such conspicuous success in their handling, fourteen years ago, of the South African question.

That is a disturbing thought. It is bad enough to see a neighbouring country under the British Crown plunged into an anarchy of alternative rebellion and reprisals. It is bad enough to see our trade with that country disrupted and in danger of being brought to a standstill. But to be told that the ignominy of such a situation is due chiefly to the folly and stupidity of our rulers, and that the policy they are pursuing can only make chaos more confounded—the mere thought that such a charge may be true ought to be enough, we should imagine, to induce a practical people like ourselves to look into the matter a little more closely. We really cannot afford to throw away a trade of £250,000,000 a year in order to gratify the obstinacy or to save the face of a politician in a hole.

The Attacks on the Irish Creameries.

While many things about Ireland are disputable, this we believe to be accepted everywhere as true—that no more practical or beneficent work has been accomplished for Ireland in our time than the development of agricultural co-operation. Started over thirty years ago and still

directed by Sir Horace Plunkett, the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society embraces today about 1,000 societies, with a membership of some 120,000, representing not less than 600,000 persons, and with an annual turnover of about £12,000,000.

This movement, which from the first has been wholly non-sectarian and non-political, has been the means of bringing men together who had either never been united before, or were united only for purposes of agitation. It had given the small farmer his first lesson in business methods. It was the first movement to suggest to the Irish mind that work could achieve what agitation and politics could not. It has dotted Ireland with creameries, poultry societies, agricultural banks, and so on. It has preached and practised the gospel of self-help; its expansion is vitally necessary if the peasant proprietors are to maintain their independence and to keep out of the clutches of the gumben man; and its practical benefits in promoting the well-being of the farmers, in bringing capital and up-to-date methods within their reach, and in improving the quality of their produce, have been inestimable.

Only those who know the long and bitter opposition that Sir Horace Plunkett has had to live down can rightly estimate the value of the services he has rendered to his country. Had he received anything like the fair play and the support he would have met in almost any other land, Ireland to-day would have every branch of her principal business as minutely organised as it is in Denmark, and would form a vast national trust for the production and sale of agricultural produce. Even as things are, Ireland alone among the countries of the United Kingdom can be said to have grasped and to have applied the advantages of agricultural co-operation.

How British Interests Suffer.

Now it cannot have escaped the most careless reader of the newspapers that creameries have been made the special objects of attack by the police and the armed forces of the Crown by way of "reprisals." Over thirty of them have been destroyed. When a policeman or a soldier is killed it has become the custom for a party of men from the nearest barracks or depot to sally forth in an army lorry, carrying with them a full equipment of bombs, and set fire to and sack a creamery. It is not that the creamery has been used as an ambush, or that its managers are suspected of conniving at assassination or shielding the assassins. It is simply that, an outrage having occurred in a given district, the most effective means of punishing everybody in that district is to destroy the creamery which furnishes them with the market for their milk.

There is no question whatever that this, and nothing else, is the motive of the destruction. There is no question that the work is done by the armed forces of the Crown, possibly without the authorisation but certainly with the knowledge and the tacit approval of their officers. Nor is there any question that the reason why the Government refuses any inquiry into the policy of "reprisals" is that the police would resign, and the troops, already suffering in discipline, would mutiny if an inquiry were permitted.

What, however, most concerns us here is that these "reprisals" have brought the agricultural co-operative movement to a complete halt, that milk and other produce are being wasted because the market for them has gone, that farmers are beginning, as in Russia, to limit their output of foodstuffs to their own household needs, and that the great trade with Britain, which centred on the creameries, is being rapidly, and it may be permanently, dilocated.

The folly of such proceedings hardly needs to be emphasised. Whichever party is to blame, the net result is the same—that the agricultural and industrial productivity of Ireland (our best customer) is being ruined, and that while Ireland seems to be the principal sufferer from her present chaos British interests, and particularly British business interests, are equally involved and equally concerned to find a way out.

An Open Letter to Arthur Henderson, M.P.

(Chairman of the British Labour Commission).

The Labour Commission of Inquiry has come and gone. Apparently it had two functions: one, political; the other, for information. In regard to the former, it seems that you yourself came over here on a semi-official mission from the British Premier. He sent you to sound Irish opinion and find out for him if there was any sign of our readiness to bargain. He wanted to know if the reprisals were having the intended effect, namely, to break our national solidarity; and whether a large section of Irishmen—the property owners—were yet ready to lead the way in negotiations for less than our full national rights. You professed yourself proud to meet any Irish representative body, and help them to find a way out of the present difficulty. But none came. Then you went yourself to several prominent Irishmen in Church and State. You interviewed Arthur Griffith—in Mountjoy Gaol. (Would you negotiate with the capitalists from Dartmoor prison?) You probably gathered from all these that we still stood by our full demand, and you laid your views before the Premier with your own proposal of a *via media*. Your mediation was not accepted by the Cabinet (which is ruled by a capitalist oligarchy—Labour's enemy as well as Ireland's). They hove you out through the barricades of Downing Street; and in Press and on platform you have since stated that Cabinet, i.e., Capitalist, "intransigency" was the stumbling block to a settlement. In spite of your report, they still back the old way to win—reprisals, augmented now by martial law.

The second part of the Labour Commission program was to investigate the actual damage done by reprisals. Your members have collected evidence; it could not be an exhaustive inquiry in a fortnight, but you have a fair sample of the damage done materially; you have quality if not quantity. You might estimate the value of ruined property in hard cash, but one thing you cannot measure—the brutal murders or the broken hearts. However, you compile your evidence into a Report, and pass a resolution of condemnation of reprisals and one of deep sympathy with us in our sufferings. You will also probably adopt a resolution of full Dominion status for Ireland. Thus having expressed your Faith, you will think you have done your duty.

Our position is this. We have often had similar resolutions from the Labour Party. We have seldom felt any benefit from them; coming even from such a powerful body of English opinion as the Labour Party, they don't ease the

situation for us materially. The old game goes merrily on. On the same boat as the resolution of sympathy come 10,000 bombs, made by British labour, transported by British labour, and fired by British labour into Irish towns to kill Irish men and destroy Irish homes. Resolutions on paper won't do. British Labour must get beyond talk and down to work. There is a "Poland" west of England, smitten with worse than Bolshevik terror.

When your Commission meets on the 20th inst. to present their report to the world, we want you to ask yourselves some practical questions. We shall judge the value of your sympathy by the answers.

1. How far is British Labour, by its co-operation, responsible for the present iniquitous barbarity in Ireland?
2. Could this regime, planned by the present British Government, be enforced without the active co-operation of thousands of the British Labour class.
3. Does British Labour realise that it is actively helping its own deadly enemy—Capitalism—to trample on elementary human rights in Ireland; and that the same forcible methods would next be used to enslave British Labour itself?

Just remember this. Commissions—even of the Labour Party—do not heal our wounds. We do not want mere resolutions of sympathy; we want something practical. "Faith without good works is of no avail." Whether British Labour acts or not, we are going on with the fight to vindicate the principles of Liberty and Justice for our own country—and even for yours.

I remain, Sir,

Yours sincerely,

"EIREANNAC"

A Little Audit—and its Lesson.

A dreary Saturday in December, 1919. We read the report of the British Premier's Irish policy. He declared that the Coalition, after long and careful consideration, had decided on a just settlement of Ireland's national claims. The general outline of his speech was taken up more with what we would not be allowed to do than with what we would: we would have power to spend $4\frac{1}{2}$ sh., but not to levy; and we were to have Partition. To soften Irish feeling on this hateful word, he gave lengthy statements from two distinguished Irish priests in support of Partition. He affirmed that the Government would introduce a Bill without delay embodying this policy, and Irish aspiration, the satisfaction of which was a pressing need, would be fully satisfied early in 1920. Thus spoke Lloyd George in December, 1919.

A dreary Saturday in December, 1920. We read again the Premier's statement on Ireland. The Irish national claim is somehow still to be satisfied. He has a two-fold policy this time. Selected Irish representatives would be allowed to meet and suggest amendments, to the policy of 1919 within definite limitations; and martial law would be rigorously enforced in Ireland, beginning in the south and west, extending gradually northwards to the north-east border. Thus spoke Lloyd George in December, 1920.

Obviously the lapse of twelve months does not bring the Premier much further in proposals of goodwill; but it does

advance him materially in proposals of repression. Let us see what he has *actually* done in the interval.

He assured the world on the first occasion of Britain's goodwill and conciliation towards our country: that his Government would translate goodwill into actual fact at once: that their scheme would heal the Irish malady. Their proposals were far short of what we longed for: but then, let us see at least something actual, apart from mere promises, miserable though it be.

The Government Bill, born in spring, dragged out a tortuous existence and emerged from the Commons to the Upper House in the beginning of winter. Their noble lords have belied their record and taken the Bill to heart with apparent zeal, and having made some changes sent it back the other day. When it will reach the Royal pen, and how, we can hardly say: but what is to the point here is to note that professions of goodwill, and beggary enough at that, are not *realised* in twelve long months.

A big Coalition majority ought to be able to do much better in passing legislation which it professed to be urgent. Sometimes, indeed, the passage of a Bill is very speedy. Let us see when.

Between December, 1919, and December, 1920, several new Acts for Ireland appeared with astounding celerity. "The Criminal Injuries Act," "Crimes Act" (amendment) "Restoration of Order Act," "Criminal Injuries Amendment Act." They all bear a common character—penal. One would have thought that the penal legislation already on the Statute Book—Dora and the rest—sufficient for any policy of repression.

Thus in 1920—a niggardly benevolence was not realised: but instead, the token of goodwill was a large addition to Irish penal statutes.

If we add to this the benevolence of the Executive—the names MacPherson, Macraedy, and Hanmur Greenwood will recall the horrible images—we can have no doubt as to what professions of goodwill and conciliation on the part of English statesmen meant to us.

If, then, we see the year 1921 heralded, like so many other years, by the old protestations of peace and goodwill—"as love between them, like the palm, might flourish, and many such like 'as'es' of great charge"—we are not deceived. Experience, old and new has taught us. Even with a smaller stake at issue than our national existence, we could not rely on British promises as a matter of prudence. "Deceive me once and shame on thee: deceive me twice and shame on me." It is playing too dangerous a game to negotiate on British honour. England's word or treaty has never been for us a negotiable security.

We feel somehow that this is the last great struggle—the culminating struggle of seven centuries. Only once before—in 1600—had we such unity: but even then there was not the same organised determination as now. The entire forces of the nation, moral and material, are ranged against the enemy. Even if the future were as dark as Erebus—and it is not dark, but dawning—our course is straight. We give our lives and treasure for a noble ideal: to quote the words of our trusted Acting-President—"To win a crowning triumph, not only for our own dear country, but for Justice, Liberty and Peace throughout the entire world."

S. Ua. M.

The Economic Weapon.

The League of Nations, which has received the benediction of many theologians, proposes to replace the horrors of war by utilising a weapon less repulsive, but possibly more effective, that military force by exercising economic pressure upon such nations as are not amenable to the decrees of the recognised authority. In practice the application of this method of coercion would result in the hindrance and perhaps strangulation of the commercial and industrial activities of the offending Government, the creation of an artificial famine, the impoverishment of the financial and trading classes, the starvation of the poor, and the jeopardising of the stability of the ruling power. There is nothing novel in this proposal, for we have seen the method applied without public announcement in the case of Russia, who, on first setting up a revolutionary Government, was promptly closed on the black list of the English Cabinet, and no English bank was allowed to purchase Russian securities for customers or invest money in Russian undertakings. Similarly in the case of Queenland when having, by Labour influence, enacted certain legislative measures a loan desired from London, was met with an emphatic refusal until the offending Acts were withdrawn or amended. More recently we have the case of Greece, where the democratic voice having spoken untowardly for the Allies it becomes necessary to withhold financial support. From these instances we may derive both consolation and example.

A great deal of Irish money is invested in English loans, and the effect of this disposal of the savings of our people is to facilitate the military operations at present directed against us. The same applies to deposits in the Post Office Savings Bank. No Irishman who is sincere in his professions of patriotism can continue to render "comfort and assistance" to the enemies of his country in the work of exterminating his kinfolk. Moreover, the destruction of so much valuable property in circumerities, shops, and public buildings intensifies Ireland's urgent need for capital. Coupled with the withdrawal of money from the service of our enemies is the desirability of selecting articles for purchase upon which the minimum tax is payable, thus reducing the amount flowing from Ireland into the Imperial exchequer. Besides these obvious means of weakening the power arrayed against us is the ever-present duty of supporting the trade and industry of Ireland by the purchase of goods of Irish manufacture. Unfortunately, it is in some cases necessary to insist with retailers that the commodities required must be of native production, but there are now few towns where such goods cannot be obtained. Where Irish manufacture is not obtainable preference should be given to articles imported from a friendly power, such as the United States. The advantage of the economic weapon is that it can be wielded by the Irish race all over the globe, and if our people were but organised fully to exercise their total economic strength against the enemy a very speedy end would be put to his present heartless policy. The financial situation in England is such at the moment that a free liquidation of investment in English securities would render the borrowing of further funds so difficult and expensive that it would not long be pursued without general protest. A nation which is indifferent to humanitarian considerations will not long disregard financial pressure when applied by a thoroughly well-organised body of people.

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